



STRETCHING

My Marriage Vows

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By

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Adultery is the application of democracy to love.
~ H.L. Mencken

CHAPTER 1

Little things can lead to amazing life changes. Nothing ever really stays the same, does it? Change is constant. The young become old and life moves along into the unexpected.

"Olivia?" Ellie leaned out of the office door.

This was a change I wanted. I was through with real estate if I could land this job working for our church's comptroller. I had applied as event coordinator when Sue Alvarez became too sick to continue. Diabetes could be deadly.

I stood. I was taller than little Ellie. She was a bouncy little girl no older than nineteen or twenty – very sweet with a bright smile that shone through her eyes.

I went into her office.

She was already walking to the door to the connecting office.

This has to be a good sign, right? I straightened my best realtor's suit jacket. My breasts were large and had a tendency to push it into disarray. I didn't want to look like I was trying to get the job by waving them around. No, I was the model of professionalism, today. *I hope.*

My husband Jim had told me to unbutton the first button of my blouse to make a good impression. Why would I get the job based on my cleavage? How stupid. I had rolled my eyes at him and he had thrown up his hands. I guess he had been trying to help.

I entered into Carson Wills' office. He was an energetic man with intense eyes. A good man for the job. He was shorter than my husband.

He stood and held out his hand to shake.

I had seen him at a distance before, but up close realized he was exactly my height. Five foot eight: my husband said I had legs that went all the way

up. Whatever that means. I thought they were a little thick.

Carson smiled. "Olivia Green?"

I tried a smile, just a little nervous. "Yes."

"Pleased to meet you. Please, sit." He indicated a chair. He sat down, straightening his suit jacket. His fingernails were clipped and clean. His wedding ring was a wide gold band, plain and strong, like his personality.

I wish my boobs weren't so big. I was self-conscious. Men looked at them all the time. But I never wanted to use them when I could use my brain instead. Why did men think all blonde, big-breasted women were just life-support systems for their tits? I straightened my jacket again.

He picked up my application and glanced over it without really looking at it. "I've checked your application. I see you're in real estate?"

So he had really looked at it. Likely before I came in. "Yes."

"Not satisfied there?"

I tried a smile again. "It pays well, but..."

He looked at me with his intense eyes – not accusing or suspicious, just waiting.

"Well, an agent is basically unemployed until the next sale. And real estate is really slowing down."

He nodded. "Your first job was working for a caterer."

"Yes." I had hated that job. Rush, rush, rush, almost no pay, and far too many headaches and blame thrown around for my tastes.

"Do you feel you'd be able to handle the stress of coordinating events?"

Real estate was stressful enough as it was. I nodded. "Yes."

"I like that you worked in catering before – you'll work with them frequently here."

That was fine by me. I'd finally be the one demanding timetables, not the one forced to perform to them. And then it struck me, he had said I'd be working with them. The smile that erupted on my face was sudden. "I can easily do that. I know what to expect with catering companies."

He nodded as if affirming his decision. "Very well, then. Welcome aboard. Ellie will show you your new office - Sue's old one. The latest event is the picnic. She had already reserved the tables, but you'll need to get on the catering right away."

"Of course, thank you."

He smiled at me in friendly warning. "It's going to be a lot of work."

"I look forward to it." I was happy. Work and a steady paycheck was what I wanted.

He passed a sheet across the table. "Our paysheet. Sign at the bottom if it meets your approval." His look said he expected me to sign. He offered a Parker pen.

I took it and poised it over the signature line. Then I saw the amount. My mouth dropped open and I had the indecency to gasp.

He said, "That's just to start. We'll evaluate your performance in three months. Pay raises are based on performance, but essentially average about ten percent."

I was stunned. "Thirty seven hundred dollars per month?" Far more than I expected.

He tilted his head. "I know real estate might pay more—"

"Oh, no, not that. I'm lucky now to get that every two months lately. This is very generous."

Carson went serious. "I'll remind you, your position requires a lot of work. There will be raises forthcoming if you can meet the demand."

I half laughed in surprise. "Oh, I'm not complaining, at all." I signed my name.

"Ellie will handle the tax forms." He stood.

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"Jim, Jim, Jim! I got it." I practically bounced into the garage in imitation of Ellie.

My husband looked up and then down to my boobs, watching them bounce under my blouse.

Men.

"That's great. Did you unbutton your blouse?"

"Stop that. No, I did not. I got the job based on merit."

"Ah, shame."

I held up my hands and rolled my eyes. *Men!* "Shame? I got the job and I didn't need to show cleavage to do it."

He chuckled. "I'm happy for you." He went back to cleaning something on the engine of his sixty-four Mustang. "Cleavage wouldn't have hurt though."

I placed hands on hips. "I don't know why you'd want some other man looking at my cleavage."

He glanced at me and scratched his upper lip. It left a grease smear. "Yeah, that's full-on adultery right there. What was I thinking? Sheeeit."

"Jim..."

"Holy crap, I'm glad I have you to remind me that it's a crime to look at cleavage."

"Jim, stop it."

He shook his head. He looked ridiculous with the grease smear. "Loosen up, would ya?"

"I'm not running around flashing my tits like some cheap slut."

"Who says you have to be a cheap slut to show cleavage?" He scratched his lip in the same spot. The smear grew.

I blew out a breath. There was just no talking to men who only thought with their dicks. I turned and stomped back towards the door.

He said, "Congratulations on the job."

His words softened my heart. He had that way with me. I smiled, even if he couldn't see it.

~ ~ ~

I looked over the notes Sue had made before she left. I sat in my new office in a plush chair. So very different than my agent's office, this one was all paneled in blonde wood with faux-brass accents and recessed lighting. Very posh. I felt spoiled.

But of immediate concern was making sure the planning for the picnic moved forward. Sue had noted the rented tables for the date, but did that mean she had called or was going to call?

I flipped through her old Rolodex: I would be recording all that on the computer later. Sue had refused to use it.

I picked up the phone and tapped an unused line and punched in the number.

The male voice at the other end was curt. "Sunny Rentals?"

I used my best realtor's voice. "Hi, this is Olivia Green, the new event coordinator—"

"Hold on." The line went to hold.

Rude.

"Sorry. Who are you?"

"I replaced Sue Alvarez as event coordinator—"

"Oh, right. For the church. Sure. She left the job?"

"Illness."

"Ah, that's too bad. What can I do for you?"

"Did she reserve—"

"Hang on." The line went back on hold.

You rude horse's ass.

"Sorry about that. What did you need?"

I wanted to hang up. "Should I call back another time?"

"No, no. What did you need?"

I could hear him on the other end doing something, banging something around. *Are you even listening?* "Did she reserve fifty tables and four hundred chairs for the eleventh?"

He grunted. "Not that I recall."

"You don't have a reservation—"

"Hold on." The line went on hold again.

I coughed. *If I flashed cleavage at him, I might get his attention.*

"No, I don't see anything here."

I was incredulous. The eleventh was nine days away. I coughed again.

"Um, can you put us in for them?"

"No can do, missy. Booked through until the following Monday. I can put you down for them then."

Uh, sure. Just deliver them after we need them. Right. Duh. "There's no way I can get them on the eleventh?"

"Maybe if you had called last week..."

I sighed. "Thank you." I hung up without waiting for an answer.

I turned on the computer and waited for the boot process to finish. I went online and began searching for close rentals.

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I carried the printout near the end of the day to Ellie's office. I knocked. Her small voice bubbled out. "Yes?"

I went in.

She beamed her bright smile. "Hi, Olivia." She set aside her paperwork.

"Is Mister Wills in?"

She got up from her chair and came around the desk. She touched my arm. "Oh, don't be so formal. Yes, Carson is in. Can I tell him why you want to see him?"

"It's about the picnic and the rentals on the eleventh."

Her smile was still bright and wide. She was a very cute girl. I didn't think you could pry the smile off of her with a crowbar no matter how hard you tried. "Okay." She went to the inner door and knocked, then entered.

I heard her telling him in the same bubbly voice with which she had greeted me. *I swear she's on happy pills or something.*

Ellie came back out and held the door as a way of inviting me in. "Go on in."

I stepped in.

Carson rose and nodded for me to sit. He sat back down when I did. He glanced at the paper in my hand. "Something for me to see?"

I took a breath. "There's an issue with the rental. Apparently the reservation wasn't made with Sunny Rentals and we won't have tables for the picnic."

He was leaning with his elbows on the desk. "Yes? Did you try other—"

"I did. No luck."

"Something tells me you have another plan." He glanced at the paper.

I lifted it slightly. "I did some checking."

His lips pulled into a small smile. "Go on."

"We can have a delivery here on the tenth if we buy our own tables and chairs."

He moved his head to the side and looked at me with a considering look. "Go on."

I placed the sheet on the desk. He glanced at it but made no move to take it.

I said, "For the price of buying our own, we would recoup the rental cost after three uses. If we hire a couple of church boys to manhandle them, we would still be saving thousands in yearly rentals."

He tapped a finger against his lip, his eyes locked to mine. His words were a murmur. "Why did Sue never suggest this kind of option?"

"I went online to find this deal. She... hated the computer."

He chuckled, low and throaty. "Indeed, she did." He slid the paper I had brought closer. He scanned the figures and then pushed it away with one finger. "Have you considered storage for these?"

"There are several unused rooms in the annex—"

He pursed his lips. "Hmm, yes there is." He kept his eyes on mine. "That's quite a savings you noted there."

"Just based on six rentals a year—"

"And sometimes we have more. Yes, I think we made the right selection for the job. Proceed with the order and conference me into the call when they require payment."

I smiled and nodded my appreciation.

"Good work, Olivia."

I smiled with a little uncertainty. "You can call me Liv if you like. Everyone in my family does except my parents."

His smile widened. "All right, Liv. You noticed the next event is at my home?"

"Yes."

"Bring your husband. It's a little less work there because the gathering is smaller. Church elders, associate pastors from other churches, and the like. A little more relaxing."

"Okay, I'll let him know." I stood to go.

He nodded.

Out in the outer office, Ellie waved and said in her little voice, "Bye."

First day on the job and I felt victorious.

CHAPTER 2

I was sitting on the couch, my feet curled under me. "He said it would be relaxing."

"Come on, Liv. A bunch of church people?" Jim made a face.

"They're not like that and you know it."

"I've never been to their functions. Sunday is enough for me."

"Carson is really nice. It'll be fun."

Jim was sitting in the recliner, a car magazine in his hand. He put the magazine aside. "Have I ever met him?"

"No."

He grunted. "So what's he like?"

I smiled knowing I could be totally honest and still not impart how nice they all were. "He's very friendly—"

"No, I mean, what's he look like?"

"Oh. Well, he's shorter than you—"

"Oh yeah?"

"My height, actually."

He grunted approvingly.

"He has dark hair with touches of gray at the temples. Super-nice smile. Super-intense eyes."

"Has he looked at your chest?"

I coughed and threw up my hands. "No, he's not like that."

"Is he gay?"

His blunt question made me burst out laughing. "No, he's married."

"Ah, that's too bad."

"I don't get you. I'm married to you. I wouldn't want some unmarried man gawking at my breasts."

"A little cleavage is good for a man's heart. Gets it pumping." He thumped his chest with a rakish grin.

I laughed and covered my mouth. "Stop it."

He shook his head. "You've got a beautiful set of Ds there. Nothing wrong with flaunting what you got."

"For you."

"Liv, do you brush your hair every morning?"

"Of course."

"You have beautiful hair that you brush and show to the world. You flaunt it."

I knew what he was trying to say. "But breasts are different. I'm not going to run around like an Amazon goddess with my boobs flopping around."

"I didn't mean that. Just that a little bit of cleavage is nice. You cover it all up."

I looked down at my blouse. I always buttoned it all the way up. "But I don't want men to think—"

"Men don't think. Men enjoy."

I laughed. "Wouldn't that make me like all the other sluts flashing their tits?"

His look grew serious. "Not at all."

"And why?"

"Because you do have the brains to top those babies off."

My mouth dropped open. Even in his crude manner, my husband knew just what to say to make me remember just how much I loved him.

~ ~ ~

Jim said, "I'm going to die."

"What?" I was getting ready to leave.

"You're going to work like that?" He grabbed his chest and staggered around, one arm flailing.

I blushed fully. "It was your suggestion."

He chuckled low, giving me his twinkle-look. "One button. Stop the world."

I grabbed my shirt. "It's just the top button."
He grabbed his chest again. "Holy shit, I can see your neck."
"Stop it."
"So that's what it looks like."
I slapped his arm. "Quit."
"Amazing. I'm getting a hard-on."
"I'm going to bite you."
"Still can't see cleavage."
"I feel naked." I pouted. I was risking much being so daring.
"How many buttons does Ellie go with undone?"
"Three. But she's flat."
He shook his head and looked at the ceiling as if I didn't get it.
I frowned. "What?"
He came to me. "Nothing." He kissed my lips.

~ ~ ~

I punched in the number for Carson's home.
A female voice answered. "Hello?"
"Hi, Mrs. Wills, this is Olivia Green, the new event coordinator?"
"Oh, yes. Hi. Carson told me you'd be calling." She sounded pleasant.
"Good. Um, is it possible I could review the equipment you have?
Carson said it was in the second garage?"
"Sure thing. When would you like to come over?"
I needed to know so I could plan. "Can I come now?"
"Of course. I'll let the guard know you're coming."
"Okay, I'll be there in about fifteen minutes."
"Fine, fine. See you then."
"Bye." I hung up. *Nice-sounding lady*. I had seen her from a distance on occasion, but never met her. She had super long hair that fell in a brunette cascade of shimmering beauty. My own blonde hair was slightly wavy and about half as long.
I made my way to Ellie's office. Carson had told me to take her for input. Ellie had been with him for over a year and been to several events at his home. I leaned in, "Ready? I just called Mrs. Wills."
She looked up from writing something and brightened. "Sure. Let me tell Carson." She got up quickly and went to his door. She knocked and

leaned in. "Going with Olivia, now."

Carson's voice floated out. "I think she likes Liv."

Ellie giggled. "Okay."

I waited as she grabbed her purse. She came to the door, smiling.

She said, "Liv? That's such a pretty name."

Uh... It is? "Oh... well..."

"Better than my name."

"What?" We were walking in the hall towards the outer door.

"Imagine me trying something like that. Ell doesn't work." She bugged out her eyes. "Just call me Ell. Great. Might as well call me Eff or Cee."

I laughed. "Ellie is a pretty name."

She snorted. "I don't know. It sounds more like a name for a cow or something."

I laughed. "It really is pretty, and it fits you."

"Fits me?"

We were at my car. I unlocked the doors and got in.

I said, "You're so cheery and bubbly. I don't know, Ellie fits."

"Oh. I guess so."

"How did you come to work for Carson? Should you be in college?"

"Oh, through church, you know. Like you did. My mom wanted me in college but..."

"What about your dad?" I pulled out onto the street.

She raised her hands, palms up, little fingers curled. Her voice was dramatic and mysterious. "Who knows?"

"Oh, divorced?"

"Yeah, a long time ago. He vaped one day, so my mom said. I barely remember him."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's no big deal; it's not like I knew him well enough for it to matter. I was like four or something."

"So you don't want to go to college?"

Her smile vanished, replaced by an almost comical look of seriousness. "Well, why should I? I have a job I like and it pays better than anything else I could get."

"But with a degree—"

"A degree in what? Dentistry? Pick at people's rotted teeth all day? Yucko."

I laughed. "Well, there's other things..."

"Sure. A law degree. Boring..."

I laughed again. "I mean, something meaningful."

She looked at me serious again. "Do you think your work for the church is meaningful?"

"Oh, well, yes—"

"I think my work is meaningful, too. I'm happy doing it."

I nodded. "All right. Don't think I was trying to push you, I was just asking."

"No, I didn't think you were."

"If you're happy doing it, then that's what matters."

"Right. That's what I try to tell my mom."

I smiled. "Give her time."

Her eyes went all serious, but her tone was goofy. "Maybe a hundred years."

I laughed and covered my mouth.

She said, "You're nice." She smiled at me.

That made me feel good. "Oh, well thank you. So are you."

CHAPTER 3

The guard let us in after I gave my name. Oak View Estates was well-known around town, but I had never been inside. The homes made my jaw drop. "Wow, I never had the privilege of selling any of these."

"Selling?" Ellie sounded curious.

"I was a realtor."

"Oh, that's right."

"These are still relatively new. Maybe in another couple of years I could've listed some."

"It's a pretty community."

She was right, trees lined the streets that would one day be large enough to reach over and shade the entire road. The center divider was planted with flowers of brilliant colors. "Wow, Carson must have a lot of money."

"I guess he's rich," she said. "The church pays him well. You're in for a surprise on the raises."

"Carson said about ten percent."

"Better and frequent if your work benefits the church." She had turned serious.

The benefits of working for a well-established, giant church... I think I made the right move. "They pay you well?"

"Next raise ought to put me at sixty thousand a year."

I was floored. "And you're what? Nineteen?"

"Twenty." She pointed.

"That's fantastic." I pulled into the circular drive of a large home. A garage was attached and the drive also extended behind the home to another garage.

She pointed again. "That one back there."

I stopped the car near it. The backyard was fenced with wrought iron and was immense. A pool glittered like sapphire surrounded by emerald lawns and ferns. "Wow."

"You know, that's what I said when I first saw it. So much color."

I chuckled. "Very nice."

We got out.

I saw Mrs. Wills stepping from the side of the home. She wore a small smile and approached. Her smile broadened and she held out her hand. "Olivia?"

"Yes, you're Rachel?" We shook hands.

"Yes. Carson told me you fit right into the job the first day." She turned and unlocked the door on the side of the garage.

"Oh well..."

She beamed a smile at me again. "He was right; you're very pretty."

Um... I hope that didn't cause a fight. "Oh, um, thank you." I looked down.

"Here we are." She stood aside.

I went inside with Ellie. She flipped on the lights.

Tables were neatly stacked along one wall – the conference type tables with folding legs. A few rows of folding metal chairs were stacked alongside.

I frowned. "Hmm."

Ellie said, "Something wrong?"

"These are very basic."

Rachel stood beside me, arms folded, one hip cocked out. "What's wrong with them?"

I shook my head. "You have such a beautiful backyard. I think I would cringe seeing these out there." I noticed her black blouse was undone three buttons, but she did not have what my husband called cleavage. She had almost no boobs. And here I was all buttoned up, except for my neck.

Rachel said, "Oh."

Ellie pointed. "We have these table covers for them."

A neatly folded stack of white covers filled a constructed shelf.

The realtor in me came out. I shook my head. "I think your backyard deserves better."

Rachel said, "Like what?"

"I'll need to go online. Do you have an email? I can email you some pictures."

She pointed a thumb over her shoulder. "We have computers. Why don't you show me?"

I blinked. "Oh, sure."

Ellie and I followed her to the house. I stepped into air-conditioned coolness. *What a house.* Everything was spacious and open. Recessed lighting was everywhere. The halls had scone lighting and the carpet was some of the most plush I had ever seen. The walls were painted a deep burnt red.

I said, "I've sold many homes as a realtor; this is the nicest I've ever seen."

Rachel smiled in appreciation. "Thanks. We had fun picking out the drapes and carpet. The color was Carson's idea, but it grew on me."

I just shook my head. "Stunning."

She led us to a bedroom-turned-office. She pressed the power button on the computer and it popped up from sleep-mode. "Here you go."

I sat and brought up Firefox. I typed into the search bar and hit enter. I clicked images and scrolled to a selection I thought looked good.

Rachel had leaned over and as I scrolled, her mouth dropped open.

That made Ellie curious and she moved to my other side to see. She said, "Ooo, pretty."

Rachel had one hand holding her chest just beneath her neck. "Oh my goodness. I never really thought about the function tables. These are beautiful."

I said, "Several of these fold up really small."

Ellie said, "Folding wooden tables. Who woulda thought?"

Rachel straightened. "Ugh. Just seeing these makes me want to throw out all those things in the garage."

I said, "I don't know if the church would pay for these; I'll have to ask Carson."

She said, "Well, if they won't, we will." She pointed. "Those look very nice."

I clicked into the site and bookmarked it for her. Then I opened a tab and logged in to my personal email. I sent my church email a link. "I'll show him what you like when we get back."

She was nodding. "Definitely. I never thought about anything except covering those things. Wooden tables and chairs would be just the thing." She touched my shoulder. "Thank you, Liv. I see Carson was right to hire you. Beauty and brains all in one."

I laughed with embarrassment. "It's just a habit from being a realtor. I have an eye for things that look out of place."

She squeezed my shoulder. "And modest, too. Wonderful."

~ ~ ~

Back at work, I printed out a few pages of what Rachel had liked. I carried them to Ellie's office.

"Yes?" Her voice floated out.

I entered and waved the papers with a smile. "For Carson to see."

Her bubbly personality looked eager. "I wonder what he'll think?" She was up and moving to the door. She knocked and leaned in. "Liv is here to see you."

Carson's voice answered immediately. "Send her in."

Ellie stepped back and gave me the same cheery smile she always had.

I swear the girl can't stop smiling. It made me want to smile with her. I went in and sat.

Carson gave me his intense eyes filled with curiosity. An eyebrow quirked upwards. "You made quite an impression on my wife."

She called him? "Oh, uh..."

His smile was secretive. "She says you have something to show me and that I better pay attention." His eyes did not drop down to my one unfastened button.

I laughed nervously. "Oh, well, yes. I thought something like these would be nicer for your backyard. Your wife wants this style." I slid the printouts to him.

He frowned and picked them up. His eyebrows shot up. "Folding wooden tables and chairs, huh? These do look nice." He studied each sheet.

"I don't know if the church would pay for them, but what you have in the garage could come to the church. Maybe a trade—"

"Normally not. But if we did take those tables and used them here... Hmm, yes. The church could buy them from me at a discount for being used. Then Rachel and I could pay the difference on the new ones."

I was impressed. Carson was not a man to abuse his position as comptroller. He was indeed the right man to handle the church's finances.

He pulled his wallet out and slid out a credit card. "Use this. Order what you think necessary. Return it to me after."

I took his card with a shaking hand. *He trusts me that much?* "Certainly."

~ ~ ~

I moaned under my husband. His cock thrust into me deep with the sliding-filling sensation that drove me wild.

Jim said, "So how's it been running around showing your neck for the last week?"

I laughed at the interruption of my pleasure. "Um, daring and goofy."

He shook his head. "If Ellie can run around with three undone, so can you."

Her image popped into my head – bubbly smile and all. "She's so nice."

"See? You can be nice and still show cleavage."

"Oh..."

"God gave you these wonderful things. Why hide that you have them?"

I wasn't sure what to think of that. "I don't know."

He pushed deep and held it there. "Ready for your big day tomorrow?"

The picnic was tomorrow. I didn't want to think about it. "Yes, shush."

He chuckled. "Sorry."

"You're coming."

He sighed. "Yes, yes, yes. I'll be there with you."

I smiled. "Thank you."

"But you have to unbutton another button or I don't go."

Men. "All right." I resolved to pick a shirt with a high second button.

He growled his approval and went silent, thrusting again and bringing me to the edge.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, wanting to pull him onto me, into me...

CHAPTER 4

I looked in the mirror and fiddled with the open second button. *What will Carson think? Or Rachel? Will they notice? Will Ellie notice? Would anyone?* I twisted and turned. My cleavage was still hidden.

Jim shook his head.

I frowned. "What?"

"Still can't see your cleavage."

"Good."

"Bad."

"No, it's good."

He gave me a patient look. "You're beautiful; I don't know why you feel the need to hide it."

"I don't hide anything."

He barked a laugh. "Except your cleavage."

"Life isn't all about boobs."

"Exactly, so why are you so obsessed with hiding the fact you have nice breasts?"

I coughed. "What do you mean?"

"I think you're scared to death of your own tits."

I laughed incredulously. "Um, what?"

"Like they're going to go out of control and attack someone unless you keep them carefully strapped in and hidden."

I giggled and shook my head. "Out of control?"

He threw up his arms. "Out of control boobs attack bystanders, news at eleven."

I covered my mouth. "Oh my gosh."

"Hey."

I gave him a suspicious look. "What?"

He leaned close and whispered as if confiding something intimate. "Do you secretly whip them when you're in the bathroom?"

I leaned my head back. "What?"

"You know, show them who's boss?"

I laughed. "Shut up."

He pushed out his lips, his eyebrows down. He gave a little knowing nod. "Yeah, you do, don't you."

"Stop it."

"I've got you figured out."

"Would you shut it?"

"Guess what?"

I dropped my shoulders and rolled my eyes. "What?"

His voice was dry and flat. "No one is going to notice. You're not showing anything worth looking at anyway."

Yeah, right. Everyone is going to notice. "Let's go already."

~ ~ ~

The picnic was held under cloudy skies. The sun broke through occasionally.

I was busy at the beginning. Too busy to bother with niceties. Main Street Catering was slightly late and I spent a half hour directing them on placement.

When I was satisfied they were moving with their own momentum setting out warmers and trays, I wandered back to my husband. He was reclining back on a bench.

As I approached him, Carson and Rachel walked over. Her arms were wrapped around his left arm. They looked like the perfect couple – powerful, assured, and in control.

Rachel said, "Olivia, dear, is this your husband?" Her smile was inquisitive.

"Yes. Jim." I looked at him. "Jim, this is Carson and Rachel."

My husband was a polite man. He rose immediately and offered his hand to Carson.

Rachel blinked at him and said, "My, as handsome as you are beautiful. What a lovely couple."

I blushed. As a realtor, I had to always be aware of doing or saying anything that seemed like a threat. I had to be sanitary. If the husband asked a question, I had to be carefully neutral or answer as if talking to the wife.

Rachel gave me a warm look. "You look nice, today. I like that shirt."

It was a plaid number that went with my jeans. "Oh, thank you..."

Carson said, "Yes, I rather like that outfit. More down to Earth."

A little emotional flip inside me spread a sense of satisfaction. It was nice being complimented.

Carson was asking my husband about his job. Jim restored cars and it immediately piqued Carson's interest.

Jim said, "I have a sixty-four Mustang I've restored."

Carson's look was awed. "You do? Those were the days of the real Mustangs."

"If you want to see, we drove it here, today."

His face lit into a wide smile of delight. "By all means."

They walked towards the parking lot together, talking.

Ellie came up to Rachel and me with a tall boy. Her sunniness was unclouded. "Hi, Rachel. Liv." She was looking at me. "This is my boyfriend, Ryan. Ryan, this is Olivia."

I appraised him with the barest flickering glance before settling on his eyes with a smile. Another realtor-thing: taking in someone's stature at a glance. Were they buyers? Or lookers?

Ryan was a tall boy with open and genuine eyes. He smiled and nodded. Rachel seemed distant.

What was going on there? She wasn't distant to Ellie; they were almost like mother and daughter. Ellie exchanged looks with Rachel that said she was aware of whatever the issue was between them all, but didn't lose her bright smile for an instant. I found myself wanting to smile with her.

Rachel said to me, "Will your husband be coming to our home next week? We'd sure love to see him there."

"He likes to drag his feet over church functions, but I think he will." *I hope he doesn't make me unbutton another button. Maybe I can just plead with him and he'll melt and go.*

Rachel smiled something secretive. "Carson had to drag me at first." She glanced at Ellie, but not at Ryan. She looked back at me and touched

my arm. "You never really know what interesting people you might meet unless you go."

CHAPTER 5

I was dressing for work Monday. Bra and panties, the foundation of bodily make-up. A blouse for some rouge, slacks or skirt for some eyeshadow...

I recalled Carson and Rachel complimenting me on my choice of clothing. *What would impress Carson? Or Rachel if she saw me?* I frowned through my closet.

Ellie would wear something flimsy and open. But her clothing went with her personality. My realtor personality was more guarded. But I'm not a realtor anymore.

I fingered the blouses I had and flicked past my standard realtor blouses. I chose a black blouse with a banded collar. Never really in style, it wasn't one to go out of style. I had worn it once.

The bottoms were another story. I had a half-dozen boring beige skirts of knee length. Realtor skirts. I took down my odd skirt, the grey one. It had always reminded me of an old librarian's skirt. Its hem was above the knee.

I nodded. *Black nylons.* I dug them out from under my boring beige nylons.

Suddenly I wanted to throw all my realtor-beige clothing away.

Jim came in. "Leaving."

I grunted. "Okay. Love you."

He paused. "Interesting choice of clothing."

"Everything is beige."

"And dull."

I looked at him, understanding the connection we had and not taking his comment as an insult. "I just had an idea to throw it all away."

He smiled. "I second the motion. Buy some things that are more expressive. Colors. Whatever."

I nodded. "I think I will."

"Don't button everything up."

I coughed. "I've been leaving some unbuttoned."

"Yeah, all of yesterday. Do you know Carson glanced at your blouse?"

"What? He did not."

"You weren't looking. He glanced at your second button and had a pleased look on his face. It was when Rachel was complimenting you."

Carson looked? The satisfaction in me returned from the previous day. *It is nice to be appreciated.* Like appreciating the beauty of Ellie's smile or Rachel's long hair.

I gave Jim a kiss and watched his sexy form walk down the hall. My husband had been right? But Carson had been the perfect gentleman all day.

I chose out my black boots.

Fully dressed, I looked in the mirror and frowned. *Why do I still look like a realtor trying to be relaxed?* The second button was undone. I reached up and unbuttoned the third and straightened my shirt. I twisted back and forth and blushed. Cleavage was showing. Not real deep or bad, but obvious.

I buttoned it quickly back up and took a deep breath, trying to control my panicked heart.

I lifted my chin and looked back in the mirror. My frown returned. It just didn't look right. I blew out a huge breath and unbuttoned the third button again. *Everyone's going to notice.* I blushed. *I can always button it later if I get weird looks.*

~ ~ ~

No one gave me weird looks. I got a few smiles and nods, but no eyes went to my blouse.

However, I was shocked into open-mouthed silence when Carson leaned into my office and said, "Would you like to take lunch with me? I know a neat little taco joint."

I was gaping like a stupid fish. I snapped my mouth shut and tried to act all realtor-like. I shifted my notes to the side. "Oh, um, sure."

"Anything important there you need to do?"

I waved at the papers. "Oh, no. I was going over Sue's handwritten records and transferring anything valuable to the computer. I'm at a lull in planning anyway."

"Everything good for this Sunday?" He meant the event at his home.

"All ready to go. Just need a couple boys and a truck to swap out those conference tables this week. Your new ones are scheduled for Thursday delivery."

He nodded. "Then, let's go."

I smiled shyly. "Oh. Of course." I grabbed my purse.

We walked out to his Mercedes.

He said, "I spoke to the elders..."

We got in.

I began to tremble. *Uh oh. Why?* "Oh?" I tried to sound nonchalant and curious.

"I recommended you be taken off of probation. Your work has been exemplary."

I blinked. "Oh? Really?"

He drove without looking at me. "There's no point in pretending to test you beyond what we've seen. We're all very happy with your work."

My heart raced. "Oh. Um, thank you."

He glanced over and made eye contact. He gave a nod. "Next week you come off probation with a ten percent raise. Keep up the excellent work and you'll receive more."

I felt so fortunate then to be working under such a fair and generous man. It made me feel as if I had really earned something.

~ ~ ~

I had been to the taco joint once, but had ordered a taco salad. Carson ordered us soft tacos and paid. His hand touched the small of my back to guide me as we turned to take our order to the tables. Perfect gentleman.

We sat.

He gave me a smile and an eye-twinkle. "These are excellent with just a touch of extra salsa." He dipped a spoon and topped his tacos with some extra.

I trusted the man. I did the same.

His eyes were on mine as he chewed his first bite.

I bit into the unexpected. A spicy flavor topping the hot shredded beef made my eyebrows climb. I chewed, eyes wide.

He smiled. "Good?"

"Very. Wow, these are great. Last time I was here I ordered the taco salad."

He made a face. "Yeah, boring. A whole bunch of lettuce with some salsa poured over it. Hardly any meat or beans."

I giggled. "Yep, that's what I got."

After finishing, he was relaxed, arm back over the chair. "I like your outfit, today." His eyes were on mine.

"Oh, thank you. I wanted to wear something that didn't remind me of having been a realtor."

He showed teeth in an understanding smile. "I used to manage a sports bar. Shorts and polo shirts. Ugh, I can't stand the sight of them now."

I laughed, knowing exactly what he meant. I resolved to go shopping for new clothes immediately after work.

~ ~ ~

I came into the house with four large bags feeling as if I had accomplished a whole new me.

Jim scowled in mock anger at me. "Had to make my own dinner."

I smiled large. "Sorry. Had to get some new clothes. I texted you..."

His eyes bugged out and he grabbed his chest. He panted as if just having run a ten mile race. "What's this?" He was glancing at my blouse. "Three buttons? Did it pop off or something? Quick call 911."

I blushed. "Stop it."

"Call the Army. The Navy. The Marines. Get the Air Force flying overhead. This is a national emergency."

"Would you quit?"

"I'm amazed."

I laughed.

"And did the world crumble and fall apart?"

I looked down. "No."

He smiled. "Uh huh. So... You went and got some new clothes?"

I heaved a satisfied sigh. "I did it. There was something I didn't tell you, though." I gave him a secretive smile.

He got up from the easy chair. "Oh?" He followed me into the bedroom where I dumped out the bags and began the laborious task of removing tags. "I'm being taken off of probation and getting a raise."

"Already? Two weeks on the job? That's fantastic."

"Carson took me to lunch today and told me."

He chuckled. "Oh he did, huh?"

"He was very nice."

"Did he look down your blouse?"

I covered my third button with a hand. "No, of course not."

"He's gay."

I snorted. "He's married; you met his wife. And his assistant is a cute girl."

He gave me a sideways look.

"He did compliment me, though, on my outfit."

"See? He had to have looked to notice."

"He was very nice. It made me feel good."

Jim's voice went soft. "It's nice to be appreciated, isn't it?"

I smiled, that silent connection between us understanding each other's feelings perfectly. "Yes."

CHAPTER 6

I was surprised when Carson invited me to lunch the following day.

For once, Ellie gave me a curious look before smiling. I didn't know what to make of that.

Carson also invited me every day after that, too.

I might have worried about what Rachel thought until Thursday when I arrived to handle the transfer of tables to our rented truck. She came out and stood with me as I watched the church boys load up.

Rachel said, "Delivery today, right?"

"Yes." I had wondered if she knew about the lunches or not, but her smile put me at ease.

"Carson tells me you've been a fun lunch-friend."

I almost choked. "Oh... Um, he's been very nice."

She smiled and touched my arm. "Good."

I felt relieved. The lunches had all been very innocent.

Rachel said, "I like your selection of clothing. I think it compliments you well."

I laughed with relief. "Oh, well, thank you." I was buttoned down three buttons.

"If you want to wait in the house after they load up, we can have some iced-tea."

"Oh..." I had planned to go back to the church and wait, but it made more sense to wait here. "Um, sure. That would be nice."

She winked. "Knock when you're done here."

~ ~ ~

I put the dishes in the dishwasher. "He's been very nice."

Jim was grinning. "He's still gay."

"Is not. He compliments me on my clothing."

"Gay."

"Stop it."

"He's never once looked at your cleavage?"

While on the one hand I felt good that he hadn't, on the other I felt just a little disappointed. "No, but he's been very nice."

"Looking at your cleavage would make him not a nice man?"

I laughed. "Um, no." *What if he did?* I liked the compliments; they made me feel good. "But if he did, I'd probably have to stop going to lunch with him."

"Huh?" Jim was being dense.

"I'm not going to go to lunch with him if all he's interested in doing is looking at my cleavage." But a part of me wanted him to look – to admire. To notice.

"What's wrong with looking at your cleavage?"

"He's like a friend to me. Friends don't do that."

"My friends have checked out your chest."

I slapped my hand over my blouse. "They what?"

"They all think you're beautiful."

"What? Why didn't you stop them?"

He got an annoyed look on his face. "They better think you are, or I'd get new friends."

I don't understand him.

He said, "I'm glad Carson compliments you; I'd hate to have to punch him out for being rude."

I laughed incredulously at the image.

~ ~ ~

Sunday was almost stressful. I selected a white pants outfit. The blouse that went with it had a different button placement. Three buttons down showed more cleavage, but two buttons down looked frumpy.

I wore a small cross necklace to hopefully draw attention up from the swell of my boobs more to my neck.

Jim winked at me.

I ignored him and straightened my blouse in the mirror.

He said, "It looks perfect. Don't fuss with it."

Sometimes, he's right. This was one of those times. "All right."

We were early; we had to be. I had work to do. But this was a far easier day: a simple catering arrangement; a few boys to move things around; and the hiring of a bartender. I spoke to Evan from Main Street Catering. "Thank you for showing up on time, this time."

His eyes were on my blouse. "Sorry about that picnic. Won't happen again. Sue was a little more flexible about timing." He was a portly man and short. He never raised his eyes to mine.

I looked at him oddly. "I'm not?"

He shook his head and cleared his throat. "Er, that came out wrong. I meant that she scheduled us earlier than she needed us. So at first we sort of stood around. We came to expect it and worked in showing up when we figured she really needed us there."

I almost resolved to button up right there. I bent my knees a little and ducked my head, trying to catch his eyes.

He looked at me quickly and looked away. He pushed up his glasses and cleared his throat. "We'll show up when you ask for us. Don't worry."

With a wicked thought, I stepped closer to him. His eyes snapped back to my blouse. I said softly, "Good. I'd hate to think I'll have to use Tom's Catering instead."

His eyes went wide with fear. "Oh, no. Don't worry. Right on time, every time. No need to switch." He glanced down nervously at my blouse and licked his lips.

I knew he was thinking he'd lose out on the chance to stare at my breasts. But in this case, I didn't care – as long as he performed as he was directed.

I left him to pressure his employees. I didn't miss working for a caterer.

Carson was holding his first drink and walked over to me. "Do you need a towel?"

"Hmm?"

He shot a glare at the caterer. "I think he drooled on your blouse."

I clapped a hand to my mouth and said, "Oh, uh... He sort of did—"

"Is he a problem? I won't have someone like that around if he's going to bother you."

I touched his arm. "No, that's okay. He'll actually do what he's told. I'd hate to have to break in another caterer."

Rachel joined us and took her husband's arm. "Always a pleasure to see you, Liv."

I looked down. "Thank you."

"You look wonderful, today."

"Thank you. I hope I'm not out of place."

Carson said, "Nonsense."

I said, "White is sort of bold."

Rachel smiled. "It's a fine Sunday color. I like it."

Carson said, "Yes, very pretty."

Ellie came to us, curls bouncing. "I sent the boys home for now. They'll be back at four."

I said, "Thank you, Ellie."

Carson leaned towards me. He motioned towards the bar with his head. "Have a drink and relax. It's an open bar."

~ ~ ~

I was on my third screwdriver.

Everything was perfect. I watched over the cleanup of the catering crew at two. The cold cuts were left for snacking and there would be no reason to keep Evan and his crew here.

Rachel came to me as I turned from watching them go. She held up her drink and winked.

Ellie was close by, but held back a few paces. She watched us with curiosity.

Rachel took my arm and walked with me. "I've been wanting to ask you something."

Uh oh, is this the blow-up about my lunches with Carson? They're innocent. "Oh?" Uncertainty was in my voice.

She moved her head as if wanting to whisper but just kept her voice low. She glanced at me and then down as we walked. "Do you and your husband ever...play?"

I felt relieved. "Play? Oh, like golf or cards or something?"

She looked into my eyes with a twinkle in her own. She studied my face for just a second. She laughed a small laugh. "Um, never mind." She gave

my arm a squeeze and let go.

Ellie's head was tilted as if trying to figure something out. Then she shrugged.

What's she shrugging at? What was all that about with Rachel?

~ ~ ~

Jim said to me at home, "See, you went the whole day showing some cleavage and your tits didn't attack anyone."

"I thought the caterer was going to fall face-first into my boobs."

"I saw. He almost did. If his tongue had been any longer, he could have licked your blouse."

I shuddered. "Gross."

He laughed. "Carson had a few good peeks."

"He did not."

"He did so."

"I didn't see anything."

He chuckled. "He looked when you weren't."

Is he telling the truth? "And you saw this?"

"Yep. We even shared smiles over it."

I dropped my mouth open. "You did not."

He gave me an eyebrow and head shake.

I frowned. "Why would he look at my cleavage?"

He imitated doing sign language and spoke slowly. "Because you're pretty."

"Stop it. I can't believe this."

He threw up his hands. "You're beautiful, someone notices. It's the end of the entire fucking world."

"Don't be crude." I didn't like it when he cussed.

He grunted in dismissal. "So what if Carson notices?"

"He's married."

He rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I forgot. When we get married, us men go blind."

I sniffed at him.

Jim muttered, "At least I know now he ain't gay."

"Jim Green, stop that right now."

He bowed, waving his arms as if in supplication to a queen. "Yes, o' mighty goddess. Your wish is my command."

I rolled my eyes. Sometimes men just didn't get it.

~ ~ ~

I dreamt that night something that woke me up wondering. I had been at the Wills' with my husband. Carson had been sitting on a bench across from me. He had been looking at my cleavage.

When he looked up at me, he had smiled and winked.

I woke feeling warm and trying to recall the details of the dream. My mind wandered to the event. Had my husband been telling the truth? Had Carson looked? The idea that he had smiled at what he saw made me feel good. *Does he really think I'm beautiful?*

I dressed later that morning and selected a blue blouse and matching slacks. I fiddled a while at the second and third buttons, trying to decide which looked better. I left the third one undone, although I would have to be careful of moving too vigorously and showing my bra. A solid line of my cleavage was showing – maybe a good third of the top of my boobs.

I put on my cross necklace and on impulse, grabbed my bottle of perfume. I trailed a wet line down my neck and cleavage.

In the mirror, I applied a light coating of red lipstick. Very light.

Jim eyed me as I went past. There was a small smile on his face.

What are you smiling at? I wondered briefly if he could smell the perfume; as a realtor I wouldn't wear any. But what was it for if it just sat on my dresser?

~ ~ ~

Carson came into my office and beamed a pleasant smile at me. "Lunch?"

I frowned. "Could you give me about fifteen minutes? I've been trying to get in contact with Reverend Stevens at Morning Glory about coordinating his choir. They said he was due back any minute."

He winked. "Of course. Come get me when you're ready. No rush."

I sighed with relief. I needed the time. He also had not mentioned anything out of the ordinary about my clothing or perfume.

I handled the call without fuss. Morning Glory's choir director had our choir director's number. They would be in contact.

I grabbed my purse and went to Ellie's office. I knocked.

"Yes?"

I entered.

Ellie's face erupted in her signature happy-smile. "Hi, Liv." I saw her eyes move over me. "I like your style of clothing lately. I always look so dumb."

I laughed. "You don't look dumb."

She went to the inner door. "Liv is here."

"Good. Thanks." He came out straightening his jacket.

I caught Ellie smiling at him and then looking at me with something of a different smile. It brightened and she blushed.

What was that about?

Carson touched my arm to turn me. "How about a small steak lunch? The taco joint is good, but..."

I was just happy to be included in his lunches. "Okay. Whatever sounds good."

He took me to The Oak Room. I had been there with Jim: the place was very expensive.

We were sat in a low-lit booth and my heart raced as if I was on my first date. I felt nervous and shaky, but I couldn't keep the smile from my face.

He asked me about what I thought of my work. If I had any problems, and if I enjoyed working inside the church.

It felt so good to hear his concern. I felt all warm and accepted. This was far different than the sanitary work feeling of closing a real estate deal. I felt valued.

He was a good listener. His eyes twinkled as he looked into mine and his smile was pleased. I felt more of a woman at that moment than I had in a long time. I suddenly wanted Carson to notice me. I wanted him to smell my perfume. I wanted him to look at me as a man would.

It was after lunch as we walked to the car that my pulse went into overdrive. He walked me to my side and stopped there. His gaze looked into mine with an intensity that almost made me gasp. He leaned close and I could see him inhale deeply. His eyes moved to my lips and then down to my neck and cleavage. He looked back up and smiled slowly.

He said something then I'll never forget – a treasure for me in my memories. "Liv...you're intoxicating."

My knees threatened to give out. I wanted him to touch me. A hand, a hug – anything. I wanted to feel his manliness strong against my femininity just to feel his strength. That he was so close had me trembling like a frightened kitten. What would his touch be like? How different than Jim's? *Why do I feel I need to know?*

He moved away and a vacuum of need filled his place. I almost wanted to cry at the sudden loss of his closeness.

CHAPTER 7

At the church, he asked me. "How would you and Jim like to come over Saturday without the hassles of work? A social visit. A barbecue."

I would have said yes to anything at all. "Okay." I wanted to be around him more – to see more of his eyes and smile.

He nodded, that playful smile on his face. "Good, I'm glad you want to."

~ ~ ~

I said, "They invited us this Saturday."

Jim looked up from rubbing wax onto the Mustang. "Oh, yeah?"

"Say you want to go."

He grunted. "I don't know, maybe. What for, anyway?"

"He said a barbecue. But Rachel had said something about playing. I don't know, cards?"

"Playing?"

"Yeah, she asked me if you and I ever played. But she didn't say which game."

He blinked at me several times and then slowly began rubbing wax again. "Sure, I'll go." There was an unusual smile on his face. "Definitely."

I bounced a little, smiling. I didn't want to sound over-eager. I wasn't sure how Jim would react if he knew I was trying to get Carson to notice me now. Sometimes men were really stupid and I didn't want to confuse my husband.

~ ~ ~

Saturday became one of my best memories to date.

I thrilled to be invited to Carson's home; I felt as if my life had turned for the better. A better job, better pay, better friends... I wanted to sing.

I wore the plaid shirt and jeans that had first drawn compliments. I buttoned it down three and reveled in the amount of cleavage it showed. That Carson had looked made it seem right. Almost half of my upper boobs were exposed and it felt good.

Really, I looked normal for a woman with bigger breasts. Many went around with more exposed than I did.

My perfume was light and my lipstick hinting at a kiss. What would a kiss from Carson be like? Electrifying? Hot and melting? Pumping with adrenaline? All of it? Would I ever know?

Ellie was there, too. When she saw me, she had the brightest look on her face I've ever seen. She bounced up to me and gave me a hug that shocked me. Then she blushed and pulled away.

We drank lightly and I was feeling good. Several times, Carson had me cornered, drink in hand, talking to me about friends and being friends. He said that he felt fortunate that Jim and I were becoming their friends.

I could only nod, wanting more but not knowing what.

Carson also talked with Jim, and they walked out in the backyard for quite a while talking about who knows what. Probably Jim's car.

It was late in the day when I was sitting on the leather couch in their library and Rachel sat down beside me, touching.

Ellie was sitting on the other side of the coffee table, feet curled under her.

Rachel put down her drink and turned to me. "Liv..."

I couldn't help but smile. She had been so friendly and sweet, even when Carson had monopolized my time. "Yes?"

She put her arm around my back on the couch and leaned even closer. Her lips were almost brushing my ear. "Carson's birthday is in three weeks. I'd like you and Jim to come."

I was startled, but pleased. *Wow, we really are becoming friends.* "Sure, do I need to coordinate anything?"

Her finger touched my lips and slowly drew down and away. "Not for work. Just you two, us and Ellie."

My heart hammered in my chest. Wow. "We'd love to." My voice shook. I looked at her, her face so close – her eyes shining with delight.

"Wonderful, I was hoping you would. I want to give my husband something special."

Ellie clasped her hands at her throat and bounced with delight in her chair. Her eyes flashed with joy and eagerness.

I said, "I would do anything..." I couldn't finish what I really wanted to say. I'd do anything to be around him.

~ ~ ~

Monday turned into a fantastic day. Not only did Carson keep taking me to lunch at The Oak Room, but out at the car when we were leaving, I felt his touch.

He had gripped my arms and looked into my eyes with his intense gaze.

I quivered, wanting to collapse. I could feel the tingles of his touch in my arms. I felt as if any moment my teeth would chatter.

But that wasn't all. He pulled my hips to his in an embrace, but not a full hug. He leaned back so he could see me and talk.

He said, "Rachel says you accepted for my birthday?"

I nodded. I couldn't talk. I could feel his manliness pressed against me, his bulge pressing into the cleft of my thighs – near my clit. I wanted to weep having experienced this touch. A smile grew on my face as the joy of finally feeling him wound through me.

He said, "I had already asked Jim. He was eager, but didn't know if you would want to."

I laughed in a burst of panic and relief. "Oh, of course I do." *Jim has no clue.*

That's when he returned my smile with his and drew the rest of me to him in a hug.

I clung, panting, excited to finally feel the satisfaction in my arms after aching for the experience for so long. It was a wonderful, friendly hug. I felt heat in me twisting tighter as a dizziness overcame me. *I'm going to need some attention tonight from Jim.*

I could feel Carson pressed tightly against me. All of him. By the time he released me from the hug, I was almost hyperventilating. I smiled in wondrous relief.

He looked at me with a mischievous twinkle. "I hope that didn't offend you."

I laughed. "Um, no." My voice went quiet. "It was nice."

~ ~ ~

I rode my husband's long cock with a ferocity that had me panting. I quivered, shaking, as the coils in me tightened. *I felt him against me today.* I gasped as the coiled wave pushed closer.

Jim was grinning up at me. "What got you all worked up?"

I knew I couldn't tell him; he wouldn't understand. "Mmm..." Carson's intense gaze flickered through my memory. I gasped again.

"Something happen at lunch today?"

"What? No. He's been very nice."

"He still looking at your cleavage?"

I moaned and rode faster. "Yes, I kind of like the attention."

"No hugs or kisses?"

How did he know? I almost felt annoyed. *Lucky guess?* I frowned. "Well, actually a hug, yes."

He grinned and humped his hips under me. "Was it a full hug or a cheap back-pat hug?"

I laughed nervously, the coils in me threatening. I gasped. "A full hug." I moved on his cock, rotating my pussy on his filling shaft. *I can't tell him I felt Carson's bulge; he wouldn't understand.* I couldn't tell him I came home totally horny over the hug and needed some satisfaction. *No, I can't tell him how Carson's cock was pressed against my clit...* I cried out as the wave broke over me, tumbling me in a jerking push-pull of convulsions and release.

Jim pulled on my hips and thrust up. His eyes screwed shut and he groaned heavily. His hotness flooded me.

~ ~ ~

Jim took a special interest in helping me dress each morning. He didn't convince me of doing anything I wasn't going to do, but he didn't try that way. Handing me my perfume was as much coercion as he gave.

I felt alive. I felt as if the world was mine and all the good energy of life flowed through me. I got love from my husband each morning and night,

and during the day, looks and hugs from Carson. I felt the joy of so much attention that I wanted to burst.

The hugs happened every day. They became longer and tighter. I loved feeling his hardness pressed against me. His chest, his muscles, his manhood. It was a thrill to the woman I was.

On Friday, he almost kissed me. My lips ached to touch his. My mouth was open slightly. So was his. Our faces were close. I could feel his breath. More importantly, fueling my desire beyond my imagination, was seeing the desire in his eyes. I knew then he wanted to kiss me.

I wanted it. I waited. I needed it. I wanted to know what his kiss felt like. I wanted his lips crushed into mine. I wanted to feel his tongue. All the while, his manhood pressed against me firmed. I was shaking so hard with need that I couldn't think straight. *He's excited by me!*

But the kiss didn't come. I almost cried when he pulled away. He brushed back my hair with his fingers and slowly moved back.

~ ~ ~

Why wouldn't he kiss me? I was in a foul mood all weekend.

Jim tried to ask. I didn't answer because he wouldn't understand.

Monday, I dressed even sexier. I wore my shortest skirt and my loosest blouse. *Am I not attractive enough for a kiss? Will this do it?*

He didn't kiss me.

Jim was happy because I took out my sexual frustrations on him. I love my husband. I enjoyed making love to him. But it was fueled by the teasing I received from Carson all week. Well satisfied at home, I went to work and was immersed with an aggravating need to feel Carson up close. I quivered in his embrace each day, pressing my pussy back against him with a moaning ache.

He drove me nuts that Monday, moving his manhood in response to my pressing. He pressed back and moved a little to the side. *He's rubbing my clit!* I gasped and clung to him, pushing back again until we were both moving, our crotches pressed together and moving salaciously in the parking lot of The Oak Room.

~ ~ ~

I moaned under my husband. There was no doubt I was enjoying Jim's love and passion, but my eyes were closed, thinking of Carson.

Jim said, panting, "Still getting hugs?"

I opened my eyes. *Had there been something on my face?* But I didn't feel guilty; they were only hugs and fully clothed and all that. "Yes."

"Are they fun?"

I chuckled rapidly and shook my head. *There's no way you would understand.* "Um, sure."

He smiled, pumping his wonderful cock into me. "Can you feel him?"

Oh, boy, can I. But you probably wouldn't understand that's how I took your question. "Of course; we're hugging." *But I can feel his manhood and it feels so good...*

"I mean, can you feel his...package?"

My eyes opened fully. *Now why would you be thinking about his cock? Funny that you were and I was, too. Odd coincidence.* "Umm..."

"You said they were full hugs."

Do I tell him? Or claim I don't know? I laughed nervously. "His package?"

He thrust deep and stopped. "When I hug you, don't you feel me pressed against you?"

"Well, yes..."

"Are you telling me you don't feel him?"

"Maybe I never thought about it—"

"So he has no man-package. What is he, a trans-sexual? Does he wear lipstick in secret?"

I laughed incredulously. "Stop it; he is not. He's a man."

"So you have felt it."

Oh my gosh. Fine, whatever. "Yes, I guess I have. I mean, it's hard not to in a hug."

He leaned down, moving a little in me. He whispered, "Does it feel nice?"

I gasped uncontrollably. I felt my throat constrict a little and my breathing become difficult. "Um, I don't know about that."

He rested on me closer, his face inches from mine. I opened my mouth in desire, wanting his kiss.

He said, "Come on, now. You can feel it pressed against you and you haven't thought it felt nice?"

I whimpered and clamped my mouth shut in surprise. But my mouth popped back open and I panted.

He said, "Does it feel nice?"

My words were a choked whisper in return. "I...guess so."

He lowered his voice to a whisper again. "Do you like it pressed against you?"

A violent force crashed through me making me cry out. I twisted violently underneath him as my orgasm wracked my body with pulses of victory over my control. After a moment, I sagged, defeated. *He's not going to understand.*

Jim was smiling at me and pushing his erection into me deep and slow. He leaned up a little and began driving into me. His thrusting brought his hips into mine and my throbbing clit took a light pounding.

I moaned, wild, flinging my head – trying to chase away that I had cum thinking of Carson. I felt my husband's passion flood me and I wrapped his strong shoulders in my arms.

CHAPTER 8

Carson's birthday was on a Friday.

He did not take me to lunch.

I was mad with need and squirmed in my chair the entire day. Should I go in there and ask why he didn't invite me? Should I ask Ellie?

My mind wasn't on my job, but I only had to check the progress of the choir coordination. It was all being handled to the satisfaction of the choir director, so I had nothing to do. I tried to look over event receipts to see if there was a way I could increase efficiency.

But my mind wasn't on it.

At home, I changed out of my work-clothes and showered.

Jim met me out of the bathroom. He was grinning. "Looking forward to the party?"

We were due in a little over an hour. I was annoyed at the entire day, but knew he couldn't possibly understand what I was going through. I sighed heavily. "I suppose."

"Cheer up, it should be fun."

I looked at him and made a face. *How could you say that when you don't know how tortured I've been?*

He was still smiling. "What're you wearing?"

I tossed up a hand. *Not like it matters, does it? I'm not going to be getting any hugs tonight, that's for sure.*

"Wear your black skirt and blouse. It sets off your hair." He opened my dresser.

I sighed. "Sure."

He pulled out a black bra and panties set.

I pulled my black stockings out.

He shook his head. "Nah, not those."

"My skirt is kind of short."

He said, "No one's going to notice."

I wanted to cry. *You're so right. Why bother? He didn't even take me to lunch today; he's going to be too busy with his birthday to notice me.*

He handed me the perfume.

I shook my head. *You can't understand.* I had felt so alive and on top of the whole world, but tonight I felt crushed.

He set it down and took me into a hug.

I clung to him desperately as he stroked my back. *I guess I was just a passing...what? What was I to Carson? Just someone nice?* Had I allowed myself to feel things too far? Had I come to want and then expect more from him that he couldn't give? *I need to pull myself back from the edge.* I froze. *The edge of what?*

I quivered, wondering at the secret inside of me. What was driving me? What was haunting me? *Have I gone too far enjoying the hugs of another man? Have I gone too far liking the feeling of Carson's bulge against me?*

Jim pecked my lips. "Try some lipstick."

I needed to stop thinking and sleep on it. I took the lipstick.

~ ~ ~

Carson greeted us at the door.

Knowing nothing could happen in front of everyone, I was surprised when he shook Jim's hand and then took me into a hug. He pulled me up to him and gave a gentle squeeze.

I trembled nervously, wanting more but knowing it would have to wait.

I was surprised when he didn't completely let go. He turned me in one arm and held me around the waist.

We watched Rachel shake Jim's hand and give him a peck on the cheek.

Ellie gave Carson and me a bright smile and hugged us both. Then she gave Jim a quick squeeze.

Carson was grinning. "Let's settle in, shall we? I have drinks prepared."

His party wasn't a standard birthday party you would come to expect. Their library had four red bows attached to lamps that reminded me of

expensive Christmas decorations. There was a small cake on a sideboard and drinks had been set out.

Jim was sitting, drink in hand. "How old does this make you, now?"

I was sitting between them.

Carson winked. "Forty-six."

My husband chuckled. "You got the both of us by five years."

Rachel was sitting with Ellie on the love seat. She said, "And me by two years."

Ellie rolled bright eyes. "I know, I know, I'm the kid here."

Rachel patted her knee. "Nonsense."

She shrugged. "I like older friends."

I said, "You didn't bring Ryan? Was that your boyfriend's name?"

She gave me a wry look. "He wouldn't understand."

Oh, what do I say to that?

Rachel stood and came over to us. Her look was intent. "Liv...could I borrow your husband for a few moments?"

"Um, sure?"

She held out her hand to Jim and smiled brightly. "Come, I have something to show you."

I watched my husband follow her out to the hallway. Ellie trailed after them.

Carson leaned over to me. "I missed our lunch today."

A thrill coursed through me. *He remembers?* "Oh, uh...I thought you might be busy with your birthday."

His eyes were on mine. His mouth close. "I've been looking forward to this all day."

What?

His mouth came forward and his lips touched mine. *Ohmigosh, ohmigosh, ohmigosh!* I opened my mouth, shaking suddenly so hard that my teeth clicked against his. A warmth flooded me – a heat of discovery and passion that overwhelmed my senses and caused all thoughts and reason to flee. Our kiss grew slowly and ended with a forceful exploration that left me panting heavily. I blinked several times as I felt the room spinning around me.

He likes me!

His second kiss was met by my eager and welcome mouth. I pulled on his tongue with mine. I sucked on his mouth and pulled his head against

me. My heart thundered in my chest and my breasts rose and fell heavily.

I wasn't sure who was getting the present here, tonight. Me or him? Finally getting what I wanted, I yearned for more. *Is there somewhere we can kiss all night?*

His hand touched my breast. I arched my back, moaning. *He wants to touch me? Oh, yes, baby. Here I am.*

We were interrupted by Rachel leading my husband and Ellie back into the library. We broke the kiss and I tried to arrange myself and slow my breathing.

I glanced up with a panicked and searching look. Rachel was smiling, but had she blocked Jim's view of us? He didn't appear angry.

I let out a very slow, secret breath. I did not look at Carson. No way.

If Rachel had noticed, she didn't say anything. Jim and Ellie were chatting about her job and I felt relief at the edge of disaster. The doom slowly retreated and I began to relax.

Rachel said, "Time for cake."

She cut five small pieces and handed them out on little plates of fine China.

Whatever it was, it was good – not something store bought.

I said, "Did you make this?"

Rachel smiled sweetly and nodded. "All organic."

"It's very good."

"Old family recipe I adapted. Beats the super-sweet store cakes."

Ellie said, "The store ones make me want to gag."

Carson handed me a fresh drink. "Have I ever showed you the whole house?"

I shook my head. "No..."

"What a shame. Let's fix that." He held out his hand.

Would he try to kiss me again? I was interested in seeing the house, but I was far more interested in kissing again.

I followed him out and up the stairs.

~ ~ ~

Carson said to me, "I hope I didn't shock you with the kiss."

Oh my gosh, he wants to talk about it? My heart raced faster. "It did."

"I'm sorry." He turned and stopped in the second floor hall.

Uh, he misunderstood. "No, I mean... It was a good shock."

He smiled at my answer, interest on his face. "Oh? I'd been wanting to for some time."

Why didn't you kiss me? "Oh? Really?"

He leaned close.

I backed up against the wall and parted my lips.

He looked at my mouth and grinned wickedly. "It was better than I expected."

"It was?" *Why do I sound so dumb?*

He nodded. His head moved in and we kissed again. Our mouths met, hot and wet. I could feel his fervor. His body pressed into mine and he pushed me up against the wall.

I had nowhere to go.

There was no place I wanted to go.

His heat became mine and we kissed hungrily for several minutes. I realized we were grinding our crotches against each other. The kiss ended and I groaned.

He backed up. "Let me finish showing you the rest..."

Great. I'd rather kiss. "Okay."

He showed me the upper office he used. There were four additional guest bedrooms, each with their own bath suite. The master bedroom was palatial. A huge king-size bed dominated one wall. A large sun window ran along the eastern facing. Arrayed along it were a couch, a loveseat, and two plush chairs. A small coffee table added an elegance that impressed me. Two dressers and a three-fold standing mirror were on the wall to the master bathroom. It held a tub/spa combo, a small sauna booth and looked about as big as my own master bedroom at home.

I said, "Wow."

"We took all the options on this one."

I followed him back out.

He turned and took me in his arms.

Oh goody! Another kiss. I was eager.

We melted into each other and relaxed in the comfort of our embrace. I could feel it in him. But his manly bulge was obviously feeling no comfort.

His hand reached into my blouse.

I froze, looking towards the open door.

He smiled at me, his eyes certain. "We won't be disturbed."

Somehow, his confidence inspired me. *You can disturb me, then.* "Oh..." If he felt we wouldn't be, then I didn't need to be worried about Jim misunderstanding things.

His hand reached back in and began caressing my left breast.

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply in tension and relief. It felt very good, even if he was just rubbing on my bra. The fact that this man's hand was in my blouse seemed right.

I felt him unbuttoning my blouse. I opened my eyes, not sure what to say.

He held a finger to his lips in a shushing motion.

I stayed still.

He removed my blouse and unsnapped my skirt. It fell around my knees and he stepped back to look at me.

Does he like it? Is he turned off? I chewed my lip.

He took a deep breath and shook his head.

I felt the panic of doom descend on me.

CHAPTER 9

I felt ready to cry. *He doesn't like me.*

He was shaking his head faster. "Absolutely beautiful."

I drew in a ragged breath, not realizing I had been holding it. I felt a sudden flood of warmth course through me and send shivers up my spine. My mouth dropped open in shock.

He reached to the side, towards the bed, and tore the cover off with a vicious swipe. Then he grabbed me.

My heart began thumping hard in my chest. I breathed rapidly as his firm hands gripped me. He pushed me down onto the bed. With an irritated move, he stripped his shirt off. His chest was lightly haired and leanly muscled.

I loved it.

He climbed over me and pushed me down. His mouth descended on mine.

I lost all sense of anything but the soft mattress of the bed and his manly form pressing me into it. Our tongues made love in a way that left me gasping.

When he stopped kissing me, I panted. His hands roamed over my bra. His bulge was pressing into my clit and I moaned with comfort. It felt like it belonged there.

He got up and I thought that was going to be the end. Instead, he slipped off his trousers. He stood there in his briefs, his bulge prominent and outlined. He climbed back on the bed and laid on me, pressing his bulge against my pussy. I tilted my hips up for him, wanting to feel it.

He moved to the side and we rolled so that I was on top of him. I think that was when I lost control. I bent down to him and kissed him, my hips grinding furiously on his briefs. I could feel his hardness there and I shamelessly rubbed my panties all over it.

His hands roamed over my back and butt, squeezing and caressing.

I felt his heat. I felt his passion. And I felt his manhood yearning to touch me.

That's when I felt the hands pulling down my panties.

I blinked because I felt his hands on my back. I looked back in panic.

Carson hugged me to him with a reassuring squeeze.

Rachel was there, smiling at me with smoky eyes. She was pulling my panties down.

I tensed up. "Oh, I...uh..."

She shushed me and climbed over both of us. She brought her face close to mine and whispered in my ear. "Shh... I want to give my husband something special. Something he's wanted."

Rachel moved back down and pulled my panties down. She slid them off me while I tried to understand what she meant. She unhooked my bra and took it from me.

Carson was smiling, hungry and interested. He rolled me over to my back and looked down at my breasts. He said, "They're so beautiful."

I looked back and forth between him and his wife. "Uh..."

Rachel was shaking her head. "And you try so hard to hide them."

His mouth on my left nipple caused my mouth to open in shock. Tingles of pleasure tore up my spine and flickered along my arms, raising my small hairs there.

I was flabbergasted. She's okay with her husband doing this? To me? I moaned to his tongue and felt his bulge nudging my bare pussy. He was still in his briefs, but it felt so deliciously good.

Then he was scooting down my body. I trembled in anticipation, watching his progress. He kissed his way down until he was kissing my clit. Then he began licking.

I almost arched off the bed. Weeks of burning lust finally got addressed with the movement of Carson's tongue on my clit. His licks sent spirals of lust spinning upwards in me. My pussy felt as if it were being twisted like a towel, wringing water in a dripping gush of passion.

Rachel was behind her husband, smiling happily – sexily. Her arm was moving and I realized she must be stroking him.

I was right.

He stood. Her hand was moving sensuously on the thickest cock I had ever seen. Carson was not as long as my husband, but was way thicker. It looked like a beast.

I watched her hand moving on it and I wanted to touch it.

Rachel whispered to him. "I think she wants to see it up closer."

He chuckled, a starving look on his face. He climbed onto the bed over me and straddled my lower abdomen. His cock hung fatly straight towards my face.

I reached and gripped it. It was the first ever man-flesh I had touched since Jim slid my wedding ring on my finger. I had grabbed him with my left hand. I looked at my ring as it touched his cock and marveled at the feelings in me.

I felt good about touching him, even with my wedding hand. It felt right, somehow, to be touching another married man's cock with the hand that bore my wedding ring.

I don't know if Rachel was watching my eyes, but she smiled and leaned forward behind him. Her fingers touched mine, then traced my wedding ring. Her hand closed over mine gently and urged me to stroke her husband.

I stroked him and he groaned happily. His left hand toyed with my right breast.

He pulled back off the bed and pulled me to the edge.

Rachel stroked him.

He pushed my legs wide and I started to close them.

She climbed next to me and lowered her mouth to my ear. "Let me give him something special."

"I..."

"I want to give him you." Her mouth came down on mine and kissed me gently. I was only ever used to harsh man-kisses, stubble and muscle. Her kiss was delicate and soft. I was speechless.

She got up and began stroking her husband. "She has a pretty pussy and you're hard for it."

He moaned low and harsh.

"Let me put you in her."

I was dizzy. Everything was moving fast, but it felt so right. My legs opened wider.

She moved him forward, stroking his fat shaft, until it touched my pussy.

I clamped in surprise. His helmet was hot and fat.

She moved his cock around at my pussy and brought several gasps from me. Then she urged Carson forward.

He bent over me and began pushing. Pressure built all over my pussy. I felt my lips part and stretch.

She stroked him faster as the head began stretching me open.

He grunted – not with effort, but concentration.

I knew then that I wanted him in me. I wanted to open up for him and give him the birthday present his wife wanted him to have. I wanted to feel his thickness in my married pussy. I wondered where Jim was. *Still in the library? Wondering where I was at? He would never understand.*

He shifted, pushing more.

Rachel stepped back.

I felt my opening stretching, trying to welcome him in. I was panting. "Yes. Yes. More. Yes." I shifted my hips up and down, feeling the filling pressure of his cock in my opening.

Then my hole was opening and allowing him in. His fullness became my fullness in that sliding-filling sensation I so loved.

I would never have dreamed of cheating on Jim, but here I was, pussy wide open and eagerly taking in Carson's cock. The thing was, it felt right. It felt very right. The stretching went on, and his shaft slid into me. I cried out with need, urging him on. Then his pubic bone rubbed mine.

He was not as deep as my husband could get, but it felt so good and different. It felt so perfect to be married and lying under this handsome married man. And while his wife watched. I almost passed out.

Carson began moving, sliding in and out, driving his thick hunger in and out of me.

My world spun and the coils of lust wound again in me. I felt my moisture coating him, the sliding coming faster and easier. My pussy reacted to him just as it would my husband – welcoming him and coating him for maximum pleasure.

I moved my hips with Carson. I looked over to Rachel. She had stripped out of her clothing and was standing beside the edge of the bed, furiously

rubbing her clit. She looked so sexy doing it.

Carson fucked me slow and as deep as he could. I doubted he could thrust as fast as Jim – he was just far too thick.

I was disappointed after a few minutes when he pulled out. I could feel my pussy gaping open, clenching for the wonderful filling cock that had just been there.

He climbed on the bed and sat. He motioned for me to sit on him facing out.

I climbed over and placed my pussy over his fat cock. I sat down and thought maybe it wouldn't go in this way, but my pussy stretched and opened again. I sighed deeply as I slid down his shaft.

He leaned up behind me, supported on one arm. His other hand reached around and toyed with my breasts.

We were facing the master bath. I rode him for several minutes, relishing the fullness inside my pussy.

I don't know where she came from and at first I thought Rachel had joined us, but my eyes snapped open to a tongue on my pussy.

Ellie was there, naked and looking up at me with bright eyes. She licked up and down on my clit as if it were a huge lollipop.

I quivered dramatically, moaning suddenly with sensation. I watched her tongue dip down and then lick upwards. Up Carson's shaft and over my clit.

He chuckled behind me.

Ellie stopped licking. "Happy birthday. I guess I'm not the present this year."

Carson chuckled again.

Rachel said, "She felt left out and wanted to help celebrate somehow."

The girl's tongue was back on my pussy and his cock. I could see her hand between her legs, rubbing her clit.

Poor girl. I definitely would not want to be the one left out of this...

Her tongue and Carson's cock drove me into a dizzy passion. I was moaning and crying out, close to cumming with what was going to be a killer orgasm.

Ellie stopped licking.

No, I was about to cum. My orgasm slipped away but hovered near.

The girl's smile was so intimate and connected that I couldn't say anything.

Carson began pushing me, moving me to change position.

That's when the roof caved in. Or felt like it. I was stunned in open-mouthed shock.

Jim was sitting on the couch at the sun window, naked and stroking his long cock.

I blinked several times, then gasped. I wanted to cover my nakedness.

But he was grinning, a fiery look of love and lust in his eyes.

Carson laid me down. He was smiling down at me. "Can't leave your husband out of this, you know."

He knows? He knew? He approves? He what? I was still staring at him, wide-eyed. He watched another man fuck me?

Ellie and Rachel were standing close, touching themselves. Ellie's gaze was almost dreamy and glazed. She had a look of longing on her face that I knew I had felt for the past few weeks.

CHAPTER 10

Carson pushed his erection back into me as I watched my husband watch me. He stroked his shaft with open-mouthed wonder at what I was doing.

And then the weight of the world that had caved in on me began to vanish. The feel of Carson's shaft drove away the shock and horror at being found out.

No, my husband was not mad. Apparently he was enjoying this!

My legs opened wider and Carson suddenly pulled up my legs to rest on his shoulders. My pussy was up, spread, and offered.

Ellie sighed raggedly. "I so miss that."

Rachel whispered, "You'll get your time another day."

Carson chuckled. "Have to juggle three women now."

His words rocked me in ways I can't describe. Lights exploded in my head as a burst of tingles twisted violently in my pussy. *He's going to keep doing this?* I cried out desperately and began grinding my pussy back at his plunging thrusts. Over and over he plunged, his fat cock pushing deep into my clutching pussy. I felt the orgasmic spasms trying to grip his sliding shaft.

Rachel was moaning, playing with herself. Ellie was making little whimpers, pouting with need. My husband was watching my pussy cum on a married man's cock and his smile and obvious erection said he not only approved, but was turned on by it.

I groaned heavily as the weight that had been on me I hadn't realized was there was lifted. That euphoric feeling of being on top of the world with all the world's energy flowing through me returned.

In a burst of jubilation, I laughed with relief and joy. Then I was panting, my orgasm finished and my pussy aching deliciously with fat man-cock.

I rolled my head to the side, gasping, smiling.

Jim's look was all love.

I said, "Jim."

He was gazing at me with his smoky eyes. A smile spread on his face. "Yes?"

I motioned to Ellie. "Take care of her, would you? The poor girl is ready to cry."

Ellie's eyes went super-wide. "Your husband? Are you serious?"

I said, "He'll be gentle."

Carson lowered my legs down and settled over me, his face close.

I wanted to kiss him, but wanted to make sure Jim understood. I nodded to him.

Ellie ran to him, hands out at the sides as if balancing.

I giggled.

Carson kissed me and pushed his cock deep. No longer thrusting, just rotating his hips, his shaft moved in me without coming out much. It felt wonderful. My lips stretched luxuriously around his girth and accepted his lust.

I looked over at my husband. Jim had a wildly smiling Ellie lying on her back. His hips moved back and forth on her young ones. His long shaft appeared and disappeared between them. I felt connected to her then, more so than when she had licked me. She had helped me, and now I helped her. I felt so close and discovered I was smiling at the realization she and I were going to be very close friends now.

Carson began groaning above me.

I looked up into his eyes and smiled happily. He was panting, looking down at me with a desire I knew would return again and again. I moved my hips, wanting to feel the victory of my pussy as it conquered his lust.

His splashes of scalding wetness began coating me inside.

I clutched at him, hugging him as his seed flooded my pussy. I humped frantically, wanting every drop. I wanted all his seed in me and looked forward to getting more.

He stopped shooting after a few seconds and collapsed on me breathlessly.

I held him to me and looked over at Rachel.

She was feverish, twitching where she was standing – an orgasm somewhere in the last minute or two.

I said, "Thank you."

EPILOGUE

I had found more change than I had wanted. I had just wanted a job. A simple change. Instead, I had found something far more enriching. I had resisted it all the way and now realized I had fought so stupidly against it.

We are all creatures of habit, but change happens all the time.

I knew Carson would be making time for me. Having experienced it once, I wanted it all the time now. But I considered myself lucky to get something I hadn't been getting before. I did not begrudge Ellie or resent Rachel when he was with them.

I arranged for Jim to care for Ellie when my night with Carson came around. Rachel had no interest in my husband that way. She liked to watch and didn't want that kind of contact with another man and that was fine by me. No one wanted to push anything where the other might be offended.

I embraced this so easily, wrapping myself in the respect we all felt for each other.

But change has a way of...changing things. Ellie married Ryan. She was torn, not knowing if she should or shouldn't. Rachel and I watched breathlessly as Carson and Jim made desperate love to her the night before her wedding.

She had cried, the poor thing. I felt so bad for her when it should have been a happy time.

Rachel told me not to worry about her – that the girl would find her happiness.

Of that I had no doubt.

And change kept twisting and turning.

Ellie was back with us less than three months later. She had spent a night with Carson. Then she had come to see Jim. I was amazed at how the girl cried out with such pent-up desperation, her young pussy slinging back and forth as she rode my husband.

I came barely touching myself.

We don't know how she's going to resolve being married and Ryan not knowing. But she did find her happiness again. Her smile returned at work and our friendship grew.

Sometimes change brings disaster. Sometimes it brings luck. All it took was a little bit of cleavage and I felt as if I were one of the three luckiest women on the planet.

I'm sure Rachel and Ellie would agree.

Thank you for reading Stretching My Marriage Vows. Reviews are greatly appreciated.

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[It's Not Cheating](#) - if there's no penetration! She tests that boundary, hard

[Honey, I Met a Guy at the Park](#) - he urges his wife to make friends with a nice man to help battle postpartum depression

[Honey, Those Campers Are Cute](#) - four young campers find a sexy wife irresistible

Short Stories by Laran Mithras

[After Her Death](#) (Kindle Only) - horror erotica

[My Wife's Seduction](#) (Kindle Only) - on a daytrip, a husband watches his wife seduced in the backseat by his friend

Taking My Coworker's Bride - the best man can't leave the bride unfulfilled. He takes her in front of the groom

The Brat Next Door - fertile eighteen year old girl is taken by the older neighbors