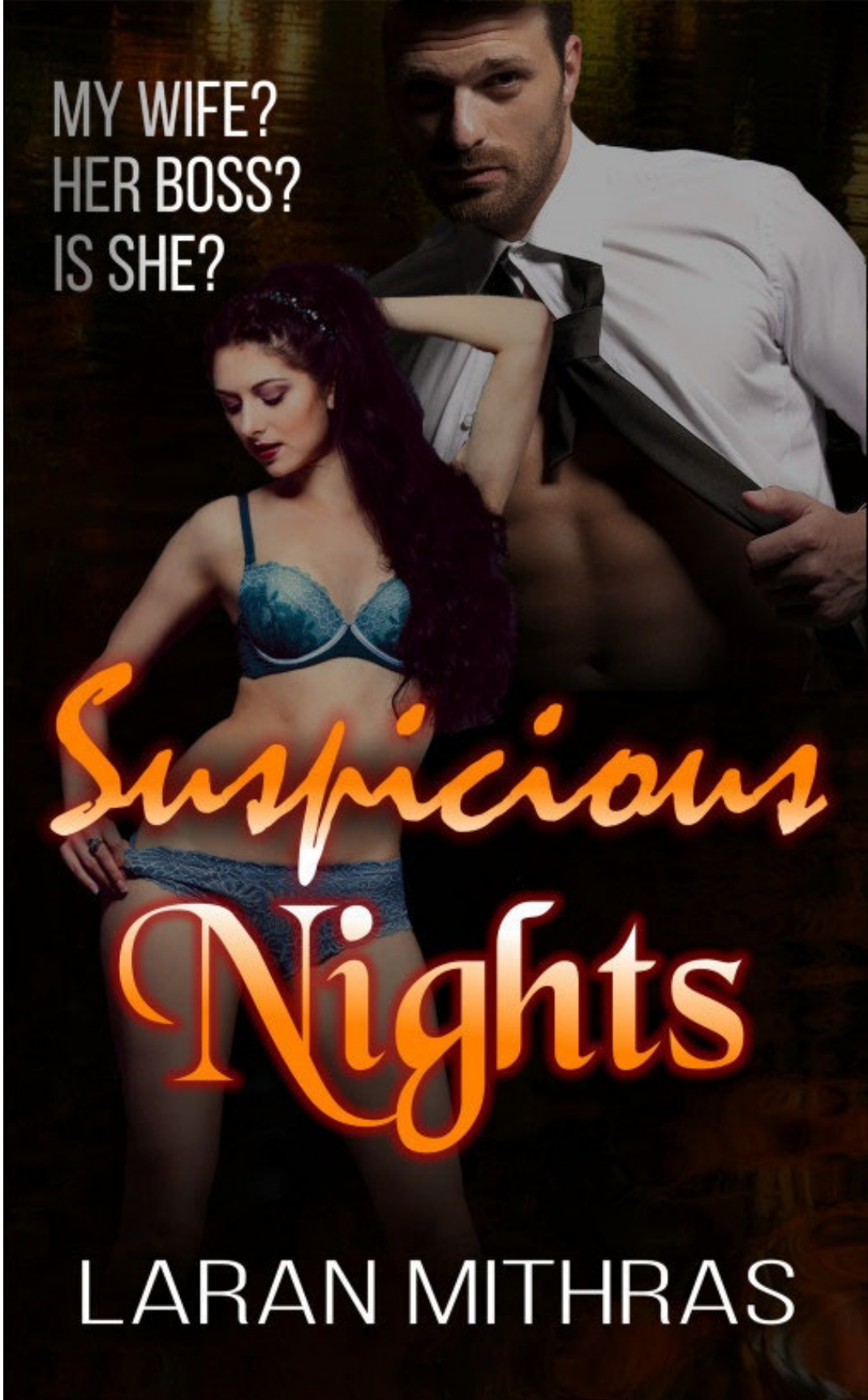


MY WIFE?  
HER BOSS?  
IS SHE?

*Suspicious*  
**Nights**

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# **Suspicious Nights**

**By**

**Laran Mithras**

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**Love is a matter of chemistry, personality, and compatibility.**

**Sex is not.**

## CHAPTER 1

### Haiden

The little things are suspicious.

I had a strong hunch that the woman I had married three years ago was running around behind my back.

The extra buttons undone on her blouse.

The new perfume.

The new heels.

The extra attention to her hair.

Little things – not all at once, but all recent.

Little things that drove wedges of painful suspicion deep in my stomach.

Our daughter was a year old and we both worked promising upwardly mobile careers. Was it some hot stud at the daycare center? Some young guy that hung out at the gym next door to it? Was it her commanding boss at work? Was it some coworker over lunch?

This kind of thing made my breath short with the sensation of total futility. I was powerless. There is a sick sensation that comes with suspicion: it is a physical feeling that stains the deep flesh. Feeling great? Suddenly that queasy sensation approaches and the arms go clammy. The shoulders begin to ache and quiver. The rocking sensation in the stomach... tells me I'm going to throw up and it won't be pleasant.

The feeling is real, but perhaps not so easily identified. When I feel it, I deny it

because I don't want to throw up.

The feeling is similar with... cheating.

*My Jessica?*

What could I do or say? If she was cheating on me, there was little I could do about it.

Except to confront her, which I didn't want to do but was about to force upon the both of us. To confront her would offer her an opportunity to lie.

I had never known Jessica to lie to me.

I wasn't neglecting her.

I wasn't a bad man.

I was a good husband – supporting, loving.

What had gone wrong?

## CHAPTER 2

### Jessica

Where had this all started?

Why were my palms sweating?

I loved my husband with all my heart. He was good to me and listened to all I had to say. He was understanding and compassionate, while being masculine and confident.

He was everything I wanted.

So why was I making hidden little moves to step in a different direction?

I found myself making tiny changes in how I dressed and presented myself.

Why?

I was married.

I was married to a wonderful man. Maybe not perfect, but I had my whole life to smooth off the rough edges with him. I knew we were compatible. I understood the love between us that tied our hearts together.

I felt that bond – that tie between our souls. He was my safe harbor against everything. His presence was a refuge that swept away my fears. My husband Haiden was a treasure to my soul that completed who I was.

Yes, I loved him.

And now I was trying to hide things from both him and myself.

Why was I doing this?

Was I craving something more? Different?

Love with Haiden was so very fulfilling in all ways – both physical and emotional. Handsome to the point of pain, I had to jealously guard him from other women.

I couldn't be with him at work and that tormented me.

Who was he meeting?

What woman was giving him the once and twice-over?

What plans were being formulated in feminine brains to steal him away?

His work in consumer finance afforded him much opportunity to meet other intelligent women... and sexy, too.

I was certain of it.

He admitted they were in the building on all three floors.

He promised that only I was in his heart or mind.

Was that good enough?

And yet, here I was hiding something even from myself.

What was I doing?

I sat in our new comfy overstuffed Italian leather chair. I wanted to get more of these, but the purchase of just the one was a test which it had passed with two months of flying colors.

In my hand was a store-bought glossy magazine detailing the latest Star Wars offering by Disney. The morning coffee and magazine were habits designed to pass the time until I went into work.

Haiden stopped in front of the chair, hands in his wool office slacks and frowning like I had never seen him. It was an expression much like his financial face – as I had come to call it. With that face, I could almost hear the wheels grinding and spinning inside his beautiful head over something that weighed on

our financial well-being. He was looking down under his stylish eye-glasses. His mop of thick, short hair parted from the side in small waves gave him the appearance of a professor.

All he needed was a ruler.

But, this was deeper than his financial face.

*Did something happen? My thoughts raced.*

Power radiated from his confidence and he delivered a statement as if handing out a business decision at work. "We need to talk."

Haiden wasn't a strong man in the physical sense. He was thin and willowy – a bookish nerd, some might opine. However, his strength of presence and character was as strong as... my older boss, Terence Taylor.

Haiden, at thirty, was never going to be a muscle-man. My boss, on the other hand, must have been physically-minded since school. His well-toned body couldn't be hidden under the suit. On the plus side, his brains went well with his muscles.

No, my husband was not strong in the physical sense, but he froze people with his serious approach.

Just as I was now frozen.

*You want to talk? I swallowed, knowing this was something significant. I attempted to be calm. "About... what?"*

His eyes lifted to mine, frown still in place, and asked, "Are you cheating on me?"

That was Haiden – so direct and succinct that I was immediately put on the spot.

My heart began pounding thunderously in my chest. Surely he heard it. Surely, he saw it pulsing in my throat. I tried to swallow again and discovered it wasn't working. I twisted my head a little as if impressing I might have misunderstood him. "Why w-would you think that?"

His eyes shifted fast to the side and back and there was a slight pout to his lower lip. It was his face he made when someone wasn't being honest with him.

I had answered, but realized the answer was a deflection. I put the magazine down promptly. "I mean, of course I'm not. But what would make you think—"

"Your hair, your clothing, your perfume... You're pre-occupied, too—"

"I'm sorry..."

His scrutiny told me he didn't have the answer he was looking for. "I love you, Jessica..."

I jumped up from the chair and hugged him tight, my arms around his neck. He felt stiff and uncertain.

Unresolved.

I said quickly, "I love you, too. With all my heart." That same heart was threatening to tear free from my chest with its thundering.

I knew fear.

I didn't want to lose my husband. Never. Ever.

What was I doing?

## CHAPTER 3

### Haiden

The comforting and pleasant embrace by my wife is something I will always cherish. Her beautiful feminine form was soft to the touch and silky with sex.

Was someone else feeling that skin?

I had let her go from the hug feeling as if there was still something unsaid and hidden. I had watched her place April into the car seat for delivery to the Woodman Day Care Center and saw the tension in her shoulders.

I caught two nervous looks and the faltering smiles that followed them.

I think I knew right then that it must be her boss.

There was nothing I could do: he spent more waking time with her than I did with our jobs and all.

Terence "Terry" Taylor was fifty, muscled, handsome, and commanding. High-power as I saw it. I had met him just once at the last Christmas party to which my wife had dragged me.

Their firm, Ingram Investment Development, had been purchased by a major Chinese company for business acquisitions in America – primarily mining concerns, but others, too.

As a director, Terry Taylor oversaw strategies and implementation. As his personal secretary, my wife coordinated his schedule and planned his day.

It was only natural. Male boss and female secretary.

It was inevitable.

Who else could it be? She didn't have time for co-workers.

*Is she giving him blowjobs every morning? The image of Terry talking on the phone with his dick flopped out and my wife sucking it made me angry. Did she like doing it? Did she look forward to it? Was she basking in the compliments while her lips slid on his shaft?*

My jaw was clenched the entire day in aggravation and the overriding sense of futility.

*How can I compete with him? He was older, richer, wiser, sexier...*

## CHAPTER 4

### Jessica

It was with relief that I escaped my husband's pointed questions. I drove to freedom from his prying eyes.

It wasn't resolved. No, that much was certain. But I had a day now to sort things through and solve this inner puzzle within myself.

What would I tell him when I got home?

I had no plan with my husband.

Though I might have had a vague feeling for something at work.

I wasn't late. I was never late.

Terry was already in his office and the waft of coffee aroma told me his morning was already in full swing. He would be reading my daily plan I had finished the day before.

His wife was there, and that was unusual. It was also not unusual.

It was unusual because she didn't work for the firm. Being Terry's wife apparently afforded her some leeway in what was considered appropriate. She had access to files – my files. His contacts, his plans, his daily routine.

Her presence was also not unusual because she often was in my office, going through files, and casting suspicious looks at me. This was a regular occurrence, but within the bounds of filtering through his contacts for leads on real estate.

Seneca Taylor was three years older than me and eighteen years shy of her husband. She was a severe-looking woman, brunette hair always pulled back

into a tight, long ponytail. A high-powered commercial real estate broker, she made the contacts and snatched the brokered position. Commissions were paid normally.

It was all on the up and up. Legal. Above the table.

Nothing wrong with her being the sole broker for Ingram Investment Development. I could have made a more appropriate email contact to her alerting her of details and contacts as they were formulated.

With anyone else, that's how it would be handled. Email copies forwarded, telephone confirmation. Easy.

Instead, Seneca Taylor, wife to my handsome boss, was snooping through my files in my office.

She cast me another suspicious glance.

I lowered my head to hide any sign of...

Shame? Embarrassment? Guilt?

I tried to breathe evenly and hide whatever I was feeling.

*What does she think of me?*

*Am I ugly to her?*

*Why does she keep giving me that look?*

*Does she know?*

I trembled in fright as the woman came over to my desk and leaned across it towards me. She said, "Jessica..."

I swallowed. I had nowhere to run to escape her suspicious glare.

## CHAPTER 5

### Haiden

I wasn't going to let go.

That wasn't my nature.

I knew Jessica knew that, too.

The pressure was constant throughout the day at the back of my mind and filtering tension through my limbs.

I might have snapped more at those under me. I might have agitated harsher and more frivolous financial terms, but I had good people working under me to smooth whatever irritation might work its way into contracts.

Spinning wheels.

Going nowhere.

I didn't feel the futility of the day as such, but rather a pause. Things were left unsettled that were going to be settled.

I just had to get through the... annoyance... of the workday.

Days drag longer when things are unresolved – as if the God of Troubles delighted in the extra torment of uncertainty.

Or Satan or Lucifer or El Diablo. Whatever.

The body goes through the day as normal, tense and fidgety, while the mind and soul are chained up in torment on the Evil One's rack of torture.

I picked up April from day care.

Tasha greeted me as normal – hair back in a ponytail as usual. Her eyes searched my face, but I was scanning the facility for...

Whatever his name was.

And there, coming out of the back, was the boy. Twenty? Maybe? Open face, easy smile, tattoos, earring. Fast wink and glistening teeth – was he the one my wife was seeing?

*No, it's her boss. The thought was firm confirmation of my earlier deductions.*

Tasha's look was concerned. Maybe she didn't like my frown of consideration. Maybe she thought I was gay and wanted the guy. Or maybe she thought I was inspecting the facility and getting ready to lodge... some complaint or other.

Get them shut down.

I wasn't, though.

*You have nothing to worry about; your job is safe.*

I took April out.

*No, not the kid. It's her boss, dammit. I know it.*

My drive home was as certain as my conclusion.

My preparations for dinner came with ease and eager expectations of resolution.

Tonight was the night. Here and nowhere else. No delays, no interruptions: I was on a mission.

Outcome.

I was changing April's pull-up diaper when Jessica came in. Our daughter was close to being potty-trained at fifteen months. Early, but I wasn't putting up with that three-year nonsense.

I gave our daughter a kiss on the head out of habit. Maybe for luck.

She was our connection – our physical representation of love and commitment.

Jessica stood, twisting her fingers together, looking like she wanted to talk.

That was fine by me. "Hello..."

Her smile was brief and faltering. "Hi."

*Definitely need to talk. Who goes first? You go first. "You... look like you want to talk?"*

She nodded and looked away, still fiddling with her fingers.

I said, "What is it?" I led the way into the kitchen to remove the dinner from the oven. Chicken, rice, and broccoli stir-fry. Easy. Fast.

"We've been invited... to Terry's house tomorrow afternoon."

I stiffened. Her boss? "That's rather abrupt..."

"It was, yes..."

"What for?"

She blinked. "The invite? A barbecue..."

"And?"

She rushed in, "And swimming if we want it."

I knew she had missed the point deliberately. I shifted my eyes away in thought. If we go, I can see for myself the proof of this... affair... If I say no, she might go without me. That might demonstrate the affair in absentia, but it won't solve anything.

She waited.

I looked at her, knowing I had to be pulled in like a sinking ship into the whirlpool of doom. Down to its death like the whaling ship Pequod in Moby Dick. What better stage set for the inevitable?

It meant another day of confounded resolution. Another night of uncertainty and frustrated sleep.

Her face betrayed fear.

I said, "That sounds great..."

Was there enough conviction in my words? My features? My posture?

I would see for myself the evidence of what I knew was true in my heart.

*Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more.*

## CHAPTER 6

### Jessica

*I know my husband knows. He's acting hinky.*

I was not at wit's end – not yet.

*He's going to see and find out. This isn't good.*

I tried to quell my fidgety fingers on the drive to visit my boss and his wife. My husband seemed determined.

*Because he knows. How can I hide this any longer? Did I put on too much perfume? Did I spend too much time on my clothing? Did I unbutton my blouse too far?*

I hadn't considered myself being risky before – hazardous of discovery. No, I think I was safely secretive.

However, something must have tipped off Haiden.

I looked over at him as he drove. His jaw flexed occasionally – not constantly – and that told me he was thinking.

He did not look at me. Usual when he was thinking. Not worrying, normally, but in this case, I knew he was thinking about me.

I loved him so much, but... this was something new for me and he... wouldn't understand. Not that I understood it any better. I couldn't even grasp the reality in my mind. I... had to... see where this was going. The magnetic lust was too powerful to ignore.

Our arrival sent my pulse into overdrive.

With April at Saturday day care, I was free to test the waters. Would anything happen?

Their house was more luxurious than ours: larger; prettier; more exclusive. That was saying a lot because we had a nice upscale house... with an equally not-so-nice upscale mortgage.

Affordable, but we were effectively wage-slaves to it.

The brick fronting and heavy door with glass accents and brass handles was homey and elegant at the same time.

Terry answered the door after the muted chimes of the quiet doorbell drifted off. His smile was ready and genuine. "Haiden. Jessica. I'm glad you could come." His greeting was no less practiced and easy than his business introductions.

We were put at ease, right away. Even my husband.

They shook hands.

Terry gave me a hug in front of Haiden and that surprised me, but it was quick.

He gestured. "Come in and get settled. I have a bar cart out back and the ribs are already cooking."

My husband's charm surfaced. "That sounds excellent."

My boss walked alongside my husband behind me. He said to Haiden, "I wish you worked in a position where our companies could interact; you seem like a very sharp businessman."

"I do?" There was an element of quiet pride in his disingenuous query; my husband knew he was good.

"I don't think Shenhua Development is much interested in American consumer debt, but if they ever are, I'll push your company."

Haiden sounded doubtful. "Bought out? I don't know."

We stepped outside into a backyard that might as well have been a city park for

its size. Seneca was outside sitting on a lounge chair, dressed in a one piece suit and a sunhat. She rose and came to me for a brief hug that sent my nerves jangling in fear.

Terry said, "It's not so bad, really. They're buying up our property, but it's not like they can cart it off. They buy a mine and the mine stays right where it is."

My husband grunted in thought.

Seneca's eyes pierced mine and had me shivering with doubt.

How is this all going to work? Everyone is suspicious.

My boss served us all drinks – nothing more pretentious than simple screwdrivers. We sat by the pool and sipped.

Haiden was looking constantly between me and Terry – eyes shifting as fast as flicks of a frog's tongue. My boss, however, kept him occupied with light business talk.

I was not even done with my first drink when Seneca said, "Jessica."

Doom flooded my body and I began to shake. I looked at her, at my husband, at Terry, then back to her. I tried to clear my throat.

She wasn't waiting. "May I have a word in private with you?"

I sensed something like satisfaction in my husband's posture as he sat.

I said, "Of course..."

As I walked past the men, I wondered if this was the beginning of the end.

Haiden's look was one of triumph and determination as he fully faced Terry – soon to be alone with him.

*This is not good...*

## CHAPTER 7

### Haiden

*Thank you, Seneca, for taking my wife out of the picture. Bless you for whatever accidental idea you had that is providing me this opportunity...*

I had my time with Terry now, away from my wife and his.

*Perfect.*

I held up my hand before Terry spoke again and glanced at the sliding glass door as it shut. Safe from prying ears, I asked, "Do you have something for my wife?"

He straightened in his chair and looked down. "What do you mean?"

"She's exhibiting all the symptoms of an affair."

"I hadn't noticed."

I studied him. It was a lie.

He looked back at me, scrutinizing me in turn.

I could see it in his face; he knew I knew it was a lie.

I looked away and squeezed my glass. "What are you playing at here, Terry? Don't you have enough? Isn't your wife enough?"

He was quiet – and smirking.

Anger flared in me like a fire doused in gasoline.

He finished his drink as if nothing uncomfortable had been said. He held out his hand. "Refill?"

I felt safe knowing that he was with me outside. By the look Seneca had given my wife, they weren't going to be talking about sewing or gardening. A private word?

I drained the glass and handed it to him with some amount of victory. I was keeping him from... dallying with my wife. No blowjobs in secret. No quick wall-fucks just inside the house.

I said, "Fill it up."

He gave me a look with a lifted eyebrow.

As he was standing at the stocked cart with his back to me, I said, "Your wife knows, doesn't she?"

He finished the drinks without answer and turned.

I took the offered drink, keeping my silence and knowing he was formulating a response.

He sat and looked at his glass as he held it up in the light. "She does."

"And she's inside right now, setting things right. Isn't she?"

Strangely, he smiled. "She is."

## CHAPTER 8

### Jessica

I was pushed against the wall by a frustrated Seneca.

My eyes wanted to pop out of my head and I swallowed convulsively.

She hissed at me, "You think you can just sit there like nothing's happening?" Her face was close and threatening.

Intense.

Hard.

Demanding.

Her mouth met mine and her tongue pushed inside.

I sagged against the wall, overcome by a crashing wave of sudden weakness. Everything I had been holding back swelled within me and pushed its way out through our kiss. I clutched at her weakly and pulled.

Her other hand came down and rubbed up the front of my shorts. She broke the kiss and whispered harshly into my ear. "You think I haven't noticed? You think I didn't see the look of desire in your eyes? You think I haven't recognized your eagerness when we go to lunch?"

I trembled, torn between my desires and propriety. I was not a lesbian. Yet...

Her hand sent shudders up my body as it rubbed over my clit.

No, I am not a lesbian. But this woman's magnetism had drawn me in and excited me in ways no other woman had ever done. Was it that we were the perfect yin-yang? Opposites attract? Her demanding and me accepting?

Seneca licked my neck all the way up to my ear and I moaned with pleasure and need.

No woman had ever made me giddy and nervous at the same time by her mere presence; only men did that. Only Haiden had captured my heart.

This was different, though. The wife of my boss wasn't in my heart, she was in my mind and body. Everything reacted to her except for my heart. It was a primal, driving force that confused my heart instead of involved it.

I clutched at her and ground my hips against her hand. I wanted... her touch.

As if reading my mind, Seneca reached her hand down my shorts. Her skin slid over my sensitive skin and drew a moan from me so loud and desperate that I shocked myself with the sound.

Her finger curled up into my moisture and probed my hole. "You've wanted this, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"All those friendly lunches and you wanted me to touch you."

"Yes."

"But... you were afraid of cheating?"

*How did she know! I scrambled for stability, but her fingers were spinning me in circles. It was easiest to just admit it. "Y-yes."*

She whispered in my ear with hot breath, "Silly girl... This isn't cheating."

"Wh-what?" It felt too good to be cheating.

"Cheating is when you take another man."

It made perfect sense, and yet felt so wrong and good at the same time. My small breasts heaved with the effort of breathing and regaining... some kind of composure. "It is?"

"Your husband was glaring at mine because he suspected you and him...?"

"Yes."

"That's because he knows deep inside that... playing... with another woman isn't cheating. It's his instinct and we can't argue with our instincts."

"I... don't know..." But I didn't want it to stop. Weeks of pent-up feelings and urges came rushing out. I reached for her swimsuit... down there – my hand drawn to it without remorse or hesitation.

I touched her and felt peace.

## CHAPTER 9

### Haiden

I shook my head. "Excuse me?"

He had stood. "Come; I'll show you."

I was perplexed. Her boss wasn't having an affair with my wife? It made no sense. I rose and followed him to the side of the house and the garage entry. He went inside and into the house, not bothering to remain especially quiet, but the doors made little noise as it was.

I heard the panting before I saw them.

It was this vision that I had harbored in my head unwillingly: that of my wife pinned against the wall by a demanding Terry.

Instead, my wife was cornered by Seneca. Both were oblivious to our presence in the kitchen.

Terry crossed his arms, made a gesture at me, and raised his eyebrows as if saying, "I told you so."

Everything deflated. The wind left my sails, but there was no Moby Dick in sight. The enemy was not my enemy after all.

I glanced at my wife's boss, dumbfounded. I had expected the man to have that driving power that needed release – in someone else's wife. With his secretary? How cliché could I be?

I looked back at my wife and Seneca.

I had never seen this coming, and now that I saw it, I was vaguely pleased that I

had been wrong. I smiled at myself. Desire a little woman kissing, do you?

Seneca took that moment to break off of my wife and look at us.

*This had been planned, I realized.*

My wife's eyes were glazed with lust and they only slowly cleared. She was searching for why Seneca had pulled back by studying the woman. After several seconds, she saw us.

And promptly blushed a deep red.

Terry said, "You caused my employee to blush, dear. That's not nice."

"It was just a kiss." Her chin came up, petulant.

I instantly felt a connection to her that was sympathetic. I chuckled.

Jessica stared at me wide-eyed and wondering. Her mouth hung open with some amount of panic evident – as if I had discovered her non-existent affair with Terry.

I had been certain it was her boss. But this? Girl-kissing?

I wanted to giggle.

I actually did before I could stop it from erupting.

## CHAPTER 10

### Jessica

I was fuming angry and looked out the window of the car. "Why did you laugh?"

He didn't answer except to snicker.

I threw up my hands as we passed a cop. "I was scared..."

The cop instantly zeroed in on me behind his sunglasses. His brow was furrowed as he sped up to keep up with us.

I blew out a breath. No, not you...

Haiden said, "Scared of what? I thought you were having an affair with your boss."

"My boss?" I shook my head. "You aren't speeding, are you?"

He looked over at me and saw the cop. Immediately his foot came off the gas. He looked down at the speedometer. "No, we're five under."

The police officer craned forward to look in his side view mirror for one last inspection. His patrol car accelerated.

I tossed my chin. "Anyway, that was rude."

He gave me a dry look. "Rude? Oh please. You're just saying that trying to grab some moral high ground—"

I made a noise because he was right. My cough did interrupt him though.

He laughed, clean and relaxed. Amused.

That didn't make me feel any better.

He said, "You were really trying to hide some girl-kissing from me?"

I mumbled a noise just to acknowledge him.

He asked, quieter, "So there's nothing going on between you and Terry?"

I was flabbergasted. "My boss? Are you kidding? No way. He's so... uptight about employee relations—"

His voiced dropped to a slightly suspicious level. "So you would if he was—"

"No." I forced my chin down to stress that point.

He shrugged. "All right, then. No harm, no foul."

I was incredulous. "You aren't jealous that—"

"Jealous over girl-kissing? No. I only wonder why you didn't tell me before?"

"We hadn't been kissing before."

He looked surprised. "That was the first time?"

"Yes."

"So all of the perfume and dressing up...?"

It was my turn to shrug and I colored again in embarrassment. "I don't know. I felt an energy around her. I wanted her to like me."

His teeth were flashing in short bursts of laughter that he was attempting to control. "That's... cute."

"Me wanting to get close to someone else?"

"No, not just someone else. A woman? Who cares?"

"Well? Don't you?"

He got quiet and frowned.

*Good, you're finally thinking. I crossed my arms in superiority and waited.*

He tilted his head, then straightened it. His words came out soft and dangerous. "I guess I would care if you meant to leave me. Hook up and go full lez with some other woman."

I sniffed out, loudly. "I am not a lesbian, and no, I am not leaving you for some other woman."

He looked at me breezily and let his head wobble to drive the sarcastic point home. "So then, why should I worry?"

"I was kissing another woman."

"It was... cute."

"Cute?" I just wasn't understanding him.

"Okay, fine, maybe the term doesn't fit exactly what I'm thinking. What would you think if you found me kissing one of my friends? Jimmy?"

I snorted and had to wipe my nose. I couldn't hide the smile. "You got something for Jimmy? Like them a little on the heavy side?"

"No, but that's my point; your first reaction was to laugh. Did you feel threatened?"

I frowned at my own thoughts. "No..."

"See?"

"So you don't mind me continuing to have lunches with Seneca?"

"Uh, no." It was delivered with finality.

Having won so stunningly on a day I expected nothing but the slide into continued trouble, doom and gloom, I let out a long sigh. There was nothing for me to say.

He patted my thigh. "Actually, I'm glad you have a friend that close."

"Are you sure?" I gave one last attempt – an opportunity – to allow him to turn this into his victory. If just to flog myself for my fears.

I needed to feel justified somehow. Sometimes winning is too easy.

This felt like it was too easy.

I gave him his chance.

He shook his head slowly at me. "I am immensely relieved you aren't having an affair with your boss. I... hope... you and Seneca continue to get along."

"Even if she continues to invite us over?"

He squeezed my thigh. "I'll look forward to it."

## CHAPTER 11

### Haiden

My life had veered from the abyss with a last minute Hail Mary toss of the dice. I could feel the adrenaline pumping that relief through my body so fluidly that my legs shook with the aversion of disaster and the revelation of pleasure.

No, our marriage wasn't going over the cliff.

I spent the week watching with amusement as my wife prepared herself during her morning routine with half an eye towards considering the preparation for a date.

It tickled me whenever I saw it and she noticed me watching. Her feigned-angry scowls only made me laugh.

A little bit of girl-kissing? What was wrong with that? No threat there that I could see. I knew Jessica was not a lesbian. I knew she loved man-cock.

Though the idea of some strap-on action between my wife and Seneca had my dick respond in a very positive way.

Those kind of thoughts led me to want to do whatever I could to encourage her to be as close to Seneca as she wanted. Girl on girl action? Heck yeah, baby.

It was confirmed Friday night after days had passed since the barbecue visit. I was playing with her panties in bed – my signal I was interested.

She shrugged them off, looking pleased.

I slid down and moved over her leg. Spreading her labia with my fingers, I toyed for a second before applying my tongue. I asked, "So you liked kissing her?"

She sighed, relaxed. "Yes, but..."

"But what?" I licked once up her clit.

She shivered and said, "She touched me. Before you saw us."

Intrigued, I said, "Touched you where?"

"Where your tongue is... and inside."

I was surprised. "She did?" Seneca, you wicked woman. My dick hardened noticeably fast. "Did you like it?"

"Yes, it was crazy..."

"And?" I worked on licking and flicking her clit.

She moaned with desire. "Oh... that's good. I... touched her back..."

I stopped, astonished. "You did?"

"Just on her bathing suit..."

My eyebrows began aching for being held so high. "Still, that's... something..."

"Are you mad?"

"No. Has she touched or kissed you on any of the lunches this past week?"

She sounded scandalized. "No..."

I felt disappointed. "Oh."

"You sound disappointed."

I sighed, not wanting to show too much enthusiasm. "I guess I am, maybe just a little."

My wife giggled. That was a first for her in this whole series of events. "You really want us to kiss?"

I shrugged it off. "No, I want you to be close friends. I think that's great. You don't have many friends."

"None that I've ever felt like this with, that's for sure." She was quiet for a moment, but her chest was heaving faster as I licked her. "You're sure you don't think I've... cheated on you?"

"A girl-girl friendship isn't cheating. It's a friendship. So what if a little tongue and touching goes on? That's not cheating. It's just two gals who are being really close."

She slumped as if having been tense. Her head rolled to the side. "I... look forward... to being her friend." She shivered, then faster.

I thrust in a couple fingers and moved them around inside. Her hips came up off the bed in response and she gasped.

I asked, "You thinking what it would be like if she did this?"

Her body shuddered and she cried out in alarm. Her hips bucked hard and she struggled through a surprise, strong orgasm. Her flesh warmed and reddened and her movements became fluid and languid.

She stroked a finger over my cheek. "Come up here."

I crawled up and aimed my cock at her hole.

She welcomed me with a sly smile. "Are... you excited to think of her doing that?"

I closed my eyes and sighed as I slid in. "Oh... yeah... That would be something to see." I began pumping.

She giggled. "You naughty man."

I punctuated each thrust with a word. "It. Sounds. Hot." I cried out immediately after, pumping long squirts of hot ejaculation into her.

She was looking up at me with shock. "Wow, that was fast."

The last few squirts tickled crazily, and I convulsed with laughter. "Yeah, I guess. Sorry."

She snuggled and squirmed beneath me with satisfaction. "That's okay. You don't need to pump for fifteen minutes to be some sex-god to me."

I groaned with sudden exhaustion and collapsed with care onto her warm body. "I love you." I kissed her lips.

She wrapped her wrists around my neck and grinned as joyously as she had on our wedding day. "I love you, too."

## CHAPTER 12

### Jessica

I was thrilled to be alone with Seneca Saturday. Our families were going to get together the next day. With Haiden home watching April, I was free to enjoy more than just a lunch hour.

I wasn't amazed when Seneca climbed over me naked on the bed; it was more a natural progression, though it brought a lot of trepidation with it.

Was I ready for this?

Her pussy was above my face and descending. I had never seen it so up-close before in my life. Is that what I look like down there? There was a beauty and simplicity to the look that had me anticipating the touch of her skin to my face.

My pussy looked different. Mine was a tight slit with thin lips. Seneca's was fleshy and inviting – promising a soft experience that made me eager to try it. She definitely felt good when I used my fingers.

Her pussy touched my chin.

I stuck my tongue out to try it.

And...

Found myself greedily exploring her folds.

She murmured her satisfaction above me and reached for her phone. Her wicked grin as she thumbed promised mischief.

I asked, "What... are you doing?"

"I want to capture this and show Terry."

I was shocked. "What?"

"Well, he's my husband..." She was already getting it on her phone. "Keep licking."

With wide eyes, I did.

She moved her hips back and forth, running her pussy over my mouth. Her taste was not expected and was reminiscent of walnuts – something light, clean, and appealing.

Seneca put the phone down and leaned back a little, twisting. Her hand found my pussy and began playing again – as she had been before climbing over my face. "I wonder what your husband would say about this?"

I almost bucked her off thinking about it as my body responded. My hips lifted so high in need that she had to remove her hand. I moaned into her pussy.

She smiled when I did. "Wow, that felt... great. Do that again."

I didn't want to deny her. Normally severe behind her ponytail, she had undone her hair for today for this moment. Her wavy hair was a shroud – a veritable veil of beautiful waves. She was beautiful and I wanted to please her. I hummed loud against her hole and clit.

She giggled as if tickled and squirmed with relish. Her laughter was light and excited, but it gave way to more serious moans of satisfaction. I could feel the orgasm building through her thighs on my cheeks.

She grabbed her phone again and gasped, "Keep licking. Keep..." She wavered above me and aimed the phone. Her mouth was open as the orgasm closed the distance. Her eyes were glazed and unfocused. She mumbled something, then began bucking.

I tried to maintain tongue contact, but I don't think it mattered.

Her eyes rolled up in her head and she was jerking and twitching. Slowly, she toppled over as the orgasm overtook her. She convulsed on the bed until the waves slowed and she went limp with content. She heaved a sigh. "Whew... that's even better than Terry."

I laughed nervously. My boss licks pussy?

Her eyes were alight in that post-orgasmic glow.

*Is that what I look like when Haiden looks at me?*

She rolled over and reached into her nightstand. She rolled back and held up a vibrator. "It's clean." She crawled between my legs as I looked at the thing with fright. It was big and had a cord to plug into the wall.

Hey, I had a small one, but this thing looked like it could power a truck.

She licked over my clit to prepare me and I went into a fit of shivers. Was this going to feel good?

She turned on the vibrator and lightly applied it to my clit. Electric tingles ran up my body as my sensitive button was thrilled beyond anything I had ever felt.

*Wow, this is way better than fingers.*

My entire body quivered fast as if on the edge of a deep chill. Tension tightened and twisted inside until I was groaning my warning. That wave was close, and large, and... looming. I felt tilted and turning, then suddenly I dropped – released – as the waves of orgasm unfettered my elation and sent me spinning.

I felt her fingers driving into me with determination. They teased and insured the finish was complete.

Never had I felt such joy as I did at that moment with my new friend. It was clean, free, and easy.

*What in the world had I been worried about? This is wonderful!*

## CHAPTER 13

### Haiden

After resolving my concerns of the previous weekend, I spent a very relieved and productive work week free from worries.

No longer was my wife so concerned with hiding something over which she thought she needed to feel guilty.

No longer did I fret over her cheating with her boss.

*What a week.*

I shook my head as we walked out into the backyard of the Taylor residence.

Terry had greeted us much the same, but I detected something different in his eyes – something more cordial. I stood with him as he mixed drinks and I was the one who handed them out in a spirit of companionship.

I even smiled at Seneca.

No worries here. No apprehension. No anguish.

For being a visitor, I almost felt at home.

The girls sat together.

*So cute.*

Terry and I chatted about work again – nothing serious, nothing heavy or pessimistic. Not even cynical.

We went through two drinks before Seneca wanted to drag my wife away.

I was all grins and my wife all blushes.

When we were alone, Terry winked at me. He said, "My wife is so excited..."

I chuckled in agreement. "Mine, too. This is all new for her."

"The whole woman-woman thing?"

I nodded. "She's never had those kind of tendencies."

Terry nodded down into his drink looking thoughtful. "Mine, neither. Seneca just up and gobsmailed me one day admitting that she was charmed by your wife's personality. That she wanted to get to know her."

"How long was that?"

"After they met?" He waved for my glass.

I nodded.

He refilled the drinks. "She mentioned that a couple months ago, but I think she meant going back to the Christmas party."

I hummed my acceptance of his answer.

He handed me a fresh screwdriver. "You? Different though, right? I mean, you suspected me and her..."

I laughed, short and sharp. "Yeah, sorry."

"No, don't be sorry. I'm just glad it all worked out. I try to keep a very firm and solid distance between myself and my employees."

"That's what Jessica said."

"Don't get me wrong, your wife is beautiful. I'm pleased Seneca has become so close to her."

I lifted my glass in salute.

He winked. "She sent me the most fascinating video of your wife... um..."

licking my wife..." He cleared his throat and looked flustered.

I was startled. "She did?" Hey, that's not fair.

He waved his free hand. "You can't see anything of your wife – no worries. Just her eyes and nose." He looked over his shoulder. "I'll show you."

After retrieving his phone, he thumbed and handed it to me.

I was gripped by the image on the screen and fought to understand the angle. I was looking down Seneca's upright body down to the bed. My wife's upper face looked back up at the screen. She was mostly motionless, but Seneca's body writhed on her face, exposing parts of her that Terry might not want me to see.

I swallowed hard. Her breasts swung gently and glimpses of her pussy on my wife's mouth came in and out of view with her movements.

I gasped, "Oh my goodness."

He was grinning. "Quite a sight, huh?"

"They're beautiful together."

He laughed low, but long. "That was my exact thought. Though... I wouldn't have minded to see more. Maybe in reverse, too. The idea of my wife doing that to yours..."

My dick was stirring and I had to hand the phone back or risk embarrassment. I think I was a little too late. I said, "Yeah, that would've been even better."

He turned off the phone. "They're both so beautiful it's a shame we can't see both."

I could only nod. My dick was struggling against my attempts to keep it flaccid. Would Terry really like to see both naked? I knew I would. Most definitely. I knew we both shared that fantasy.

He muttered ruefully, "I didn't mean to be eyeballing your wife, per se..."

I swallowed hard. "No, that's okay. I just got an eyeful of yours."

He waved dismissively. "Oh, that... No, it's nothing. Don't worry. I know she looks good and I don't blame you for liking it."

I looked at him in scrutiny. He was fifty, hair thinning but still dark. I had to be close to see the silver. He was late going gray, but his age showed in other ways. Around his eyes and on his forehead were heavy wrinkles – perhaps even from someone approaching sixty. And yet, his body was well-formed and muscled - big in the way of an athlete. The man spent time keeping himself very well fit.

*We all age in different ways...*

He had married a much younger woman. Maybe he treasured that and wanted to brag. I decided to give him the affirmation he might've been looking for. I said, "No, really. I... enjoyed seeing them both like that. Seneca is beautiful. Thank you for that glimpse."

He shrugged. "Just wish I could've been there. I would've gotten better videos and shared them with you. You want me to send you this one?"

I blinked at the offer. "Um... Seneca wouldn't mind?"

He shook his head with a short burst of laughter. "Nah..."

"Well, uh, sure..."

He motioned for my phone and we traded. Numbers entered, we traded back again. He attached the video and sent it in a text.

Feeling like a little boy who had just traded cigarettes, I put the phone away and tried to act cool.

We laughed together.

He leaned towards me after checking the sliding glass door. "Maybe she'll make a better one."

I couldn't help but hope that his wife did. Knowing Terry would see them first bothered me not at all.

## CHAPTER 14

### Jessica

I shook with desire two weeks after my husband told me Terry had shared the video with him. Seneca had her fingers stuffed up my pussy in the most pleasing way.

There was a knock on the door that startled me so suddenly that I clamped my legs together.

She kissed me lightly on the lips. "It's just my husband. I think he wanted me to give him a handjob while we kissed. He just wants to see."

Before I could make any kind of answer, she jumped up and opened the door.

Terry was wearing a pool robe and grinning ear to ear. "Hi, ladies."

Seneca tugged at his terrycloth belt. "Oh shush, you big baby and lie down."

I scrambled up and away, covering my nakedness.

He pouted at me. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you."

Seneca had opened his robe and his cock swung heavily.

I gulped. He wasn't longer than my husband, but he was heavy and thick. I was staring.

I just could not help it.

His cock was a thing of masculine beauty. Cleanly circumcised with no scarring or malformations, it looked... delicious.

I became wet – even more so.

He wasn't looking, though. I think he was embarrassed that we were both naked in the same room. He settled on the bed and grabbed his dick.

I had seen him grab pens and folders with those hands. Seeing them on his dick seemed so... hot.

Seneca sat next to his hips and motioned me to take the other side.

Shaking with uncertainty, I climbed next to him.

He avoided checking me out and that made me feel a little better. He kept his eyes averted towards his wife.

She motioned me towards her face for a kiss.

I leaned and our mouths met.

Leaning on one hand, she jacked him with the other and swirled her tongue in my mouth.

I guess this isn't so bad. My pulse returned to mostly near normal as we shared that intimate oral passion in a battle of tongues.

She broke the kiss after a moment and smiled at me with all the warmth she always showed me. She whispered as if he couldn't hear, "Sorry, but he was crying like a baby—"

Terry rumbled, "I was not." He pointed at me. "And not a word of this crying thing at work."

I started to giggle, but cleared my throat. "No, of course not."

Seneca's hand made some exaggerated moves up and down. She shook her head. "He's such a whiny brat—"

"I am not."

I tried to get rid of the excess moisture in my mouth and realized I was staring at her hand.

She gave me a wink and lowered her head. Mouth open wide, she took his cock

into her mouth. She used her free hand to reach over and rub lightly at my clit.

I gasped and shuddered. Oh, this is good...

She didn't last long like that, though. She straightened with a grimace and stretched her neck. "Would you... do me a small favor?"

I was instantly alert, wanting to be what she wanted. "Of course..."

"Let's change position and put my husband to work. He's being useless."

He grunted in offense.

"Shut up and don't move."

I was amused at seeing him meek and pliable.

She said to me, "Climb on him and put his face to use."

"Huh?"

"I want you to kiss me while I jack him. Let him put his tongue to work instead of complaining. It's okay, he's better at that than flapping his gums."

The idea of my boss licking my pussy weirded me out a little, but Seneca seemed undisturbed in making him do it.

I gave him a horrified look as I climbed over his face. His eyes were following my pussy.

Satisfying my sense of propriety – or displacing it – was a noticeable twitching of his dick.

I gently settled until he guided me back a little. His tongue touched me in a long slide over my clit. I shuddered like a leaf in the wind and began to relax.

Seneca gripped her husband's shaft and just held it. She craned her head towards me.

I met her mouth in a kiss that contained more heat than I ever felt with her – almost approaching that which I had with my husband. Her husband's tongue on

me seemed stretching the boundaries of our relationship... but felt... so good. I dismissed the reservations and resolved to enjoy the moment Seneca had arranged.

His tongue worked swirls of pleasure and sensuality around my clit.

Her tongue tangled with mine in a tease that sent shivers racing back and forth from my shoulders to my pussy.

She broke the kiss and went down on her husband.

I had been trying to avoid being too close to his cock, just out of... I don't know... propriety or something, but now I was only near the top of her head as it moved.

I planted a few kisses onto her scalp and breathed in the sharply pleasant aroma of her hair.

Terry hummed with delight as he sucked my clit and I swear the vibrations that traveled up my body nearly shook me apart. My eyes were closed as I relished and memorized the exquisite sensations.

Seneca made a noise and I opened my eyes. She was ready for another kiss.

Not even thinking, I kissed her. It was only after a few seconds that I detected that... otherness about her. There was a new flavor on her tongue and I realized it was Terry's cock.

I groaned loudly in her mouth in an involuntary moan of desire. I sucked at her mouth as she jacked her husband and I felt... complete.

When Seneca gently nudged my head and pushed, I willingly let my head lower until I took her husband's cock into my mouth.

I did it gladly.

I sucked his shaft like I sucked my husband's, if not with more gusto. I wanted her to approve. I wanted her to commend my effort and be pleased that I was participating to her delight. I sucked my boss as if he was the last cock on Earth. I slurped up and down and massaged the helmet of his shaft with my tongue.

Meanwhile, his tongue and fingers were making a sloppy mess of my pussy.

I felt Seneca's hands stroking my head with love and care. After a moment, there was a nudge.

I pulled off his shaft and we kissed.

She moved her head down until his cock was close. We parted slightly to allow his shaft to be between our lips. Together, we kissed and sucked and licked at his shaft – up and down – until we met above him to kiss directly.

I was swimming high above my senses and vibrating with the building twist inside. Heat flared behind my clit and spread slowly, building in intensity until I thought my pussy was on fire.

Then it blew.

Hot flames of desire exploded outward, flooding my body with pulses of lava-like heat. I grunted with the pulses and sucked as hard as I could on Terry's cock. He was groaning and tensing beneath me, but I barely felt it through my orgasm.

It wasn't until he was exploding into my mouth that I realized how well I had played his shaft. Hot squirts filled my mouth with strong flexes of his erection.

Startled, I did the best I could to suck down what he gave me.

He called out from behind me as his balls emptied into my mouth. Apparently, he really liked what was happening.

Seneca was cooing and stroking my shoulders and cheeks. She approved.

I made sure not a drop escaped.

Like a leaf floating down from the loftiest peak, I pulled off and smiled as I held his slick shaft against my cheek.

I had never felt so satisfied.

## CHAPTER 15

### Haiden

I knew something was wrong on Monday. She had been to visit Seneca on Sunday and she came back subdued. I didn't notice it at first because she was glowing.

It was a special glow: satisfied and serene.

However, she didn't want to talk much about it.

When Tuesday passed and she seemed to get worse, I made sure to stop the slide and bring out whatever was bothering her.

I assaulted her defenses with a coordinated attack: I was playing with her pussy in bed. Sometimes, it was the only way with her.

She knew. "What are you up to?"

I toyed delicately, pressing her clit with each word. "I want to know about Sunday..."

Her head turned quickly away, and she looked to the side as if into a great distance. Eyes glazed, she murmured, "Not much to tell."

Unfortunately for her, the stiffening of her limbs gave her away – as if the other clues would've added up on their own.

I had a choice: direct confrontation or subtle coaxing. The first would bring a fight and anger. The latter seemed like a more efficient option, even if I was feeling agitated for a fast response. I took a deep breath to help smooth away my agitation. Slow was better. "You know something? A couple of weeks back, Terry shared a video his wife made."

She stiffened further. "He did?"

"I really liked it."

"You did?"

"It was awesome. It's not like we both didn't know you two were doing that..."

"What was so great about—"

"We got to see. I know you women are all about hearing, but us men like to see. The only thing he regretted was not getting to see all of you instead of just upper part of your face."

She giggled with some amount of doubt. "Why would he want to see me?"

"You're with his wife. He would want to see all of it. Likewise, I would want to see all of—"

"So you liked seeing Seneca?"

Slightly dangerous territory here, but I knew she was deflecting. I stayed steady. "I did, because you were involved with her. You two make a beautiful pair."

She was silent, looking at me and inspecting my expression.

I kept it honest.

Satisfied, she looked away again, but with a more pensive look on her face, instead of memory and hesitation. Her eyes snapped back to mine.

I took that instant of her decision to insert a finger – slow.

She drew in a shuddering breath and said, "That didn't make you jealous? That he would've liked to have seen everything?"

Again, I was honest. "Not at all – I understood him. Heck, he had just shown me his naked wife; I couldn't deny him what I knew I would want in his place."

"But he would see me naked."

"You're involved with his wife: it's his place and right."

"So you wouldn't be mad?"

Now I knew what was being hidden. Now I knew why she had clammed up. Terry must have seen them and my wife was worried I'd be mad. I moved my finger in and out. "No, I wouldn't be mad. Listen, Jessica, you're having fun. You're having fun with his wife. Seneca is having fun with my wife. Both husbands have every right to be involved."

She looked away again and I saw her pulse accelerate in her neck.

*Yep. Strangely, despite my investigative attitude, my dick responded and started swelling. I was getting close to the answer.*

She said, "Well..."

I moved my finger in and out, and up over her clit. "Tell me about Sunday; I'm getting excited."

Her eyes flicked to mine and away. And back again. "Seneca wanted to kiss me..."

I waited. Nothing new about that.

"While jacking her husband."

My eyebrows climbed my forehead. I needed to be encouraging with my response or she would shut down immediately. "Wow, that sounds hot."

She started, jerking as if stung. "It does?"

"Yeah, don't you think so?"

"Well... yes..."

"So what happened?"

"She brought him in..."

I probed deeper with my fingers. "Oh, now this is getting good." Oddly enough,

my dick agreed, though I was concerned about what ultimately caused her to clam up. "Go on." I toyed with her pussy and teased her clit.

She drew in another shuddering breath and said, "That's what happened. She stroked him and kissed me."

"You were on the couch? Or the bed?"

"Their bed. He was lying down and we were sort of leaning over him."

I lowered my voice as if wanting to share a secret, though I had an itch of curiosity, "You saw his... thing?"

"Yes."

"Was it nice?"

She shrugged.

I said, "I'm curious."

"Why?"

"I guess I want to know if he has something that's kept Seneca happy. He is older, after all."

She swallowed and nodded after a second. "Yes, it was nice. It's like yours, but very thick. Like, weirdly thick."

"Did it bother you seeing it?"

She exhaled with some relief. "Yes. At first. It's just strange seeing my boss naked and all..."

"Don't worry – I'm sure it was all about him being involved with his wife."

"Well, kinda..."

"What happened?"

"It was Seneca. She sort of took control..."

"Describe it." I shoved my fingers in and out of her pussy to distract her from her reservations.

She said, "She said that her husband was being useless and she was getting a kink in her neck."

"From kissing you?"

"Yes. No. Um, actually, she kissed me for a minute or so, then started blowing him."

I acted as if understanding. "Oh... Go on."

"She kissed me after sucking him." Her eyes were wide and locked on mine. She was biting her lip.

My dick jumped and flexed. I blinked and frowned.

Her face crumpled.

However, the more I thought about it, the more natural it seemed. I said, "That sounds pretty hot, too."

Jessica was astonished. "It does?"

"It would be like you kissing Seneca after blowing me. Totally hot. Makes my dick leak."

She looked down. "It does?"

"Check for yourself." I twisted to let her get a grip on it.

Her eyes marveled at my excitement. She gripped me and stroked the leakage around as lube. "Wow, okay, I guess it does."

"So, what happened after she said her husband was useless?"

Jessica flicked her eyes at me again, then back down to my dick. She firmed her lips. "Well... she..."

"Go ahead, this is getting good." I wasn't sure it was, but I wanted it out in the

open. I would decide how to deal with it later – if it needed attention.

"She had me climb... onto his face, so we could kiss while she jacked him."

That was a surprise. "And you did it?"

She nodded and pleaded with me, "You have to understand, I didn't want to disappoint Seneca—"

"No, no worries. So what happened?"

"He... licked me."

I was ambivalent about that. His tongue on my wife's pussy? It made me itch, yet I was certain Seneca probably thought she was making her husband perform a chore – making him useful. Could I blame either her or Terry? Could I blame my wife? It seemed like I had little ground to place certain blame on one particular person. It sounded as if things sort of happened without deliberate plans to hurt someone in particular.

I sighed, searching for a decent response. "I... wish I could've seen it. Is there more that happened?"

"Sort of... She kept sucking him and kissing me. She kept pulling my head closer until we were... both sort of kissing each other and his... thing..."

*Sort of? My dick throbbed so hard I realized that at least one part of me approved in some fashion. She was getting licked and close enough to kiss his dick. I should be angry.*

Jessica took my erection for approval and stroked me slower – more thorough. She said, "Then Seneca pushed my head down... onto him. He, uh... " she laughed as if it was something stupid, but she finished nervously, "...came in my mouth."

Her hand had sped up at the rush of her last words. It was precisely the wrong time. My dick swelled despite my burst of anger and began spitting cum. The first squirt was a surprising surge, but the rest just bubbled out in an ample and overflowing eruption of lust.

My wife milked my cock with relief and glee as if it were a sign of my approval.

## CHAPTER 16

### Jessica

I bubbled on the phone to Seneca, "He wasn't mad."

"Should he have been?"

"Normally, I would say yes..."

"Sounds like he's opening his mind."

"I hope so."

"What are you afraid of, Jessica?"

There was a lot I was afraid of. "Everything."

"Look, I'm only three years older than you, but..."

"Yes?"

Seneca sighed on the other end of the line. "Taylor taught me that the greatest thing holding any of us back from fulfilling things is fear."

"That sounds good, but—"

"That's your fear talking. 'Yeah, but...' is fear."

"Fear is healthy."

Seneca laughed. "No it isn't. Fear is natural, but it isn't healthy. Courage is healthy. Planning is healthy. Bravery is healthy. Taking the initiative is healthy. If you let fear rule your life, you will never progress."

"I don't know..."

"There's your fear again, calling for you to do nothing. To be comfortable not growing. Imagine, Jessica, if you had not overcome your fear when you met Haiden? Imagine not being able to overcome your fear of having a child. Your daughter is beautiful. Fear would've stopped her from ever coming into being."

I breathed and thought of her intent. She's right, of course. "How do you know so much?"

She laughed. "That's the funny thing; the more I know, the more I realize I know nothing. All of life is a learning process."

"Not when we're old..."

"Yes, even then. We're learning how to cope with age and death."

"This is morbid." I'd rather change April's diaper.

Seneca soothed me, "It's all part of life. Embrace life and reject the fear."

"I can try..."

"That's better. You coming over Saturday?"

"Yes." Another Saturday. "What about Haiden?"

"Maybe Sunday? No... definitely Sunday."

I thought I sensed something hidden there, but I trusted Seneca; she was my friend. "Okay."

I thumbed off and told my husband later at home that I'd be visiting her on Saturday.

He seemed subdued – ever since my admission and his emission.

What was he thinking?

He did not appear to be concerned about me seeing Seneca Saturday.

I said, "We're invited Sunday."

He just nodded, in thought.

I couldn't argue with his dick – his true inner feelings. He had been excited when I had ventured the fact that my boss had cum in my mouth. I had left out the other details – how I had sucked him for a while and how I had swallowed. Maybe he didn't need to know all that. I made it sound more accidental and he had been excited.

Seneca might have told me to spill the whole truth, but I knew my husband; he wasn't a sharing kind of guy.

## CHAPTER 17

### Haiden

I couldn't get the image out of my mind of my wife's mouth open and Taylor squirting cum into it. As if it wasn't bad enough that I was angry about the idea, I was also oddly excited over it.

How had it happened? What position? Had she liked it? Asked for it? Had they discussed it?

Why was I so torn over it?

Why was my dick acting like I was watching porn?

I wasn't exactly the sharing type of person.

Jessica was mine.

Not his.

Not Seneca's, either.

What line had been crossed, though? It was fine with Seneca, but not Terry?

Because of gender?

I realized I was threatened by Terry being male because that made him competition.

I asked her before she left for work on Wednesday, "Do you love me?"

"Yes, of course." Her eyes held a curious and amused light – as if I were asking a silly question.

"Above all others?"

"Yes. Why the silly questions?"

"They aren't silly."

"All right, sorry. But..." She touched my face. "Don't be afraid of my friends. I love you more than anything in this world, except maybe April. Don't put me on the spot over our daughter."

"No, I wouldn't."

"I made a friend in Seneca – a strong friend. But that's all we are. And what happened with Terry... I was doing that for her, not for him."

I nodded. She was making sense. "Okay."

I watched her go, putting April into the car and leaving for work.

*Maybe I shouldn't be afraid of her, but rather what I think about it all myself.*

## CHAPTER 18

### Jessica

Work was not unusual for a Wednesday. Coffee, emails, phone calls, messages and planning notes all made the familiar impression.

Until my boss called me into his office.

He had been the model of my previously known boss: quiet; confident; neutral; distant; and definitely non-sexual.

Terence Taylor had always been the perfect business associate. No sexual innuendo. No flirting. No suggestive looks.

No harassment.

He looked up from his computer screen. "Close the door."

Private meetings were not unusual, either, though I usually knew about them beforehand. I shut the door.

He smiled at me. That was unusual for the office. Terry never smiled at work unless he was meeting clients for negotiations.

He leaned back in his chair a little and looked at me hopefully. "I haven't been... able to get our activity off my mind. I was very impressed..."

"Your wife said so..." I shrugged and blushed.

He frowned and started to come forward but stopped. "Would you...?" He looked around as if searching for other people. "Would you do... that again for me? Now?" He looked boyishly hopeful.

I let out a laugh through closed teeth, unsure of how to respond. Seneca would

approve, surely. I would never blow my boss, certainly. But here we were and Seneca's husband just happened to be my boss. And...

Seneca would approve.

That, and only that, had me moving towards him with not a second's more hesitation. I dropped down as he undid his slacks.

I gripped his thickness and worked it with my fingers.

It was easy.

I might have handed him a paper to sign.

It was not hard or stressful in the least. Being familiar with his cock, I handled it just as surely as if I handled my husband.

When it was hard, I put my mouth over it and slurped away.

I wasn't so much sucking my boss as I was my friend's husband with her blessing.

I let go with my hand and put it on the floor. On all fours, I rocked back and forth, taking his cock in and out of my mouth. I enjoyed the feel of his hot thickness.

The only thought running through my mind was that I couldn't wait to tell Seneca. She would heartily approve of me acting fearlessly. But my husband...

I thought of Haiden as I slid my mouth on Terry's cock. I was sucking my boss at work and that had been something my husband had feared. Would he approve as much as his dick said he had on Monday? I had never seen my husband cum so much as I had when I had told him Terry had cum in my mouth.

I continued rocking back and forth, taking his cock in and out of my mouth. I could feel his shaft flexing and I began sucking harder.

I wanted to do a good job.

No, my husband might not be fearless enough to understand, yet. Telling him

would definitely have to wait. I would consult with Seneca and see what she advised.

Terry stiffened up and quietly let loose a flood of cum into my mouth. I stopped moving and sucked hard. I swallowed fitfully and fast, some swallows rapid and on the heels of the last, other swallows more like great gulps, followed by more fast ones.

When he was done, I settled back and grinned. I wiped at the corners of my mouth in case any had escaped.

He shook his head in wonder. "You're beautiful, Jessica. Could we...? Could we look forward to this... every morning?"

Pleased that he was pleased, I nodded eagerly. Seneca would be pleased, too. "You naughty man, I'm married."

His eyebrows lifted and fell. "That makes it so much better. I wouldn't do this if you were single."

"No?"

He shook his head. "We're friends. You're married and I'm married. It's perfect. A single secretary might expect more, but I love my wife and would never leave her."

"And I love my husband and would never leave him."

He pointed his finger as if punching a button. "That is why it's so perfect."

I instantly saw and understood his point and I was good with that. I said with promise, "I look forward to tomorrow morning."

## CHAPTER 19

### Haiden

Jessica came home hornier than a teenager. Her foot ran up my leg at the table as we ate dinner. Her looks smoked with desire.

That's how I knew I wasn't in danger of losing her. It was her mood that finally convinced me.

She loved me and wanted me; I could see it. Admitting that seemed fraught with danger, but I could detect no threat on the immediate horizon. I relaxed in her presence and considered my soul-searching done.

For the day, at least.

Later in bed, she attacked me.

Was she looking for answers? I had sexually attacked her when I was looking for answers a couple of days ago. Was she seeking?

I resolved to be open.

Her hand on my cock shook with urgency. She said, "I couldn't get you off my mind the whole day."

"What brought that on?"

Her eyes shifted away; I knew she was going to deflect.

I studied her face. The lust did not leave, though her eyes wandered for a moment.

She met my gaze. "I don't know... I guess I was having some crazy daydreams." She yanked on my cock until it was erect. Her fingers were... demanding.

"Daydreams?"

She pressed her mouth to mine in a frenzied hunger and groaned when she broke off a moment later. Her hand tugged even more urgently on my cock.

"What were you daydreaming about?"

A quick glance at my face preceded her shaky words, "One of them was me being naughty and sucking Terry's cock in his office."

Her words caught me off guard. Her tugs did the rest. The tickle was instant. The tension immediate. My cock swelled drastically and erupted with long shots of cum into the air. This was far different than the copious dribble a few days prior.

I gasped convulsively as my ejaculation made leaps into the air.

Jessica's eyes were alight with delight.

*She enjoyed that... but why? We didn't...*

I settled back, exhausted from the sudden and explosive burst. I felt drained.

She leaned over me and kissed me again. "Hmm..." She looked at me dreamily. "Maybe I should offer..."

A spasm of tension ripped up my dick and shot out another squirt of cum.

My mind might have been questioning, but my dick wasn't.

I was caught in a trap of my own making.

## CHAPTER 20

### Jessica

I saw Seneca most days for lunch, but we did nothing but talk. I was getting close to her and her to me. We finished each other's sentences. We had much the same ideas.

The fun stuff – the intimacy – came on the weekends.

It was with much anticipation I gave Haiden a kiss goodbye and drove to the Taylor's.

Seneca was an anchor for me, and also a pilot. Just as I looked to my husband for direction in our marriage, I looked to Seneca for guidance in our friendship. Not that my character was weak, but rather as needing boosts of encouragement from those around me.

I was making timid steps to get away from my fears.

Why be enslaved to them?

Yet the fear was there making sure each step was faltering and uncertain. I felt as if my progress was slowed and hampered, even as I tried to get away.

Terry answered the door and held his arms out for a hug. It was quick and friendly. Nothing else.

That was as it should be, too. Despite me sucking him off three days in a row, we both knew it was fun, not serious.

Or business and not pleasure.

I wondered which of those was more appropriate?

I giggled to myself thinking to ask the Personnel Director. What a disaster that would be...

I joined Seneca in the living room.

Terry left us alone.

I sat next to her and accepted her welcoming hug.

She was bright-eyed and smiling. "So how's my girlfriend?"

"Just great." I said it with all the sincerity I felt. I couldn't hide my own smile, either.

Her fingers danced on the buttons of my blouse. "And how's it going with your husband?"

"Still the same; I think he's struggling with something, but he won't let on about it."

"Me?"

I shook my head. "No, he absolutely and unequivocally approves of you."

She gave me a mock-stern look. "Unequivocally."

I tossed my head. "Yeah, I know. I say it wrong. It's more comfortable that way. Sort of like how some people say nucular instead of nuclear."

She snapped her head back for focus and laughed. "Yeah... I have heard that..."

"Anyway, Haiden couldn't possibly be more supportive. I think he's probably wondering about Terry."

"Funny, my husband says when they talk, they pretty much agree about... things." She giggled and butted her shoulder into mine.

I patted her thigh. "My husband is a thinker; he often thinks things through very thoroughly. Several times."

"But he likes me touching you?" Her finger traced down my blouse over my

breast.

I nodded and my nipple hardened.

Minutes later, we were naked and kissing.

Her fingers dove in and out of my pussy as I gasped with delight. Coils of sexual tension twisted tight inside and caused a sensual stress that radiated up my hips and down my legs.

She was working me. Sometimes I worked her. But today, I was the one receiving the attention. She wanted something, I was certain.

Seneca's mouth was at my ear. "You have such a beautiful pussy."

I breathed my response – just a rush of breath that indicated I had heard.

"My husband said it was pretty, too."

A twinge in the tension made me grunt softly.

Her breath sent moist heat into my ear and shivers down my arms. "You know what I would really like?"

I trembled, wanting to give her everything she asked. "What?"

Her fingers came out and twirled relentlessly around my clit. The tension increased dramatically and spread in circles outward from my pussy. "I would love to see my husband's cock in there."

I lifted my hips and groaned with the sudden surge of lust. That looming wave of orgasm just got a lot closer. I panted, "Y-you would?"

She nodded solemnly. "Would... would you... try it? For me?"

I swallowed and choked because my mouth didn't want to close. My breathing and pulse were too rapid for normal swallowing. After a couple of coughs, I said, "Yes... I would..."

I would do it for her. I would wonder about my husband after. After all, we were friends. Why wouldn't I do it for her?

She rose and held out her hand, fire and joy sparkling in her eyes.

I took it and let her help me up.

*Is this the right thing to do? But it felt like it was. They were friends. She was my best friend. If she wanted this, I would do it for her. Yes, it's the right thing to do.*

She led me to the bedroom.

Terry was lying on the bed watching a documentary on TV. He regarded us neutrally and then removed his glasses. He only used them for TV and driving.

Seneca grinned wide and bounced on the balls of her feet next to me.

My boss looked surprised and then let a slow smile spread across his features. He rose and began undressing.

I felt warm and safe, not frightened and uncertain. I knew that I was doing the right thing. I knew I was taking a bold and wonderful step.

Seneca said, "I know he's thick. Let me help and guide you." She pulled me to the bed and positioned me down. She climbed up at my head and moved my arms up and out. She gently settled her shins onto them with most of the pressure on her knees. She motioned to me. "Lift your legs."

I raise them and she took my ankles in her hands. I was pinned down and my legs held up and open.

Terry stood near my pussy and stroked himself. His smile was tender and showed a hint of hunger. He moved forward and pressed his cock down onto my clit.

I jerked at the sexual contact and my pulse began racing.

His was, too. He breathed shakily, "Oh... Jessica... You can't imagine how long I've wanted this." The head of his cock slid down and found my hole. With a commanding shove, he speared his thickness into my opening. I stretched open as he pushed his cock into my pussy.

With one solid push, his very thick erection was sliding all the way in. I gasped,

"But Seneca..."

She was holding my feet high. She said, "We've both wanted you."

I churned inside at the interesting development in our relationship. The wave was building frightfully high.

Seneca asked, "Does she feel good, baby?"

Terry sighed wistfully. "Tight and perfect. Hold her down good." He drew back and began pumping down hard and fast. His cock reamed my pussy deep. I thought my insides were going to be pulled out with his shaft.

I cried out with the exquisite stretching and solid stuffing sensation of his moving erection. His cock lunged into me filling me over and over. The wave was higher than I had ever sensed. I was making a continuous whimper of need.

Seneca urged her husband, "Fuck her, baby. Deep."

He worked harder, driving his cock faster and deeper.

I was delirious. My head swung and my skin was clammy. The unending pounding and sliding was inching me ever closer to letting go in a massive orgasm.

I had offered my married mouth to my boss. Now I was offering my pussy. His thickness strained my pussy and sent all the right vibes up my back. I took his manhood deep and allowed him to enjoy my femininity in an act so wonderful that I wondered why I hesitated.

What had I to fear?

I was surrendering to my boss and his wife – my friend – and it was good. It felt right. It seemed proper. This was how it should be between secretaries and bosses. Even married secretaries.

*Yes, this is so... good... I'll suck you, I'll fuck you... I'll do it all... The inner certainty triggered the release of all the tension I had held inside. I let out a wail and convulsed. My hips bucked up hard and began shaking out of control. My orgasm exploded and tore through me, causing great wracks of pleasure and*

*fulfillment. Warmth spread through me like a million points of hot light.*

I became aware of Terry fucking me faster. He was panting heavily. Then I felt the deep squirts of liquid lava as his cock flexed and pulsed into the innermost parts of my pussy.

I grunted as I squeezed with him, milking his offering and taking every drop. I smiled up at him, ecstatic and joyous. We had accomplished something together both wonderful and beautiful, and I bore the hot, wet evidence inside me.

## CHAPTER 21

### Haiden

What were they doing? Was Terry there? Was there going to be another licking session? Would he play with my wife's pussy?

That latter thought lifted my spirits and my dick, but it still troubled my thoughts.

She had been very turned on by it all. Seneca had urged her. Surely there was no issue there between her and her friend, then? Was it so bad that Seneca wanted to share her husband that way?

But where was I in this?

I sat on the couch and stroked my cock. I had long ago ditched my shorts as too uncomfortable for constant erections.

I jumped when the front door opened and Jessica entered looking energized and triumphant.

She looked down at my predicament and smiled wider. She smelled of... sex. She came to me and gripped my dick. "Is April...?"

"Down for her nap."

She sighed happily. "Something happened and I want to tell you."

"Tonight?"

"No, it can't wait."

My dick flexed. My heart jumped at her excitement. My brain appreciated her necessity for immediate sharing. "All right."

She led me to the bedroom. She shut the door behind us and turned. She about tore my clothes from my body.

I helped her.

Her breathing was rapid and she stripped down to her bra and panties.

I laid on the bed and she squatted next to me.

She was panting. "I..."

"Just tell me." I was ready. Dick? Check. Heart? Check. Brain? Check. Yes, I am ready.

She stroked my face with a look of love and longing. "Oh, Haiden... Seneca held me down while her husband... fucked me." She ran her hand down and pressed against her pussy. She gasped, "It... was so... hot..."

My eyes opened as wide as I've ever felt. My dick swelled so much I thought it would burst. My heart hammered in my chest while my brain instantly began starving.

I needed to satisfy my brain. "Tell me what happened." I gripped my dick to keep the shaft from swelling too much and just rupturing like an overfilled water balloon.

I realized later I was stroking to her every word. Every movement of her beautiful lips cranked me higher. Every bat of her sexy eyelids drove me to heights I had never before experienced.

Yet in my heart – of all places! – I felt loss.

I had expected my brain.

No, I was seeing clearly. I was thinking clearly. I knew what I wanted.

The hole was in my heart where I suffered the loss of intimacy. With what had happened, intimacy had been taken away from me. Her intimacy was mine. Mine was hers. We shared. Now there was a hole torn in that fabric. I was... missing an essential element in our relationship.

It had to be corrected.

I had to see. I had to... know.

Or it was all over.

## CHAPTER 22

### Haiden

I went with my wife on what otherwise would've been a normal visit. That particular left me laughing inside.

Normal? A man takes his wife so she can lez with a friend?

No, not normal. Not normal at all.

It was... ideal.

What man wouldn't take his wife so she could do some tongue-twisting with her female friend?

But this was now beyond that.

It was not a normal visit. Not ideal.

This was different and shifting territory.

Terry separated me inside. The girls were in their own huddle.

He asked me, "You okay, buddy?"

I nodded. "I feel violated..." I didn't say it in a feminine way and I could see he understood.

He jerked his head towards his wife. "I told her, but she had it in her head. Said that your wife was uncertain about your thinking."

"Well, that's true."

"I wouldn't want things to happen unless everyone was agreeing—"

My wife's voice was sharp. "No, Seneca. No. I don't want you doing anything with my husband. Just, no."

That surprised me; Jessica was practically putty in Seneca's hands. That her friend might have offered to do something with me and cause such a reaction was a surprise.

Terry sighed fitfully. "This works if we're all in agreement."

I touched his bicep. "I just want to be in on the loop. I don't want this stuff going on behind my back."

He refocused on me. "I would have it no other way. Yesterday was all my wife's doing. I just went with it hoping for the best."

Seneca approached us and waited.

Terry gave her an expectant look until she motioned him away with her fingers.

I instantly understood who really wore the pants in this family.

She placed herself in front of me and traced fingers absently down my arms. "Your wife forbids us doing anything together."

"That's not why I was here."

"Pity, but I understand. She refuses to have any other woman touch you."

"Fine by me."

"Haiden..."

I was patient and soft. "You do... have my attention."

"You came here today to set things right?"

I nodded thoughtfully. "I feel something needs to be right. You're her closest friend—"

She interrupted me. "And I value that."

"I trust her with you. But, I'm her husband. I can't have this—"

She put a finger to my lips. "Stop. Your wife is beautiful."

I nodded my acquiescence.

"Would you let my husband and I fuck her while you watch?"

I blinked at how direct she was... and it was perfect. She asked. Honestly.

My brain agreed. My dick swelled in my slacks.

And my heart... clicked into place.

"Yes."

She leaned up and planted a delicate kiss to my cheek. "Thank you."

I watched her take my wife's hand. Jessica wanted to talk more but Seneca laid a finger to her lips. Then she curled one at her husband and me.

We followed them into the bedroom.

Like circling vampires around a beautiful woman, Seneca and Terry slowly stripped my wife down. They kissed her neck and skin of her shoulders.

Jessica kept her eyes on me, breathing heavier and hotter as each second passed.

I found the situation peaceful and lacking the anxiety I had expected. Long before, I had felt sick at the prospect of my wife having an affair with her boss. She hadn't been: she had been seeing his wife.

Worries removed, I had found the path to acceptance easier than I might have suspected. She and Seneca were friends. It was the perfect arrangement.

It also happened to be the perfect progression. Seneca had lured my wife in and then deeper into her intimacy: she had brought in her husband.

I understood that now. I grasped the import. Seneca was sharing as deep as she could out of love.

Now it was my turn.

I was here to witness because I was part of Jessica. If they made love to her, I was a part of it all. They thus made love to me. I sensed it before I saw it – even if my wife had denied Seneca the physical manifestation of that love towards me.

Yes, I was ready.

My wife's eyes, so solidly locked to mine, supported everything I felt. The look carried love so obvious that I felt as if I should be nodding at our unspoken understanding.

Seneca pulled my wife down into a sixty-nine with my wife on top.

Terry stood by me and stroked himself. "Aren't they beautiful?"

"The most beautiful," I said breathlessly. "I'm so glad they're friends."

He muttered, "Me, too." He jacked himself next to me as if it were a normal thing.

I supposed it was, but what really stunned me was the thickness of his dick. Same length as mine, but... My wife took that?

The ladies moved on the bed after some licking that left both moaning happily.

Seneca arranged my wife on her back and gave her husband the eye.

Terry nudged me. "Come closer." He climbed onto the bed and between my wife's legs.

It was such a normal, natural move that I was left feeling deflated. I had expected a pounding heart and a dry mouth. I had thought I might face passing out.

None of that happened.

He simply climbed between my wife's legs and I smiled. I also sensed the close connection between everyone in the room.

I felt... honored to be a part of it.

Seneca settled by my wife's head and stroked her face, then trailed her fingers down to circle her nipples.

Jessica was mostly watching me. Her eyes were soft and comfortable. Her body was relaxed. She was ready for what was coming, but was more interested in how I was taking all of this.

My love for her surged, even as Terry grabbed his dick to prepare for penetration.

Again, I expected something.

Again, I got nothing, except acceptance that what was happening was expected and thus seemed familiar to me.

I certainly must look like that when getting ready. I also hold my dick when aiming it. I also scoot in that way when getting close.

It was all commonplace between me and Jessica. Seeing her there with Terry in my place seemed just as common.

I think I also expected a lurch or a cry from my wife as he penetrated her – as if it would be painful or beyond pleasurable.

Neither happened.

As Terry moved, I realized penetration had already occurred. Much like when I penetrated my wife, his act had caused nothing different than what I do with her.

She glanced at him above her. That was all.

As his cock sank deep into my wife, she looked at me.

Seneca kissed her husband when his hips rested against my wife's. Seeing their flesh pressed together raised no alarms and rang no bells of warning. No sirens went off. No sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach brought discomfort.

The one thing that did happen was my pulse began accelerating.

*Ah ha! I am affected! But my reaction was excitement. Seeing my wife with a man on her – his cock fully impaled in her pussy – raised desire in me so strong that it tickled.*

I was fascinated. I couldn't see him in her, but I knew he was in there. Having expected noise or reaction and getting none, I was observing the rather normal union of two people.

But it was my wife and another man.

I was... enjoying it.

I was also happy for her that her beauty could bring another man to excitement – sexual arousal – and complete a coupling that was going to bring pleasure.

Terry moved on her and I caught glimpses of his cock sliding wetly in and out of my wife's pussy.

I was enrapt. I think I was smiling and not grimacing because my wife looked at me and immediately looked happy.

Seneca and her husband kissed again and I was struck by the love and inclusion amongst the three of them. After she stopped the kiss, she motioned me closer. "Kiss your wife; I'm sure she would enjoy that."

My initial reaction was to shake my head. No, I don't want to intrude. But instantly that changed to desire. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to show my wife I loved her and approved and was involved.

I kissed her.

I felt Terry's slow thrusts through the kiss.

My dick reacted as if juiced with live electricity and high on caffeine. It went into a sequence of spasms so intense that it pulsed in my pants like it was squirting – endlessly. I kissed her deep, relishing the feel of her tongue as we kissed like normal, but Terry's thrust would move it and our contact changed.

It was sensual and connecting, bringing the three of us together even though I had no contact directly with him.

I was immediately entranced.

I knew.

This is good.

Under these particular circumstances, this was right. Under others... maybe not. Probably not. But under Seneca's stumbling direction, she had taken my wife and then me on a journey as surprising as it was different to a place I had not envisioned.

Seneca was a success.

My wife was a success.

Terry was enjoying the fruits of his wife's efforts.

So was I.

No longer did I fear my wife blowing her boss at work. What if they did? Now it was nothing as I expected. Now, it was expected. Now, I would have to assume.

I might... even be excited if they did. And approve.

When Terry came in my wife, grunting his passion with sincerity and enthusiasm, I wanted to cheer and applaud his success with my Jessica.

I knew.

I knew things were going to be good.

And I looked forward to the future.

*Here's to friends...*

**Thank you for reading Suspicious Nights. I hope my readers appreciate my efforts to bring common tropes to life with real-life twists and turns.**

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