



A Romantic Menage

SHARING HER
Passion

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By

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**There is hardly anyone whose sexual life, if it were
broadcast, would not fill the world at large with
surprise and horror.**

~ William Somerset Maugham

CHAPTER 1

Chris

I'm a dick.

Why do I attract all these married women? Why not a single gal in her twenties, or a nice little eighteen year old with big tits?

Diane is a good looking woman for being in her late fifties. Well-kept, light on the wrinkles, hair still mostly showing some of her real color. The gray did not detract from her elegance at all.

But, I am a dick.

She had asked what it took to land a lunch date with me. I saw her once a month when I went to pay my unit rent: she managed rental incomes for Brand and Mack Partnership.

I liked Diane, really, but I just wasn't interested in getting... involved.

I said to her, "Ask your husband out on a date; that's what he's for, isn't it? It's not my job to entertain you."

She stiffened as if freezing and looked away. Hurt haunted her eyes.

I dropped my check on her desk and walked out.

Crushing her like a flower under my boot bothered me... only slightly.

Fucking married women. Marry the right guy or not, but leave me out of your shit. I slammed the door to my Cherokee Chief and regretted the move. No need to take my frustration out on my vehicle.

I knew all about married women – I had been married to one myself. She had decided my business and income didn't match her lifestyle.

Fuck her.

Fuck all women.

Especially fuck married women.

When I wanted a gal, none of them paid me any attention. Couldn't get a date no matter how I begged and danced. I'm a decent guy in the face. Maybe I'm a little short – so what? I was comfortable at five foot eight, but when I wanted to get to know some cute gal, no dice. No luck. No fuck.

Now that I didn't want any of those entanglements – fuck them all – I was bombarded with hints and suggestions... from married women.

Why the fuck would I want to get involved with that kind of shit?

Fuck that.

Fuck them.

I drove aimlessly as I fumed, but only for a few moments. I had work to do: I bought and sold militaria – mostly medals and awards. Great money, but it required a keen eye for fakes and a lot of legwork.

My ex-wife Linda had claimed I was wasting my time.

Fuck her.

The ancient whirring whine of my Jeep was as solid as those old-fashioned medals I purchased. Instantly, I regretted treating Diane like shit.

Fuck.

She was always nice... but maybe that was just to use me. I didn't know. Still, it was an asshole move I had made and nothing good could come of it. It wasn't good to be on bad relations with the person handling my business rental.

I pulled into the light industrial complex and parked in front of my unit. Six

hundred square feet of mostly shelving and a small office and bathroom. I had a couple of sales to package up and ship out. An hour's worth of work on this end for four hundred dollars. The footwork and purchase – the turn-around – would net me a little over two hundred. I didn't do that every day, but I made a living.

I logged into my computer and headed into the bay to prepare the packages.

That work didn't take long and I already had the labels prepared with a printout of the orders.

I sat down at my desk less than a half hour later.

I had one email asking if I took payments.

Yeah, right. Fuck. Off.

I had a notification of a Facebook message.

Logging in, I read the message from my friend Keenan. I had known him since we were in grade school – like first grade. He had lived next door to me and our parents had become very close friends.

They were still friends. That, more than anything else, kept Keenan and me close – at least via Facebook. He still lived in California. I now lived in Nevada.

Keenan: We're coming out to Vegas on a vacation. We'd like to stop in Carson City and visit. Sound good?

He had married some chick named Maureen and she didn't like me. Ignored me the couple of times I saw her.

Just as well. Fuck her. I didn't need her approval and I had known the man she bedded when he still had snot running down his nose.

Keenan wrote sci-fi novels. I guess he was good at it; his name boasted nine titles on Amazon.

Sci fi? I can't get into that shit. Give me a Playboy or something with pictures.

Chris: Would love to see ya, buddy. When?

I hit enter and noticed his light wasn't showing online.

Whatever.

Still, seeing him again would be fun.

Have a whiskey. Laugh.

Ignore Maureen.

CHAPTER 2

I was at home in my trailer. It was all I could afford after the disastrous divorce. Linda had taken pretty much everything. She hadn't claimed my Jeep although her attorney had recommended that it go to her, too.

Maybe she didn't want my smell. Leather and gun oil probably made her sick now. I hoped she gagged on those aromas.

My brown leather jacket was old, but who really cared? The gun I carried on my hip every day I kept well greased. The sweet smell of Hoppe's gun oil mixed with the faint leather smell.

I figured I didn't need to wear cologne.

It still seemed to attract all the wrong women.

I sat at my kitchen table inspecting a photo someone had sent of a German medal; they wanted me to judge authenticity by a printout for fuck's sake. Normally I begged off because there was nothing better than holding something in your hands to see it personal-like. Weight, feel, texture...

I saw the cross-hatching on the silver-colored beading. The other printout showed the reverse. I noticed a slight bubbling of the paint on the black inner core.

That one is likely genuine. Cross-hatching was extremely difficult to duplicate and the bubbling indicated rust of the iron beneath it. Typical for a genuine medal.

I wrote on the paper: I believe it is genuine. Make offer if you want to sell.

The medal could get thirty grand on resale. I didn't hold out much hope the guy would sell it cheap. Maybe he would if he wasn't sure about its authenticity. In any event, I didn't have several thousand just lying around to procure it.

I worked in the hundreds.

My phone chimed.

"Hello."

"Buddy?"

"Yeah, Keenan. Hey."

"How's it going?"

"Great. You in town?"

"Yeah, uh... Just checked into the Holiday Inn."

"Want me to meet you there?"

"Sure, uh... don't really know our way around."

"No problem. Let me... do a couple things. I can be there in forty five minutes?"

"Sure, that'd be fine."

"All right, I'll get a move-on. See you in a bit."

"Okay."

"Okay, bye."

"Bye."

That was Keenan, for sure; he was a good friend. Oldest of the old.

I washed up: I was obsessive about having clean hands and fingernails. Gun oil, olive oil, and dusty old medals seemed to work in there if I didn't keep them in check.

I was on the road in minutes. Other than depositing the envelope in the mailbox to the guy with the medal, I went straight to the hotel.

The peach-colored walls looked too modern for our city. The receptionist was a greasy-faced girl with zits; I had seen her before at the grocery store. Her name was on her tag and I didn't bother to read it.

I just didn't care.

"How may I help you today?"

I wasn't looking at her. "Keenan Marsh?"

There was a pause as her eyes glowed in the light of the screen and her fingers tapped with tiny fingernail clicks on the keyboard. She rose a little and pointed to the wall. "If you pick up that phone there, I will connect you to their room."

"Thank you." I stepped to the crème-colored handset and lifted it. A few clicks and the phone rang on the other side.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Keenan. I'm in the lobby."

"Come on up."

"What room?"

"Two-eleven."

That was where everything normal became all very surreal.

I'm a dick; I know I'm a dick.

Something big was about to change and I wasn't even getting a tickle of what was coming.

CHAPTER 3

I entered their airy and mostly spacious room.

If anything, Holiday Inn put forward a classy experience. Everything was so clean and fresh that I felt as if I needed a shower just to breathe the air without offending the room.

The bright light coming through the window sheers made me squint.

Keenan was all smiles. He gripped my shoulders and shook them, then offered his hand.

I gratefully shook and took him into a half man-hug. You know: no homo. All straight, stiff, and serious.

Maureen was sitting at the little computer writing desk fiddling with a pen. She hadn't risen.

What the fuck is your problem?

She looked nervous.

Suddenly, Keenan looked nervous, too. He glanced back at her and then to me and pursed his lips. "Uh... you know, I thought about asking you out for a drink at a bar nearby... but..."

Was his wife angry at the meeting? I scrutinized her, searching for a hint.

She saw it and got up. She turned to the window with a little spin and busied herself looking out at the countryside. Being right off the freeway, there wasn't all that much to see.

Whatever.

I focused back on my friend.

He looked at me with big eyes and tugged me towards the door.

We're going outside?

He stopped at the door, however, and leaned on the wall, crossing his arms. He looked like a drug dealer trying to look cool and failing. "Hey, uh..."

Figuring he wanted to keep the conversation somewhat private from his wife, I lowered my voice. Unfortunately, if that was his intention, the few paces of distance did not cover our words in the least. I asked, "What's up, Keenan?" I knew she could hear us.

"You're my closest friend, Chris..."

"Yeah?"

"I – we – want to ask a favor and you're the only one I can trust."

CHAPTER 4

Maureen

I was about to crawl up the wall – or under the bed.

Our little bedroom fantasy had twisted and turned until we were traveling to see to its fulfillment. What was his friend going to think?

He had scowled at me and I wasn't doing anything but trying to shrink into the chair. I knew he didn't like me, but Keenan had said that Chris was his closest and most trusted friend.

It had to be him, according to my husband.

I tried to bury my face out the window, clinging to the thick curtain and wanting to wrap myself inside it.

If I could go back in time, I should have pressed harder for the man not to be Chris. His friend just didn't like me and I don't know why. Handsome in a bad way, his looks around me were as if he were suspicious and angry. His frowns highlighted his intense eyes and made me look away whenever I had been around him – which wasn't but a couple of times.

I wondered if he even liked women, being divorced and all...

I had only agreed to Chris because it made my husband happy, but I was certain his friend would have nothing to do with me. He hated me, I knew it, and I made every effort to just stay away from him.

I wanted people to like me, but everyone was different, right? Maybe he didn't like my hair. Or clothes.

Maybe he preferred blondes. Or big tits. All men swooned over big tits; it was all they could think about. Big fake tits. The bigger and faker the better.

And I wasn't blessed that way.

This is hopeless.

I heard him say, "What's up, Keenan?" He was trying to keep his voice low so I couldn't hear. He obviously didn't want me in on the conversation.

My husband spoke the dreadful words – so exciting on our pillow, yet so frightful in front of his friend.

I felt tension in the room as silence draped everything except my trembling breathing. I was certain they could hear it.

The question had been asked. Would he sleep with me?

I wanted to know, so I looked over my shoulder. Were they looking at me? Laughing?

The light shone on them perfectly.

My husband looked hopeful, pleading.

Chris was looking at me with a ferocious squint.

I was shocked by the intensity and snapped my head back around.

He hates me... This is... bad...

I clutched the drape to keep from falling to my knees. I needed strength: I needed to go back in time and deny our fantasies of me being with some other man.

CHAPTER 5

Chris

I blinked and scrutinized my friend. He was being serious, no doubt about that. I held my tongue. Wondering how they had come to me as a choice was curious: she didn't like me one bit.

I looked over to her. She was a dark shape in the blinding light coming through the window. Was she turned towards me? I couldn't see, no matter how hard I tried.

There was movement there, but I didn't know if she was looking at me or not.

I faced Keenan and tried to formulate a response.

Fucking women... Why always the married ones? Fuck them... I sighed; Keenan trusted me as his closest friend – that much I could see.

I wanted to tell him to fuck off and I would have if he had been anyone else. Instead I considered his offer.

Would it be so bad in this case? I wouldn't be sleeping around behind some husband's back with his woman. Hmm... Free pussy? With everyone's approval?

I cleared my throat as I realized the offer wasn't all that bad. I could actually get some pussy without having to worry about an angry husband, stupid little girly games of jealousy and pettiness, and a breakup scenario that left me with a bitter taste.

What's to lose? I haven't fucked in...

Breathing a little faster from the dizzying thoughts, I said, "Okay, sure."

A relieved smile split Keenan's face. He whispered, "Cool..."

I don't know what Maureen thought, I couldn't see her face and I wasn't sure I should look at her – she might think I was leering. Was she really going to tolerate being with me?

Keenan said, "How about dinner tonight, and then we can come back here...?"

I was being dismissed. I was sure they wanted to get settled in and plan... whatever. "Yeah, okay."

"You don't need to carry a gun around us..."

I felt the impression of my holster against my waist. "Does it bother you?"

He laughed nervously. "We don't see people carrying guns around unless they're police."

I shrugged. "This is an open-carry state."

"Try that in California and you'd be chewing gravel and arrested."

I gave him a secretive leer and said, "That's why I don't live in California anymore."

He frowned. "The police don't stop you for wearing that?"

It was my turn to laugh. "Uh, no. Except maybe to ask what brand I'm carrying."

The look on his face was so confused that a bubble of hilarity rattled about in my chest. "Like I said, that's why I moved here."

"You must have high gun violence here."

"Less than California."

"I thought Nevada far surpassed—"

"Only if you include suicides. Remove those and California is king for violence against other people."

"I hadn't heard that..."

I clapped him on the shoulder. "Stop watching so much television. Give me a ring when you're ready."

Maureen had still said nothing.

I squinted at her dim figure against the bright background: so quiet and mysterious...

CHAPTER 6

Maureen

"He hates me."

My husband scowled. "He does not."

"I saw the look on his face."

"You're imagining things—"

"Just because you didn't see. Why am I always imagining things when you don't notice them?"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

I heaved a sigh of frustration. "You just want this to go perfect so you can have your fantasy."

"Our fantasy."

It was our fantasy, yes, but with Chris? He had been the only sticking point until I relented – hoping my fears were unfounded. It looked like they were founded.

How could I get into it if I thought the man hated me? Wasn't I just a cheap whore then? Would he treat me like that? Rough, slapping my ass, and calling me names?

I fully expected it.

The only thing was to get it over with. I regretted having the fantasy at all. I felt the violation coming in my pussy and it wasn't in a good way. I was going to get

used to get my husband off.

Maybe I could enjoy his pleasure if not my own.

I felt dehumanized, as if I was not a person. No, I was like an object being traded. My pussy was deviously wet, despite my deep sense of betrayal. I would betray my husband and our marriage this very night – with his approval. It was a cliff that we had agreed to approach; I just hoped this would all be worth it in the end.

Keenan hugged me and I could feel his excitement against my abdomen. He was turned on and ready.

A flush of desire swept through me and took charge of my pussy. It throbbed, warring and tormenting my thoughts. "Tell me it will be okay..."

"It will."

I offered one last hope. "We don't have to do this."

"I know, but we want to. Let's do it and we can say we did it. It will be something to talk about forever."

My stomach felt sick. The idea of talking about something so horrifying...

Even though it was our fantasy. It was, I had to admit. Why him? "I'm going to shower."

He bobbed his head. "Sure thing."

I walked into the bathroom as if walking into a preparatory cell. Coming out would be my eventual execution.

I was a prisoner to... our... fantasy.

Tears rimmed my eyes at the uncertainty of it all. I took out my toiletries and turned on the hot water in the shower.

This will all be over soon.

I sighed in resignation and tried to let the water wash it all away.

CHAPTER 7

Chris

I ate a nice dinner with them and offered to pay.

Keenan would have none of it. "Nonsense. We're visiting. We'll pay. Our treat."

I looked at Maureen. She had pretty much avoided even looking at me except for small glances. Was I ugly to her or something? Did she not like beards? I checked my fingernails in case I hadn't scrubbed them enough.

They were clean.

I was clean.

Maybe the girl was just nervous. She hugged herself with her arms as if cold and shivered occasionally.

Maybe she was just going along with my friend's fantasy.

I followed them to the hotel after dinner.

Maureen's walk was wobbly and hurried.

Keenan practically pulsed with anticipation.

I followed them into the room and my friend shut the door behind us. It was the moment of truth.

I was hard in my jeans; I couldn't help it. No strings fucking? There was no way I was going to change my mind. I looked at Maureen with hunger and expectation.

She turned away from me and looked down, demure to the last.

I didn't care; I was going to fuck her and go along my merry way.

Keenan said with some uncertainty, "I guess we should have gotten some drinks..."

I shook my head. "Nah, not for me, anyway. Dulls my senses."

He took that as a signal of some sort and approached his wife to begin undressing her. She resisted for a split second, then relented. Her eyes were still studying the secrets of the carpet design.

I began with my jacket, then moved to my gun. I placed it on the counter by the TV. I began removing my jeans.

My friend fumbled at her until she took over. Her movements were languid and sure, as if having come to some conclusion. She still wasn't looking at me. I stood naked except for my unbuttoned shirt.

Keenan glanced over, surprise lighting his face. He began undressing, too.

I moved over to Maureen and placed my hands gently on her shoulders.

She jerked and jumped to my touch, but forced herself to relax. Her eyes had stopped inspecting the intricacies of the carpet design and were now flicking back over her shoulder to me – not making eye contact because I was behind her, but moving in my direction nonetheless.

So maybe she didn't hate me?

I blew out a mental breath. I didn't care; I just needed to do my part and get through this. Hey, sex is sex; better than my hand all the time.

I stroked her skin to calm her and show her I wasn't some heartless creep.

That's when I saw Keenan move to sit on the bed. He was hard – and that wasn't saying much. I almost goggled at his manhood – if it could be called that.

No wonder... I had only ever seen his dick once back in fifth or sixth grade in a

beach restroom.

Accident, of course.

No homo.

Nature had not passed him by on accident, though. His manhood was a cruel twist of fate that immediately grabbed my conscience and wrung tears of mental masculinity in sympathy for his plight: his cock - fully erect – was no bigger than the entirety of my thumb, from tip to base at the palm, and about as thick. He could not have been any longer than four full inches of throbbing inadequacy.

I tried not to stare and I was successful. I made a point of hiding my eyes by burying my face into Maureen's neck. I inhaled her perfumed scent as an excuse not to make any fun of my friend's lack of manly blessing.

No wonder I'm here. What woman could ever be pleased with... that? I felt Maureen tremble under my neck-nuzzle.

Apparently she liked that.

I turned her around because I was already hard and I wanted to get down to business. No foreplay here; I didn't need any. I brought my hand up to her pussy and she gasped as if doused with cold water. Her eyes blinked in surprise and then she looked down.

She froze.

Her mouth hung open.

I'm not a huge man and some might think I'm kind of short. Five eight? A lot of men tower over me and I didn't care: I was who I was.

My dick, however, was at least two inches longer than Keenan's and probably twice as thick. Even my ex had said I had a beautiful cock with a thick shaft and equally-sized, well-formed helmet.

Maureen looked very pleased.

I wasn't here to compare dicks with her husband or chat about her approval. I

didn't care.

I pushed her down onto the bed with enough gentle guidance to get the job done. Her pussy was evidently ready because my fingers had found her wet.

A part of me was disappointed. I wanted to find her pussy dry so that the fuck would be forced and require a lot of effort. I wanted it to be as close to a rape as possible: the bitch had never liked me.

She was wet, however, and another part of me appreciated her readiness. A fuck was a fuck and I was going to enjoy it.

I was between her legs, ready.

Keenan was gasping and massaging his... little thing.

I was not thinking very straight at this point. Maybe he wanted something special or slow. I didn't know or care. I was dizzy with the imminence of sex and nothing was getting through that haze of lust to stop me or change what I was doing.

Foreplay? Fuck that. My friend's wife was splayed out naked before me and needed dick. A real dick.

I pressed my cock to her hole and pushed. As I slid past her pussy lips, her facial lips opened likewise in shock.

She was so wet and warm on the tip of my cock that I knew I would slip right in with ease.

I did.

As my throbbing erection entered into Keenan's wife, I was overcome by the sensation. For too long, I had not had pussy. She was wet, hot, and tight. At the same time, welcoming. She moaned quietly with surprise as I pushed my pole into her. My hips met hers and I pushed to make the snug fit complete. Buried to the balls, I just hovered there over her, feeling the wonderful sensation of her pussy squeezing and flexing on my shaft.

Her eyes were alight with wonder and her mouth was still open. She glanced

over to Keenan sitting next to us.

His mouth was open, too, but his face was red with blood as if he had been holding his breath. His temple beat strong with his pulse and so did the tremulous pounding vein in his neck. His hand had stopped and he was staring.

I pulled back out to the tip to readjust the angle and the wrap of her outer lips.

He exhaled as if seeing something grand and valuable – or the complete culmination of all his dreams. He began breathing again and his hand resumed stroking. "Wow..."

I asked, "This is what you wanted? To see this?" I pushed back in.

He closed his eyes and stroked feverishly, but just as quickly opened his eyes again to watch. "Yes, I... just expected it... to be different; I don't know. It doesn't feel as... wrong as I thought it would."

I wasn't really paying attention as he spoke: I was busy fucking his wife. It was a slow fuck, though, so it was different than I had imagined, too.

I had envisioned a rough fuck.

I was pulling out and pushing in slow.

Deep.

Thorough.

Her hips began moving, anticipating the speed of my thrusting and working with me – raising her hips with each thrust in.

I relished that. I pressed in further instead of pulling out. She started to lower her hips in time with my pull-out, but shifted up again when she felt me alter the rhythm. Her pussy flexed and squeezed on my cock with tender intention.

I looked down the length of our bodies to watch my slick shaft slide in and out of her pussy.

She looked, too. Her hands squeezed my shoulders and felt clammy on them.

I didn't look down there for long, though; I was enjoying the feel of her on me more than I had anticipated. A fuck is a fuck, but the woman made it different and special. Maureen was making it different. I locked eyes with her in surprise and moved my hips with smooth, methodical precision.

Keenan was gasping happily, watching me piston my cock in and out of his wife's pussy.

That he was happy barely registered with me, but it made me feel the freedom of what was happening. I settled into fucking her deep and slow.

CHAPTER 8

Maureen

I had thought Chris was bored or uninterested. He had checked his fingernails a few times during dinner.

When Keenan had asked him with a whisper if he was... clean... I had thought everyone in the restaurant had heard.

On the walk to our room, I was sure that I was going to call out and cancel the whole thing.

He obviously wasn't interested in me.

My husband, however, stalled that idea until it was too late. I wasn't so much doing it for us as I was doing this for him.

With that resignation, the surprises began piling.

Chris had stood behind me and nuzzled my neck – a sensitive area for me that made me tremble. My pussy flushed wet immediately, and I thought I might drip.

Then I saw his cock.

Oh. Wow.

It wasn't big – I had been afraid of that. No, it wasn't big, but it was beautiful and I knew instinctively that I could take it – all of it – and that I was going to enjoy it.

And I did. When he pushed it into me, all my fears vibrated away until all I felt

was the tingle and tremor in my pussy. Sounds receded in my ears until all I heard was my own pulse and breathing. He stretched me open pleurably and not painfully. He pushed and filled me.

It was perfect.

My husband loved it.

With a flash, I realized that I was one of the luckiest women alive. To have a husband so loving that he would be concerned for my pleasure beyond anything he could provide with his fingers or his tongue or his... slightly inadequate... manhood.

We had brought condoms in case Chris had contracted something in the past. Personally, I was glad we didn't need to use them – I wanted to feel it in full. I knew my husband was happy, too: he had wanted to see a man in me bareback.

I had thought that part of the fantasy was risky and dangerous, but we had pillow-talked it until the very idea was enough to make me cum.

When Chris had slid into me, I knew I was not going to be able to hold back. Tension amplified in my pussy until I could no longer restrain myself: I moved with him and savored the luxurious feel of thickness probing and filling my vacancy.

And here I was, totally stunned at the turn of events compared to my expectations.

He didn't fuck me like a crazed maniac. He didn't demand oral service before using me. He didn't slap my ass or pull my hair – though I might have enjoyed those things.

No, he didn't treat me like a whore, even if that might have excited me with its naughty violation of my wedding vows.

Chris the dick was almost... gentle and... respectful.

I became more excited than I could believe. The heat of fire was in my pussy and making me grind my hips without shame.

I loved this.

I stopped trying to hold back. I stopped trying to hide. I let a small moan escape.

My husband reacted instantly, panting faster.

Chris's pushes became more erotic.

I let another moan go at their responses – unable to really control them anymore, anyway.

Chris pressed his hips harder and longer, his erection flexing inside me and filling me so perfectly. I felt the wave of tension building with promise and I ached to let it free.

I didn't know what to do with my hands, so I just gripped his shoulders.

My husband had gotten up and moved around so he could see everything.

I hoped he was satisfied with what he saw because I know I sure was. I wished he could feel what I was feeling so he knew how good it was.

I rubbed my hands slightly on Chris's shoulders because I really couldn't help it. The tension in my pussy was taking over.

I wanted it rough, I wanted it slow, I wanted it deep and penetrating.

His dick plowing my pussy was pushing my wave closer.

He shifted a little and brought one hand underneath my head to grip the back of my neck. He pulled with his hand and pushed with his erection.

I groaned at his control and command. My hips humped up with jerks that no longer had anything to do with conscious thought.

The only thing running through my mind was the understanding that I was married to Keenan and was gratefully giving my pussy to his friend. I was fucking this man in front of my husband and I was enjoying it.

I hadn't thought that possible.

I gasped in shock, grunted in effort, and rammed my hips up into his as my pussy convulsed with orgasm.

I'm cumming on another man's cock! Is that... okay? I panted and squealed as my body shook with released tension and pleasure. I rode those waves until I was trembling with exhaustion and relief.

What I had expected was going to be an awkward rendezvous with little enjoyment turned out to be something exciting.

CHAPTER 9

Chris

Behind every angry woman is a man who has no idea what the fuck he did wrong.

I assumed my friend was clueless to the looks Maureen had given, but I could see it. If he was going to suffer for it, that was his problem; I was just here for the free pussy.

That's what I told myself before I stuck it in Maureen – cold, distant Maureen.

As she came on my dick, though, I was energized with a foreign feeling of uncertainty. There had been a shift somewhere that I couldn't identify. Something routine – pump in and out – had become pleasurable.

Not only was her pussy snug and wet, she had not responded to me like the dead fish I had imagined. No, this was very different. She was... alive. Responsive. At the same time, mysterious.

Inside, these conflicting realities versus expectations created confusion in the distant reaches of my consciousness.

I was pushing my cock in and out of her married pussy, and that was all great – even better than I had imagined. My brain was signaling other things too that I could not entirely focus on. Too involved with fucking her, I ignored them for now.

I relished the silky sliding of my shaft in and out of her pussy. My erection flexed and bulged as the sensations swept up my body and gripped my chest with joy.

I'm such a lucky guy... I smiled at her, locking her eyes to mine as my cock pistoned her pussy.

Sure, it was the act of fucking and it was good – in fact, welcome after so long. Perhaps the wait made it better, but I was enjoying this more than I thought I would.

My friend was beating his little dick.

Who was I to argue? Hey, do you need me to do this more? I laughed to myself.

Her flesh was radiating warmth from her orgasm and I could feel the cool tickle of our mingled juices run down my balls. I fucked her faster, but not hard.

I didn't want to, but I asked, "Should I... pull out?"

Both tried to answer at once.

It was Maureen's eager answer that edged ahead of her husband's. "No!"

Keenan cleared his throat first and lost to his wife's ready response. He said, "We thought it would be better for you to experience it as it should be: no condom and cum inside."

I grinned at him. "No kidding?" I kept my hips moving to drive my cock in and out of his wife while carrying on a seemingly harmless conversation.

His eyes weren't on mine – they were on my dick. He apparently liked what he saw. If he had a need to see his wife take another man's cock, then I was happy he chose me. A free fuck, she goes home with him, and I get my rocks off. Perfect.

The tickle started at the base of my cock and spread throughout my body. I felt everything double from what I had felt before. Keenan had unwittingly given me a gift with this arrangement: I didn't have to use my hand today.

Did he know how good it was to fuck instead of masturbating? Or did he take his marriage for granted? Hey, if my friend needed to see his wife's pussy stuffed, he could call me every time.

Maybe it was the tickle of thought that did it, but the vibration increased until I was tense. I pressed my shaft in as far as it would go into Maureen's pussy and held my breath. With a heave, the entire structure of my cock convulsed. The shaft flexed and I pulsed cum into her married pussy with strong grunts and ejaculations.

Keenan groaned with lust and panted rapidly. He was cumming, too. He cried out with his release.

I was okay with that. In fact, that seemed to make it even hotter.

I emptied myself into her and heaved a great sigh.

My friend chuckled. "You're a quiet finisher."

"Me?"

He nodded. "I don't know how you do it."

I pulled my sopping, sloppy cock from her pussy.

She was looking up at me with curiosity, following my moves.

Keenan was up before I could get off the bed. He moved in between her legs and stuffed his face into her pussy.

I blinked and hung my mouth open. That wasn't something I was going to do. Hey, if you want to eat my cum out of her, fine. Just don't ask me to do that...

Maureen's eyes closed and she dropped her head back.

I took the opportunity to wash up and get dressed.

CHAPTER 10

I felt awkward hanging around in their hotel room after... the act, so I went home.

Let the two lovebirds cuddle and talk about how I had fucked her. I didn't think they would make fun of me, but I hoped I had given them both what they wanted.

A faint connection of friendship was felt in my chest as I realized I had performed something special for both of them – not just for Keenan, but Maureen, too.

Had she approved?

She had fucked and hadn't complained. She hadn't bitched and moaned about anything.

Imagine that – a woman who can keep her mouth shut.

Was she like that? Bitchy? She had seemed so in the past. Had the application of my manhood removed her bitchiness? Would she be nice to me from now on?

Or maybe I was just being arrogant. I can't say I really knew her all that well.

I decided to peruse my medal stock; it was not unusual for me to do so on a weekend. I used angled glass display cases and had notation cards underneath each decoration. The medals rested on velvet and were held in place by pins.

As I scanned over the disparate array of awards, I shifted comfortably on my stool in remembrance of the satisfying sex earlier in the evening.

The feeling in my groin was a warm reminder of real release – and not just something with my hand. I recalled the smooth and snug feel of her pussy. I thought of the heat that had radiated from her soft skin.

She truly had been a great lay, even if it had been somewhat quick.

What would she be like in a different position?

I found my heart racing and my dick responding. My eyes were unfocused and not really seeing the service medal at which they were aimed.

The memory of my orgasm and release in her was vivid and almost as rewarding as the original event.

Her brown eyes, deep and mysterious, looked at me in a daydream as real as life. The quiver of her lips and anticipation on her face...

I was hard.

A new thought struck me: she had been willing to give me herself and had looked forward to it. She had enjoyed it as we had done it. She had even cum on my dick.

No, she wasn't a frigid bitch.

How did she view me now? Would she remember me always? Would she look back with fond memories?

Struck again by another realization, I frowned in worry. I... felt... closer to her – in a friendly way.

Surely we might consider each other friends now? Would she friend me on Facebook? Even if I wasn't very active there? Would she want to be associated with me in that way? Would she... value that?

I took out my phone and browsed to Facebook.

Maureen Marsh. Not hard to find: it was the top result probably based off the data-mining of my friend's list.

Her page was unsettling.

Perusing it made me excited. My dick pulsed in my jeans. My breathing accelerated with my heartbeat as I scanned her posts and pictures. They touched

me deep in places that raised an alarm.

Lucky fuck. How did you land her, Keenan?

She had a number of inspirational religious posts about Christianity – thoughtful ones about people's flaws and vulnerability.

She also had some pictures, but not the selfie kind with pouty lips. Her smile was wide and toothy – totally pretty for the picture.

I found myself staring.

I was hard. Very hard.

CHAPTER 11

Keenan

I struggled to keep the jealousy down in favor of the joy and love I felt for my wife, but that conflict must have shown on my face.

Maureen looked guarded and her words were suspicious. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, really. Just..."

"Just what?"

She was lying next to me in bed, scratchy sheets, cover and all. The air conditioning was brutally effective now that the sexual heat had been removed.

I tried to sort the feelings inside. "When you both got naked, I started to feel nervous."

She laughed, disbelieving.

I touched her shoulder. "No, really; I'm serious. It seemed so normal – the nakedness – but I felt as if there was a tipping point of some kind, like once traveled, we could never go back and I would lose you."

She twisted her head side to side in rejection. "You're not going to lose me—"

"He was a lot bigger than me—"

"Is that what's got you acting funny?"

"Well, he was. Wasn't it better than—"

She cut me off. "It was nice, yes, but different. You use what you have in wonderful ways. You hit all the necessary spots. My clit isn't at the back of my canal."

I knew she was right, but looked away anyway. There was just no excuse for thinking my four inches was adequate now that she had Chris's six or seven. It had looked huge, though not porn huge. It had looked large for my friend's small frame.

That overall package had me concerned.

She heaved a small sigh. "You're not going to lose me."

"Did you like it?"

Her lips pressed a little. "Yes... and that surprised me."

I looked back at her, askance. "Surprised you?"

"I didn't think I would like it—"

"But all the talk—"

"Keenan, I did this for you."

"Not for us?"

It was her turn to look away and I wondered what she was thinking.

Her tone was soft. "We've been married five years and I know I love you more than anything in the world. I wanted to make you happy."

"But..."

"Yes, the fantasy excited me, but when the rubber hit the road, the reality was different."

"So you didn't like it?" I was confused.

"No, I said I did; it was just a surprise."

I collapsed onto the over-stuffed pillow; it was almost like hitting a rock with the back of my head. "I wouldn't have brought us here—"

She twisted suddenly and placed a hand on my chest. "No, don't say that. Don't think it. I was brave enough to go through with it. For you. For us. I'm sorry if it sounds like I'm rambling."

"No, you're fine. So what was so surprising about it?"

She settled back onto her pillow and looked up at the ceiling. "I don't know, the whole thing, I guess. I didn't think Chris liked me."

"Why would you say that?" Women get such goofy thoughts.

"He's always scowling at me when—"

"He scowls at everybody." Duh.

"He doesn't scowl at you." She was pouting.

"He does so. That's just Chris."

"And he carries a gun."

"Did that scare you?"

"Yes, at first. I kept thinking the SWAT team was going to arrive at any minute and push our faces into our plates."

"Supposedly open carry is legal here."

"In California there would be helicopters and hundreds of cop cars..." She shivered.

I laughed. "I guess living where we do has colored our idea of guns. Did you think he was going to shoot us?"

Her answer was forceful. "No, not at all. I guess... I guess I'm just not used to the sight of a gun on anyone other than a cop or a security guard."

"So, his gun ruined it for you?"

She shook her head. "No. No, it wasn't ruined. I said I was surprised – surprised that it wasn't awful."

I laughed. "Awful? You really thought it would be awful?"

"Okay, maybe not awful, just something... I had to get through."

I nodded encouragingly. "So you did like it?"

"Yes. That's what surprised me. Despite his scowls and gun, I liked it."

I smiled broadly, though those butterflies began beating the sides of my stomach. "I liked it, too. In fact... we can have him come over again before we leave..."

She looked at me and searched my face. "If you want to..."

"Do you want to?"

She swallowed. "I enjoyed it. I'll do it again, if you think you'd like to see it again."

Warmth wrapped my chest and flooded my dick. I was hard and began panting feverishly with excitement. I reached under the covers and found her pussy. I pushed three fingers in and said suggestively, "You want to feel his cock in you again?"

She moaned quietly and closed her eyes. "If you want to, yes."

"I want to see him fuck you, again."

A ragged gasp escaped and she shuddered. "Okay."

I felt fortunate that we had chosen Chris and that he had agreed. I wasn't sure that he had ever really noticed her, but I didn't think he disliked her.

When he had entered her, the jealousy had flared: Chris had been taking what was mine. And yet, at the same time it seemed so easy. No big bang had shattered the fantasy. The room hadn't collapsed. I hadn't died of heart failure.

The act of him humping my wife had been so...normal. He had simply been in my place, doing to her what I normally do. It didn't seem wrong once he was in

her; it seemed right. He had a cock, he was a friend. She had a pussy and they were doing it. So normal. So simple.

My fears had vanished while they were doing it and I had experienced a great joy at what was happening. I had been surprised too – not just my wife.

I had been surprised that seeing his cock sliding in and out of my wife's pussy not only satisfied my fantasy, but felt so wondrous. I felt proud of her as if we had accomplished a great success. She had made another man cum in her and it felt like an achievement above all others in our marriage.

I would savor it forever.

We had broken down a barrier and entered into an environment so beautiful that I knew our marriage had been enriched.

Realizing all of this, I climbed over my wife and mounted her. My furious jab of insertion was followed by frenetic twistings of my hips as I held my dick in and ground against her clit. It was the way of our sex that brought the most pleasure.

She whispered in alarm, "You don't think I'm a slut?"

"No, you're my beautiful wife."

CHAPTER 12

Maureen

My husband called his friend in the morning while I struggled with my inner thoughts.

In the shower, I had spent extra time – alternating between trying to be as clean as possible and letting the water wash away the sin of what I had done.

Except... that it wasn't really a sin, was it? Adultery was a man taking another man's wife. Rabbinical record claimed that if the husband approved of the man taking the wife, then there was no adultery.

Was it really that simple or was I consumed by guilt because of a lifetime of finger-wagging and dire admonitions not to sin? I didn't feel as if I had disappointed God – I felt the battle inside me with myself instead.

I was fighting a lifetime of upbringing.

Was I a swinger now?

Did other swingers go through this?

Or was I just what Keenan called a hotwife?

After the shower, I felt better.

Maybe some church people would frown on what I had done, but I heard in the rumor mill that quite a few church people engaged in wife-swapping. A big thing in many churches, including some very strict ones like the Mormon Church and the Jehovah's Witnesses.

That sort of sounded like fun.

Keep it in the congregation among those who would respect you. The quiet winks, the looks, the nods of approval...

What better way to engage in her husband's fantasy than to be involved with other like-minded believers?

Keenan was enthused. "Ready for breakfast? I thought we could drive until we find some rustic diner—"

"I'm starved." I was, in other ways, too.

It was not even fifteen minutes later we were sitting in a very clean and not noisy diner along the freeway.

I was stunned at the level of muted conversation and quiet. Some people ate silently, others talked so low you could barely hear anything. In California, at least two or three kids would be screaming or yelling. Here? Not a peep.

So reserved and calm.

I spotted another man carrying a gun and regarded him curiously. He was older and had a paunch. His jeans and checkered flannel shirt were as worn as his holster that carried his revolver.

Keenan was busy ogling a free magazine from the entry that advertised houses. His eyes were wide with wonder as he scanned the thing.

"What are you—"

He breathed, "These prices... Look at this." He moved the slick magazine over to me.

My eyebrows rose. "Wow..."

"We could buy three of these with what we have in our condo—"

I was surprised. "You would want to sell our Villa—"

"We could get six hundred, easily, after the mortgage is paid off."

We had bought the Plan C for eight hundred and ninety-five thousand in a lavishly decorated closed community. Getting the loan had been hard and we had needed to resort to his banker uncle to make an exception for us. Banks didn't want to loan money to authors or cover artists.

I thought about his suggestion. "We wouldn't need a loan... But these houses are nothing like our Villa."

He knew it was true, but his enthusiasm wouldn't be tamped. "No homeowners fees, lower taxes, and some of those homes are at least very nice."

I couldn't argue that. We barely scraped by. Freeing up all those costs and not having a mortgage... I asked cautiously, "Are you serious about...?"

He shrugged. "I don't know, but do we need to live in California?"

"Your family is there."

"So is Chris's and he lives here."

He had a point. My family was scattered. "Maybe we should look...?"

His smile was immediate. "I like how we think."

The waitress was at the table and we straightened up out of our slight huddle.

CHAPTER 13

Chris

"Hey, this is my story." I switched my phone to Facetime and scowled at Keenan when his face appeared.

"Yeah, but it makes a world of financial sense. Maureen and I could get a place here for a third of the price... and not have to pay a mortgage."

"Braggart. I live in a trailer."

His face shifted in concern. "I didn't mean to insult you—"

I twisted my cheek up in a wry sneer. "Shut up..."

"I could relax more on my books and put out better stories."

My friend had a talent I couldn't grasp: he could put words to paper and make money. A lot of good money. I offered my ghost-smile. "If you can do it, go for it. I hate California."

His eyes shifted away. "Yeah, the state is getting weirder by the day. Hey, listen, I know I mentioned leaving this afternoon and we had planned..."

"Yeah?"

"I want to extend by a day and look at some properties. Do you mind if we postpone our... meeting until tonight?"

Do I mind waiting a few extra hours to fuck Maureen again? Fuck no? I put on an angry face just to be a dick. "I guess I can understand..."

Keenan laughed because he knew I was shitting him.

Good old Keenan.

I smiled at him and nodded. "Sure thing. You want me to come along so you know where to go?"

He blinked at me, astonished. "You'd do that for us?"

I said tiredly, "Fuck you."

He laughed again. "Sure—"

"I'll swing by your hotel then. Give me twenty."

He was nodding, still chuckling. "No problem."

I thumbed off and wondered what them moving here would mean. Would they want me for their fantasy? Or was this visit a one-time thing? That they were having me over to their hotel later tonight was an indication they had liked me fucking her.

I had liked it, too. It had been too long of a dry spell where all I got was my hand – and the only offers I was getting were from older married women.

That gave me pause.

Were those other ladies looking for side-dick? If so, I didn't want any of that shit. Games behind the husband's back? I ain't that kind of guy. Fuck them.

But what if they were after something else, though? What if those ladies had approached me to feel me out about engaging in something like Keenan and Maureen?

Disappointment cascaded through me at how I had treated them. How had they felt after I rudely rejected them? Old? Used up? Ugly?

That idea made me feel sick and stupid.

How much courage had it taken for Diane to make the move? My property manager was attractive for her age. Even getting close to sixty, she had the

appearance of a graceful old bird who still had sex appeal.

I had crushed her, hadn't I?

How was I going to face her again? Or any of the others without apologizing?

I was not good at apologies. When bad things happened, it wasn't me doing them. Maybe I'm arrogant, but I keep my nose clean and fuck everyone else if they don't like it. Being wrong wasn't a major factor of experience for me...

What was Diane going through now? A few days probably hadn't cushioned the blow. Was she feeling cheap and ancient? A beggar for something long lost? She had been young and beautiful once, and now I had rudely shoved in her face that she had no use as a woman.

Devastating.

The only way I could not feel guilty about it was if she had approached me as a side-dick.

But, had she?

It was my only consolation.

Even if she had only wanted me as some affair, I had been rude. Had it taken Maureen to unwittingly uncover that within me? Had one dalliance with her changed me in some fundamental way?

How could I scowl at any woman now? Except for the arrogant ones – I'll scowl at them and like it.

I had a lot of thinking to do about sympathy.

I think maybe Diane deserved an apology. Would she accept it? Would it make her feel better?

I grabbed up my keys and headed out the door of my trailer.

CHAPTER 14

I drove them in my Cherokee Chief. They looked at some nice places and some fixers. I didn't pay much attention except to get them there. Playing realtor wasn't much my game, but being near Maureen was entertaining.

When they had seen five places, Keenan announced they were done and we could go back to my place.

I considered the neater and cleaner hotel. "Not your room?"

"Nah, too impersonal."

I had shrugged and driven them to my trailer.

Having been hard all day, I didn't care. Maybe it would be nicer in familiar surroundings. The atmosphere as I pulled off my clothing certainly felt more special.

A woman, here in my lair...

Maureen was close and reached for my dick. She stroked it with a smile of anticipation. "Are you always so hard?"

I snorted. "Fuck no."

"You've had a hard bulge in your jeans all day."

"Yeah, like no shit."

She asked without a hint of anger, "Do you always act so brusque?"

I cleared my throat. "I guess I'm just kind of that way." My dick was sticking straight out as she gently stroked it between us. Keenan was getting all this on his phone.

"Do you put people down at all? To elevate yourself?" Her eyebrow was quirked up in amusement.

"No, not as a character flaw. Although I will say that I've seen other people put people down. Me? I lift them up and body slam them to the ground for maximum damage."

Her laughter tinkled in my bedroom and I was suddenly glad I took the time to keep the place neat and clean.

Okay, there's some dust here and there, but I don't make a habit of dressing like a French maid and feather-dusting everything while making pouty lips.

I pulled her in for a hug because that felt like the thing to do. I don't know, it just struck me.

Her eyes went wide, but her body melted after only the briefest flicker of resistance. Probably just surprised I had pulled her.

My dick nudged down against her clit as I tightened my hug to a comforting grip. Why not hug her? I had fucked her. Certainly a hug was nothing.

Her breath scored hot on the skin of my upper chest. Her limbs trembled as they grasped me and her back felt slightly clammy under my hands. Her pussy was putting out a lot of heat.

My brain began shutting down as lust took over. I wasn't going to waste time standing around. I pushed her gently back to the wall.

Her eyes wandered to the parts of my face with fast flicks: eyes; nose; lips; chin. She backed up willingly.

I squatted and angled my cock up to her pussy.

She froze. "Wait."

"Hmm?"

"Can I... suck you? It's something Keenan wants to see."

I backed off a step. "Sure." Turn down a blowjob? Her pretty mouth on my shaft? "I'm right here, baby."

She giggled quietly and sank to her knees. Erection in her hand, she opened up and took me in. Her wet lips slid along my shaft and her tongue felt velvety against the underside of my cock.

I sighed at the sensation and gazed down at her. She was looking up at me. I said to Keenan, "You know, your wife looks even more beautiful sucking my cock."

She tried to stifle a laugh and the hum vibrated through my dick and up my spine.

Keenan groaned happily. "She does, doesn't she? This is fantastic."

I looked at him. "You think so?"

She pulled off. "Mister Unsympathetic worried about someone else's feelings?"

I scowled at her. "Hey, I thought you were supposed to be blowing me. Get to work."

Keenan said, "I could watch this every day."

I shrugged. "Well, if you move here..."

He was panting.

His wife's eyes grew intense as they looked up at me. So did her sucking.

I hope I didn't say anything wrong... "I was kidding..."

She pulled off me. "You're not a very convincing liar, are you?"

At a loss, I simply said, "No..." I lifted her with all the urgency I felt. If I didn't shut my mouth and fuck her, I was going to say something stupid and ruin it.

I pressed her up against the wall and positioned my cock. Her folds were dripping and hot. I slid in easily, wedging the helmet of my cock into her hole. Shaking with desire and determination, I shoved upwards.

She gasped and quivered as he pussy opened and accepted me inside.

I straightened and grabbed her around the waist. She clung to my neck as I lifted and let her drop onto my erection. I was so hard that I might as well have been a telephone pole. Holding her hips, I pressed her back to the wall and began heaving – driving my cock up into her with forceful stabs.

She wasn't quiet this time. Her moan of surprise turned continuous and lusty.

I fucked my friend's wife while he aimed his phone – and it was good. In fact, it was even better than the first time. I rammed up into her with full strokes as her moaning got louder and Keenan's panting got more pronounced.

Delirious and delivering my best effort, I kissed her mouth. It was not a conscious thought or move. No, it just seemed like the thing to do.

I've kissed plenty in my life, but this...

I devoured her mouth as soon as her tongue met mine. I pushed my cock deep and held it there while we kissed like newlyweds.

In another sudden shift of my instincts, I stopped kissing, twisted us around, and carried her to the bed. I tossed her down onto it and gripped her flailing legs.

Keenan gasped, "Hey, go easy—"

Maureen's voice had a hint of panic in it, but her words said otherwise. "No, it's okay."

I wasn't listening. I buried my face into her pussy and licked her clit up and down.

Her hand came to my hair and her fingers tangled into it. She pulled and groaned airily after the initial shock.

Keenan tapped my shoulder. "Do you want me to... um..."

I looked at him quizzically. "Huh?"

"Do you want me to suck her juices off of you while you do that?"

I was standing so fast the room spun. "No." I brought up my finger like I was holding my gun. "Don't touch my dick."

He looked disappointed. "Oh..."

Then I recalled the whole cuckold fetish thing. I scowled at him and said, "When I cum, I'll want you and her on your knees, but right now, I'm going to fuck her." I was a little angry and I knew why: to satisfy my friend's cuck fantasies, I was going to have to blow my load on his face. I really would have rather blown it in his wife again.

I climbed over her and pressed her knees all the way up. Her pussy tilted and gaped open. I pressed the helmet into her inviting opening and effortlessly slid in. It was a smooth, snug fit and felt phenomenal.

I could live the rest of my life in happiness just feeling her pussy on my shaft.

I pressed down until I couldn't get any more inside her. She groaned and the sexy sound made me flex.

She squeezed back – all velvet and hot...

I lost it. I pounded my hips up and down, driving my erection deep into her pussy.

Her husband loved it; he was jacking furiously as I fucked his bride.

Yeah, I could definitely get used to this...

I rammed her hard enough for my balls to slap loudly against her skin. I reamed her pussy out with my cock and touched deep places inside her.

Her eyes slowly lost focus and her groans became unprompted and constant.

Cock drunk.

She was beautiful as she opened her mouth wider – something tickling her with imminence.

I knew what it was: she was about to cum. I hammered faster, feeling my own

tickle of orgasm at just the thought that she was about to cum.

She convulsed under me, jerking and flexing. She let out a loud wordless grunt of relief before writhing through her release underneath me.

Absolutely fucking beautiful.

I pulled out – my cock as hard as I've ever seen it. I pulled her up with me and motioned for them to get down on the floor. "Get close." I pointed. "Maureen, hold your ring up near his face."

I swear, Keenan's face shone like a lighthouse with joy.

I stroked my erection barely an inch from her mouth and a few inches from his – and right over her wedding ring. I didn't want to do this, but I wanted my friend to be happy.

It was a sacrifice I was willing to make.

Better than him touching me. Fuck that.

My legs trembled as I stroked my cock at them. The tickle ran up from my feet and everything tightened with imminence. "Here it comes..." I slowed my jacking as my cock swelled.

She was smiling.

His eyes were large with excitement.

I aimed my dick slightly down and blew my first shot across her wedding ring.

Keenan let go of his dick and it flexed repeatedly.

I aimed again and blew the rest of my cum onto his face. I groaned and sighed as I shot it all out. "Oh yeah, that's good..." I looked down at the streams running off his cheek and lips.

His cock was spitting streams into the air – pulse after pulse of almost clear cum. His little four-incher jerked and spat, over and over.

Fuck, you cum a lot. I marveled at the sight as he shot probably twice as much

as I did.

He whispered, "Thank you... thank you... thank you..."

His words registered with me his gratitude, but it was Maureen I was looking at.

Our eyes locked and I sensed... things had changed.

Major things.

CHAPTER 15

They left Carson City.

With them, they took something that left a hole.

I wandered the house after they left. I wandered my shop. I found myself in the management office wondering if what I was looking for could be found in an apology.

Diane regarded me with poorly veiled bitterness. Did her hair look even more gray? Were the lines in her face deeper? From crying? Or from hateful thoughts towards me?

I swallowed, feeling numb. "I wanted to say I was sorry for what I said. I was an ass."

She said nothing, just looked at me with an unchanging expression and her jaw set solid.

"You're a beautiful woman, Diane, and I want you to know I see it."

Her head slowly tilted in a motion as if to ask without words, "Are we done here?"

I left the office feeling worse than before and still lacking something essential.

I vowed to never treat a woman like that again. Polite rejection if I thought I was being asked to be used. Never again. From now on, I will not be a dick around the ladies.

It wasn't their fault I had been married to a hag.

My apology did not produce the desired satisfaction. Words were said that could never be recalled or forgotten. I had hurt someone without any thought to their feelings.

Fuck.

I sat in my office and half-heartedly read through my emails. I didn't bother with my voicemail – I just wasn't up to it. I'd do it later.

Keenan and Maureen had made a verbal commitment to come back – to move here. They had to put their house up for sale.

My thoughts drifted to her face as I recalled her delicate features: her smooth lines; her playful smile; her thoughtful looks.

I had not said the wrong thing to her.

Would my experience with Maureen be a new start for me? Would I find a woman now that I was resolved to never be a stupid ass again? Be more open to a lady who hinted at...

I still didn't want to be an affair.

Did I want to be a plaything like I had been to my friend and his wife?

I smiled at the vivid recollection of how her pussy had felt squeezing my dick. The pang of loss spread deep in my chest.

Over pussy? Or Maureen? Or Diane?

CHAPTER 16

Days turned to agonizing weeks as my fever grew.

I knew the answer not two days later and it brought a sick feeling to my stomach, an anxiety to my chest, and agony to my thoughts. It was Maureen.

What did she think of me?

What was she doing?

Did she fondly remember our short time together?

Did she... miss me like I so obviously missed her?

What was going on with me?

I sold medals and bought more. Typical business. But over all of it, my thoughts dwelled on her as if there was room for nothing more in my mind. I tried to bury myself and my feelings in my work. I sniped deals and turned them around. I made more money after my friend and his wife visited than any other month on record.

None of it mattered.

I went to sleep wondering about her and fraught with tension that I had no way to take control. I was helpless – unable to bring about the desired result: seeing her again.

I missed her. I missed her so badly that I couldn't sleep.

Did she think of me at all? Was I a joke to them? Used and discarded with disgust like a used condom? The lack of control, the lack of knowing, and the absence of resolution was tearing me apart.

I noticed a new smattering of gray in my hair and if I wasn't mistaken, some

white began spreading in my beard.

Some consolation was brought on Facebook when Keenan messaged me saying his house was up for sale. Two weeks later, he messaged again that they had two solid offers and they were coming up to hunt for a house.

My anxiety increased.

Did Maureen feel the same way? What were her thoughts? We were friends now on Facebook, but she had said nothing and I didn't want to say something stupid – especially if she didn't feel the same way.

One thing was certain - having been the other man now - I would have to say that it sucks. The torment and torture isn't worth the pussy.

Slowly, each day that passed, my chest crushed in on me.

I stood in my bedroom night after night, trying to remember every detail of holding her. I breathed in trying to capture her perfume or the memory of it. I stared at the bed where I had fucked her and been the most happiest...

Where are you, Maureen?

CHAPTER 17

Keenan

I laughed with delight at my wife's question. "Yes, I'm happy. This has been the hottest month of sex we've ever had. Don't you think?"

She looked down into the box she was packing, but I didn't think she was looking at the contents.

I felt something else. "What's wrong?"

She shrugged. "Nothing, I guess."

"Come on..."

"He's never said anything to me."

I went to her and hugged her. "Maybe he's being respectful." I didn't think he was; I knew my friend was a dick.

"We give him this great gift..." Tears rimmed her eyes.

"He said you were beautiful."

She looked away. "Maybe it was all a mistake. Maybe we should've been satisfied with the love we have for each other."

"I thought you liked him?"

"I did-- I do..."

I lowered my voice so her sister wouldn't hear us. "And I thought you liked

talking about how good he felt inside you?"

A ghost of a smile drifted across her lips, but then a more harrowed look after it. "I love you Keenan. I married you. You're the one who cares."

"I think Chris does, too."

"He's never called or written or messaged me..."

"Maybe he's being quiet because he's not your husband."

We both looked to see if Annie was eavesdropping.

I heard the thump of a box upstairs.

Sighing, I said, "I bet—"

She interrupted me. "What if we move there and he ignores me?"

"He wouldn't."

"I've... been with him. You don't know how that makes me feel—"

"You'll be fine, my love." I kissed her temple. "I'm sure he'll be eager to... you know."

"Should we really ask him again?" There was a tension there I couldn't place.

"Would you really want to find someone else?"

"No." Firm and final.

"Do you want me to discreetly ask Chris about...?"

She colored red and looked down. "I don't know. It would be nice to be acknowledged."

I considered her words. She had certainly had fun and the sex since visiting Chris had been fantastic. She came again and again as I worked her pussy with a dildo talking about her fucking my friend. She had the most satisfying orgasms that way.

I was excited to move to Carson City and resume where we had left off. Certainly, Chris was strangely silent on Facebook and even though he was, I felt a greater bond to him than ever before. We had crossed simple friendship into something deeper and stronger.

I felt as if he were my brother, or Platonic lover. Yes, I felt love for Chris. Maybe he didn't want me touching him, but I could not deny the strength of what I felt since he had cum on my face.

He had been there for me throughout my life and at the most important part: when I wanted to see my wife taken. I would treasure him for that forever.

I squeezed my wife's arm. "Everything's going to be okay. Keep packing."

Although I was sincere, I could tell she had disregarded my sentiment.

I sighed mentally. Women...

CHAPTER 18

Chris

Whenever Maureen came to mind, I found it hard to breathe.

I cursed myself for being a fool.

She didn't want me; she was married to my friend. I had no rights and no claim. I couldn't say anything that wouldn't sound pathetic and begging.

I didn't want to be laughed at. Not that Keenan would laugh at me; I knew he wouldn't. But I was the outsider. The third wheel. The extra guy or the guest that is like fish: smells after three days.

I was hanging endlessly in my mind, twisting and turning in the trap I could not escape.

I let my business slack off a little. Not much, just a little.

A breather.

I wondered if their impending visit for house hunting would include me...

Or were they done with me?

Knowing little or nothing was what hurt the most.

Maybe I needed to forget about it all and go back to my previous way of thinking: fuck all women. Nothing but trouble, they were.

Ignorance turned to bitterness.

Bitterness became determination.

Then they came on their house hunt.

I harbored no hopes they would make contact, but they did. They wanted to know if I wanted to come along on their house hunt.

Well, that's nice of them, I guess.

I studied Keenan's face on Facetime.

He looked happy and hopeful – exactly what I was missing. He said, "You don't have to..."

"No, I can make the time."

"You sure? Your business not suffering?"

I scratched at my neck. "It has its ups and downs."

"Is this a good time for you?"

"It's never a bad time; I make more than enough to get by. My biggest expenses are acquisitions. Forking out five grand to turn a twelve grand medal might sound profitable – and it is – but sometimes I don't have the reserve to do it."

"That happen often?"

"I had to turn down a prime offer a week ago for lack of cash. Guy wanted ten grand and I only had seven on hand."

Keenan's face scrunched a little. "We could have floated that for you..."

I didn't want to look like a beggar. "Nah, it's no big deal. Medals come and go. Another will come along."

He shook his head. "Ride with us and we'll talk a bit about that. We're going to have a buttload of cash from the sale of our house – more than enough to upgrade and put into savings. It wouldn't be a big deal to loan you what you need..."

I sighed in consideration. "If you have nothing else to do with the money..."

He chuckled. "We're meeting the realtor at ten."

"All right, then, I'll come."

His face lit up in a big smile. "I think Maureen will be happy."

I thumbed off a moment later. What had he meant by that?

A spark lit up the dim areas in my chest and kick-started my heart to thumping.

CHAPTER 19

I sat in the back seat with Maureen as the realtor drove us around. I swear the woman didn't know how to drive – eyes wide and timid, she drove as if uncertain which direction to go on the streets.

Maybe she was a fucking lizard-alien in human skin. Likely from the planet Niburu or some such.

However, she blabbed like a woman who needed a fat dick in her mouth. She just wouldn't shut up. She also wore so much perfume my eyes stung.

When I tried to talk to Maureen in quiet tones, the realtor would look in the rear view mirror and talk louder.

I wanted to jam a sock in her mouth.

Ten socks.

Fuck!

Maureen cast looks at me that I couldn't decipher. It was as if she were scared of me. Was I making a face at the realtor that she thought was meant for her?

I settled for being quiet, yet a tickle of hope swirled inside: Maureen had seemed receptive to talk.

She had even smiled, if hesitant.

I got her alone – sort of – at the first house. Keenan was striding ahead with the realtor easily keeping up with him. I could tell the blonde immediately targeted my friend as the dominant one who would be making decisions.

No doubt, I think Keenan has always known what he's wanted. He was never afraid to jump ahead and had always been ready to act. He was not one to hold back and be shy. Quick to laugh, fast to decide, and energetic in everything he

did.

I was the cynical one in our friendship. I liked doing things, too, but I had an eye for things that might go wrong. I avoided what I thought was risky. I had been the anchor when we were younger and Keenan and I had acted as partners in the things we did.

He wanted to ride bicycles. I picked where we went. He wanted to roller skate. I steered us clear of the gang hangouts. He wanted to hike. I nixed his ideas that were too long of treks for two teenagers.

Maureen murmured, "Maybe too much perfume..."

Keenan and the blonde were in the next room.

I whispered, "Maybe? Hey, she walks into a house with a canary and it's all over. Dead fucking bird."

She smirked, snickered, then snorted.

I shook my head. "She's a walking chemical weapon."

She gripped my arm and squeezed while holding her other hand over her mouth.

"I hope Keenan survives."

She let go and laughed.

We entered the room with them and tried to look innocent.

The realtor's big eyes were looking at us as if expecting us to break down and share.

Fuck you.

They swept into the kitchen and Maureen held me back. "It's good to see you again... I thought..."

I hummed, "Hmm?"

She shrugged and studied her boots. "I thought maybe you..." She looked up,

eyes glistening with unshed water and shifted her shoulders again.

I turned to face her fully, frowning as I studied her face for intention.

Keenan and the realtor went out into the garage.

I said, "What were you thinking...?"

"That you didn't care."

I rolled my eyes and flung my head back. "You must be shitting me..."

"Do you always swear?"

I gave an immediate, "Fuck no." I could see, though, that she was still bothered.

"Why did you roll your eyes? I wasn't worth—"

I shut her mouth by sticking my tongue in it. Our kiss was abrupt. Like two magnets clicking together, our bodies met and we both trembled at the instantaneous heat.

I wanted her pussy again.

I also... wanted...

We broke apart and breathed rapidly.

I looked down. "Sorry..."

She coughed half a giggle and shook her head. "Sorry for what?"

"I had to do something; you wouldn't shut up."

She arched an eyebrow at me and pursed her lips. "Maybe I should talk more."

Five words.

Five fucking words.

My dick stiffened in my jeans.

My pulse pounded in my temples.

I wanted to throw her down on the ugly green shag carpet and fuck her right here. I let out a shuddering sigh. "I thought..."

Her head moved to the right as if to expose her left ear for hearing. "You thought what?"

I swallowed. "I didn't know if you thought of me... as anything but a plaything."

She dropped her mouth open and coughed her scoff. "How could you think that?"

Keenan and blonde gas-bomb came back inside. I swear, the air formed a haze from the woman's perfume.

I was developing a headache, despite the stiffness in my jeans. How the fuck does that happen? Isn't the blood supposed to drain from my head to fill my dick?

I blamed blonde bitch.

I wanted to talk to Maureen and the realtor was looking us up and down.

Yeah, that's right, I have an erection and it ain't for you; it's for his wife. Fuck off.

Keenan wasn't impressed with the house. Neither was I. Maybe I had rubbed off on him when we were younger. Or maybe he had finally grown up when I moved away and was no longer reining him in.

The realtor kept looking at me; I caught the shift of her eyes in my peripheral vision. I was busy drinking in Maureen. After that first house, the gassy blonde wouldn't leave me alone with her.

Hey, like, what the fuck? Are you selling my friend a house or being a chaperone.

I knew Maureen felt it, too. She cast a few looks at the realtor, but otherwise kept her eyes down. Maybe that was the whole California thing: don't look; keep

your gaze down; don't offend.

A lot of really thin-skinned people jumped at the chance for victim status by getting triggered over the dumbest shit.

We didn't trigger over feigned slights in Nevada.

In the second house, I took pity on Maureen and put my arm around her. The realtor had frowned at us so much Maureen was unnerved.

CHAPTER 20

Maureen

I was numb the whole day – wrapped in the fuzzy wool of something larger than myself. It had started when I first sat in the backseat of the realtor's car with Chris.

I felt somewhat senseless in that I didn't have my usual poise and balance. I wasn't thinking very clearly except to enjoy being so close to him that we could touch.

At the same time, agitated thoughts jumped around in my head at my inability to form solid thoughts or actions. Was I sitting funny? Should I make eye contact? Should I start a conversation?

Despite my brunette hair and my intelligence, I was clueless. Might as well be a blonde.

The kiss that interrupted my confrontation with Chris had sent my reality spinning. I think I knew then – in that first, ugly house – that I was in love.

I thought it silly as we left the house. How could I be in love? Building that kind of feeling takes months. It had to be infatuation; it was too strong too fast.

I wanted to be hugged by him so my scattered and fractured thoughts had a place to solidify and bring understanding. I wanted to feel his warmth and listen to his heartbeat.

The feelings were much the same as I had with Keenan. My husband was my strength, my rock, my foundation for love and happiness that I thought would never be challenged.

Except... that it wasn't being challenged. Had our little kink produced some kind of hybrid relationship where I could love my husband and also another man? Was there room – so to speak – in my heart for two? I hadn't ever imagined that. For certain, I had thought of having two men: a threesome.

What woman didn't think about two men hard for her and showering her with attention and affection? I had wanted to experience that at least once, but I figured it was just fantasy.

The assumption came easily that only I and my husband had some kind of sexy kink. Everyone else was straight-laced and pure. No one else had fantasies. No one played with dildos. No one liked spanking. No one liked being tied up and taken.

No one else.

But everyone did. Everyone had fantasies, even if it was as simple as making love to their spouse in a pool of jello.

Was my kink so unusual? Was the turn my fantasy had taken so unacceptable?

We hid these things from each other as we strolled through life. We covered them over in church so as to appear to be good church-going people.

Decent.

Clean.

And yet every single one of us had a... thing.

What was it?

What did this realtor have? Lesbian tendencies? Did she like to drink beer and shove the empty bottle up her ass after? Did she like to slather her pussy with peanut butter and call for her poodle? Did she put on leather and beat her husband senseless and cram baseball bats up his ass?

Would she, if she did those things, have any grounds to look down on me for being desirous of romance? Tender sharing? A sensual threesome?

And what business was it of hers?

Keenan perked up quite a bit at the fourth house. There was an attached garage and a second, detached garage in the back and had an upper story that was semi-finished. The realtor billed it as perfect for RVs and a workshop.

Everything she swept her hand over was perfect for something.

In this case, though, Keenan excitedly toured the detached garage and the upper floor. "Chris..."

I looked at the man as he followed my husband.

He hummed.

Keenan was stroking his chin. "I could turn this place into a livable flat..."

"Yeah? Rent it out?"

"Yeah, maybe. Or rent it to you."

"I have a trailer—"

Keenan's smile twisted. "A trailer. How much do you pay in space fees?"

"Four hundred."

The realtor tried not to smirk, but I could see it in the lift of her chin.

"I could rent this out to you for two hundred."

The woman actually scowled at Chris, for some reason I couldn't fathom.

Chris lifted his eyebrows. "No kidding?"

My husband gave a thrust of his chin. "We can talk about it later, but sure. Adding a shower to the bathroom there would make this a sizable studio..."

The realtor pitched in, sniffing a sale, "Yes, the plumbing is already in..."

As if we couldn't see the toilet and sink sitting there.

My pulse jumped and fluttered as my mind focused on my husband's intent. It was the answer to my sudden dreams and also the potential bomb that blew my marriage to smithereens.

I had to talk to my husband.

He had to be warned.

CHAPTER 21

"I think... I have feelings for him..." I was sitting on the bed in the hotel room.

Keenan looked at me with surprise. "For Chris?" He turned from the window.

Yeah, who else? But I was too scared to say it. I just nodded.

His eyes shifted left and right, alive and flashing with his own thoughts unspoken. There was a look of wonder on his face, then he laughed. "You're kidding."

"No..."

"I thought you only tolerated him—"

"I didn't think he liked me."

My husband was quick. "Okay, so what's the problem?"

"You want to rent to him and I have feelings...?"

"Is that a bad thing? I think it sounds rather good."

I pulled back hair over my ear. "Wait, if I... fall in love with him... that's good?"

My husband flipped up a hand. "Wouldn't it be better that way? More meaningful?"

"But what about you?"

He frowned. "What about me? This is about you."

"Aren't you afraid I'll leave you?"

He laughed. Hard.

Irritation flared inside and I was normally a very quiet woman. "Why are you laughing? This is serious."

He shook his head and scrubbed his face. "Do you think that you'd leave me for him?"

"Of course not."

He lifted both hands in an exaggerated shrug. "Well, there you go."

"You aren't the least bit jealous?"

He closed the distance between us and gripped the back of my head by the hair. "Insanely jealous. And outrageously turned on. Seeing him with you makes me quiver with fear. At the same time, my dick is the hardest I've ever felt. Being so turned on might seem wrong, but seeing you two together is so normal and feels so right."

"Right?" I was panting from his display of passionate possession. My pussy flushed hot.

"He has a dick. You have a pussy. It's natural. You both want it. You both should be doing it as often as possible."

I gasped with a surge of sensuality. "You want me to..."

His hot breath was familiar and clean. It brushed across my lips as he held the back of my head. "I want you to crave his dick. I want you to love it, want it, and worship it. I want you to think about it all day."

I moaned in warning as a swelling pressure built inside. With just his words, he was bringing me close to orgasm. I frantically reached for his slacks to squeeze at the hardness there.

He whispered, "Do you want his cock?"

My answer was ragged with my pulse and panting, "Yes."

"Do you want him to fuck you?"

"Yes."

He moved his hands down to my shorts and rubbed my heat. "Do you want to feel his cock deep inside?"

I came. Just the slightest rubbing threw me over the edge and the wave that rolled me over was sharp and fast. It wasn't a full-on orgasm that brought satisfaction, but rather a short one that told me my husband's desires were right in line with my mind.

He released me and stripped out of his clothes.

I got naked as my pussy throbbed.

He thrust into me and began grinding so hard that I had a delectable aftershock of orgasm. He hissed, "Yes, I want there to be feelings. That would make me so proud..."

"But, I'm your wife—"

"And he is my best friend. It's perfect. Promise me you'll fuck him."

"I will... I promise."

He leaned down onto me and whispered in my ear, "Make love to him..."

I groaned at the sudden convulsion in my pussy. Not even a proper aftershock, really, but a definite orgasmic clenching I could not deny. My husband was driving me insane.

And horny.

I had full permission and I realized just how much he loved me – and how much I loved him in return.

That feeling for my husband was stronger than anything I had ever known with him.

CHAPTER 22

Chris arrived with punctuality.

My pussy was already wet and tingling. Knowing I had all the access I wanted, I went right for Chris with every intention of just taking him like a madwoman.

My husband was smiling broadly, exhibiting all the little things he had revealed to me. He swallowed visibly, probably nervous with the fear of us together. But his slacks were tented out and the unmistakable lust was in his eyes.

I dropped to my knees and began undoing Chris' belt.

He forestalled me and did it himself, unholstering his gun and placing it on the nightstand. "Okay."

I continued and produced his thick dick. It was so beautiful and straight that I marveled at it only a second before engulfing it with my mouth. I wanted to kiss and suck it, but I slid down on it like a whore.

If this was cheating, I wanted it dirty.

I slobbered on his erection and stroked the part of the shaft I couldn't get in my mouth.

It felt incredibly good to be so... nasty. Sucking another man in front of my husband filled me with an adventurous spirit and a sense of accomplishment: I was doing what he wanted and it felt so good.

Chris sighed happily and murmured, "Definitely more beautiful when sucking on my cock."

Keenan groaned and removed his slacks. He rubbed and pinched his smaller dick.

I pulled my mouth off and stroked him rapidly. "Could you get used to that?"

He laughed bitterly. "More than you know."

"I want you inside me."

"About this renting from you thing..."

My husband croaked, "It'll be perfect. I want you two fucking as much as possible."

Chris gaped at him.

Keenan rasped, "Make love to her. Use her. Make her pussy hungry for your cock."

I was lifted and settled onto the bed. He moved his beautiful tool between my thighs and rubbed the head on my throbbing clit. "Don't tease me..."

His face was filled with expression. He said, "I... I'm teasing Keenan..."

My husband panted rapidly. "Yes... Show me how you're going to violate my wife. Show me how your cock belongs in her."

I saw Chris stiffen with excitement and he shook his head just before nodding it. "I understand cuckolding... I'll do it." His cock spread me open and slowly pushed inside.

The slide of his shaft into me past my swollen lips was sweet and pleasing. I squirmed with need.

My husband was whispering fast, "Yes, he's fucking my wife. He's fucking my wife. It's so good... Fuck her Chris... Fuck my wife. Do it deep. Fuck her..."

I moaned at my husband's words and those were smothered by Chris kissing me. It felt so perfect to have his cock stretching me open and his tongue in my mouth...

Keenan whispered, "Yes, beautiful..." His breathing was becoming hyper.

I looked at my husband after Chris and I stopped kissing. Keenan's face was alight with lust and joy. His hand was a blur on his dick and he was whispering

over and over.

I think that by looking at him, I caused his reaction. His hand moved faster. He huffed, "Yes, do it, do it, do it..." Cum sprayed from his red dick in copious squirts and spatters. I had never seen him cum so much – especially after he had finished in me an hour before. He squeezed his eyes shut and let go of his flexing stiffy. It jerked and squirted watery cum all over the floor.

His head was back and his chest was heaving. He panted, "Oh yeah, oh yeah..."

Maybe his words drove Chris over the edge. I felt his shaft fill me deep and complete. It flexed and pulsed, sending scalding splashes inside.

I smiled up at him and touched his cheek and beard. No orgasm from me, but I enjoyed every minute of his thrusting.

I had indeed accomplished something – several things, actually. I had satisfied my husband. I had satisfied myself. I had also coaxed passion from Chris and won his cum.

It empowered me that I had such an effect on two men and the fuzzy feelings in my heart solidified.

CHAPTER 23

Keenan

My dick hurt like hell. Raw and sore, it ached as I pulled on my slacks. I was going to walk funny.

Chris dressed.

I said, "That was sort of short..."

"I need... to get a snack. Come with me to the vending machines?"

I glanced between him and my wife. She looked a little hurt that he hadn't asked her, but I saw in his face a hopeful look. He wanted to talk.

I nodded and said for Maureen's benefit, "Ah, boy-talk. Certainly, Chris."

He blushed a bit and nodded. His quick look to my wife told me he cared.

We walked along the clean halls and passed a couple wearing shorts and tourist shirts. What made people choose those wild shirts when traveling? Was it a way to signify they were living their wild side? That they were free to dress because they were free from work?

Structures of society? Strictures of society?

Chris produced a dollar bill and fed it to the snack machine. He selected plain potato chips, though it didn't look like he did more than randomly poked a selection.

He turned to me. "I wanted to talk about..."

I folded my arms and leaned on the machine. No one was near, so this was as good a place as any.

He fingered the snack bag and said, "Isn't it a little dangerous? What if I develop feelings? What if she gets pregnant?"

I laughed as if at an inside joke. Maureen had echoed much the same. I shook my head. "No need to worry."

He squinted at me: typical Chris, always doubting and suspicious.

I punched him lightly in the shoulder. "I want those feelings to develop. It wouldn't feel right, otherwise."

He frowned with a single nod and looked down, deep in thought.

I said, "I don't want her used... and dumped. I want her respected and loved. That's why I chose you."

He looked into my eyes with a serious look. "I would never disrespect her."

I nodded with a huge smile. "Exactly, just like I expected."

"So you're not worried I'd steal her?"

I snorted. "No."

He nodded thoughtfully. "No, I wouldn't. I wouldn't do that to you."

I was patient and slow. "That's why I chose you."

He chuckled and looked down at the bag. "Well, okay, then." He opened the chips and his head lurched back at the pop. He scowled into the bag and shook his head. "And here I thought air was free."

I squeezed the bridge of my nose and tried to suppress my laugh.

"I think my dollar is wafting around the hall now." He frowned ferociously. "Quick, start sniffing. At least we can pretend we ate some chips."

I did the only thing that came to mind. I kissed his cheek. Just a quick peck –

like to a grandparent – or a close friend.

He recoiled and said, "Aw, none of that now."

I waved my hands. "No, no. No homo, trust me. I just... I really appreciate..."

Chris was back to his old self again after our tiny chat. "Shut the fuck up."

CHAPTER 24

Chris

I might have thought their house-searching visit would settle things.

Far from it.

Fuck!

This was insane. Instead of my sensibilities and conscience being salved, the anxiety and desperation was heightened.

I wanted Maureen. She was driving me crazy and they were back in California to wrap up the move. The house here was weeks away in escrow.

No, I needed Maureen.

It wasn't just her pussy. Nope, pussy was pussy, even if every pussy was different. I absolutely craved Maureen's – it was the best I'd ever had. I would never want another.

Muscling over all of that was an intense need to be close to her, to talk to her, to touch her hair and her face. I dreamt of kissing and hugging her. I daydreamed about walking with her and just... being with her.

My arms ached to reach. My heart thundered to feel her pressed against me. My head swam with visions of her face and smile.

I knew there was no way I could live without her. The tension in every fiber of my being was strumming with anxiety at being apart.

I was going crazy.

I would've even moved back to that shithole California to be with her.

But they were coming here. It might have been only a matter of a couple weeks until I could see them again, but when every second was agony, the wait was devastating.

I found a renewal in the intense bond I shared with Keenan. A lifelong friend, he had turned to me in trust. His invitation and gift was something I didn't know if I could ever repay. Or demonstrate my appreciation of our friendship.

I would be there for him in anything from now on. Reunited, we were going to face the future once again as a team.

I owed him that and the deficit demanding my determination. The bond in my heart emboldened me to embrace his cuck fantasy and help them enjoy life.

I knew deep inside, I'd do everything for him. Years had separated us, but his trust had reawakened it all.

I also knew that Maureen was an unforeseen bond that would develop into beautiful things. I would be there for her, too, and I was desperate to get to know her. I wanted to know her favorite colors, her history with men, what she had done in school, what had been her dreams.

I wanted to hear all that in her silky, quiet voice.

I was lost in love already, and I knew it.

It was so strange, though – this sudden slip into something so sudden. I hardly knew her, but I felt the connection hot and heavy entwined in the deepest places of my heart.

It hurt to be without her.

It was agony.

I jacked my dick thinking about her and trying to hold back tears of loneliness. Even though it was just a matter of weeks, I couldn't cope with the separation.

Business was good, but I approached it with indifference. I lowballed offers as

an excuse to lose the purchase, but most of the sellers accepted. I had five great medals I was going to make a killing on. One already sold and was going to float me completely for a month.

None of that mattered.

Not through the haze of unshed tears.

CHAPTER 25

I don't know how I survived.

I had considered suicide – quickly discarded...

It was a blustery day in May when Maureen called.

"We're settled in, mostly. Still some things in boxes."

"How are you... doing?" It wasn't just a toss-off greeting; I meant it.

She sighed on the other end of the line. "Missing you."

Fuck. My heart went into total meltdown. I strangled out my words, "Yeah, me too."

"We want you to come over."

"I'd like that. When?"

"When are you free?"

I laughed as if the sky was falling and I was going to be crushed under it. "I would cancel anything to be there right now."

Her soft words were low and sad. "I was hoping you'd say that. This move has been... really rough on me."

"A lot of work?"

"No... The not seeing you part. Can you come over tonight? Six?"

"Give me your new address again; I don't recall exactly where it was."

That she wanted me there was like a bolt of salvation from heaven. Energy

began to tingle along my limbs.

I clicked off with her address scribbled on my notepad. I stared at it, knowing she was there right now – not far across town.

The answer to my dreams was here and I was expected.

I couldn't wait.

Hours dragged like days until six. I left early and arrived early.

Fuck it, I couldn't contain myself.

I knew I was going to rush inside and immediately wrap her into a hug. There was no other option.

That was not what happened.

I stood at the door, stunned when Keenan opened it. Behind him was Maureen, dressed in her wedding dress.

Keenan's face was bashful and hopeful. "We thought this would be fitting..."

She looked at me, searching my face.

I walked in numbly, struck by her beauty. "Her wedding dress?"

Keenan said, "I really want to see you... and her... while she's wearing it."

My dick finally responded, swelling fast and pressing out against my jeans. I breathed in awe. "I'd be honored..."

My friend was immediately appreciative. "Thank you, I thought you would understand... and I wanted to make this symbolic. As if it were you that had married her."

I shook my head at him in wonder. "I don't know... how to thank you... for this gift."

It was Maureen who launched herself into my arms.

I was overcome with the sudden move and gingerly held her so as not to ruin her dress. However, happiness leapt so high within me that I pressed her to me with a strong grip and breathed in her scent.

I might have been ready in my pants, but I wasn't ready in my heart. I kissed her as Keenan looked on like a proud pastor. I pulled back and looked into Maureen's eyes. "I don't know how to say this—"

Her whisper was so quick it startled me, "Yes you do." She bit her lip and waited, hope as plain on her face as her light makeup.

I swallowed and didn't look at Keenan for approval. I spoke my heart, "I... love you."

She squeezed her eyes shut and gripped me in a hug so fierce I thought she would cut circulation to one area of my body or another.

I said, "And I've missed you."

Her breath was hot in my ear, and fast. "I love you, too."

My friend said, sotto voce, "You may carry the bride to the bedroom now."

I whipped her up and did so. I carried her through her house and followed Keenan to the bedroom.

I laid her on the bed as if she were a delicate bouquet of flowers.

My friend interrupted me. "I can't wait, Chris. Do her first, please." His entire body was quivering with excitement. "Please fuck my bride."

How could I possibly answer in the negative to that? I stripped my clothes as fast as I could.

Maureen slid up her dress, exposing her stockings and naked pussy. Her look was as feverish as mine probably looked.

Keenan's wife was spread open in invitation, her wedding dress pulled up for me, and I was ready to fuck her.

No, I was ready to make love to her.

I had never wanted a woman as bad as this at this moment. I stroked my erection and focused on her pussy.

Keenan had shed his clothing and was jacking his small dick. His other hand held his phone and he moved around me taking pictures. His whispers were excited. "This is so perfect. This is awesome. Beautiful."

I pressed my cock down onto her clit. I slid it down over it until I found her opening.

My friend had the phone near my hip getting closeups.

I pushed and slid my erection into his bride. Her tightness gripped my shaft and I lunged with my hips, propelling my shaft deep into her pussy.

She gave a soft cry of acceptance and pleasure. Her eyelashes were wet as I began moving in and out.

Her pussy was soft in that tight grip – silky and velvety and at the same time taut with pressure on my cock. Her juices wet my erection easily and I was soon sliding in and out without effort.

She pulled on me, moaning with need.

I settled onto her and kissed that wonderful mouth. I drove my cock in and out and relished the sensation that everything was... right.

Keenan gasped, "Could you pull out?"

I stopped in shock. "What?"

"Blow all over her wedding dress."

I squinted up at him over my shoulder. "Pull out? Why, she might get pregnant?"

"No, I just want a picture of it."

I puffed out in frustration. "How about I cum inside and then blow on you both the second round?"

His eyes lit up. "Oh, that works, too. Do you... um... want me to squeeze your balls when you cum?"

"No." I went back to thrusting my cock in and out of his wife.

He resumed jacking.

Maureen was suppressing a satisfied smile and not doing a very good job of it. "I don't want you to pull out, either."

Keenan moaned frightfully loud and jacked his dick in a frenzy.

I muttered, "You're going to rip that thing off..."

His eyebrows drew down a little. "Just... shut up... and," he thrust his hips sharply with each word - driving his dick through his fingers, "just... violate... my... bride."

I chuckled. "Okay, buddy." I resumed kissing Maureen with little lip pecks. "Your wife feels awesome. So good on my cock."

"My bride... and your bride."

A tickle of his fantasy touched me and my head swam with dizziness. "I own your bride now."

He groaned loudly and stroked faster. Then he began whispering harshly under his breath. "Fuck my bride. Violate her pussy. Ram her deep. Hard. Make her cum on your cock. Show me what you're going to do to her all the time."

I don't know if his words spurred me on, but I began making savage thrusts. Overwhelmed at the amazing gift he had given me, I deep-fucked her with appreciation.

Her wedding dress was the ultimate symbol of what they had given me and shared with me.

I made sure she felt every inch of my erection filling her married pussy.

She gasped sharply with each thrust and then said, "Harder..."

I drove my hips down onto her, grunting with effort. I wanted this to be slow and sensual, but she and her husband had flipped a switch inside me. I was in a frenzy of fucking and all three of us were loving it.

Maureen broke first, slowly arching her back until the back of her head and her butt were the only parts in contact with the bed. She let out a low wail of joy and then flopped onto the bed. Her body writhed and jerked under me.

My friend's bride was cumming on my cock and nothing else at that point could've been better. I heaved into her and exploded, ejaculating deep inside her. I grunted and gasped, holding my cock in as far as it would go as I flooded her womb with my cum.

I saw stars. Little points of light swirled about my vision as my body pulsed with the effort of shooting into her.

Maureen closed her eyes and relaxed on the bed. Heat rose from her and a light sheen of sweat glistened on her forehead.

I pulled out slowly, wanting to make sure every last drop was left inside her. However, pulling the helmet of my cock out past her lips sent a shiver through me and a tiny shot of cum leapt out, landing on her pussy.

Keenan was ecstatic. He pushed me out of the way and attacked her pussy, licking up the cum I had left outside and sucking out what I had deposited inside.

I was still hard. I moved over to where her head was and knelt. She twisted up and sucked my dick into her mouth. Keenan kept at her pussy until she was moaning on my shaft.

I stroked her hair, marveling at this beauty of a woman and the place she had forced into my heart.

She pulled her mouth off and smiled up at me as if she had heard my thoughts. She stroked my erection and said, "Do you belong to me?"

The answer bubbled out of my throat without thought. "Yes."

Her smile spread as wide as I'd ever seen it. I ran my finger over her ear. "You're so beautiful."

She squeezed my dick in her grip. "I want to hear it again – the other thing..."

I knew what she wanted and I tried to give her a snarky smile. Maybe pass off some flippant comment. But no, I couldn't; my heart wouldn't let me. "I love you."

She heaved a quiet sigh and closed her eyes. "Again..."

I chuckled quietly, low and sexy because I felt it. "I love you." I waited a moment and asked, "Do you love me?"

Her harsh grip squeezing my dick was meant as warning. "How dare you question—"

"Then tell me."

She smiled ear to ear. "I love you, too, Chris..."

EPILOGUE

I was sure I was ready again less than an hour later. I held Maureen on my lap, impaled on my erection. I stroked her bare skin, thankful that she was naked. I ran my hands over her boobs and nibbled at her nipples.

I had liked the wedding dress thing, but had wanted to feel her skin on mine without the scratchy lace.

She was going to put it back on for my... role in their fantasy when I was ready to shoot.

I said to my friend, "I hope I don't have to shoot on you two all the time."

He chuckled wickedly. "It's great, but no, don't worry."

Maureen rode me sinuously and her pussy worked my shaft like a gloved hand.

I said, "Good, because it seems like a waste when I could cum inside her instead."

Keenan said, "I won't ask it of you very often."

I slapped her butt. "Okay, get dressed."

She pouted, then smiled, then hopped off. She dressed without zipping it up in back and knelt on the floor. Her husband joined her and they held their heads close.

I stood over them and jacked my tired dick. It was hard, and the tickle was there, but I knew it was going to be a painful orgasm. Too soon after the last one, these things made us men nervous: I didn't want to damage anything. What if it took days to recover?

I stroked easily as my dick swelled. "Here it comes... Get your hand up."

Maureen lifted her hand to her chin. Her diamond wedding ring glinted brilliantly.

I groaned and trembled, wondering if the orgasm was going to abandon me. Then a stinging pulse shot a tiny bit out of my dick. It hit her in the mouth.

I gasped violently and my dick jerked several times. Suddenly, streams of cum jetted out and splattered their faces. A drip landed on the band of her ring. Several small squirts landed on the bodice of her wedding dress.

I staggered as all my energy left me. I blinked blearily and looked at my handiwork. My cum was on their faces and they were kissing.

I collapsed, sitting on the bed. I wanted nothing more than to lie back and fall into a deep sleep.

I had done my part for my friend.

And for his wife.

But more than that had happened: I felt the bond between the three of us flex and pulse in my heart. I had been there for them and they had been there for me.

I knew Keenan treasured what I had done and was trying to express his appreciation. The kiss a few weeks ago? Hey, he could keep it to a slap on the back, really.

My gratitude to both was only exceeded by one thing I felt equally strong for the two of them.

Love.

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