

A HOTWIFE REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE

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By

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**Love is spontaneous and uncontrollable. It grows like a weed and happens
at all the wrong times.**

Sometimes it is singular; sometimes it scatters.

Both are strong.

Neither is wrong.

CHAPTER 1

Up the street, the school bus began to slide sickeningly on the ice.

Amidst gasps from the adults standing around me at the bus stop, the image of young faces pressed against the bus windows was almost... comical.

Heart pounding, I saw several children on the bus with bright, excited eyes – thrilled that something cool was happening on a typical morning bus ride.

As if on cue, the gaggle of moms standing at the curb raised their phones and aimed.

The big yellow bus slowly slid sideways. It wasn't travelling any more than ten miles an hour – due to the ice. A popping crunch told us the back end had made contact with one of the parked cars. That somewhat gentle impact brought the bus to a stop.

One of the fathers who had lately begun standing with us muttered, "Oh... that's just great."

The boy holding his hand jumped up and down. "Is it going to blow up?"

Another father snickered.

Rachel looked up at me. "Is it, mommy?"

"No, it's just a little fender-bender."

The other boy looked at me. "They always blow up on TV."

Both of the fathers checked their watches.

The one that snickered said, "I'm already going to be late. Closing Route 4 for bridge repair adds a half hour—"

The father with the jumping boy said, "Yeah, me too. And they're estimating a

six month project."

"F..." He cleared his throat, not finishing the expletive in front of kids.

One of the other little kids whispered. "I bet he was going to say fuck."

There was a jerk by the parent on the child's hand.

One of the fathers shook his head and lifted his hand in futility. He let it drop. "I'm going to need a helicopter to get to work... How long is the guy going to sit there?"

I said, "He's calling it in. They'll likely get a tow truck to pull the bus away from the car so it doesn't do any more damage. And probably send another bus to transfer the kids to and..." Just talking to the two handsome fathers made me feel thrilled. Only the gaggle around Monica ever really talked.

A few parents near me who had lived here for a long time nodded. Others groaned.

Both newer fathers were frantically shaking their heads.

One had been in the neighborhood for almost six months. He was a tall man, very thin, with dark hair. He was slightly bloodshot around the eyes. The other was shorter, more muscular, with buzzed hair. He was a new arrival within the last month.

The thin one said, "I can't wait..."

The muscular one said, "I can't, either."

Seeing their distress flipped that switch in me that my husband called a charitable heart. I said, "I'm Nataly; I live right there?" I pointed. "I can chaperone your two if you need to get going. I'll make sure they get on the bus safely."

The thin one immediately looked relieved. "Would you?"

My daughter pointed. "She's Penny; she's very nice. Sometimes we sit together."

The man's daughter was silent, looking at everything with big eyes.

I nodded reassuringly to the man.

He held out his hand to shake. "I'm Rob. I live up the street there—"

"I know. Across from Dawn." I gently shook his hand.

He looked stunned that I knew.

Monica, the busybody brunette standing near us said not so quietly, "I don't think anything gets by... her." She had called me a hawk before.

I ignored the sarcasm. I offered my hand to Penny with a smile.

Rob transferred hands and sank down to squat. He looked at his daughter and a shadow came over his face. He looked away from her when he gave her a hug. "Daddy needs to get to work."

Her little voice was as thin as he was. "Okay."

He rose and looked at me, then away. "Hey, thank you."

"It's really not a problem."

The muscular man was frowning at me.

I offered, "I can wait with your son, too?"

He regarded me with suspicious eyes for a few seconds and gave the departing Rob a rueful look. "Yeah... I really would appreciate it." His eyes flashed back to me. "Just make sure he gets on the bus. No one but me has any right to come along and claim—"

I was shaking my head. "No, I would never just hand over someone's child. You don't need to worry about that with me."

He sighed, wearily. "I'm Truman, by the way. Sorry to sound so..." He held out his hand.

I shook it.

Up the street, a tow truck appeared, yellow lights flashing. It stopped in the middle of the street near the bus and just sat there.

Truman stared at it and shook his head. He made a noise of disgust. He turned back to me. "My son is Tyler..."

I waved down at the boy's upturned face. "Hi Tyler."

He said to his son, "Behave and get on the bus."

The boy bubbled, "Maybe the next bus will slide, too!"

"Great..."

I laughed and included the boy in my little group.

He looked at me. "You were...?"

"Nataly."

"Nataly, right." His eyes dropped down to my left hand and wedding ring.

"Okay, well, I better go..."

I said brightly, "Bye."

His walk away was brisk and became brisker as the slope increased up the hill. He looked like he was in quite a hurry. Maybe even to catch up to distant Rob.

I touched each child's shoulder or head to impress that they were with me and safe. Inside me, that familiar sense of satisfaction twined around my soul. I loved helping people. Sometimes my husband had to stop me from gathering too much clothing from what we had to give to the Salvation Army.

Other people weren't as fortunate as us. Others needed warm clothes during the snows of winter here. Others needed food to eat, too.

Buddy's voice startled me. "I wondered what you were doing out here." He was peering up the street. The tow truck had not moved. "Ah, slip-sliding to school eh? Or maybe he's drunk."

"Just ice. Nothing unusual."

A little further up, a blue Jeep pulled out of a garage on the street.

That would be Truman... I said to my husband, "I met the two new fathers. I'm watching their kids for them so they can get to work."

He stroked his short beard and smiled. "Oh yeah?"

I knew his playful tone; he loved showing me off, as he called it. He liked it when other men looked at me because he said it proved he was the better man – that he had married such a beautiful woman.

Whatever his reason, I liked that a lot better than my first clingy boyfriend who was so insanely jealous that I couldn't go pee without him pounding on the door demanding to know if I was texting someone. But that was three years ago in another town.

Another bus approached up the street, driving slowly. It stopped and the Stop arm came out. The transfer began taking place.

Buddy gave Monica, the busybody brunette, a sneering once over. He slipped his arm around my waist as he checked her out.

The woman saw him looking and looked away, chin in the air as if she was better than him.

I wasn't bothered; my husband was nuts over my natural auburn hair. Monica didn't stand a chance with him and I think she knew it - even if she pretended otherwise. The games weren't much different than high school.

Buddy said, "Brr. I'm going back inside." He gave me a kiss to the cheek. He wasn't dressed for the chill air.

I looked down at my daughter. "Rachel, honey, let the other children get on first when the bus comes."

"Why?"

"Their fathers put me in charge of their care. They go first, okay?"

"Okay."

I looked at the jumpy boy, Tyler. He stood by me quietly, watching the two busses up the street. The girl, Penny, was pale and silent, and stood stock still. Her jacket looked a little small – maybe last year's model. I wonder if she'd like a larger one. Poor thing.

The bus stopped in front of our group on the corner, twenty minutes late.

The tow truck went into action, up the street.

Ice.

It was going to change my life.

CHAPTER 2

After putting the laundry in, I climbed the stairs of our Victorian to the second floor. Every step creaked along the way. The wooden steps were varnished, but worn through, mostly.

Buddy had plans for the house.

I passed into the bedroom occupying the entire front half of the house. He was at his computer, watching the stock charts and reading news. He had been in a car accident - not his fault - and had received a substantial settlement.

This happened before we were married.

It had been tragic, causing the death of both his parents. T-boned by a semi because the driver had been busy texting and ran a red light just fast enough to total the car. His parents were killed but they had pulled Buddy out of the backseat.

He had turned reclusive, somewhat angry, and used the generous insurance settlement to invest in the stock market. He no longer went to college and his money had purchased this home.

I touched his shoulder.

No response. There never was unless I shook him. Not that he didn't care or was disinterested, just that he was used to our routine.

I picked up the binocular case and climbed the much creakier wooden stairs up to the very top floor. It was essentially an attic, but the turret had been finished out when the house was built. I often sat up here in the rocking chair and read on my Kindle. More often, I sat and watched the street.

Which is what I did today.

I trained my binoculars up to where Dawn's house was.

I didn't like Dawn.

Trashy.

Skanky.

She didn't work in the... typical sense.

Men came and went. She was almost always home.

How did she pay the rent?

I could guess.

Worse, I had a suspicion she was dealing or involved with drugs. Sometimes, a young man would come and go with a backpack. Sometimes rough-looking men came and stayed for a half hour, then left.

Dawn was the dead weight of the neighborhood soaking off the government in Section 8 housing.

The blonde woman was out on her porch, as usual, smoking a cigarette. Her squinty eyes looked at everything across the street, missing nothing. Occasionally, she would look down the street my way, but I was certain she couldn't see me through the window glare.

She was always sniffing after money; I could tell by how her head followed a flashy Cadillac or Mercedes as if her chin was tied to its bumper. On weekends, she watched the place across the street owned by the man who had been late this morning: Rob.

When the old lady whose name I didn't know sold it, Rob had been the buyer. The old gal had worked really hard to keep up the little home. That was when Dawn's interest grew obvious.

I had seen Rob's wedding ring. Of course, that wouldn't stop the skanky neighbor from trying.

Bitch. Just move away.

I watched her through my binoculars. She stood there, tapping her foot nervously and blowing smoke into the air like a hooker.

Bad influence.

Trouble.

Drugs.

Even though I was normally a very quiet and caring woman, on these things I grew agitated. I wanted a safe neighborhood for Rachel to grow up in and the other kids on the block deserved it, too.

A black car came zooming down the street, past where the bus had crunched the car. A kid, head down, was busy texting. He had to be doing at least 45 miles per hour and it was a 25 zone.

"Stop texting, you fool; you'll kill yourself."

Downstairs, my husband laughed, apparently hearing me.

Don't people think?

I loved texting, too, but not while I was driving. Not as a passenger, either, in consideration of what happened to Buddy's parents. My husband refused to own a phone that wasn't a landline.

Could I blame him?

Could anyone?

Satisfied the rest of the street looked peaceful and safe, I scanned back to Dawn's place. She was gone from the porch, her cigarette break over.

Back to whoring.

Or snorting.

Or whatever she did.

I put away my binoculars and thought about little Penny. Tyler and Penny both

looked about my daughter's age: seven years old. The boy had been well-dressed though, while Penny had outgrown her jacket.

I went downstairs to see what our daughter had that might fit her.

CHAPTER 3

I approached the corner with Rachel the next morning. It was a chilly Friday, but the ice on the hill had melted the previous day. I squeezed my daughter's hand. "Remember to ask her."

"I will."

She probably wouldn't and I knew that. The attention span of a seven year old was about as long as a single blink.

Both Rob and Truman were already there, complaining.

Truman said, "Me, too. I didn't think Route 10 would be so packed."

"I was an hour late," Rob muttered.

Monica scowled at me.

I merged into the conversation between the two fathers just to annoy her. "You both were still late?"

Rob tossed his hand up and let it fall.

Truman said, "Both of us arranged to be off early enough to pick up our kids, but now we're also coming in late..."

"Oh, you both work together?" I hitched my hip towards him, leaning back a few inches with my shoulders as if to get a wider shot with the camera on my phone. Then I did it to Rob.

Rob grunted, "Nah. But the same arrangement, apparently. I don't know what to do." He checked his watch. "Assuming the bus even gets here early, I'm already late. The Route 4 closure—"

I said, "It was needed. That bridge was falling apart and patching it wasn't doing much."

"But..." He exhaled loudly.

I touched his arm. "It must be frustrating, I'm sure. I'm sorry you're suffering for it, but a lot of infrastructure is being upgraded that had been decaying."

Truman ran a hand over his head. "This is impossible."

Monica butted in. "Rubbing it in their faces isn't doing them any good, Nataly." She said my name with much snark. Her eyes glowed on both men and she gave me a smug smile. Her attention was caught by Julia coming across the street with her two kids. Monica's voice rose to a squealing pitch, "Hi!" She moved away from us.

I sighed and said, "I wasn't really trying to rub it in your faces. I'm sorry if it sounded like that."

Rob rubbed his forehead. "No..."

Inspired, I said, "What time would you need to leave to get to work considering the extra travel time of Route 10?"

Truman snorted. "Seven."

Rob laughed darkly. "Yeah, probably."

"Why don't you bring your two children to me in the mornings? I live right there." I pointed. "We're all up and... why not?"

Rob and Truman looked at each other in that silent man way as if communicating via telepathy or something.

They're going to laugh at me. I bit my lower lip.

It was Rob who turned his squint on me first.

Then Truman.

The thinner man said, "You... wouldn't mind?"

"Of course not. Rachel and Penny like each other, and..." I didn't know about the boy.

Truman mumbled, "Tyler hasn't made many friends yet, but they're all in the first grade, so..."

Rob's lips quirked up on one side into what might have been a grin. It completely changed his face into something so pleasant instead of... shadowed. "Yeah, we can give it a try." He looked at Truman and elbowed him. "Why not?"

The man's eyebrows were lifted as if having been presented a free gift. "Well, sure..."

Monica was trying to shift her attention towards us by getting closer.

I ignored her. "Come by at seven. Big blue Victorian. Just use the knocker; there's no doorbell."

Truman said, "That... really sounds great. Thanks."

I shooed at them with both hands. "Why don't you two get off to work? I can make sure Tyler and Penny get on the bus."

Rob's eyes followed my left hand as I let it drop. My wedding ring again. The previous morning it had been Truman that had fixed on it. I didn't find that unusual – Truman might have looked out of interest because he wore no wedding ring. Perhaps Rob had looked because he would be bringing his daughter to our home. In any case, a ring was a symbol and it was natural to see it and recognize what it meant.

I gave both a smile.

Rob mumbled with confidence, "All right, then, Monday morning." He elbowed Truman. "Let's go, huh?"

The muscular man was still looking at me, a quizzical smile on his face. "Uh, oh, yeah..."

They made their goodbyes to their children and left the corner.

Rob was ahead several steps and Truman jogged to catch up. He playfully elbowed Rob as he got up to him and trotted ahead.

The thin man said something I couldn't make out and waved his hand at him as if dismissing him. Then he suddenly broke into a run. For half a block, both men pushed and pulled at each other in a race up the street.

Their laughter echoed down the hill.

I looked down at Penny; she was wearing the same jacket as yesterday, still too small for her. "Do you like pink, Penny?"

The girl's large eyes looked up at me and she nodded. But there was no smile.

I compressed my lips as I realized that I had never seen the girl smile.

What's the story there?

CHAPTER 4

Saturday morning I fretted in the kitchen after breakfast.

Buddy was leaned back, balancing his chair on the back two legs, watching me. "What's up with you?"

I put the rag down where I had been scrubbing at stubborn coffee stains on the wooden countertop. "I'm going to take a jacket up for the girl, Penny."

"Who?"

"The little girl I watched the last two days at the bus stop. She's the daughter of Rob up the street."

His eyebrows rose high and he made a lift of his chin in understanding. The move caused a loss of balance and he had to jerk forward. The chair clattered down onto all fours. He leaned forward, resting an elbow on his knee. His tone was dour. "Are you giving her something Rachel needs?"

I picked up the rag and tugged at it. "I don't think so."

"You're acting nervous. So it is something Rachel actually needs."

"We're coming out of the cold season and Rachel has a jacket. By the time she'll need it again, she'll have outgrown both of them." I thought so, anyway.

He made a sour face and scratched his jaw. Then he shrugged. "Yeah, you're probably right."

I looked at the clock. "Do you think they'll be up already?"

"Eight o'clock? Who isn't?"

"I'll go now then."

"This was one of those handsome guys, huh?"

"Yes." I knew he liked that.

His eyebrows did a little jig. "Be nice."

I stepped outside with the coat, marveling at how Saturdays always looked so sparkly and cheery. Everything seemed surreal and bright.

The street had a sensation of sleepiness about it, though I had been up for three hours already. Across the street, where Monica lived, I saw the curtains move.

I muttered, "Who's the hawk?"

The trek up the hill was not long, but I kept a sharp eye out for beasts.

Sometimes they roamed.

Dawn was out on her porch, smoking a cigarette. She watched me from across the street, staring at my progress.

I clutched the jacket to me and acted like I wasn't looking at her at this distance, except that I was.

The blonde puffed on her cigarette and blew smoke harshly into the air. Her legs were crossed, one foot wiggling anxiously out in front of her. She regarded me with beady eyes as I got closer.

I no longer pretended to not notice her; I looked at her plainly with a scowl on my face.

I passed the garage door. It was the only house on the street where the garage was underneath the house and had a front instead of a rear entrance. That one was Truman's house. And two doors up from him, directly across from Dawn's dump was Rob's.

With a last glare at Dawn – which she returned – I unlatched the gate to Rob's home and walked up to the door.

I knocked.

And waited.

I saw the doorbell and remembered that many of the old houses on the street did have them. I pressed it.

The door cracked loudly and was pulled inward. Rob's ashen face looked at me with bleary, bloodshot eyes. He grunted. He was in a t-shirt and robe, unknotted in front.

I did not look at his boxers. "I, um, brought a jacket for Penny I thought she could use. It's too small for Rachel."

"What?"

I held it up. "For your daughter."

He scratched his cheek. "Oh. You noticed hers was small, huh?"

I nodded.

He opened the door wider and stood straight up, rubbing the side of his face. "That's... awful nice of you."

I screamed.

The terror was so sudden that I leapt forward and into his house. I clawed to get past him as adrenaline flowed roughly through my veins. "Help!"

He jerked to the side as I careened into him. "What?"

"Shut the door!"

He did. "What was it? All I saw was the neighbor's cat."

I shivered. "I... I'm... I have a phobia of cats."

He looked at me, one eye squeezed shut and the other insanely focused. "Are you kidding me? You're afraid of cats?"

I turned around and tried pulling back my hair to show him. "I was attacked when I was eight. A cat clawed my head open. Six stitches."

"The neighbor's cat is the sweetest thing, it would never hurt you."

I was shaking. "I can't be around them."

"Stitches?"

"Yes, can you see the scar?"

"No."

I sighed shakily and turned around. Panic was still gripping me and my chest thumped heavily to my thundering heart. "You don't have any cats, do you?" I looked around and hugged the jacket to my chest. The house was dark, which was probably why he hadn't seen the scar on the back of my head.

"Nah. No dogs, either."

"I'm okay with dogs." I became aware of the sharp smell of alcohol on him. "I'm sorry, did I wake you?"

He stumbled past me. "Yeah. But I should've been awake anyway. Make sure Penny's fed and all that."

I followed him into the kitchen. "Is she awake?"

He raised his voice. "Penny?"

I heard the quiet creaking of the floorboards. The little girl appeared at the kitchen door, large eyes looking up at me. She said nothing, just looked.

My pulse raced a little at the sight of such vulnerability. I held out the jacket. "I brought this for you. It was Rachel's but she doesn't wear it. Do you like it?"

The girl took the jacket from me and looked at it as if she were a master seamstress checking out someone's work. She turned it this way and that, looking at everything.

My heart was crumbling and catching in my throat. "Have you eaten breakfast yet?"

She shook her head slowly, eyes back on mine.

I swallowed a lump in my throat and opened the refrigerator. It wasn't full.

Neither was it empty. The sheer mish-mash of items spread around haphazardly suggested someone who bought without thinking if they needed something.

No planning.

There was a jar of mayonnaise, but no bread. There was mustard and ketchup, but no hot dogs. There was a honeydew melon that looked like it was no longer... fresh; it had never been cut open. There were four cartons of milk, all opened. An overturned carton of eggs might have been empty, or not.

The randomness was stunning.

I cleared my throat. "Can I make her breakfast?" I didn't wait for an answer; I started opening cabinets, horrified at the sheer lack of basic necessities. My eyes began watering.

In one cabinet, I found a crumpled bag of flour that felt... about right. I kept searching, producing a Pyrex measuring cup, some spoons, baking powder, and salt.

I was squatted down, peeking in the lower pan cabinet when I saw to my utter delight a wafflemaker. Good, I didn't want to make pancakes. I pulled it out and set it on the counter.

Rob watched me passively as he leaned against the doorframe.

I went back to the fridge and picked up the carton of eggs. It was still in date and contained three eggs. I checked all the milks and found two were past date. I dumped those out. I said to Penny, "I'll make you waffles, okay?"

She just blinked at me.

I asked Rob, "It's okay, right? I'm not intruding?"

He watched me without expression and didn't answer.

I took that as consent to continue.

Back at the counter, I plugged in the wafflemaker and mixed together the ingredients. While the first batch was cooking, I hunted for the syrup. I found it,

but...

There was a glob of mold in it.

I wiped at my eyes, struggling not to cry. I said to the girl, "I'm sorry, Penny. It looks like there won't be syrup for your waffles."

Her little voice almost matched mine for sympathy. "That's okay." It came out immediately, in habit.

I felt overwhelmed that the child probably said that, a lot. I turned to Rob, pleading to understand.

He was standing next to me, looking at the syrup. He made a face.

I asked him, "Where's your wife? Doesn't she go grocery shopping?"

He dropped the container onto the counter. He said, as if testing the words, "My wife."

"Where is she? Or do you just wear a ring—"

"She died. I buried her last year." His ashen face had gone stiff and wooden.

"Buried her?"

His eyes sought mine out, searching for understanding. "She died in Kuwait. She was in the army."

I touched his arm. "I'm so sorry."

His mouth twitched and his voice sounded a little odd. He looked away. "I want to say she died a hero at least, but it was just a helicopter crash. Moving a squad from here to there and..." He swallowed convulsively.

I couldn't say anything that would help. We stood there in the kitchen devoid of noise except for the ticking of the wafflemaker.

He nodded to himself, lost in his own thoughts. "Not a hero. Just an accident. Just a stupid..." He scrubbed at his face and his lips trembled. "Just... a senseless..." His face froze. His shoulders twitched once. Then he was sinking

down to the floor. His mouth twisted unnaturally and he knelt on the kitchen floor, sobbing openly.

I didn't know what to do and felt utterly helpless. I squatted down there in front of him. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

A low keening wail erupted from his throat and he hung his head as his shoulders convulsed in spasms of grief. "I'm sorry!" It burst from his throat.

"What? Why?"

A few moments later, he shook his head slowly, still weeping. He scrubbed at his face. He looked up and into my eyes - his all red and bloodshot and the lids inflamed. He said, "Sorry, I thought..."

I waited for him to sniff and scrub his face again.

He barked a single, rueful laugh. His voice was shaky, but steadier. "I'm really sorry. I thought I was past all the crying fits. The crying for no reason, the crushing hurt..."

I had my hands on his shoulders and I pulled him into a hug. "That's okay. I didn't know."

He nodded against my neck. His arms clutched me strongly, until they started to shake. He pulled back and took a deep breath. His eyes avoided mine. "I used to just break down wherever – all the time. I thought those were all behind me. Sorry." He was looking up at the counter. "I guess I need to buy some syrup, huh?"

"Don't apologize, Rob." I stood and helped him up. "Could I... help you go grocery shopping?"

He looked at me, not comprehending. "I'll be all right to drive after my shower."

"No, not that. I mean, maybe I could help suggest things...?"

His eyes darted to the fridge and cabinets. "I'm not a real store pro, am I?"

"I would love to help."

"Really? You would?"

I nodded with enthusiasm. "Please."

He almost chuckled, but his eyes watered again. "Okay."

The waffle was done. Instead of syrup, I pulled out a container of honey. It looked edible.

He looked down at himself and realized his robe was open and showing his boxers. He closed the robe convulsively and mumbled, "I'll just... go shower..." and then stumbled from the kitchen.

I buttered the waffles and poured honey on them. I called for Penny.

She came back into the kitchen, looking at me sadly.

And it struck me.

Rob couldn't look at her because she reminded him of his wife.

My lip quivered in a rush of sympathy for the little girl. My voice cracked, "I found some honey for them. Is that okay?"

She nodded emphatically – the first strong emotion I had seen from her since meeting her. I put the plate at the table for her and turned away – not just to text my husband, but to hide my sadness from Penny.

Nataly: Made Penny breakfast

Nataly: Going to store with them

Buddy: Ok

I cleaned what mess I had made and a little more of the kitchen where I hadn't. If not spic and span, the kitchen was fairly tidy.

It just lacked that woman's touch.

Hearing the water shut off in some other part of the house, I wandered back into the living room. On the wall were pictures and that was what I was looking for. I

stood in the dimness of the shut curtains and looked on the woman who had been Rob's wife. She was dressed in army fatigues and wearing a helmet. Pale and pretty, she had large eyes and a fantastic, happy smile.

It was as bad as I had feared: Penny looked exactly like her.

My chest crushed in for the little girl, neglected or not, but suffering from loss just as much as her father, and not getting the kind of meaningful support she needed.

How lonely for her.

I turned and found Rob staring at me.

I gasped, "I'm sorry; I didn't mean to snoop."

His chin shifted to the side. "Snoop? I wouldn't have hung them there if they weren't to be looked at."

"Penny looks a lot like her mother."

He looked away, guilty. "Yeah..." When he looked back, he said, "Sorry I was all undressed and everything..."

"It's not a problem, really." I tried not to remember seeing peripherally his package swinging in his boxers. It just didn't feel right to even think about it when he had been so sleepy and out of it. Almost as if I was being a Peeping Tom.

"You still want to go grocery shopping? You don't have to, you know."

"No, I'd like to go, if you didn't think I was intruding. I already texted my husband."

He squinted at me, but nodded slowly. "Trusting guy?"

I said with mock severity, "We know where you live..."

He laughed. It was a clean laugh, but short. It made his good features stand out even more. He rubbed at his clean-shaven chin. "Well, let me get Penny together,

then, and we'll go."

I sat on the lonely couch in the dark living room. There was no mess evident, except for some dust. The room looked like it was never used.

The desolation brought on by the death of a family member was very apparent in the solitude of this neglected living room.

Depressingly, its abandonment felt wholly befitting.

CHAPTER 5

I stepped out of his front door two hours later and carefully looked around.

Rob said from behind me, "You really are afraid of cats?"

"I know it sounds weird, but I can still feel claws raking against the bone of my skull. It's a... sickening feeling."

"What an awful thing to happen to a young girl. To miss out on the affection of a kitty—"

"I'll pass." The porch was clear and I turned to him.

He was fast to pick up the slack and change the subject. "Thanks again for shopping with me. I guess I just pick a lot of things at random..."

"Plan your typical meals and make sure you have a bit of overstock for it. Easy as that."

"Yeah..." He looked away. "Audrey used to do all the shopping."

My reaction was instant: I hugged him. There were no words I could give, just the comfort of human touch – a sympathy that transcended meaningless words. I let go and gave him that kind of pursed smile that said, "I understand."

He muttered, "See you Monday, I guess."

I let myself out the gate, still keeping an eye out for beasts. I lifted my hand to wave back at him, but the door was already shut.

I walked down the slope, thankful that Dawn wasn't out wiggling her foot and blowing hooker smoke into the air.

"Hey." A grunt caught my attention.

Truman's garage was open. He was inside, looking at me from under the hood of

his Jeep. One hand held a cable, the other a brush.

"Hey yourself."

"Going for a walk?"

I went inside the garage. It wasn't very large and supported the house above by several incredibly big wooden beams and supports. It was dim and the best light was coming from the open door. "Just coming from Rob's place."

He sounded interested. "Oh?"

"You don't have any cats, do you?"

His answer was slow and unsure. "No... why?"

"Childhood thing. I just can't be around them."

"Shame."

"Not for me it isn't." I folded my arms and stood next to him. "Whatcha doing?"

He grunted. "Eh, it was acting funny starting. Brushing the corrosion off the cable."

"Ah."

"Hey listen, I've been wanting to clear something up."

"Oh?" I couldn't figure out for the life of me what Truman thought he needed to talk about.

He scrubbed furiously for a second, then put the cable back on the battery. He picked up a wrench and said, "It's about Tyler."

"Oh?" I risked sounding dumb repeating myself, but had no clue where he was going.

He tightened the nut on the cable and put the tools away. "I'm in a custody fight over Tyler."

"Oh." I felt the heat rise in my neck as the blush began to overtake me; I just had to be sounding dumb now.

He let the hood fall and latched it. "His mother is in prison."

"Uh..."

"Her father was trying to get custody. Where I came from, physical possession is just about nine-tenths of the law. Right now I have an adjudication set granting me full physical and legal custody, but my ex father in law was contesting it all. His lawyer advised him to find us and grab the boy."

I lifted my chin slowly in understanding.

He said, "Right now, there's a small window of opportunity. He basically threw the case when he refused to appear to the hearing. My lawyer says we're in a tolling event or something like that. If I can just hang onto Tyler for five more weeks, my ex father in law won't be able to grab him without bringing kidnapping charges."

"I see."

He sighed and looked up at the beams. "We've been on the run so to speak, but it was just a simple move. I'm sure anyone interested could find my paper trail pretty easily. So I wasn't trying to sound weird or anything Thursday..."

"I understand."

He gave me a smile and looked up again. His finger pointed up. "I figure that beam right there is perfect."

"Hmm?"

"I got the rope over there. If my boy gets taken, that's where I'll be swinging. It just seems like everything is against me. Fate, life. I feel doomed."

I clutched at my neck. "You wouldn't..."

"I have nothing else to live for." He sounded sincere.

"What... um, why is your wife in prison?"

"Ex-wife. She made a false rape claim against her CEO boss and tried to blackmail him. I divorced her ass real fast."

"There was no truth to it?"

He barked laughter, loudly. "Not a speck. I don't know what drove her, but she saw money and went for it. Maybe there had been something going on. Who knows? She was caught lying about the rape." His voice lowered. "Who cares? Let her rot in prison."

I caught distant movement to the side. Thinking it might be a cat, I looked.

Dawn stood across the street, phone aimed into the garage.

I hissed quietly. "Snoop."

"She is?"

I indicated her plainly as if a lawyer pointing to the guilty and explaining to the jury. "She's after money. Money, money, money."

"Maybe she's just curious."

I gave him a look. "She has men in and out of her house almost all day on weekdays."

Dismay distorted his features. "She does? What is she doing, hooking?"

"Most likely." I made a shooing motion with my hand to the woman across the street.

With a toss of her head, Dawn stomped back up the sidewalk.

He said, "I've talked to her and she seems nice. She's always smiling at Tyler."

"Don't let her around him; she'll snatch him and sell him for coke money, for sure."

He put both hands on hips and frowned. "I'll take your advice."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to be crude."

"No, no, no worries. I need to know things like that. Tyler normally plays in back, but every once in a while he's out front. I'll keep an eye on her."

"Well, I better get back home..."

He gave me a sparkly smile. "Thanks for the chat."

"You should throw away the rope."

The sadness that came over his face was only overmatched by the determination replacing it.

And I knew the set look about his face meant he was keeping his plan.

CHAPTER 6

A week passed of normal school routine. Except for Monday when Rob approached me at the bus stop with Penny and gave me a hug. By Friday, I was used to it, despite Monica's squealing becoming higher and louder as a way to attract more attention to herself.

Truman appeared amused at our hugs, giving both of us the eye of playful suspicion, but there wasn't really anything to it.

To my own shame I kept seeing in my mind Rob's package swaying in his boxers.

It was a stolen intimacy I should not have seen.

But I couldn't get the image out of my mind when I saw him.

It was a lazy, slow Sunday when I put away my binoculars and headed downstairs. I found Buddy in the kitchen, swishing the remains of the coffee around in the pot. I said, "I'm going across the street to Laura's. She's out weeding."

He grunted dismissively. "Not going to help Rob shop again?"

"He hasn't asked."

"Shame." His eyebrows did that suggestive jig.

"He likes me well enough. He hugs me at the bus stop."

He paused and put down the coffee pot. "I've seen. But anyway, good for him; I like that. I'd think he was gay if he didn't."

"I don't think there's anything salacious about it..."

His grin was wide and dishonest. "Uh huh. You're beautiful; what man wouldn't want to put his hands on you?"

"It was sad. He was all sobbing and everything..."

"Yeah, but was he crying at the bus stop?"

"Uh... no..."

Now his smile was honest. "I'm telling ya."

"And if you're right, you're all happy he's touching me that way?"

He growled suggestively and swept me into his arms. "Makes me all horny."

I laughed. "I'm glad you're not jealous."

"I am. Very. But I also know you love me. You don't buy an awesome car and hide it under the cover in your garage all the time; you take it out so all the other guys can drool in envy. You show it off." He sighed with gusto. "Makes me feel alive."

I felt his package hardening against me. "And horny."

"Yeah, did I say that? Horny." He stuck out his tongue, crossed his eyes, and moaned like a moron.

I laughed harder and struggled out of his arms. "You nerd."

He rose to his full height and thrust out his chin. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

"Alpha males are supposed to be super possessive and jealous all the time."

He sneered in mock outrage. "Says who?"

"All the romances I read."

"So I'm supposed to act like someone in a book? What am I, a robot?" He started waddling woodenly, rocking back and forth with his footsteps as if a really bad robot. He held out his hands like claws and chased me from the kitchen. "Must pinch butt... must pinch butt..."

I slapped at his hands and ran. "Stop it." I couldn't stop laughing. But deep

inside, I was very thankful my husband didn't fit the alpha male stereotype. Most definitely thankful he wasn't like my first serious boyfriend, Keiran. Thank God. What a nightmare that had been.

He chased me out of the house.

Behind me, inside, Rachel asked, "What are you doing, Daddy?"

"Chasing mom around like a robot." The door shut.

There was a muted and happy, "Oh."

I wondered for a second if I would ever see another hero in a romance the same way again. The love at first sight insta-robot that claims a woman and that's all there is to life.

Back up everybody, a claim by a man has been made. The woman has no choice because... the man is always right when he makes a claim.

Except Keiran hadn't been a fantasy alpha male; he had been a total nightmare from which I had been lucky to escape.

At the same time as my amused inner musings, love welled inside and rose, as if on wings. I soared inside, free and happy... over the street. Our street.

Monica's curtain moved.

I came crashing down inside back to reality, though I still felt a warm sense of satisfaction. The abrupt change in euphoria wasn't unlike a caffeine crash and I blamed it all on Monica.

I trudged energetically across the street and up Dawn's way. Laura's home was on the bottom of the slope from there between Dawn's dump and my home. I called out when I entered her yard, "Hey."

"Hey yourself."

I felt a strange second of déjà vu.

Laura was an older woman, somewhere in her early forties. She was sun-

wrinkled and was an avid horseback rider. I briefly wondered if her wide hips were a prerequisite for riding or grew that way after having ridden for so long; mine were very narrow and had widened only slightly after Rachel's birth.

Otherwise, the woman was at least as thin as I was. She and Monica didn't talk and I assumed it was because Laura looked better than Monica.

She squinted up at me with one eye, even though the sun wasn't shining on her. "What are you up to?"

I sat on the top step of her porch above her and watched her weed. "Thought I'd come over and see how you were doing."

She grunted and dug her weed tool into the dirt. She levered it and up came a weed. She gripped it with her other gloved hand and pulled it easily out. "I'd be doing fine if I had a man around the house who would do this for me."

"How's that going?"

She lifted her eyes up at me and blew her bangs upward. Her brown hair was salted through with gray strands, noticeable when you got up close. It gave her a softer look, but also older when coupled with the extra wrinkles on her face. "Oh, you know, I'm getting older. All the men want eighteen year olds."

"It can't be that bad."

She rolled her eyes and went back to weeding. She said, "No offense, but you still look young. You're beautiful. You're the magnet I have to compete against out there. Young blonde walks into the bar? I'm forgotten like a used food wrapper."

"By all the guys?"

"No, well, not all, but..." she wiped at her forehead with the back of her wrist, "then there's the ones who just want to sit around and drink beer and get fat."

"I'm sure there's someone out there for you."

"Not in this town, hun."

"Have you tried online dating? There are some meeting sites where you can read about the people and see what they like and what-not. You can chat with them and get to know them before ever meeting them."

"Most of the men I meet aren't the kind you'd find on the computer much, unless it's for porn. Which is why I think I have a problem – all the porn girls are too perfect. Me? I'm just old and wrinkled."

"Give the online meeting thing a try. I can email you a link or two."

She looked up at me thoughtfully, mouth twisted in consideration. "You know, I just might. Send your links. I'm sure as hell not having any luck as it is."

"Well hello..." Truman's voice interrupted us. He had just finished crossing the street.

Laura shaded her eyes, even though she was in the shade. "Hello yourself."

I waved.

He regarded us both and said to me, "You're out visiting and you didn't come by my place? I'm hurt."

Laura laughed silently, ruefully, and went back to weeding.

I felt bad for her. He had essentially passed right over Laura and talked to me. She wasn't ugly or anything, just... weathered. I said, "She likes me coming over and bugging her. You haven't invited me."

"I did last week."

"I didn't know that was an invitation."

He chuckled and winked at me. Then he squatted down next to Laura. "Let me help with this."

Laura sounded petulant. "You're not wearing gloves."

He held up calloused hands. "Do these hands look like they need gloves?"

She laughed, mood a little lighter. "Be my guest." She watched him for a few

seconds to see if he yanked the tops or twisted for the roots. Satisfied he was doing it right, she went back to weeding.

I watched the scene with a warm feeling. Hurt at first, Truman had turned his charm on her and there was harmony. Happiness swelled inside for her and admiration for him.

It's not that my husband was uncaring, but he wouldn't have offered to help Laura. He might have stood there and talked amiably, but I knew his thinking: why work here when he had weeds of his own to pull at home?

Surely Truman had weeds, too, in his backyard. The front was up close to the street and only a flower box offered any soil area at the edge of his porch. His house rose from the sidewalk on a cement foundation, stairs cut in from the short driveway side, and leading up to the porch. No weeds to pull with all that.

Thinking about it, I looked up the street a little. His garage door was rolled up. "Is Tyler in the backyard?"

"Yeah, playing in the tree house."

"You're not afraid he'll get hurt?"

Laura looked up, but she wore a wistful smile.

Truman grunted, "I used to play out of my parents' sight all the time and I turned out all right. You don't let your daughter out?"

"Only in the backyard and we keep an eye on her."

He shook his head in wonder. "A kid has to get out and skin their knees, fall off bicycles, get bit by snakes, and chased by dogs. How else are they supposed to learn?"

To my horror, Laura was nodding her head.

I said, "You're kidding, right?"

"Not in the least."

Laura pitched in, "Best way to learn. Get bucked off by the horse; brush off and get back on."

I changed the subject. "Aren't you worried he'll get snatched?"

Truman's face darkened considerably. "The back is pretty safe – secluded." His eyes left me and he turned to look across the street. "But maybe I could check in on him."

Laura groaned quietly, "Just when I thought I'd be able to finish twice as fast..."

"I could come back," he offered.

"No, that's okay. I was just kidding. You've done quite a bit there, thank you. Go check on your son."

He looked at me and gave a shy grin. "You could come, too, if you want. The invitation is open. I still have some coffee on."

I lifted both hands midair. "Well? Why not?"

Laura squinted up at me and smiled. "See you later, huh?"

I squeezed her shoulder as I got up from the steps.

He held out his arm to bar my way at the street as a black car passed, kid driving, head down and texting. Cool dust swirled angrily in his passage.

I huffed. "I've seen him before. Forty miles an hour in twenty-five zone and he's never watching the road. Where are the police?"

He muttered, "He'll get caught, and the ticket will break him. Texting while driving on top of speeding? Brassy attitude to the judge?" He chuckled evilly.

"Hopefully he gets caught before he runs someone over. We've had six fatalities this year – pedestrians getting run over by texting idiots."

"You don't text?" He led me into his garage. He looked up at the beam.

"I text at home. Stop looking at that."

"Huh?"

"Did you throw away the rope?"

His face softened as he looked at me.

Rob darkened the light from the door. "Ah, you visit this big jerk and not me?"
He came to me and hugged me.

It felt nice.

Truman extended his index finger and moved it back and forth between us after the hug. "There something going on between you two I don't know about?"

I laughed. "Um, no."

Rob mocked a frown. "Jealous?"

"Damn straight I am."

He stuffed his hands in his pockets and shuffled his feet. "I told her about...
Audrey and... I had an episode. Thought they were all over."

"Ah, I gotcha. So, that's what it takes to get a hug from a beautiful lady?"

I said, "I'll give you a hug... gosh..."

Delight all over his face, Truman swept me up into a crushing hug.

I gasped, struggling for air.

Instantly his arms loosened. "Golly, you are tiny. Sorry about that."

Rob groaned, "Don't break her..."

Truman held me more comfortably and it was a close hug that started a cascade of warmth and tingles inside me. He inhaled and exhaled slowly. "Wow, this is what I've been missing? I could get used to this."

Rob pouted, "Hey now, she's my hug doll."

"Learn to share." The growling rumble in Truman's chest hardened my nipples.

Alarmed at the reactions inside me, I relaxed my arms to indicate the hug was over. He released me instantly.

Rob's eyes focused on my shirt and the two hard points tenting the material. His eyes instantly shifted to Truman who caught the look. Both of the men lifted eyebrows at each other.

I saw it all and started blushing. I turned away, embarrassed and said, "What's Penny doing?"

"Playing in her room."

I sighed in mock exasperation. "It's a beautiful Sunday and our kids are all playing alone. Why don't you two bring yours over to my house and they can all play together. We have a slide and swing set out back." I said it all facing sideways away from them, but looking over my shoulder - trying to hide the evidence of my... excitement.

They were still looking at each other and making man-like eyebrows. Some form of male communication to which a female like me was not privy.

I said, "Or are you just going to keep making faces at each other?"

The both laughed low, salacious, and secretive.

Men.

Truman said, "Sounds like a good idea."

Fifteen minutes later, I led the group down the hill to our home.

Monica's curtain moved.

Truman said, "I think someone is peeking at us."

I coughed. "You noticed? She always is."

"Yeah, I keep a sharp eye out for that kind of thing. One more month and I'm home free."

I motioned them all inside. "Rachel?" My raised voice echoed in the entry and up the stairs.

A couple of thumps and my daughter came bouncing down the steps. Her eyes lit up. "Penny!"

To my satisfaction, the usually dour little girl lit up, too. I placed a hand on Tyler's head. "Rachel, honey, would you take Penny and Tyler out back? Introduce them to the playset." They hadn't had time the previous week before school.

"Okay." My daughter bounced away with both kids in tow.

"Let's go into the kitchen. I'll cut them up some fruit."

Rob was looking around. "You haven't redecorated?"

I appreciated his polite manner. The wallpaper was probably fifty years old and torn. "Not yet. Buddy has plans."

In the kitchen, I washed some oranges and apples. I cut the apples into chunks and peeled the oranges to add to the bowl.

My husband came in, wearing an interested expression. "I thought I heard voices down here. Hi, I'm Buddy. Buddy Nelson."

Truman shook his hand. "Truman Campbell."

"And I'm Rob Hall."

"Nice to meet you both, finally. I've seen you at the bus stop when I look out the window."

That made Rob look decidedly uncomfortable.

It took Truman a second, but then he looked at Rob and gave him some kind of eyebrow dance again.

I sighed inwardly. If I didn't break up the testosterone quickly, all three would begin communicating by shifty eyes and eyebrow twitches. "I thought the kids

could all play together. Everyone was playing alone."

My husband gave a nod of approval.

Truman said, "I hope you don't mind Nataly visiting us. She really takes well to our kids."

Buddy lifted his chin. "Not at all. In fact, I was asking her a little bit earlier if she was going to help grocery shop again."

Rob blushed and shuffled his feet. He said, "She, uh, had me buy enough that I didn't need to go again yet."

My husband shifted with that smoothly. "When you do, take her along. She loves to help."

Something in the offer caused a wiggle of adventurous enthusiasm inside me.

Truman said, "Maybe I could go along, too?"

Buddy was magnanimous. "Sure, absolutely. I have no trouble loaning her out."

My throat went instantly dry. It was as if the moisture moved downwards and into my pussy. I looked at each of the men, wondering if there was some hidden understanding of my husband's potential double entendre.

Or was I misinterpreting everything?

Would my husband actually suggest loaning me out? Or were my racy thoughts polluted by too many romances?

In that span of an uncomfortable second, I began to get dizzy.

Truman said, "Great. Would weekdays be a problem?"

"Nah, not at all. Up to her, though. She's busier on the weekdays."

I muttered, "I, uh..."

Buddy grinned happily. "I'll let you all work that out. Hey, nice meeting you both. I'll be upstairs reading. If you need anything, just yell."

A rush of liberty and confidence surged in to compete with my dizziness. I was smiling. This was certainly an enormous relief. Despite knowing Buddy was so very different from Keiran, I hadn't recognized I was still somewhat afraid of what my husband might think of how I was hugging the two men.

That I had nothing to worry about and he was probably going to approve of those hugs made me giddy to the point of trembling.

CHAPTER 7

"Do you love me?" I rode my husband, moving close on his chest.

"More than you can imagine."

"You've seen Rob hugging me at the bus stop?"

"Mm hmm." He thrust a little harder against my moves.

"Well, Truman hugged me earlier today and..."

"And?"

I detected no change in my husband's manner. He slid in and out of me smoothly, working with me in perfect unison. I said, "And I got excited. My nipples were poking and they saw it."

He said nothing, but I was taken by surprise as he clamped onto my hips and pumped into me with a fierce effort.

I moaned, closing my eyes and relishing the thick feel of his cock filling my pussy. It felt so good inside, turning me inside out in a good way. Tension twisted tighter inside me. His balls slapped up against me and suddenly I couldn't get Rob's package moving in his boxers out of my head. I gasped in surprise as the abrupt increase in tension lifted me higher. I panted faster, grinding my hips as best as I could against my husband's assault.

Buddy broke his silence. "Do you like Rob and Truman?"

I was already there, tipping over the edge when he asked it. My body burst in a flash of heat, releasing waves of sizzling tingles that melted everything else. "Yes! Yes!" I groaned and panted harshly through my orgasm. Rob's cock swinging behind the material of his boxers wouldn't go away and taunted me in the throes of my orgasm.

A silly thing.

A sexy thing.

A naughty thing.

I laughed as the tingles turned to tickles and the absurdity of the image was perceived.

"What's so funny?"

I rested down onto his chest and let him move. I looked into his face up close and said, "I was already about to cum when you asked that."

He grunted, looking somewhat perturbed.

Not wanting him to dwell on whatever it was in his head, I said, "Were you hinting at something... else when you said that you were willing to loan me out?"

His hips jerked forward and froze. His cock swelled deep inside and began sending fast scalding spurts into my clamping pussy. He blinked rapidly, shuddering, and emptied himself into me. Then he flopped limp against the bed.

Was I right? Were you really suggesting loaning me out? My pussy clamped harder, convulsively as I felt a wriggle of an aftershock twist through me.

He blew out a long breath after his cock made one final pulse inside me. "Was I that obvious?"

I twisted off of him slowly, moving to the side. My pussy was a mess and I felt it leaking the evidence of our release and relief. "You would really let them..." I shook my head. "You know I only need you. I love you."

"I know it. You're a beautiful, sexy woman, and the greatest gift I could give them, if they're worthy, is sharing you."

Tingles were already electrifying my skin and nipples and his words sent shivers through me deep inside where he had been. "I couldn't hurt you like that."

"It wouldn't be hurting me. It would be honoring me."

I laid my head on his chest and thought about the intent of his meaning. His cock lay semi-flaccid, spent, on his lower abdomen. It looked swollen and leaked his fluids. "I don't think anything like that could happen. They don't see me that way."

"I've seen the way they look at you."

"What?"

"Down in the kitchen. I saw the looks; I know exactly what they want."

"Rob and Truman?"

"They're starving for you."

It made me feel good to hear him say it and maybe I had a sneaking little suspicion they did, but to hear it so raw and plain made me defensive. "I would never cheat on you—"

"Cheating? Who said anything about cheating? If they were good enough for you and I shared you with them, that's not cheating. That's a gift from the heart."

"Wouldn't you be afraid I might like it or something?"

He laughed heartily and his voice came loud because of it. "I would hope you would."

"Why?"

He stroked my hair. "Because knowing you're having pleasure makes me happy, even if it's on another cock. I want you to have that."

I was silent, stunned at the words so plain and bold. He had hinted before, but never come out and said it. Ache gnawed at my pussy and my breathing accelerated until I had to breathe out of my mouth. After a moment I asked, "Wouldn't you think of me as a slut, then?"

He jerked, annoyed. "Hell no. Not at all. If I gave my approval and shared you with someone, that's my right as a husband. It's not anything you're stealing. No, that wouldn't make you a slut; it would make you the most wonderful, beautiful

wife I could imagine." His cock flexed slowly and more fluid leaked out.

I reached down and ran my fingernails along the exposed underside. It twitched and flexed to the light scrap of my nails.

He breathed raggedly, "Hopefully, both of them are worthy. Or one of them, at least."

"What's worthy?" I wasn't sure about what he was saying, and asked just to keep him talking. It was a lot for me to process.

"Well, the big one is they have to be clean. But inside is just as important. How do they treat you? Do they respect you? Would they understand what a gift they are receiving? I wouldn't want the woman I loved treated badly."

While it should have comforted me to hear him say that, I was more concerned with the risk of jealousies. Was it possible to be involved like that with three men? Or even two?

I didn't know.

I couldn't know, despite my husband's reassurances.

There really was... only one way to find out.

CHAPTER 8

I answered the knock on the front door early Monday morning.

Another school day.

Rob stood there, looking rushed. "Hi." He gave me an embarrassed grin. "Maybe... we can go grocery shopping tonight...?" He looked up the street and smiled wide, then looked back at me. "Truman said he wanted to go, too."

I accepted Penny inside and said, "I think that'll be okay." I could get everything I needed out of the way by dinner.

His eyebrows danced. "Great. See you later today."

"Call or text if you need to."

"Will do." He went out the gate and slapped Truman's arm in passing. "Hey guy."

"Good morning."

I waited at the door.

Rob disappeared up the street at almost a trot.

Truman bundled Tyler to me after taking a quick look around. "Rob's got the start on me, looks like."

"I guess so."

"He mention grocery shopping?"

"He did. It sounds fine." I was studying his face and reaction. What did my husband see that told him they were starving for me?

As I shut the door, I reflected on Buddy's unusual desires. Share me? What if I

didn't want to be shared? What if I was happy just being with my husband?

Safety.

Comfort.

Routine.

There was security in all that.

Rob and Truman were nice, but did I really know them?

Rob was sad and quiet, coming out of a year-long grieving period. He was socially difficult and withdrawn, though there were flashes of a friendly guy.

Truman felt chased by clouds of doom. It made being around him awkward and sometimes depressing. But there again, he showed flashes of a fun, witty man.

Buddy was my rock. My anchor. Arrogant and egotistical, he bound me to him by his unrelenting confidence. Maybe he was considered a difficult person to other people, but I found it easy to be his.

Did I need any more?

No.

Did I want any more?

I discovered myself standing over the kitchen sink, water running, Bon Ami in one hand, scrub pad in the other, staring out the window and fixated on a single leaf.

If I had been drooling, I would not have been shocked.

It was time to get the kids to the bus stop. I herded them together and led them out. The bus was already coming down the street, passing that fateful, icy spot - now ice-free as the weather warmed.

Monica's squealing had diminished with the absence of the men. Now it was just us women. She spared me not even a gurgle and that was fine with me. She even wore less makeup at the bus stop, though her phony hair was immaculate and

plastic.

Maybe I would train my binoculars on her place later.

Maybe.

I saw the kids onto the bus and saw Dawn already out, watching us from up the street. Her interest in Tyler was a little too direct for my comfort.

I filled my day with a routine I had originally found absorbing while Buddy watched his plethora of stock positions like a cat ready to pounce. I didn't bother him during those times. I didn't speak to him. His focus was supreme.

I didn't feel ignored.

But I did feel...

I took hugs from Truman and Rob both at the bus stop in front of Monica who had very obviously spruced herself up for the pickups.

It was while I was briefly embraced in the arms of these two handsome men that I discovered what sentiment had ambled just out of my grasp the entire day.

Buddy had said they hungered for me.

Dawning in my head was the awareness that it was I who hungered for them. Perhaps not sexually, attractive as they might be. I was starving for the companionship during those times my husband was busy.

Was I so crippled that I needed a crutch?

Yet, as strenuously as I attempted to explain away my epiphany, it kept coming back to me like an old song replaying over and over in my head – unshakeable and pleasantly familiar.

At the very least, I was certain they could be friends. More than that as my husband suggested was a murky area of risk that frightened me.

Buddy was always talking about risk and reward.

But these two men weren't stocks to be traded, valued on fundamentals, and

purchased with cash. They were live, thinking, feeling human beings. They weren't options my husband could purchase to add to our sexual portfolio, despite his apparent belief that it was so easy.

After our early dinner, I fought with myself for only a second. No longer than that. The time spent deciding was briefer than checking the price difference between Comet and Bon Ami to decide which to buy. I entertained the idea I didn't want to go – but only for a split second. The rest of the second was admitting to myself that I did want to go.

Really wanted to go.

Had looked forward to it all day.

And yet, that bond to my husband was just as strong. No lingering worries tugged at my conscience. He wanted me to go and I wanted to go.

We could all at least be friends.

I kissed Buddy's cheek and he swiveled his chair to me, ignoring his business article on the internet for now. His smile was easy and delighted.

Confident.

Aggravatingly confident.

All he said was, "Relax."

"They're just friends."

His eyes sparkled. "That's good. You could use some friends."

"I've got my phone with me if you need anything." I wanted to reassure him that I was available because I was his.

"I'll be just fine."

Which was not what I wanted to hear, although I felt guilty at being relieved.

He slapped my butt when I turned away.

I yelped and he laughed.

He... trusted me, and wanted me to...

That bird of liberty spread its wings, and I walked with a springy step up the street to Truman's house.

The sun was hidden, but it was still light out. I saw Dawn lingering on the wrong side of the street. My jaw set firmly and I walked faster. She was between Rob's and Truman's place, facing the latter's house and leaning with her phone against old man Wilks' front chain link waist-high fence.

She was very obviously aiming that phone at Truman's house.

I passed it and confronted her. "Leave him and his kid alone. You have too much interest in his son for my taste. Why don't you get back on over to your side of the street?"

Her lined face crumpled in irritation, and then anger. "Why don't you mind your own fucking business? I can stand wherever I want."

"I don't like you."

"Huh. What a coincidence. I don't like you, either."

Knowing I couldn't force her to leave, I turned away with a warning. "I'm watching you. Whatever you have planned? You won't get away with it."

"Fuck off."

I knocked a little too hard on Truman's door. I was quivering with rage that I didn't want Dawn to see.

His door opened and he let me in with a big smile. His hug after he shut the door just wasn't right.

I was all stiff.

He let go, looking at me critically. "Are you okay?"

I growled through a harsh exhale and said, "That Dawn-whore is right outside

watching your place. I'm telling you, watch your son around her. I've got a feeling..."

He squeezed and rocked my shoulder. "Don't worry, I will. Rob said he'd meet us there; you're riding with me."

"All right."

We went down into the garage from the interior narrow door and cramped stairs. He clicked the door opener. The big door slid up with a clackety racket.

I climbed into his Jeep. It was very clean, except for the floor mats which were crusted with dust and road salts. Tyler was secured in back and we pulled out onto the street, inching forward so he could see any oncoming cars.

Dawn was gone.

I relaxed a little, though I was still angry about the encounter. The woman simply was up to no good.

Truman honked twice going past Rob's. For a second, I thought he was honking at Dawn's dump and all the raw anger flooded back in. I had to clench the overhead passenger handle to get a grip on my emotions.

He said, "I'm a careful driver."

I knew he wouldn't understand. I took my hand down and said, "Sorry."

He patted my knee. "Don't worry."

The comforting touch worked. Much of the tension drained away. I spent the rest of the ride collecting my poise.

The store was bright and airy as we all moved like a herd of animals into the entry. The men picked out their carts and stuck their children in them. A little old for the seats, they looked somewhat uncomfortable. However, both kicked their feet and enjoyed it.

We formed our own little bubble of privacy strengthened by our numbers. I pointed out things they should buy, though Truman just smiled. I think he knew

already what to get; this was just an excuse to be out with his friend Rob and me.

That made me feel good that someone not only would be there for Rob's recovering grief, but also enjoy being around me.

Getting up and down the aisles with two carts was funny at first for the confusion when we wanted to go back up an aisle, but by the third aisle the two men had worked out a perfect double swing and reverse as if they had practiced with the carts all their lives. Going around the end by the registers wasn't an option as it was usually a traffic jam of people waiting to be checked out.

If they were artfully adept at maneuvering their carts, I kept bumping into them. If I had a cart, would you incorporate me into your graceful maneuvers? Or would I wreck it all?

Despite my clumsiness, they both looked entirely too pleased that I was with them.

They got into an argument at the milk section.

Truman said, "Who's she going to stand with at the register?"

Rob said, "Me, of course. She helped me first a couple Saturdays ago."

"That's not fair. She should stand with me this time."

Rob grabbed me around the waist. "Hey, this is my date. You're just tagging along."

Those tingles erupted inside and hardened my nipples – over what, I didn't know.

Truman stood over Rob and pointed his finger, mocking toughness. "I'm bigger than you."

Rob chuckled. "Wanna throw down right here over her?"

People were looking.

I yelled, "Guys, stop. You'll have to share me. I'll stand with both of you."

Truman and Rob did that thing. Their eyes latched onto each other and their

eyebrows began communicating. They both chuckled low and suggestively at the same time.

Face flaming red, I fled down the bread aisle to see if there was somewhere to hide. I was mostly composed by the time they brought their carts to me. I pretended to be reading a bread label. My pussy was feeling decidedly warm at the thoughts rampaging through my head.

Truman went first at the register, and I stood with him. Rob's cart was almost touching my hip. The checker, Janine, glanced at him, then me, and went to work. Her eyes came back up and checked us both out again. Then again. Then they shifted to the right and saw Rob.

If there was such a thing as a poker face, Janine had it. Extremely short and blonde, she masterfully processed Truman's purchases while looking around. Finally, her eyes settled on me. There was the merest ghost of a smile.

I stepped back and let Rob through. Then I stood next to him. Truman waited next to the bagger with his cart.

I think I caught Janine's eyebrow suggest something of a twitch, and her ghost of a smile solidified a little more. She looked at me once, directly, while scanning Rob's cans of vegetables. Her lips spread a little more and she wore an approving look.

My nipples hardened again.

She wasn't a beautiful woman – Janine – she was somewhat plump and had lines around her eyes. But her face was glowing as I stood there in front of her. My heart began to beat faster and I couldn't help but sense that silent female connection of support.

The woman quickly wet her lips by pressing them inwards and I saw her glance at both men.

Was she wishing she could be in my place? Standing next to two very handsome men? I was certain I detected it. On an instant whim, I hugged Rob's arm to me and watched her.

She was just scanning the last bit – a package of chicken when she noticed it.

Her mouth opened slightly and she flicked her eyes to the screen and began tapping for the total. If I wasn't mistaken, she was almost panting.

She sounded breathless when she gave him his total. Her work blouse fluttered at her neck from the pounding of her heart.

A deep ache wormed through my pussy.

Even though I had done nothing of the sort, Janine thought I was involved with these two men and she approved, very much.

By the time I got out into the parking lot, I was moist.

Rob said, "You're riding back with me."

Truman said, "Yeah, fair's fair."

I put the kids into the cars while the men stored the groceries. I ruffled Tyler's hair and stoked Penny's cheek. Two children who had lost their moms wrenched at my heart. How lonely it must have been for them.

Rob said while turning onto our street, "Thanks for helping me again. That was nice."

Surely he knew how to shop by now, but I said, "Any time."

Truman stopped his Jeep half in the garage. He was opening up the back to take the groceries in through the front – a shorter trip to the kitchen.

We turned onto the side street and then into Rob's garage through the alley. His entered from the back and was built purposely as a garage. Truman's looked like they had converted a basement. The slope of the hill was steeper at Truman's whereas Rob's was at the top.

I helped Penny out of the car and escorted her inside through a well-made and designed access to the house. I leaned against the counter while watching him put everything away.

He kept looking at me, but I was waiting for him to finish so I could make my move.

A big move; a test.

CHAPTER 9

After Rob put his daughter to bed, he looked at me with growing curiosity. When he was done, he was looking at me with brooding, burning curiosity. He put his hands on his hips.

I moved to him, embracing him in the middle of the kitchen. At first, I just clutched him tight, remembering that this man, as strong as he might be, still was suffering from fits of vulnerability and grief.

My heart ached for him.

And other parts of me that I would never admit to anyone – not even my husband.

I just held him for a long time, and then, without releasing him or relaxing, looked up into his face.

His eyes focused on mine, searching and wondering.

I looked at his lips.

His head bent down as if striking, but stopped short.

I didn't move.

He proceeded, letting our lips meet in a touch.

Tingles radiated down from my neck and shoulders, shivering my spine and tickling my toes. I pressed against him, closer, and he moaned.

The touch of lips became a ravenous exploration of our mouths. His hands were hot on the back of my blouse and rose to cup the back of my head and neck. I pushed my hips forward, wanting to feel his reaction against me – wanting to caress any hardening there against my clit through all the clothing.

The ache, moisture and lust rose within me, making me pant.

He broke the kiss and stared at me for a few seconds, then I was being bundled off, pushed, jostled, and dragged into the bedroom. We were tearing off each other's clothes in seconds.

His dick flopped thickly out of his boxers.

Impressive.

It rose rapidly in my hand when we stopped to kiss again.

Firmly deciding I was going to do this, I swiped off my panties and joined him on the bed.

His eyes roamed over me and so did his hands. He panted, "I've wanted this since the first time I laid eyes on you. This is a dream come true."

Not wanting to think too much about it, I beckoned him. I was hot now. Right now.

In a second, I might begin to think and change my mind.

He climbed over me and gripped his shaft.

I was spread open for another man, my pussy leaking moisture in readiness. I felt bold, daring, and naughty.

He hesitated, staring at my pussy.

I lifted my hips. "Put it in, fast." I was worried about chickening out.

He was leaned up on one arm and it began to quiver. His eyebrows were drawn down and his lips parted – spread in an expression of desperation. With an abrupt move, he slumped away and sat on the edge of the bed, head in hands. "I... can't. I'm sorry. I can't."

I was disappointed. But more, I was saddened. His love and devotion for his dead wife overwhelmed me and I sat up. I wanted to cry for him, even if he was controlling his own tears. I scooted in behind him as if we were on a sled. I hugged him and said, "It's okay, Rob. It's okay."

He said nothing, just breathed heavily in aggravation.

I held him for several minutes, then I slowly reached around and found his dick. It was still half-erect.

He jerked and started to say something.

I said, "Shh. No talking. Let me do this. Just think of her. Think of Audrey." I stroked him lightly from behind. I thought if he couldn't see me, maybe he could enjoy a memory and I could give him something worth remembering about her.

His breathing slowed considerably and his erection firmed.

I whispered, "Pretend I'm her."

He began panting – a faster and lighter respiration than what had come before. His shaft was hot and hard. I jacked him, feeling warm inside at the thickness in my hand. Another man's cock.

I had touched a few, certainly, before I married Buddy Nelson. But not since. My nipples became hard pebbles and I caressed this man's erection without any sense of guilt or shame.

I did it for him. A gift.

Rob panted faster and his shaft swelled thicker. I sped up my hand motions and he groaned in desperation at the approach of his orgasm. Then he groaned loudly, shaft pulsing strongly.

I felt it after a few pulses, the splash, then the flow of his scalding cum. It cooled rapidly on my fingers and I stopped stroking. I kissed his back twice and placed my cheek against him.

He took several breaths until he heaved a long sigh.

With my free hand, I stroked his shoulder. "Did I help?"

"Hmm?"

"Could you imagine I was her?"

"Oh." He shook his head. "No."

"No?"

His voice, subdued, sounded somewhat contrite. "No, I was thinking of you."

CHAPTER 10

I reluctantly told my husband, wondering how he would take it. He took me with a harsh passion, giving my pussy the pounding it needed after being horny almost all day.

The end was a satisfying rush that left me breathless and satiated. He had left me sprawled on the bed, naked, and flush with heat and satisfaction.

I was still thinking about it the next morning when the early knock came.

Buddy got it first since he was down in the kitchen and I was up brushing Rachel's hair.

I heard them talking as I came down.

"That sounds great," Rob was saying. Truman was with him and looked surprised.

Buddy said, "Great. Just let us both know. One or the other of you. Or both." He laughed and shrugged. "Right?"

Truman laughed with him and saw me. He winked.

I asked, "What's all this about?"

My husband said, "I was just letting them know they could ask if you wanted to go dancing or something. Dinner, drinks, whatever."

I blushed. Hard. "Oh." I laughed weakly. I gathered their kids and hustled them into the kitchen. I needed a cold, wet rag, fast.

Those thoughts stayed on my mind for a few days, until Thursday when Truman and Rob dropped off their kids during a rainstorm.

Truman looked sheepish, but Rob interested. Both were wet and so were Tyler and Penny.

I asked, "What are you two up to?"

Rob shuffled his feet.

Truman cleared his throat. "I have something serious to ask you and I was – we were – hoping you'd like to do it over drinks tonight?"

"Something serious? Like what?"

Rob pushed his head forward solemnly. "Over drinks."

If my husband had been downstairs, he would have answered for me, but I didn't feel inclined to reject the offer at all. While one half of my mind wasn't sure about all this, the other side of my mind wanted to jump at the opportunity. Drinks? What would that hurt? I said slowly, "Okay..."

Both burst into happy smiles.

I laughed at their instant exuberance. "I'll have to ask Buddy, though."

Truman said, "Of course. See you later at the bus stop."

Rob grinned at me but neither showed any hint of anything suggestive, and so I relaxed.

I told Buddy about it when he came down later. "They want to take me for drinks tonight. Is that okay?"

As if I had asked if he wanted some coffee, he shrugged and said, "Sure."

As easy as that.

I said, "Truman said they had something serious to ask me."

"Oh? Like what?" He poured himself more coffee.

"They wouldn't say."

My husband looked up and scowled.

"What?"

He pointed and shook his head.

Running down the wall was a thin bubble of paint, pushed out by water.

He said with a heavy sigh, "Roof isn't going to wait. We're going to have to have it redone as soon as possible."

"Is it going to flood us out?" I stared at the thing in horror.

"Nah. It's just a leak. It'll all dry out. We'll get roofers out here and once that's done, all the rest of the redecorating will be safe from water damage." He wagged his finger at the bubble. "But the roof has to be first." He walked out of the kitchen shoulders slumped. "I was hoping to hold off on it all until next year."

He had the money; I knew he did. But Buddy was the type of man who wanted to hold it for as long as possible before letting go.

I came into the kitchen later after the rain had stopped and looked at the much larger bubble. It was sagging around the edges. Outside, the sky was very dark and threatened more.

The rain kept everyone inside on our street and my binoculars registered only Dawn, puffing away up at her dump. She was staring at Truman's place as she puffed. Other than looking at the occasional passing car as if annoyed at the distraction, she smoked through two cigarettes while ogling Truman's house.

The woman was up to no good. Was she going to have one of her daytime rough guys break in and steal something? Was she planning an abduction of Tyler?

Although hard to believe she had any kind of connections to human trafficking, I had to wonder. Maybe she did. What did I know of her?

I opened up my Kindle and scanned the romance category. While normally dismissing ads, my eyes drifted to a gaudy cover and lingered. I tapped it out of morbid curiosity.

The cover was busy with people. Twelve shirtless men, all sporting tattoos all over their chests and arms were crowded at the top of the book – badly chopped into place. The woman at the bottom of the book looked decidedly ugly.

Sporting basketballs for boobs barely restrained by a tank top, the lips on her face were open in a fish mouth and horribly inflated.

The blurb of the book told me that twelve sheiks were bad boy billionaires and brothers and that they were going to claim Alexa no matter what and teach her all sorts of bad things. I was assured that this was a steamy reverse-harem romance of the likes that would require me to have a spare set of panties.

Normally, I would've groaned at such a horrible attempt at an offering, especially considering not a single real sheik in the entire world ever got tattooed. However, I found myself staring at it, eyes unfocused, and wondering if muscular Truman and skinny Rob were elements of my own little reverse harem – of which I was so uncertain.

My husband seemed to think it would be great. He had literally ripped me apart sexually, and left me a panting wreck after hearing about Rob. He had never been as passionate and rough as last night. It had been... stupendous. The soreness and used feeling stayed with me even now and my pussy was very satisfied.

I thumbed out of the silly romance. Normally I read more traditional romances, especially the second chance ones – not that I had any kind of desire to ever give Keiran another chance.

Ugh.

I just liked how two wonderful people separated by misunderstanding or circumstance could come back together and be strong.

Despite the ridiculous offering I had just looked at, I didn't immediately start searching for second chance romances. Instead, I did a search for reverse-harem. As I looked over the offerings, I wondered if Truman and Rob could ever be featured on such covers. I decided not. Muscular Truman wasn't ripped. His round face was clean-shaven and his hair buzzed short. Despite being handsome, he didn't have a bad boy beard and messy bedroom hair. Skinny Rob could possibly pass due to the fact he had no fat on him, but again, he was clean shaven and his hair parted to the side – a big no-no for what I was seeing on the covers. And of course, neither of them was named the requisite Derek, Cade, Rod, Logan or Lucas – names that guaranteed a man the lucky slot of being the most handsome, sexy examples of romantic love interests possible.

And yet, both Truman and Rob filled me with thrill and a sense of adventure.

What would they ask later today?

I selected something that sounded normal and began reading. It was filthy and a little rough – these weren't people I knew in my circle of life, these were criminals bent on violence and hate.

I shook my head. Neither Rob nor Truman were criminals to my knowledge. They were normal men trying to lead normal lives free from their past. Whatever my situation was, it was nothing compared to any of the romances I was looking at.

Even ménage romances didn't exactly apply.

Was I capable of being in such a relationship? No, I was definitely disqualified because I was married. There were no romances for me available. It was expected that married women must surely satisfy themselves with fantasies along the lines of mommy porn or clean romances. Or reverse harems with really bad men.

I put the Kindle down.

Some things were too unacceptable for everyone. A married woman having a romance with her husband and more than one other man was forbidden. Romantic stories were not meant to contain a married romantic interest. Big taboo. Unless the marriage came at the very end of the book, then that was okay. Otherwise, taboo.

More than anything else, that made me thrill inside.

Was I having a romance with Rob and Truman?

I definitely felt attracted to them.

Could I possibly fall in love with... either of them?

Both men, sweet and caring, lived walking-distance close. Close to Monica, too. And Dawn. Neither of those women were worthy of Rob or Truman. Certainly not both.

Opportunity.

Taboo.

Thrill.

I was making up my mind and I knew it.

I was stepping in my husband's direction, pulled by the magnetism of his confidence and lust.

Maybe I should reach out to Truman and Rob – before some other woman does.

Or until another woman does.

I can't be selfish.

But I wanted to be selfish.

Was it wrong to think of wanting them all to myself? Was I wrong as a married woman to have these feelings for two unmarried men in addition to my husband?

I had heard the rumors about the Jehovah's Witness church in town where the members traded wives regularly. Was that so socially acceptable – hush hush, wink wink – but my situation wasn't?

Did I have to borrow someone else's fantasy to be accepted? What of my husband's? What of my own? Fantasies are only acceptable if everyone else approves?

I definitely did not approve of some of the things bandied about as normal. Did my approval matter to them?

Of course not.

Why then, should I let others dictate to me what was acceptable in the matters of love?

I wouldn't.

I went out to the bus stop later under a steady sprinkle. Up the street, Truman

and Rob were coming, huddled under Rob's umbrella.

Monica saw me looking and whispered to one of the plump moms. The phony brunette sneered in victory, but the other woman looked up the street, looked at me, then smiled at me slyly.

Ha. Suck that, Monica.

Rob was grinning, gazing at me as they got closer. Truman was scanning the street, eyes shifting back and forth as usual.

The bus rumbled up above, coming down the street towards us.

Rob, holding the umbrella, covered my head with it, leaving Truman to suffer. Instead of hugging me, Rob gave me a kiss on the cheek.

Monica coughed.

I kissed his cheek back and then did the same for Truman.

She muttered something I didn't care if I caught and I was glad I couldn't make it out. No need to get into a scrap on the wet sidewalk in full view of the kids on the bus and their parents.

The thought of doing so and pulling her hair made me smile wickedly at her. Let her think whatever; I didn't care.

Truman rumbled in his deep voice, "Meet us at five thirty? Tophat Lounge?"

It was a place famous for steaks. "We're not eating are we? I thought it was just drinks?"

"Just drinks."

"All right, I'll meet you there. Five thirty."

We had just had a normal conversation in typical tones.

Everyone was staring.

CHAPTER 11

Tophat Lounge wasn't a black tie-type place, despite the name. Upon entering, one was instantly and pleasantly assaulted by the aroma of burning meat. In a tradition similar to Ruth's Chris Steakhouse, the platters were carried out sizzling and steaming in a trail of hisses all the way to the tables.

That was the restaurant side.

In a separate room off the entry, the bar was kept private. The well-lit bar was contrasted against the dimly lit tables and brightly colored slot machines on the opposite wall. The bar wall was so well lit that the bartender himself was a blackened shape moving against it.

Truman and Rob were easy targets, both turned towards the door, relaxed, yet obviously waiting for someone.

For me.

I stopped in the doorway, looking at them as the thrill once again sent delicious shivers of naughtiness up my back.

I shouldn't be here.

And that's what made it so special.

I couldn't keep the spring out of my step as I approached the table.

Both men rose. Both gave me hugs and kisses on the cheek. Both of them felt heavenly in my arms.

I didn't care what the bartender thought.

I didn't look.

The barmaid came by the table. Truman and Rob already had drinks. She asked me, "And what can I get for you?"

I didn't really want a drink since I was driving, but I had promised I would come and have drinks with them. "Something simple?"

"Vodka and orange juice make a screwdriver. Does that sound simple enough?"

"It does. I'll have one of those, please."

"I'll be right back with your drink."

I let her walk away. "So... what's all this about?" I suddenly felt as if my musing of romantic fantasies earlier were silly flights of fancy. Surely they wanted to talk about something ordinary.

They did.

Truman cleared his throat and leaned forward. He gripped my wrist lightly.

"Nataly, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Okay?"

He swallowed and looked down at his drink. "Would it be too much to ask if you could watch Tyler after school? Pick him up from the bus stop?"

"I can't take him off—"

"I already asked the transit department for the school district. I can add you to their list for my son."

"Oh."

"You see, I would like to work a little later. It means more of an income..."

Rob spoke up. "If you can, I'd like to ask the same for Penny. Just up to regular quitting time. Five thirty for me."

Truman said, "Five in my case."

"That's all you wanted to ask?"

Both men nodded looking uncertain.

I laughed. "You didn't have to ply me with drinks to get me to say yes. Of course I'll watch them."

Both men almost slumped over in relief.

My drink arrived. "You could've asked me at the bus stop."

Rob said, "Well, we really wanted to get you alone..."

"Where are Penny and Tyler now?"

"Laura is watching them for us."

Truman said, "You've made us desperate men."

I lifted my drink and almost spilled it. I sipped quickly to get my throat working. It felt constricted. Maybe my flights of fancy and fantasy weren't so silly after all. On the precipice of potential, despite having already done something naughty with Rob, I quivered with excitement.

These two men wanted me and I was getting very warm inside.

Truman muttered quietly, "We wanted to ask you something else, too." He tugged at his collar.

"Oh?" I was sure I sounded lame and retarded.

The men looked at each other furtively.

Truman took the lead. "Your husband... kinda..."

"What's wrong?"

He scratched behind his ear and looked pained. "I don't want to sound weird or anything, but it seems," he affected an uncertain expression, "that he's... offering you to us?"

Rob was just staring at me, wide-eyed. Silent. Sexy.

I looked down, head thrumming with the danger of new territory. "To share... yes." I picked up my napkin and wiped my mouth for fear that I might be

drooling.

Truman kept scratching. Whatever the subject was, he was very nervous about it. "Well, you see, Rob and me are... uh..."

Rob stepped in, simple and direct. "We're both interested."

I couldn't help the grin that widened my mouth until it almost hurt. I blinked away at my dry eyes and looked at both of them.

Truman cleared his throat. "Well, we were wondering... if you were going to choose one of us. I mean, which one would it be?"

I looked at Rob.

He was staring back at me, looking worried.

I looked at Truman. His head was tilted a little in question.

Both men sat there waiting.

Had Rob told Truman about our little rendezvous?

No, it didn't look like he had.

I picked up my glass and finished it – I think more to use it like a shield, although it couldn't hide my words or intent. "I wasn't going to choose."

That confused Truman.

Rob frowned in thought.

I tried to set down my glass carefully, but it did a tiny tap dance on the table on the puppet strings of my shaking hand. "I like both of you; I wasn't going to pick one of you over the other." I looked away and laughed. "I can't believe I'm sitting here saying this. My god, how embarrassing."

Rob shook his head. "Don't be embarrassed."

Truman looked happier. "Well, I guess I'm forced to work with Rob here then. I don't suppose it matters; I have to work with your husband, anyway."

Rob mocked annoyance. "Oh yeah, thanks big guy."

Truman's normally deeper, rougher voice was soft this time. "She's worth it."

I got wet.

Adoration like this from two handsome men was exhilarating and electrifying. I vibrated inside to the elation derived from the attention of three men.

Is this what all those women in the ménages and reverse harems feel like? But it didn't ring with what I had read: most of the heroines resisted the attentions of the men as if they were troublesome. I don't find this annoying at all, I find this fantastic!

Truman tried to catch my attention. "So we figured if you didn't choose between us that I would go first, maybe. Um, like would you like to come by my place tomorrow evening? I don't cook a bad spaghetti dinner."

Rob looked a little subdued, as if he had lost a coin toss and was forced to suffer the results. Whether they had or not, I didn't know. But he gave me the slightest of nods and closed his eyes in blessing.

Maybe he needed more time anyway, considering that he was still coming out of being a grieving widower.

My pulse had accelerated at his offer and I struggled to keep my voice level. "All right. I guess I will."

It was Thursday night, I had just been asked, and I already couldn't wait.

CHAPTER 12

The enormity and ease of the Friday event caused a distinct disconnect inside me – it was as if I was floating on air and at the same time grounded so heavy with the imminence of the date that my pussy developed an amazing ache.

I wanted to touch myself.

Wanted to, but didn't.

I was afraid if I did, I wouldn't be able to stop.

I was dazed and dizzy during the day, to the point of distraction. Buddy kept asking what was wrong and I kept reacting with confusion. He was elated at the change, believing watching Penny and Tyler would bring us all closer together. But he interpreted my euphoria as apathy.

I was not apathetic.

I was eager.

I walked up the street at 5:25. Maybe someone else would've wanted to be fashionably late and act as if none of it mattered, but the truth for me was that I viewed this almost as momentous as the steps I took down the aisle with Buddy.

I wasn't sure I was going to be able to eat any kind of food; my stomach was doing somersaults, flips, and splits.

Thankfully, Dawn was inside her dump and not on the porch. Unusually, a motorcycle was parked in front. At this time of day, she was usually done hooking – if that's what she did during the morning and afternoon hours.

I looked up a few doors at Rob's house, wondering what he was doing.

I knocked on Truman's door.

Not loud enough.

It didn't matter, though I was ready to knock louder. He answered the door looking relaxed, pleasant, and friendly. "Nataly..."

I realized I had nothing practiced to say. "So... here I am..."

He let me in to the smells of cooking. He shut the door quickly. "Pasta should be ready." He dashed for the kitchen. The house didn't have a dining room or any table set up in the living room, so I followed him into the kitchen. The window was steamed over.

He was draining the spaghetti through a strainer.

The kitchen table was set up with placemats and a candle that was too small for a dinner setting.

I smiled at the sweetness of the thought and sat down.

He loaded the pasta into large bowls and topped it off with meatballs and sauce.

I only saw two plates. "Tyler is...?"

"Up at Rob's trying to learn kissing with Penny."

"Learn... kissing...?"

"I'm kidding. Rob's watching them... for tonight. Dig in and tell me what you think."

I forked into the mound and pulled up a large helping of it. I bit into it, cutting the strings with my teeth. The rest fell back into the bowl.

Truman was watching me. He was twirling his fork in the bowl, wrapping a tight little beehive of pasta around it. He lifted it to his mouth and it went in neat and clean.

I was busy wiping pasta sauce from my mouth after the bite. "Um, am I eating it wrong?" I flushed with the shame of ignorance.

"Not technically, no. But in Italy, they do it like this." He twirled his fork again, at the edge. "You twist it around at the edge, not the center. If you get too much

on the fork for a mouthful, you lift while twirling." He showed me, and lifted another neat fork of spaghetti. "You'll always have a strand or two hanging if it's cooked right – al dente – but if it's a perfect ball with nothing hanging, then it's overcooked."

"Oh. So, like this?"

He winked.

His dinner really was good.

"No wine with pasta?"

"I wanted a clear head..."

We talked about his work as a tire salesman and my hobby of watching the street with binoculars and reading romances.

I watched him clean up after dinner. "Did your wife cook?"

"No, and she didn't much like me cooking, either. She liked to go out."

"That's expensive."

"She paid for some of it with her father's money. I always felt guilty about her paying for a decent meal with crooked money."

"How come you haven't dated?"

He leaned one hand on the counter and slumped a little in his posture. "The divorce was final last year. With all the court crap, I just wasn't in the mood for it. I was going to ask Dawn before you warned me off her."

I didn't want the conversation steered anywhere near her. "But here you are with me, a married woman."

He showed teeth and his eyes sparkled. "You're worth it, Nataly."

All day I had waited, but now I was tense and uncertain. I was in the home of another man and I had contemplated giving myself to him, but... my gut was chickening out. Still, this was technically a date and I did feel attracted to the

man.

I rose from the table and hugged him.

He straightened, wrapping me in his strong arms. He didn't crush me like he had the first time. I twisted my head to him and offered him my mouth.

The kiss was gentle at first, then hungry. He lowered his arm and squeezed my hips to his. That put me off balance and I hung on as he held me, our mouths and tongues entwined.

He was a good kisser and left me breathless and panting. My guts had calmed down, melted away by the hot kiss. I pushed away just enough and slid down to my knees. If I was still wavering on the edge of whether or not to let him take me, the least I could do was give him some satisfaction.

I tugged his belt loose and unzipped him.

Now it was his turn to pant.

I pulled everything down and exposed his manhood. He wasn't as large as Rob or as big as my husband, either. But it wasn't small. It rose, lifting higher and stronger until it pointed upward at a curve. Both Rob and my husband had straight ones.

I pulled it down enough and put it in my mouth. His skin scent pervaded my nose and the heat of his shaft felt welcome on my tongue. I licked and sucked as best I knew how and wondered if I gave better head than his ex-wife.

He didn't say. However, his legs trembled and his hand held my head gently while I moved. He looked down at me with appreciation and adoration. "You look so beautiful doing that."

I laughed on his dick.

I made a better effort.

He tensed, straining, and said, "I'm... going to..."

I sucked harder.

His shaft swelled up in my mouth and began pulsing lightly. Hot splashes in the back of my throat told me he was cumming. I swallowed, happy that I had claimed this man's orgasm with my mouth.

He pulled me up and kissed me, stroking my hair.

I was wet and achy. Maybe I can do this and I just wasted it.

He turned me and pushed me towards the bedroom. "I want to taste you."

I was definitely okay with that and went willingly.

His bedroom was messy and dark, but there were no dirty clothes anywhere. Just a little cluttered. I stripped for him.

He unbuttoned his shirt and toyed with his cock – it was still semi-erect. His eyes flashed with delight and need as he watched.

I had thought and expected to feel shy and embarrassed in this very position, but I wasn't. I was trembling with desire and need. I took my clothing off without hesitation and stood naked before him.

He was blinking. "You... really are... tiny."

A flash of deficiency and humility mortify me. I look down.

He rushes to reassure me. "That's not a bad thing at all. Trust me. It's just... How did you give birth to Rachel with hips that small?"

"Um, C-section."

He squinted and brought his hand to my flat stomach, tracing somewhat near it. "Ah, I didn't see. Good surgeon." He took hold of my shoulders and lowered me to his rumpled bed cover. Then he was down between my thighs, lapping at my clit and labia.

Swirls of stimulation spread through me at the movement of his hot, soft tongue. I close my eyes and hope he doesn't think I taste funny. But if his tongue lashing was any indication, he was satisfied with me. Fingers poked into my pussy, massaging back and forth and making me groan.

He worked me up, but the newness and uncertainty kept me from finishing. It just wouldn't get here.

He moved up my body, kissing.

Do I want this? I watched his progress. I looked down and saw his dick poking up and hard. My eyebrows did their own little dance and I hesitated long enough that he was mounting me.

Decision removed from me and transferred to him. I let it happen.

His cock nudged my wet lips and they parted for him. It was like a lightning bolt to me. No one but Buddy had been there since we were married and I had been perfectly happy with that. But this handsome neighbor was pushing his stiffness past my lips.

In what seemed like a rush to me, but was really a slow push, he stuffed his cock into my pussy. My entire body trembled as if adrenaline flooded every cell and I had walked away from a car wreck. No, this wasn't disastrous, just stunning. Within a second, I was calming down as he began moving in and out.

Another man was fucking me.

With rising pants and gasps, I reveled in the natural normalcy of sex, though my mind danced with the sexual impropriety of what we were doing.

Astonished at the ease with which I enjoyed what was happening, I realized that it felt exceptionally good to be doing what I was doing. I felt alive, floating high on wings of freedom.

I gripped his muscular butt and pulled. My pussy clamped on him, hard, with a mind of its own.

He was breathy with euphoria. "Oh fuck, this is awesome." He drove in a little more forcefully. "Your pussy is so tight... is your...husband small?" he asked with sheepish curiosity.

Between grunts of lust, I said, "No, he's actually bigger than you."

He chuckled and said, "Oh. Well then. I hope you can feel me."

"Oh, I can."

He thrust, looking me in the eyes. "You're beautiful, Nataly. Thank you for coming. Thank you... for this."

I touched his face. He was such a sweet man.

It was then that his face tensed as if he was angry. He pulled out quickly and began jacking. His dick spurt not a second later and showered my lower abdomen with cum.

I squealed and laughed.

His expression was comical. "What?"

"I didn't know you were going to pull out and hose me down."

He panted in confusion. "You mean I could've cum inside you?"

I paused, thinking. It wasn't something I had talked about with Buddy. "I... don't know. I'd have to talk about that with my husband."

He relaxed. "Well then, better safe than sorry. I don't want him beating me up with his bigger dick."

"I don't think he's as strong as you are."

He wiped his brow. "Still." He leaned over me and kissed me. It was a gesture that made me tremble at the edge of orgasm.

From a kiss!

Well, a kiss after sex.

I had done it – I had slept with another man.

And I felt just fine.

CHAPTER 13

My Friday night wasn't over.

But I did not expect what would happen when I got home.

Buddy was swirling water in a glass and curious as to how the date had went. "So...?"

"I, uh, did it with him."

His eyes got very large and he shifted uncomfortably on his feet. "Tell me what happened."

I glanced up at the ugly, sagging bubble of the paint in the kitchen. "Let's go upstairs. I can't stop looking at that... thing."

"Oh, yeah, sure. You want to put Rachel to bed? Or should I?"

"I'll do it."

Almost a half hour later, I was in the bedroom sitting on the bed. He was in his computer chair, swiveled towards me.

I said, "He makes a nice spaghetti dinner."

Buddy got mad. "I don't care about the dinner."

I was feeling a little self-conscious, but it wasn't going over well with him. "Fine. After dinner, we hugged and kissed."

His face relaxed and the interest returned. "Yeah?"

"I wasn't sure that I was going to go through with anything—"

"Honestly, I didn't think you had the courage."

"Gee, thanks. Anyway, I felt better, so I... gave him a blowjob."

His eyes popped comically open again. "Are you serious?"

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes! I'm... I'm not mad, just surprised you went through with it."

"I'm not frigid."

"Of course not, it's just... stepping outside the marriage kind of thing. You know. So what happened? You blew him? Was it nice?"

I was trying to talk. "Yes, it... I mean, it was a blowjob, but I liked giving it to him. He tasted good and so did his cum."

He dropped his mouth open. "He came in your mouth?" He surged to his feet.

Struggling to grasp his mood, I said meekly, "Yes."

"You swallowed?"

I made a pained face of uncertainty. "Yes?"

He flew at me and I almost screamed.

We tumbled back onto the bed with a hard bounce and he thrust his face straight at me. His teeth mashed my lip and I tasted blood, but then his tongue was forced in and I realized he was trying to kiss me.

He moaned feverishly and lashed my mouth with his tongue. "That's... so hot..."

I wanted to laugh, but the suddenness of his attack had left me a little breathless.

He stroked my head and hair, calming down and showering my lips with kisses. "Was he huge?"

"No."

"Well, what did it look like?"

"He's smaller than you and it curves up."

He looked captivated. "Did anything else happen? You said you did it with him, was there more? Did you actually do it?" His voice shook with wonder.

"Yes, he wanted to taste me so he took me to his bedroom and licked me."

His teeth and eyes sparkled with joy. "Good man."

"Then while I was debating if I wanted to go any farther—"

He laughed knowingly. "I knew it."

"Well, then he stuck it in me."

He sighed long and loud with appreciation. "Tell me all about it." He jumped up and tore off his jeans. His cock flopped out, already hard and rising. "Get undressed. I want you."

Not feeling sore, I took off my clothing.

His eyes latched onto my pussy. "He was in there?"

I nodded.

Another sigh and he was pushing me back on the bed. He licked gently at and around my clit, but no lower. "You smell like sex."

"Is that okay?"

He laughed in a burst of hot breath against my pussy. "More than you can imagine."

"He fucked me for a while. I'm not sure how long. I... couldn't quite reach orgasm."

"Why not?" His tongue lashed me again.

I closed my eyes, relishing the feel. "Too nervous, maybe. It was a first time? I guess? Anyway, he pulled out and sprayed me."

"He did? Huh. Did you tell him to?"

"No, but after the fact I thought we should talk about that."

His eyes took on sexual mischief. "Do you want him to finish in you?"

I gasped, twisting up inside. My hips gyrated and I teetered at the edge of orgasm. I groaned though, feeling it begin to recede. "Yes, I... think I'd like to feel it—"

Buddy was on me in an instant, ramming his cock deep into me. He called out, "Oh yeah. Truman can definitely cum in my wife's pussy!" He slammed his hips into mine and I cried out as the surprise shifted my orgasm back to the front. I rose swiftly and felt an immense turn over in that slow roll into release.

I cried out, bucking wildly as waves of relief finally ripped out of me.

My husband rode me, then barely managed a stifled exclamation, "I wish... he had cum in you... ungh!"

I felt my husband's splashes inside me, hot and fast.

My skin vibrated to the tingles that spread from my pussy. My flat little mounds tickled and the nipples were up and hard. I felt pulses at the ends of them as my heart thundered with excitement. After a few moments of catching my breath, I said, "You would really want me coming home with Truman's cum in me?"

His cock twitched violently inside me. "Yeah. And Rob's too. That would be so hot..."

As if the floodgate of my heart burst loose, I felt a satisfying surge of love for my husband. I wrapped my arms around his clammy neck and said, "I'll do it for you."

Again, he pressed his mouth down onto mine, gentler this time, and kissing me with hungry passion. He explored my mouth, caressing the tongue that had licked and sucked Truman's cock just a little while before.

After all the worry and wondering, I was at peace.

CHAPTER 14

I was worn out enough that I spent the weekend on my own. Both neighbors texted me and asked if everything was okay.

I assured them it was.

I just wanted some time to think all of this through and become comfortable with what my husband wanted and how that might affect my relationships with Truman and Rob.

I entered into the new week understanding I would be making sure their kids got on the bus and shepherding them off the bus until their fathers picked them up later.

It was a little sad not being able to stand at the bus stop with them anymore as now Monica seemed to gloat that I was all alone. Her squealing greetings to the other moms, while short-stepping in her heels, her arms way up over her head, and fingers wiggling in greeting grew grating.

Monday was different, though, and had me thinking desperate thoughts.

At the bus stop, while watching the bus come down the hill, I was forced to reach out to Monica.

From the opposite direction came the black car. The engine raced, papers swirled at its speedy passage, and I saw the kid's head down, texting while driving. He had to be doing fifty, this time.

It wasn't the idiot kid that bothered me. Turning onto our street was a white minivan with rental stickers. It parked the wrong way right in front of Monica's place and I saw a head look out the tinted passenger window at us.

Suddenly aware of Tyler riding right down to the corner, I called out to the woman. "Monica!"

She scowled at me.

I pointed. "White van, ready to check out the kids. Do you know them?"

Offended by my suggestion she might know creeps, she demonstrated her virtue by bringing up her phone. She stepped to the side boldly to show the people in the van that she was recording them. Then the other mothers did. Then I did, too.

The van accelerated away.

Quivering at the sinister threat, I was thankful for the gaggle of women at the bus stop.

It was a seminal moment that demanded my instant action.

Except that I had to wait until seeing Truman later.

The kids were playing in back when he knocked. I let him inside and before he could do or say anything, I told him, "A white van cruised the bus stop today."

He squinted at me, silent.

"We all took our phones out and recorded it. The driver took off. But there were two men inside and they parked where they could see who came off the bus." I showed him my spastically jittery recording of it.

"Fuck."

"Listen, I have an idea."

His eyes shifted from the floor to me.

"How about I keep him here? I can get some wash-out hair dye; he can become an instant brunette. He can sleep on Rachel's top bunk. If they don't recognize him, they won't—"

"Dammit!" He placed his hands on his hips. "I only have a few more weeks..."

"Let me do this. I'd hate to see him get taken..."

"Yeah... me, too." It was a sarcastic response, but he scrubbed his chin in thought. "Yeah, I like the idea. Three and a half more weeks and I'm safe. You don't mind watching him? Keeping him here?"

"Not at all and Buddy won't mind."

"You're certain?"

"Let me help you," I pleaded.

He gave me a hug – just a quickie - filled with tension, firm lips, and a troubled face. He said, "All right. Have you said anything to him?"

"To Buddy? Yes."

"No, my son."

I shook my head. "Not without offering you first. It's your decision."

"Where is he?"

"Out back."

"I'll tell him myself."

He stayed out back long enough for Rob to show up a half hour later. He gave me a hug and a light kiss.

He said, "Care to come up after dinner? Have drinks with me?"

"Sure, but there's something you should know."

Buddy came down the stairs.

I said, "A white van was cruising the bus stop. I think they were looking for Tyler."

His face darkened.

"We all sort of chased him off with our phones, but I'm going to be keeping Tyler here. We're going to dye his hair and I think I can cut it so he doesn't look like anything from his pictures."

His eyebrows lifted once and fell. "Not a bad idea, really."

Buddy quipped, "She has an answer for every need."

"I do not. I just want to help."

He offered gently, "Something you're good at, no doubt." He slapped Rob's arm. "Want to hang out for a bit? Have a drink?"

"Actually, I was going to go clean up a bit. I asked your wife up for some drinks."

Buddy looked pleased. "Hey, just as good, huh?" He winked and slapped Rob's arm again.

The thin man gave a sheepish grin. "I, uh, really want to thank you..."

My husband gripped Rob's shoulder and shook it gently. "Treat her well and I won't have to kill you."

Rob laughed and wiped his nose – which made my husband chuckle, too.

Buddy said, "I'm just kidding," he lowered his voice for the rest, "sort of."

Rob nodded in understanding. "Where's Penny?"

I motioned. "Out back."

"I need to ask Truman about watching Penny... for... um..." He stepped past us.

After dinner, I walked up the street in the darkness, moving through the pools of light from the streetlamps. Four sanctuaries of light and I was at Rob's house at the top of the hill.

Dawn was not out front and light at the window suggested she was in her front living room.

I knocked quietly on Rob's door, but he was already pulling it open.

He offered, "I was watching out the window." He took me in his arms after shutting the door and heaved a sigh of relief.

I asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, just glad you're here. You're all I can think about."

I took a quick look around his place. He had indeed cleaned up a bit. I didn't see any empty alcohol bottles. I looked at his face.

The redness around his eyes and the bloodshot look was gone.

I asked, "When was the last time you drank yourself to sleep?"

"Last week, some time."

"Are you sure you want to drink tonight?"

He looked amused. "I wasn't intending to have more than one drink..."

"Oh."

"Come on, I'll pour us."

Drinks in hand, we settled on the couch. I noticed Audrey's pictures on the wall facing us and wondered if he would look at them.

Rob said, "I'm really sorry about... what happened in the bedroom..."

"Don't apologize."

"It was embarrassing."

"No, it shouldn't have been, and I was glad to help."

"You, uh, didn't tell your husband about it, did you?"

I pressed my lips together sheepishly. "I did..."

"Ugh."

"He felt bad for you, but he was excited I had... helped."

"He was?"

I nodded.

"So the whole dating, sharing thing is..."

"It's real. He's hoping you and Truman will send me home, um, filled with cum."

He whispered in wonder, "I love your husband."

I giggled, "So do I."

He put his glass down and grabbed me for a kiss.

Knowing what my husband wanted and feeling in the mood, I reached to his slacks and began massaging.

He groaned lustily and began removing his clothes.

Giddiness swam through my head and I laughed as I removed mine. I had thought that doing something like this with another man would be awkward and awful. But it was as easy as anything with my husband – and so natural and normal that I felt none of the guilt I might have expected a month before.

Rob gripped his thick cock and held it, hand not moving. "Truman kind of hinted that things have moved along with you? I wasn't sure what he meant."

"Yes, we've... fucked. I hope that doesn't disappoint you?"

"No, not at all. Lucky son of a bitch." Now his hand was moving.

"Let me..." I bent down, moving his hand away, and swallowing his cock. Its thickness was immediately noticeable in my mouth. Thicker than my husband, and definitely more than Truman, I stretched my mouth open to take it. I was amazed that such a skinny guy could have such a big dick. I didn't have much room to move my tongue around, so I just sort of kept it still and moved my head.

The touch of his hand in my hair was mellow and tender.

I pushed my head down, feeling the head press past my gag reflex and touch the back of my throat.

He moaned weakly, lustily. "Oh..."

When my jaw started to hurt, I pulled off, stroking his shaft with my hand. I was close to him, near enough to feel his heat, but also close enough to sense his soul and I was very relaxed with that. I knew I was ready. "How about you try to put that into me?"

His eyes were feverish and he said not a syllable of anything. He gripped my shoulders and pushed me down onto the couch.

I parted my legs and ran my fingers down around my clit. I was feeling hot, wet, and ready.

He stroked his cock, looking at my pussy and panting. He dove forward, but slowed as he neared me. He touched the broad head of his manhood to my labia and rubbed it up and down so my juices would lube him.

He was just above me close –his heat and his quick breaths were bathing my skin. My nipples rose hard as he pressed forward. My lips parted and the full thickness of the helmet began to stretch my opening. The tension caused by the insertion of his stiffness made me hold my breath.

It didn't hurt at all, but it was like stretching a muscle after long disuse. There was always a little hint and fear that things weren't going to stretch as far as necessary.

I felt the head pop inside, and then the thick stiffness was pushing past my lips and into my hole. I lifted my hips and willed myself to take it all.

His muscles were small compared to Truman's, but they strained and stood out as he pushed into me. His masculinity was just as pronounced as Truman's or my husband's, and I yielded to the male assault without any hesitation or remorse.

He plugged me full, stretching me open easier than I had imagined. I felt that warm, velvety touch of his balls against my ass and I knew he was all the way inside.

I wriggled a little, relaxing, and getting a feel of his thickness inside. We were connected in that special way, man to woman, and I knew I wasn't going anywhere pinned down and stuffed full as I was.

In and out, he began sliding his shaft through my pussy lips. There was a hint

that he was touching depths my husband couldn't reach. I pulled on his butt, wanting to experience the fullness of it and not just little hints, but he must not have been that much longer than my husband, and I was left yearning for just a little more.

Still, it was very satisfying.

After a few seconds of thrusting, he said, "You're so tight..."

I smiled at the familiar comment.

He groaned and closed his eyes in pleasure, moving steadily.

I luxuriated in the movement and stimulation of my labia. The gentle presses against my clit were teases and nothing more.

He began moaning, low and soft at first, then louder and bolder. "You're so sexy, Nataly. Oh, fuck..."

I had imagined he might be more energetic, but I wasn't disappointed at his tender approach; it felt good.

He surprised me by pulling out and gripping his straining, swollen dick. He jacked it a few times, panting. "Turn over. Kneel. This position is awkward."

I turned over and knelt up.

He hauled on my knee closest to the back of the couch. Once I figured out what he wanted, I moved with him. He rested my knee up on the back. I was all spread open. Finding this very uncomfortable, I twisted a little to the side and rested my upper chest on the back, too, and held on.

His thrust was short. He readjusted, gripped my hips, and drove forward. His thickness speared full and fast. The head of his cock touched deep and I moaned at the extra depth from this angle.

It was a peculiar sensation and I clamped on his sliding cock as it plowed my pussy deep. I groaned breathily, getting dizzy from the fantastic sensual pleasure I was experiencing.

He moved harder, pulling back on my hips just enough to create a firm slap of his balls against my clit.

I closed my eyes – or they rolled up, I'm not sure. I gasped against the fabric of the couch and listened to his pants and the slaps between our bodies.

He almost stopped. "I'm not hurting you, am I?"

I forced out through numb lips, "No, why?"

"You have such a tiny little butt that my cock looks like it's too big for you."

"Ungh... don't stop."

He chuckled happily. "More?"

"More, please. Give it to me, Rob; I want all of it."

He exhaled hotly, turned on by my encouragement. "We can keep doing this? I mean other days and all?"

"Yes."

"You'd like that?" He began plowing me again.

My pussy was getting hot. My clit was tensing up. "Ungh... yes..."

"Am I big enough for you?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, I'm sure Truman is packing a whopper, and I'm sure your husband is probably--" His voice was subdued and doubtful.

I laughed weakly against the couch. "Um, you're bigger than both of them."

His tone turned incredulous. "I am?" He moved faster.

I couldn't stop heaving with giggles. "What is it about size with men? You all act as if you don't look like porn stars that you can't please a woman."

He was quiet, but he began fucking me with as much effort as before. After several good slaps, he chuckled quietly. "I'm bigger than Truman. Imagine that..."

I felt the coil getting tighter. "Don't stop. Keep going..."

"This is really what Buddy wanted?"

"Yes." I was lifting. It was getting close. I panted deeper, faster. The heat was building in my pussy and clit. My arms and legs began trembling.

One of his hands romanced my back, rubbing up and down my spine. Tingles and shivers followed its passage. Then he gripped my hair. He pulled my head up as gentle as he could, and turned it.

I opened my eyes and looked back at him.

He gasped, "This is... so good... You feel so good..."

His comments and commanding control of my body sent me over the edge. I lost all sense of direction, or up and down, as I cascaded down from an explosive release. Wave after wave rocked my body, sending out incredible heat to my furthest extremities. My toes curled, my fingers dug into the fabric. My core quivered with the releases until I was panting and trembling. Tingles filled my flesh and I groaned low and long at the ecstasy that suffused me.

Rob must have sensed that I had cum, if he didn't exactly interpret my grunts, and he thrust deep, panting fast.

I felt his dick swell inside me and begin pulsing as he yelled out in a mixture of effort and triumph. Hot splashes deep up inside those previously untouched areas ignited even more heat inside me and I tried my best to pump my hips with him to milk everything out of his cock.

I knew my husband was sitting at home. Behind me, our neighbor had just emptied his balls deep inside my pussy. I had conquered his lust, making him cum and releasing his need. I had done that with my pussy. Feeling the hot wetness inside made me clamp against him, and I felt the titillating thrill of naughtiness wrap itself around my soul.

I loved it.

Feeling another man's cum inside me was like nothing else I had ever felt. If this was technically cheating, why did it feel so good?

If being monogamous was better, why didn't my husband's orgasms inside me feel this good?

I knew I was going to keep seeing Rob and Truman. If sex outside of my marriage was this good, there was no way I was going to stop.

Fortunately, my husband wanted it, too.

In a spasm of agreement, my married pussy clamped hard on Rob's cock. It forced a resulting twitch from him that added a smaller splash of hotness inside.

Rob and I were connected now, in more ways than one. I hummed in satisfaction and let my eyes close.

CHAPTER 15

My husband kept me up late that Monday evening, surprising me by licking me again after Rob had finished inside me.

I was wondering if he was going to try eating the cum out of me, but his tongue, though more adventurous than the previous time, stayed on the outside.

Still, he had to have tasted it.

I hadn't expected Buddy would do something like that, but he seemed to really enjoy it. However, he definitely responded positively when he stuck his dick in and made love to me.

Tired as I was, I responded to his eagerness. "Isn't it all messy in there?"

He panted, laughed, and grunted all at once. "Yeah, it feels incredible."

"You like it?"

"Oh, man, you just can't know." He moved, sloshing his dick in and out of me.

Trying to understand, I asked again. "You like feeling his cum all over your dick?"

He groaned and thrust faster, harder. "Fuck yeah, it's making my dick feel tingly and super-hard. Promise me you'll keep doing them."

Astonished by his request, I gave in all too readily. "Don't worry, I will."

He detected my willingness and opened his eyes to focus on me. "You liked having their dicks in you?"

"Yes."

"You liked Rob cumming in you?"

I moaned, feeling tension in my used pussy. "Yes, very much."

"Good, I want you to fuck him and Truman as often as possible. As much as they want."

"Why?"

"Because it's so sexy. Naughty Nataly. I love it. I want your pussy open for them. I want their cocks in my sexy bride, moving in and out..." He groaned, tensing. Hot squirts spattered inside me as my husband grunted in joy and satisfaction. "Yeah..." He tumbled over, spent.

I hadn't cum, but that was okay; I already had and my pussy needed a break.

"You really want me to fuck them as much as possible?"

He sighed wistfully, and his thinking turned more to emotional things than lusty.

"I want you to be the wife they don't have."

I laughed. "I'm not going to be cleaning three houses."

"No, just sexually. Emotionally."

"Emotionally?" That triggered caution inside me because I already felt emotionally attached to both.

"I want them so desperate for you they'll do anything."

I'm just one woman. There's nothing special about me. I said nothing.

"I want them to love you."

"But, isn't that dangerous? To us?"

"No... I want to share you. Knowing you're getting pleasure from three men just makes me all that much happier."

"I'm not a slut like Dawn—"

"No, not a slut. Just for them."

"So you don't want me doing strangers?"

He looked and sounded offended. "No."

"Just Rob and Truman?"

"Right." He was quiet for a few seconds. When he began again, his tone was more thoughtful. "I don't know, I like them. I think I've got their measure."

"What do you mean?" I assumed he was talking physically.

"They're both working men. They don't soak off of welfare. They're both responsible with children. They're both trying to make a go of it as fathers despite what's against them. I admire that."

I did, too, but I said nothing.

He said in a whisper, "I think you can be the woman for all three of us. Together."

Two lonely, single daddies. An adoring and supporting husband. Could I be a wife to all three? I didn't know if it could work. It did in the romances, sometimes.

All I knew, was I wanted to try.

All the extra cock I wanted with Rob and Truman while my husband cheered me on? What wife would turn that down?

Seriously?

CHAPTER 16

My two extra men, new additions to my life, arranged a double date night, Friday.

I was dubious.

Two men at once?

I was sure that's what they winked and grinned about. How was I going to work two when one seemed more than I could handle? If anything the approach of Friday scared me.

I might have been scared by my presentation of Tyler as a buzzed cut brunette rather than a towhead. I even felt compelled to explain to Monica.

No, none of that scared me like the idea that I couldn't handle the two men sexually together. I had never done such a thing and I wasn't sure I could go through with it even with Rob and Truman.

Heaven forbid my husband ever wanted to join in. Three? Insane.

Impossible.

I wouldn't know what to do.

And when Friday evening came around and Truman escorted me up the street, I found reality as natural as anything else.

Rob was already waiting in Truman's living room; Penny was still at my house, as was Tyler. The thin man hugged me awkwardly, more looking at Truman for who should hug and kiss first.

Rather than doing anything, I just let them work it out between themselves.

Rob stroked my hair after the kiss and he cleared his throat raggedly. "I'm— We're really glad you joined us." There was something else in his eyes.

I almost laughed, wondering what was going on. "What am I missing here?"

Truman even seemed to sense it. "Yeah, guy, what's up?"

Rob stroked my face. "I can't get you off my mind. Every minute at my desk, I'm thinking about you."

I blinked coyly at him. "Well... thank you..."

"No, I mean..." He stalled out, obviously reluctant to continue.

I asked, "What is it? Is something wrong?" Warmth was building in my chest. Maybe I knew. Maybe I suspected. However, I was going to draw it out of him.

He licked his lips. "I love you, Nataly." He swallowed hard.

Truman coughed. "Dude, did you just play the love card? Now?"

Rob laughed a little. "Well, yeah... I guess I did."

"You jerk. I was going to tell her first."

"Well, you could've told me you were planning to."

Truman shuffled his feet and looked at the floor like a spanked little boy. "I didn't know you felt that way."

"Wasn't it obvious?"

I started laughing.

Both of them squinted at me.

I said, "Does it matter who said it first? Do you two really feel that way about me?"

They both nodded, identically, as if they were mirror images.

"So, what do I do now?"

Truman muttered, "Er, take this to the bedroom?"

Rob bobbed his head. "That sounds like a good plan."

I laughed and went first.

"Doesn't she look sexy?" Rob whispered.

Now I regretted going first. I was on display.

Truman grumbled, "Definitely."

I turned in his bedroom. "Stop it."

Rob looked bewildered. "Why?"

Annoyed at not having a reason other than that I thought it was embarrassing, I lifted off my sweater and unbuttoned my blouse. My eyes were down the whole time.

Rob persisted. "We can't help but find you beautiful—"

"I... I know; I'm flattered. I'm sorry if I sounded pissy."

Truman stripped out of his clothes as if they were on fire. His dick flopped.

Rob stared at it and stripped slower.

The muscular man frowned. "What are you looking at?"

He laughed. "I would've thought you were bigger... no offense." When he lowered his jeans and boxers, Truman choked.

"How the hell can a guy as skinny as you sport such a large dick? Do you pass out when it gets hard?"

"No..."

I was covering my mouth, shoulders shaking with effort not to laugh at them.

"Uh, guys, are you going to chat about your dicks all night? Is this some sort of male bonding ritual?"

They both looked at me in mock anger.

Truman said, "Nataly needs a spanking."

Rob's fake scowl disappeared and he laughed.

I scuttled away from Truman's grasping hands and got onto the bed. With a move, I slid my panties off. Tossing them aside, I leaned back on the bed and lifted my chin in challenge.

I needn't have worried about directing the flow; both seemed to just naturally gravitate to me with a few nods and eyebrow twitches and decide between themselves who was doing what.

No, I hadn't needed to worry at all.

I was pulled, turned, twisted, gently manhandled in such a way that I just went with it all and found myself on my back at the edge of the bed. Truman's face was between my legs and gave me a jolt of tickle as his tongue began teasing my clit. Rob settled beside me, kissing me while running his hands over my flattened boobs.

I had planned to remember it all so I could tell my husband, but I drifted away with the flow into a dreamy state of pampering and relaxation.

No, I didn't have to put out hardly any energy or effort at all; the men did all the work. I was licked until I was trembling. I was kissed and my nipples toyed with until I was quivering with need.

When Truman came up and mounted me, Rob got up onto his knees and dangled his cock near my face.

Natural.

Easy.

I took Rob's thick cock into my mouth as Truman speared my pussy with his erection. I groaned loudly at the immediate sensation of the dual sexual activity. I slurped happily, as best I could, on Rob's cock while Truman thrust slowly into me. The sensation at my pussy was compounded tenfold by the salacious service I was giving with my mouth to Rob.

Feeling the thickness in my pussy and mouth at the same time was sexy.

Nasty.

Fun.

I moved my mouth on Rob's shaft in time with Truman's thrusts – until he sped up. Then my body jerked and I more kept my head still on Rob as the movement provided its own stimulation for him. I concentrated on just massaging him with my tongue.

Truman's words were jarring in my reverie. "This was going to be where I told you I loved you."

My husband was down the hill, knowing I was up here being fucked by two men, and the man inside me had told me he loved me. I thrust my hips up at him with sudden desperation, wanting this to go on and on and on... I didn't want to ever stop fucking Truman. Tension wound tight in me as I gasped, "I love you, too. Both of you." I held onto Rob's hot, wet cock and squeezed as I said it.

Both men froze.

Rob sputtered, "Y-you do?"

Truman was right behind him, voicing his wonder, "Really?"

I nodded. I had to admit to myself that I thought of them as much as I thought of my husband in the fondest ways. Different somehow, but on the same level of love and devotion. "I love my husband, but... I want to be yours, too."

Admitting it out loud sent me over. I arched my back and squeezed my eyes shut as a severe orgasm with sharp waves tore through me. I cried out, bucking on Truman's cock.

As an added sensual surprise, Truman gasped and his shaft began pulsing. Hot spurts inside me added to the warmth and love and lust I felt. I bucked harder, squeezing and milking his pulsing erection.

Truman grunted, gasping, and finally pulling out. "Oh... sorry."

I giggled. "What? Why?"

"I wanted to last longer."

I squeezed Rob's shaft again. "Don't worry, I have another right here." I looked up at him. "Unless you're grossed out that he came in me."

He looked startled. "No, not at all." He moved around and took Truman's place. The muscular man laid himself next to me and kissed me.

Tingles swirled through my body with the kiss and I felt electrified and alive.

Rob's cock opened me up easily, sliding in without any resistance. He made a strange noise, and then said, "Never felt this before..."

Truman said, "Weird?"

"Nah, it's... hot. I like it." He made stronger thrusts, going deep.

I moaned happily while my pussy clamped on his shaft repeatedly.

Rob laughed. "Wow... I really like this. You'll have to try it some time." He closed his eyes and opened his mouth in bliss.

Truman said, "I'll take your word for it. Next time, then."

My head flopped to the bed. I hadn't realized it would take so much energy to hold it up.

Truman got up and started climbing over my head to offer me his semi-flaccid dick.

Rob groaned, "I don't want to see your butt, dude."

"Then don't look at it."

I laughed. Then I took his cock into my mouth, tasting our combined juices. I sucked greedily, though he remained only half hard.

Rob fucked me, deep and tender, moving his thickness as if relishing every second inside me.

Easy.

Natural.

And oh, so sexy.

I didn't cum again, not so soon. When his hot spurts splashed inside, I hummed with appreciation that little me had triumphed in coaxing two men to cum.

And spend their lust with me.

CHAPTER 17

Two Saturdays Later...

I ground my teeth together in annoyance.

Yesterday had been no better, but this was intolerable on a Saturday.

Not two seconds in my rocking chair upstairs, binoculars and Kindle at hand, morning sun beating through the glass at just that most irritating angle, did that horrid thumping and scraping begin.

The roofers had told us there were already three layers of roofing and it all had to come off before they could give us new shingles. With some long-handled scraping tool in hand, the roofing was chipped at, pried, and peeled away in the most nerve-wracking sound imaginable.

No, I wasn't going to last another second sitting up here. Without even touching the binoculars inside the case, I got up and went downstairs.

Even Buddy looked tense.

I announced, "I can't stay inside with this..."

He grunted sourly.

But it had to be done.

The interruption of our newfound happiness and adventure was a necessity that could not be avoided and must be suffered. Everything must be put on hold; the roof could not wait.

I said, "I might wander up to see Rob." Him because Truman had taken Tyler

from us for an early morning run to the grocery store. "Maybe you should go out back with Rachel and get some sun."

I was only trying to suggest relief for him, too, but it came out pissy.

He shot me an annoyed glance.

I rubbed my forehead. "Sorry, I wasn't trying to sound like a bitch. Just this awful, unending noise... I thought it would help you, too."

His features softened and he stood from his computer – article unread. His arms came around me briefly. "That's okay, I understand." He kissed my forehead. "You going to see him sounds like just the perfect thing for you. Tell him to make it rough; you need it."

I laughed sarcastically. "Gee, thanks."

He turned me and slapped my butt. "Go on."

"You'll be okay here?"

His smile was the old, normal Buddy. "Get out, I'll be fine. I think I'll take your bitchy suggestion and go sit outside. At least the noise won't echo like it does in here."

"I said I was sorry—"

"I'm being sarcastic."

"Oh."

He shook his head and looked up during a lull in the noise. "It sounds like they're shoving a coffin all over the roof."

I shivered in disgust. "Ugh. I'm outta here. Love you."

"Love you, too."

I grabbed my phone and texted Rob.

Nataly: Can I come up right now?

A moment later...

Rob: Sure

Rob: About to take a shower

Rob: I'll leave the front door unlocked

Rob: Maybe join me ha

And that's how it all began.

It was otherwise a normal Saturday, despite the roofing work.

It was bright, cheery, and surreal. I headed outside and turned to head up the street – sun in my eyes and glaring off of car tops as I neared the corner.

Just another Saturday.

I couldn't look up the street without getting sun blasted, so I walked across the intersection and headed up the slope.

There was a honk – that light wanna be horn sound Jeeps make.

I looked up, shading my eyes.

Truman was just pulling into his driveway. I thought I saw him wave, so I waved back. I saw him get out and open the back.

I walked a little faster, hoping to catch him and talk for a bit so Rob could finish his shower.

Beyond them, by Rob's front gate, was leaning that awful Dawn. She was holding up her phone as if to text, but watching Truman carry his groceries up the stairs to his front door.

You rotten woman. Just go away! I didn't like her watching Truman, especially not with Tyler in the Jeep.

Suddenly, she whipped her head to the top of the hill, as if checking the coast was clear. She lurched fast into a run down towards Truman's Jeep. Her phone

went spinning, flung by the force of her sprint. It went bouncing beneath a car parked at the sidewalk.

My heart began pounding.

She's making a move for Tyler!

I began running, difficult as it was to maintain momentum up the hill without becoming instantly winded.

The adrenaline pumping through my body to the pounding of my heart kept me going. It was as if I didn't even need to breathe. I shrieked, "Stay away from him!"

The hairs all stood up on my arms and neck as I saw Dawn pull open the passenger door and haul out Tyler. "Leave him alone!" My shout came out shaky and strained.

The woman darted around the Jeep's open back door, making the fastest escape she could: downhill, right towards me.

Perfect.

Dawn's attempt to get around the open back door caused her foot to land and bend at a sickening angle. She stumbled, pain all over her features, and lurched towards me.

Just as I was about to launch myself at her, she drew a huge breath. She thrust him towards me.

I was dumbfounded.

She screamed, "Take him! Run! Run!"

Behind her, I saw the van. It accelerated fast, engine growling in triumph.

I took poor Tyler who was shaking like a leaf. I turned and ran downhill, seeing spots in front of my eyes. My sprint up the hill had taken its toll. I yelled at the top of my voice, "Help! Someone help!"

Behind me, I heard it all.

Every second, though I knew not what it was.

The van was coming closer and stopped just ahead of me. The side door slid open and a man jumped out, racing up to get in between two parked cars and intercept me.

But still, I heard the rest, too. It would forever be burned into my memory – the sounds, the sights, and the smells.

Behind me, Dawn shouted for Laura across the street.

I wasn't looking; I was running harder.

Then I heard the racing of an engine – one of those that grew as if from a soft sigh to a harsh exhale.

There was a soft thump.

A second later, the angry howl of tires skidding on pavement.

I was passing the van but heard a few thumps and then the popping, bone jarring impact of a crash. The van lurched forward into view, rolling down the street.

After that, I heard nothing until bald old Jimmy caught me by the shoulders and stopped me. It was only then that my legs went limp from weakness and lack of oxygen.

I tried to thrust Tyler at him. "Take him, run!"

He shook his head, looking behind me. "Ain't no need for that, Nataly."

I looked back in fear, knowing I was about to be grabbed by the man who had jumped out of the van.

Whatever I was seeing wasn't registering. It was a mess.

Truman was running down the street towards me. Laura was crossing towards me, too.

The van was stopped, back end crunched and mangled.

I gasped, "What happened?"

Jimmy muttered, "Car wreck. Are you okay?"

I hadn't known a heart could pound so hard that it hurt. I said, "I'm okay. I'm okay."

Tyler was wide-eyed.

Footsteps racing down behind me made me look again: It was Truman.

He panted, frantic. "Are you okay?"

"Yes—"

"What happened?"

"I thought Dawn was trying to snatch Tyler... She saved him from getting taken."

"Dawn? Where is she?"

Laura squatted beside me. "What's left of her is across the street."

Truman swore.

I said, "What?"

"The car hit her. Kid wasn't even paying attention." Laura was grim.

I gave Tyler to his father and stood on very wobbly legs. I dared to look, drawn by the morbid and gruesome scene of a car accident.

A black car – the kid's car – hood smashed and leaking steam, windshield broken and out of place, was hissing quietly.

The driver of the van was out, dressed in a suit, holding a cell phone to his ear.

Neighbors were out, aiming phones or talking, exclaiming excitedly to 911

operators about the accident.

I didn't see the second man who had jumped out of the back. But across the street, I saw a lump of clothing. It looked like a pile of refuse, nothing more. In the middle of the street, I saw what looked like a leg.

I clasped my mouth and turned away.

Later I got the whole story.

The kid, texting with his head down, had come over the hill doing 40mph. Nothing unusual – for him. Except that Dawn was in the street, calling out to Laura.

He never even saw her.

She was hit and flung into the air, losing a leg in the process – not that it mattered, because she was killed instantly.

The kid, finally realizing something was wrong, looked up and saw the van and a man behind it. He slammed on the brakes but hit the man and the van anyway.

The man tasked with grabbing Tyler was likely paralyzed, never to walk again. He was nothing more than a simple hire and caught in a bad spot at the wrong time.

The van was merely pushed with moderate damage to the rear end. The local lawyer driving it was uninjured. He had been hired by Truman's father-in-law to direct the transfer of physical custody. His career as an attorney was probably over.

The young kid was largely uninjured, despite not wearing a seatbelt. A concussion and no more, though his entire life was now seriously destroyed.

I met all this news with profound sadness. I didn't want to hate Dawn, not now, not after she had made a snap decision to protect Tyler from abduction. Maybe she was addicted to drugs. Maybe she was caught and couldn't get out – a slave to that ravenous, destroying addiction. But underneath was still a caring person who had tried.

And it had made a difference.

It had made all the difference.

There was no way I could've gotten up the hill fast enough to stop the men in the van from grabbing him. It was only Dawn and I screaming at each other that brought people out of their homes to witness everything. And to call the police.

Without her, the men would've grabbed Tyler and been moving before the idiot kid came flying over the top of the hill in his car.

No one dead.

Tyler gone.

Truman devastated.

But it didn't happen that way.

Dawn had been a hero. Maybe the culminating moment of her miserable life.

Dawn, I wish I could apologize...

But it wasn't to be.

EPILOGUE

Love grows in the strangest of places at all the wrong times. I know that, best of all.

I felt it take root in my soul and grow like a majestic tree one dares never to cut down for fear of committing some social crime. It was beautiful for its simplicity and complexity.

No one would understand. Or few, if any. I didn't try to parade the fact I loved three men in front of anybody.

What would be the purpose?

Personally, my husband and I were the happiest we could be, and so were Rob and Truman. Did it really matter if Monica across the street approved or not? Or Jimmy or Laura?

Janine the checker might approve, but I wasn't seeking approval. I had it where it mattered: with my husband. I needed no other.

Buddy, Truman, and Rob filled that space in my heart to bursting with love. I definitely did not need someone else's approval to be so happy.

I needed no validation.

I had exactly what I wanted, though I hadn't known I wanted it.

Buddy had exactly what he wanted, though he had never admitted before he might.

Truman and Rob had me.

The only better result would be if we had all lived in the same house. But life isn't always neat and tidy and perfect.

For me, however, in this small town, on a simple street, on a hill of old Victorian

housing, I had found my paradise.

Here, there was love.

Thank you for reading Single Daddies! I hope you found it refreshing and want to leave a review!

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