

FRIEND-ZONE HOTWIFE EROTICA



TAKE HIM,
TOO

LARAN MITHRAS

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By

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Some husbands fantasize about having sex with other women...

Some husbands fantasize about their wives having sex with other men...

Who would you rather have your husband fantasize about, him or you?

CHAPTER 1

Banner Gibson

I sliced the flesh into thin strips with vicious strokes. The knife made clean separations of the cooked chicken.

Bittersweet.

I was happy and sad.

I was privileged and denied.

I had the woman of my dreams and I couldn't touch her. I could smell her, but not partake. My thoughts were driven to lust and desperation around her, but my heart maintained firm control.

Honor.

She was the most beautiful woman I had ever known. Perfect for me in every way. Her grace and sublime manner magnified the feminine allure that wrapped me tightly into her orbit.

No, I could not escape.

Why would I even try?

I was both in Heaven and in Hell.

I deposited the chicken into a sandwich baggie and dropped it into my lunch sack.

That bundle went into my briefcase.

I worked with the woman who was my goddess. Oh, the whole coworker thing

interfered, except that she was my boss. Only the two of us worked together for her agency. It would have been perfect – the two of us – working and loving together.

I thought about her. I daydreamed about her. I masturbated envisioning her. I went to sleep thinking about her. I dreamt about her. Her voice was constantly in my thoughts, soothing and arousing at the same time. Her smile was a constant vision of comfort and recognition.

I'm not the world's most handsome guy, but I'm not ugly. I occasionally get looks from women and men – winks and smiles. I ignore those and I do believe they get the picture when they see me fawning over Diana.

My goddess.

I love her, truly I do. I would give anything for her. Do anything. Sacrifice everything. She was the reason I breathed in the morning instead of giving up.

Fate is a cruel mistress.

My devotion to the only woman I would ever love is not returned. It is not ignored, but it is never engaged.

Diana is married to another man.

CHAPTER 2

Reed Boucher

I gripped the red pencil, poised to descend on the test paper with deliberate brutality. I didn't test my students very often, but when I did I looked for any and every excuse to make their efforts an ocean of red.

My erstwhile desire to destroy the pristine neatness of the papers wasn't meant to be callous or cruel, but instructional.

The looks I received from women were not lost on me. Their hopes were pinned on flirting with me to receive a passing marker and the vocational certificate my course provided.

No, those subtle and obvious flirtations were not lost on me, but I resisted them.

All but one, but that was in the past.

I had married that one – the woman who had ignited my passions and dreams.

Those flirtatious hopefuls that followed didn't seem to care that I wore my wedding ring on clear display.

"A ha..." I marked red savagely through an answer and jotted joyously my educational admonition.

In vocational school, the intent in correcting test papers was not to fail for error, but to teach for passing. Somewhat different from a school teacher or college professor, my goal was to get every single one of my students certified in Small Business Management. This was not strictly a pass-fail judgment that a student carried on to college or the workplace in apprenticeship. My goal was to equip them with what they wanted – not particularly something for which they were

apt.

I was happy teaching. I was the lord of my classroom – even so far as demanding to be called by a spurious title: professor.

Technically a vocational teacher, I told my students on day one: "I am Professor Boo-Shay."

It was a habit I enforced for no reason except to instill in those enrolled that I wasn't going to be persuaded via bribes or flirtations.

They had to receive the certificate and I was going to make sure they left knowing what they had to know.

Diana had left with a certificate. She had not needed to flirt, but her perky, inquisitive attitude was a shining example to all in the class that learning could be easy – not something forced.

Maybe because her flirting was unnecessary was the reason I found the situation so exciting? That excitement had never died. After a passionate and truly fun courtship, we had married.

Now she worked, heading her own two-person casting agency. Hours were good when she wasn't traveling. Hours were bad when she did. A quick flight out to meet a producer or a director usually entailed overnights away from me.

Those were hard; I missed her warm presence in the bed.

My head ran wild those nights.

Was my beautiful and wonderful wife meeting someone new?

CHAPTER 3

Diana Boucher

I'm a lucky woman.

Attractive enough to catch the eye of my vocational professor – that was always worth a laugh – I had found my perfect mate after a bad divorce.

Reed was a broodingly handsome man with a volatile personality that I found incredibly masculine. In a society where masculinity was supposed to be shameful and suppressed, my femininity was stimulated and reinforced by his manly bravado.

He was loud, rude, and very intelligent. His confidence sucked me into his orbit without any attempt on his part to lure me in. He could make my nipples hard with just a single look.

Men flirted with me constantly in my line of work. Everyone wanted a foot in the door of success. Others on the successful side wanted action – typically blowjobs. Nothing was more of a turn-off than hearing yet another producer or director hint at me that if I gave them a blowjob, my career opportunities would be enhanced.

Then there was Banner. He made me giggle at his silliness. Not that he was a clown, but that he was obviously infatuated with me so hopelessly that he often got tongue-tied around me. In a way, it was sweet. In another way, it was sad.

Was he ever going to get over me?

He was a valuable help, otherwise, and he was easy to keep at arm's length. I think he envisioned himself as honor-bound – a loyal warrior in a fantasy novel that would not dare touch me and ruin my virtue.

I read a lot for both work and pleasure. I read scripts for work and erotica on my Kindle in my off-time. I liked the strong, alpha-male romances where the woman wears down the rock-solid man and makes him hers.

I was that kind of a woman. Strong when I needed to be in my line of work, and soft for Reed when I was home.

Despite my idyllic life, I felt as if time was slipping away from me in passages of work days and weeks. I made very good money, but what about Reed?

I wasn't concerned with the fact I made more than him. It wasn't that. I was bothered that I had so much love to give him and we were so often apart.

When would I be able to spend time with him? When could I relax for a whole day without having to read a script and make lists? When would I be able to just look at him for an entire day without my time required elsewhere?

I had married him, but now we were two people living and loving together with work lives that kept us separated for much of the time.

Reed wanted more, didn't he?

I was going to be obscenely shaken.

CHAPTER 4

Reed

I stared at the computer screen Sunday morning. My eyes wandered over the pictures with longing. My dick was hard and throbbing.

Diana was a half-hour gone, heading to the airport for another Sunday flight out to meet a director somewhere in North Dakota.

I accepted my fate in this because of her line of work.

My hand drifted towards my erection.

I leaned back and rubbed the bridge of my nose, instead. Her sudden departures on my days off had been frustrating at first. That thwarting of our quality time had led to thoughts and desires that required an outlet.

I didn't need to look at porn; I was a handsome guy and I knew it. But I looked because I didn't want to take up with some chick in class for a little bit of relief on the side.

No, I loved Diana too much for that.

Unfortunately, the brazen pictures and videos began to excite my imagination in ways that became strangely addictive. Like a gateway drug, pictures had led to more pictures, and even videos. I didn't spend a dime on any of it – not when it was free. No, this addiction dragged me not into spending my life pursuing it, but rather twisting my ideas into areas new and forbidden.

I had become hooked by pictures of pretty women, often masturbating looking at them and especially to those who looked like Diana. However, I had sunk deeper into the depths of depravity by pictures of men and woman having sex. And then

my imagination was placing Diana into them...

I rose from the chair in my home office and went to grab a rag and some oil. A little masturbation wouldn't hurt; Diana would be gone until the next day and I needed some action. Better my hand than some bouncy blonde bitch.

I growled at myself in the mirror to vent some of my irritation. I would much rather have fucked Diana silly this morning and talked about a vacation instead of sitting in my chair and jacking off.

Yet, my dick was hard for what I had been looking at; the appeal was evident.

I came out with the rag and oil. I crossed the hall and stopped in the doorway of my office.

Diana was bent over my desk, looking at my computer screen.

I blinked, shook my head, and then panicked. What? What? How? I stammered, "What are y-you doing here?" My skin felt frozen in terror that she should see my dirty little secret.

She straightened instantly, a severe look on her face of hurt and accusation. "What's this on your computer?" Her eyes dropped to my erection. Even though it was wilting, it was still very obvious. "Don't tell me you don't know."

I was caught and knew it. My instincts took over and I stuck both feet in my mouth. "You're supposed to be gone." I couldn't keep the irritation out of my voice.

Her chin came up.

My Diana was a very feminine woman – subservient in a wifely way – but very solid when it came to showing her spine. "The meeting was postponed until tomorrow." She pointed at my computer without looking at it. "Now, explain this."

"It's some pictures is all—"

"Am I not enough for you?"

"You're gone all the time. I would rather be in bed with you—"

She rolled her eyes, chest heaving with ire. "Oh right. Not from the looks of this." She pointed to my rag and oil. "You were just really going to go all out, weren't you?"

A rush of resentment at her inflation of the issue brought out my sarcasm. "Yeah, I was going to take it all up to the roof and do it up there." I made a vigorous jacking motion.

She exhaled and firmed her lips. Both fists were on hips and she was glaring at me. "Are you cheating on me?"

I erupted in derisive laughter. "Never."

"Then explain what this is."

I took a breath at a loss for how to get out of the corner I was in. "They're just pictures."

"And you're jerking off to other women? And I'm supposed to laugh and giggle and twist like a naïve little girl?"

"Look, I imagine you when—"

"Oh, bullshit, Reed."

I had calmed a little, but that vaped fast. I growled, "I do."

She glared at me for a few seconds. Likely, she knew my tone of voice when I was telling the truth. Her chin lowered a little, but not in defeat - she turned her head towards the computer. "That woman up there doesn't look anything like me."

She was right. The only way out of this was to lie or tell the truth. I could easily lie and claim I hadn't found the picture I wanted yet. Or I could tell her the truth.

My dick was fully wilted. I put down the rag and oil on the desktop and stood next to her. I pointed at the picture she had indicated. "What else do you see?"

She was still fumed and her pulse was beating rapidly in her neck. "What? Am I supposed to comment on her boobs?"

"No, see the man?" The blonde woman in the picture was lying on a bed and a man was climbing over her.

"So?"

"Neither of them is holding the camera."

She shook her head. "What does that have to do with you getting ready to—"

"Because the picture has nothing to do with the way the woman looks; it's the situation."

She crossed her arms and pursed her lips. It was her obstinate silent pose.

I sat down in the chair because my knees were shaking. Sometimes the truth hurt more than the lie, but living with a lie between two loving people was just disastrous. "Diana..."

She didn't answer, but I could hear her rapid breathing. She was pissed.

CHAPTER 5

Diana

I stood there, wanting to grab something and tear it.

I had thought to come home and spend the day with Reed and relax. The meeting was scheduled again for Tuesday morning, and I would fly out tomorrow afternoon.

Except that I came home to find this. I felt as if the adult man I knew had turned into a puppy and crapped in the house for me to clean up.

Disgusting.

That's what I thought about it all and he was trying to pass it off as nothing.

My husband sat in his computer chair and scrubbed his face. His very handsome dick lay flaccid and shrunken.

Good.

He finally said, "Listen, I admit I look at these—"

I feigned shock and placed my hand at the nape of my neck. "Really? You do? Are you serious?"

"Diana..."

I said pedantically, "Reed..."

"I picture you in these."

"I don't look anything like that."

"Maybe not, but my favorites are ones that look like you."

"And you expect me to believe that?"

He didn't respond. He moved the mouse and reduced the browser.

I accused, "Don't think you can hide that and make it go away."

He laughed. It was bitter, but he still laughed at me.

I ground my teeth together. I was firm and forthright while he was being callous and crude. It's what I loved about him; and what I hated at times like this.

He opened a folder and dozens of pictures popped into view.

I gasped. "You're saving them?"

He growled, "It's not illegal..."

"How many thousands of dollars are you into this?" I knew with a certainty my dream marriage had just become a nightmare.

He rolled his eyes at me. "Twenty-six thousand."

I almost collapsed. My worst fears were true. I sat uneasily in the chair next to him, my mouth hanging open and my gaze unfocused.

He said, "I'm kidding, Diana..."

I was almost hyperventilating. "That's not funny."

"Okay. Fifty thousand?"

"Reed!" I snapped.

His smile was out of place as it pertained to my issue with him, but the panic drained out of me.

I knew the look, the smile, and the set to his eyes. I asked, "How much?"

"Not a cent." It was delivered with the absolute certainty he had used in

describing record keeping in his business course.

I wanted to collapse into a pool of jelly. I exhaled loudly, relieved at least that this wasn't a money issue. Still, it was a sexual issue. "Are you sure?"

"Check the credit cards."

I dismissed the notion; I always checked the credit card statements. Yes, he was clean in that regard. "Then what are all of these—"

"I was going to show you the ones I saved that look like you." He clicked one.

I made a disapproving face and leaned in. The woman did sort of look like me. Coincidence. "This isn't an excuse—"

"Everything I look at is all about you."

"Then why aren't you jerking off looking at me?"

He cleared his throat and his voice came out a little unsteady. "Because... this involves a bit of fantasy..."

"Fantasy? You have to see some other woman's tits to—"

"It's the situation, Diana. Look."

I looked at the naked version of me. "What am I looking for?"

"Who else is in the picture?"

"Some man with a hairy back."

"Right."

I wasn't getting it. "So?"

He exhaled deeply, no longer looking or sounding panicked. His voice, though, did hint at something glum or defeated. "I'm imagining you in these situations."

"So you look at pictures of couples doing it and imagine you and me?"

He nodded, but it was slow. "And..."

"And what?"

"All of these pictures are married women—"

"Right? So?"

"Not all of the men are their husbands."

I sat back, feeling disgusted. "They're cheating?"

"No. Well... I don't know. But some of these shots are being taken by the husbands."

"By their husbands?"

"The pictures. Like this..." He clicked one.

I shook my head. "I would never cheat on you; why would you save pictures like that? You know my experience with my ex-husband."

"Yes, I know. No, not cheat. This is all willing."

I coughed. My ex-husband had chased his secretary around and made me into an utter fool. The idea that I would cheat on Reed was as alien to me as having six arms and no legs. It just didn't connect.

He explained, "No one is cheating here. The husbands are... sharing."

"Whatever for?" The concept wasn't unknown to me, just not something I could understand.

"Some men idolize their wives. They love them so much they want to share them."

"That makes not a speck of sense."

"It's a pride-thing. The husband loves her so much he wants to see her pleased and—"

"You please me just fine, Reed." Right? End of story.

He sighed. "This has nothing to do with cheating; it's about thinking your wife is so hot that you want to see her getting sexy with another man."

"What does that accomplish?"

"It proves how beautiful and sexy she is. It's a huge compliment from a man to his wife if he thinks she's—"

"Can't you just buy me a cheap card with a sweet sentiment in it?"

He laughed roughly. "Like a pop-up one? Big dick in the face?"

I coughed in irritation. "Reed."

"You don't get it."

"No, I don't. Why in the world would you imagine me with another man?"

"For a certain type of husband, his wife is his favorite porn star."

Now it began to make sense. I looked at the picture again and plucked at my blouse. "And this is what you think... This is why you saved these—"

"Yes." He clicked more pictures and proved to me he wasn't making it up.

"You fantasize about me with another man?" I shuddered at the thought of doing something so drastic like that to him. "I love you; I would never do this to you."

He sighed and made a frustrated gesture at the screen. "Which is why I save all this."

"Did you think about all this when we were dating?" Our courtship had actually started after we both tried a friends-with-benefits type of relationship. I hadn't been sure I was ready after the divorce, and he hadn't acted as if I were a serious candidate for a permanent relationship.

He shook his head. "No, not at all."

"Then... why now?"

He scratched at his cheek. "I don't know; it just sort of developed - like how I fell in love with you even when I was surely determined not to."

I grasped that, too. "Reed... I don't think about things like this—"

His nod was exaggerated. "Which is why I look at this."

"I just can't agree with this—"

His brusque manner ground me right back to reality. "Would you rather I imagined me doing other women?"

"No, of course not."

"I get off thinking about you. Is that so bad?"

I slumped back into the chair with a thump. No, it wasn't. It really wasn't.

CHAPTER 6

Banner

I handed her the fax. "Friday from eight until three." Another audition day for another movie. It was business.

Diana took it and scanned the details. Her beautiful face was framed by her black-framed glasses usually seen on men. They looked ravishingly sexy on her.

My dick hardened watching her eyes flick across the flimsy paper.

Her white blouse was standard for her and her long ponytail excited my imagination. What would it look like bouncing back and forth as I made love to her?

It would look wondrous.

Her lips were lightly painted red with lipstick. Her eyes were subtly lined. Very little makeup otherwise.

Perfection.

She was total perfection and I couldn't possess her. But I could be here for her, helping and wishing.

She looked up.

I looked away.

I wanted to meet her eyes, I really did. I wanted to stare into them and drown. I could die happy just looking at her. However, I looked away – not because I wanted to but because I had to; it was the right thing to do.

I said, "I'll make sure the equipment is charged."

She answered with a hum of acknowledgment. It was sweet and soft and so very sexy. It made my dick begin to stiffen and I turned away to retreat to the front office.

My desk chair was a pretentious affair, designed to impress. Fake leather in a deep brick red hue was cushioned like something from a movie lawyer's office. The seat and backrest were deeply dimpled all over by brass buttons at four inch intervals. It looked cushy, but really it was no different than another cheapie chair. The dimples might have looked good, but they only accumulated dust and lint instead of compliments.

Much like my life.

Useless, without Diana.

And yet, I possessed some of her in a way in which I would have to be satisfied. Happy with her husband, I knew she thought of me as amusing. The little knowing smile and flash of her eyes told me she thought little enough of me to be able to laugh, if privately.

I was sure of it.

No matter, I was strong and would remain faithful and loyal to her and her marriage. I would not touch. I would not taste. I would not attempt to partake.

No, that might result in an irreparable breach and could mean my being fired. Let go. Given the pink slip. Dismissed like a commercial on TV.

I adjusted my dick in my slacks as I sat.

Working with Diana was pure torture.

And pure bliss.

I considered sneaking into the bathroom and using my Victoria's Secret catalog to imagine making love to Diana: one of the angels in there bore a somewhat close resemblance, although Diana was not bony.

A harsh wank might pull the distraction out of me. Maybe if I could make it painful enough, I might be satisfied. If I could make the orgasm hard enough, hateful enough, perhaps I could get it out of my system.

Yes, I hated myself for even wanking to the thought of Diana. She was too good for that. Too pure. Too perfect. If she knew what I did in secret, she would deride my existence. The laughter would tear away my soul.

No, she could never know.

I would have to live my life, spurning those hopeful women who looked at me with interest, and being spurned by the one woman I did love who could offer me no hope at all.

I was caught, and the sick feeling in my stomach was a constant companion and an irritating inhabitant in the abode of my soul.

CHAPTER 7

Reed

It was Saturday afternoon when she decided to broach the subject that had hung between us all week.

She came into my office and settled primly onto the chair next to me. Her glance at my screen showed her nothing other than business news.

I liked to read about innovative ideas and consider how they might potentially ease the passage of my students into their career choices.

Diana sat poised, arms straight out with her hands crossed over to the opposite knees. She looked beautiful in her t-shirt with her hair brushed out. "I want to talk... about this... thing..."

I pursed my lips together. She couldn't even say it. "You mean, the porn problem I have?" I made the comment dry.

Her nod was fast and relieved, indicating to me I had not put near enough sarcasm into it. She said, "I have a plan."

I wagged my eyebrows to show I had heard her.

She drew in a breath and held it. "This is what we do: delete all those pictures and we'll pretend none of it ever happened."

I slowly turned my head to face her fully. "What a great plan. That must have required a lot of courage in contemplation." I reached to my mouse and reduced the browser. I located the folder and deleted it, and then emptied the trash.

She blinked at me and I could see her face shift through some very subtle

expressions of thought and realization.

I said, "Whew, that was a major step. We're all better now."

"Reed..." The tone of her voice was suspicious.

"What? It's a great plan." I wasn't feeling petulant over it; I could replace all those pictures easily.

She sat silently - frowning, and thinking.

"Now that we're all better, may I ask how long it took you to come up with your solution?" I was feeling sublimely neutral about it all. One thing I knew for sure, she could not just snap her fingers and magically wipe away how I felt about her. She could as easily remove my love if that were the case. No, I was not going to find my mind suddenly clear of my fantasies about her. She drove my existence; they weren't going away.

She was special, beautiful, and sexy. She would have to be none of those things for my desire to die.

I think she knew that.

Her face drooped a little in despair. She was not a stupid or foolish woman; her mind was sharp and bright. She turned her head, chin dropped and eyes searching the floor.

Answers were always on the floor; memories on the ceiling.

I wanted to kiss her at that moment.

Another thought intruded and made my dick swell. I envisioned her sitting there and opening that pretty mouth for a hard cock. I shifted uncomfortably in my chair as blood filled my shaft.

I took a deep, shaking breath as I imagined her sucking slowly on a hard cock – her luscious lips framing the hard shaft and sliding back and forth. A beautiful, sexy woman, sucking a length of masculine lust made my heart pound. I wanted to finger her while she did it, and kiss her cheek and feel the hardness of him against her cheek. Oh, Diana...

She interrupted my daydream. "It's not that easy, is it?"

I tried to work my throat and swallow. I finally cleared it and said, "I'll never stop thinking you are fantastically sexy."

"So these fantasies... aren't going away?"

"They're getting stronger. The more I love you..."

She tried a smile on one half of her face. Her eyes flicked to me and back to several places on the floor. "Why did you delete your pictures, then?"

I admitted, "Easily replaced."

Her answer was shaky and nervous. "I guess it could be worse; this could be like my previous marriage."

"I'd never do that to you."

Her eyes locked to mine, pleading. "And I would never do that to you."

I pressed the point. "Cheat on me? No. I wouldn't want that. But play with permission?"

Exasperation made her shake her head. "The very idea is so..."

"Against everything you are."

She nodded. "I'm happy with you. I'm satisfied totally by you. There's no reason I would ever—"

"Have fun?"

"But don't you see, Reed? My idea of fun is not another guy, it's being with you."

I could not fault her logic and recognized the impasse: she would not be the woman of my fantasies. Respect was a two-way street. I could not expect her to submit and submerge her own fantasies just to satisfy mine. That would be the greatest disrespect.

It was over.

Not the marriage, but the lusty zest that drove me. Instantly, I knew we were headed towards something tame where she was satisfied and I was not – a dangerous mix of unhappiness and desperation.

What would I do?

Was it really going to just go away?

Was my love for her going to be enough if she refused to even entertain the idea?

She surprised me then.

Her hand touched my knee. "Maybe..."

"Hmm?"

"Maybe we could... roleplay."

"Roleplay?"

"Yeah, if it turns you on, maybe we could pretend in the bedroom that you're someone else?"

I saw the simple perfection of her suggestion: not only did she engage my fantasy, but she also satisfied hers that she was only with me. My eyebrows climbed. "I'm... willing to try that."

Relief stormed over her face like a tsunami. "Um... right now?" The sparkle of hope in her eyes denied me any other response.

I couldn't help but smile. "I'm game."

CHAPTER 8

Diana

I led him to the bedroom where I had purposely not made the bed. I turned and looked at him bashfully. "So... how does this work? Are you some stranger?"

He frowned so ferociously that I flinched backwards. He said, "No. No stranger ever touches you."

That made me feel good in a way. "Oh, sorry."

He pushed me down onto the bed, following me. "There's no handsome guy you know?"

"Guy?" Several people flashed through my head I had seen recently – producers, directors and assistants. One of them was ugly and had demanded a blowjob. I wrinkled my nose. "Ugh."

"Someone handsome, Diana..." His gentle prodding made me think he could read my mind. His hand slid up my side underneath my t-shirt, approaching my breast. He asked, "What about the guy you work with?"

I recoiled in alarm. "Banner?"

"I thought he was handsome..."

"Well, yeah, but I work with him..." I laughed nervously. "He's so..."

His hand brushed over my breast and nipple. "He's so what?"

My breathing accelerated and I tried to wipe the image of Banner doing this to me. "He's like a little puppy."

He laughed. "A puppy? What do you mean?"

"He follows me everywhere and gives me these hurt looks."

Reed stopped and tilted his head at me. "Hurt looks? Why?"

I felt the flush of heat in my neck and face at having to admit it. "He's got a crush on me. He's had it since the beginning."

His eyebrows rose. "Two years? Really?"

I really didn't want to focus on him. "It's nothing."

"Come on, two years? Are you kidding? That's more than nothing."

"Well..." I rolled my eyes away from his gaze.

"Does he flirt with you?"

I snapped back to his face. "Never."

"Then how do you know?" He straightened and began removing his shirt.

"It's the looks. No, he doesn't flirt; he's not the kind."

"What do you mean?"

I admired my husband's hairy chest and sexy looks. I gave him my enticing smile. "Banner? He's more like some chivalrous knight or something. Gets all stiff around me."

He chuckled suggestively. "Stiff?"

"His back, Reed."

He laughed freely. "Okay, okay." He got off the bed and removed his jeans. Then he pulled my house pants and panties off. "That would have been amusing if his ha-ha had gotten stiff." He pulled on his thickening erection.

I looked away. "Stop that. I don't want to be thinking of—"

"I thought we were roleplaying?" He climbed back over me.

"But about Banner? No way."

"Why not? Don't you think he's handsome?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"Is he sexy?"

"I don't look at him that way."

"So he might get hard around you but you don't notice?" He was rubbing my clit with his erection and taking my thoughts on little spins away from focused reality.

"What? No... I don't know."

He pressed, inserting the tip. "So you don't know if he has a nice dick?"

I coughed abruptly. "No..."

"Hmm, too bad." He slid some of his length in.

I gasped as my pussy flared and clamped at the stretching invasion. "Too bad? Why?"

"If I'm going to pretend to be him, I'd like to know if I have a tool I can be proud of."

I growled lightly under my breath. "Why does it have to be him?"

"Because he has a crush on you." He slid his shaft all the way in. "He wants to fuck you."

I held my breath, fighting the inclination to imagine Banner over me – sliding his shaft into me. I groaned with the effort of trying to focus on my husband.

He mistook my sound. He pumped deeper and slower. "Oh, that sounds hot, huh?"

I couldn't shake the dual image of both of them and my husband's cock worked its usual magic. I pumped my hips up and enjoyed the fucking. Heat flared dramatically in my pussy and sent swirling spirals up my spine. I moaned loudly.

"You like that, Diana? Does Banner's cock feel good in you?"

I was at the tipping point already. My husband's panting lust was sexy in my ears. I rose up underneath him as the twisting image of both men fought in my mind. Banner's cock inside me? No, never. Except... we were roleplaying and...

I came sharply, grinding underneath Reed while suffering the strange sensation I was under Banner. I squeezed my eyes shut and rode the waves. The orgasm was intense and sharp, but not a complete and full satisfactory release.

I had been caught in the middle, fighting over the two men and my body had given up; it hadn't had time to develop enough momentum to give a full finish. A small, hot pit of leftover tension remained.

CHAPTER 9

Banner

I loved auditions. These were the times I was most around Diana and could drink in her sensuous beauty without being noticed. I carefully set up the Hasselblad into position in the dingy rented office room and aimed the camera at the spot where the hopefuls would be reading their lines.

I had wanked this morning to a very deep and satisfying finish knowing I would be looking at her form all day. Another one squeezed out to catalog-Lily who looked so like Diana that I called her Diana. My dick was thick and continued to ooze cum hours after.

That was better than it getting hard, though, and Diana would certainly cause that if I hadn't already jacked it out of me. It had happened once before – I had to suffer not looking at her to make my dick go down.

Embarrassing.

This was another dry set of auditions like any other. The hopeful would come in, say their names and social security numbers, and receive instructions from Diana. I would make sure the camera captured it all.

She was dressed up today as was typical for hosting an audition. She wore a black blouse and a knee-length black skirt. Her hair was brushed out and silky. The only otherwise normal aspects about her were her thick-framed glasses and the almost utter lack of makeup.

She was radiant. Beautiful. So sexy.

She spoke to me an hour and a half into the auditions before sending me for the next person waiting in the outer office. "I like that last one. You got it on

camera?"

She knew I did. I flashed her a subdued look. "Yep."

She nodded absently. "His voice is perfect. Just a little short. I'm sure they can platform him."

Shoes could add six inches to height on film. I pondered the previous one's voice. "Nearly the same deep drone, yes."

The latest superhero sequel had run into a problem: the male star was back in drug rehab yet again – probably thinking his lines needed to be snorted and not delivered. The clock was running and money wasting. They needed a stand-in for him as soon as possible.

I asked, "Do you want to call it on that one? I can tell the others to go home."

She shook her head as I knew she would. Her set face echoed my sentiments of honor and truth. "No, let's finish the day as planned." She marked on her pad – likely to note the last hopeful.

I picked up the clipboard and crossed out the last man. I opened the door and leaned out, reading the next name on the sign-in list. "Dan? Dan Buckner?"

A scrawny guy stood up. "Dane..."

I looked at the list. The guy's handwriting left a lot to be desired. I imagined if I squinted that I could see an E at the end of his scribble. "Ah, yes. Dane. Come on in."

I started the camera while Diana talked with him about the setting for his lines. This was the time best spent staring at her lovely shape. Today more than any other – even for auditions. It was different in an unsettling way that I didn't take for granted, but for which I was dubiously grateful. She wasn't looking much at me and that was a little unusual - as if she were trying to avoid me. This was perplexing, though it afforded me more time to look at her.

The curve of her hips and the way the skirt perfectly draped over her ass was enough to make my dick semi-hard. Her chin and neck were creamy porcelain framed by her shiny hair. That dark hair hung down her back and occasionally

escaped over her shoulder.

I longed to run my fingers through it.

She did not have a petite nose. Rather, it was large and bold without over-dominating her face.

I wanted to bite it.

Her lips were wide and neither thin nor full with a tiny hint of a smile in their normal relaxed set – just perfect.

I wanted to lick them.

Her breasts were constrained inside her bra and blouse up tight and showing enough of a bulge to show she was a woman.

I wanted to run my hands over them and squeeze gently.

My dick got harder.

Dammit! I looked away.

Having her almost ignoring me had advantages and disadvantages. I could stare and it was great, but my dick got hard and it was embarrassing.

"Banner."

I wanted to kick everyone out and stare at her again, but my dick was making a scene. It was out of control.

"Banner."

I realized she was talking to me. "Hmm? Sorry."

Her eyes were on me and she blinked, licking her lips nervously.

What was she nervous about? Was something bothering her?

She said, "Bring in the next one." Her words held a little bit of a jittery uncertainty to them. She looked away and down.

What was going on with her? Trouble at home?

I began to worry.

This was not like the Diana Boucher I knew.

CHAPTER 10

Reed

I watched the customers file out of the classroom. Technically they were students, or so I liked to think, but each one had paid to receive a certificate for just this particular vocational course.

Students, really, but more customers than anything else.

One of the women – a younger curly-haired blonde gal – looked over her shoulder with sparkling eyes and bit her lip.

Adorable. Beautiful. Sexy.

Not for me.

I had mine at home.

From my seated position behind my desk, my erection was well hidden.

The blonde gal swayed seductively out, swinging her ass in such a way that would make a dead man erect.

Except that I wasn't hard for her – Julia, was it? Julia Vesta? Nah, not for her.

I was hard for my wife.

Beautiful, lovely, sexy Diana.

She had roleplayed with me, exciting me like she hasn't since we had been seeing each other as friends with benefits. It was never bad with her. Never mediocre. There was great and then there was stellar.

She had been stellar that day.

Today she was off with Banner on one of her castings, auditioning a bunch of people. Too busy to notice her employee? Too busy to talk to him? All business? Or had I succeeded in instilling curiosity in her? Had she looked at him? Had she checked him out for our next roleplay session?

I was looking forward to it.

And yet...

As I gathered up my notes to replace them in my course binder and secure them in my briefcase, I began to wonder if she might find him too attractive.

He was handsome; we had met a few times over the two years.

I loosened my tie; my sleeves were already rolled up. Then I ran a hand back through my hair. I liked to relax after the end of the day. No need to look formal now, although I didn't bring a coat and neither did I shave much.

Rugged, naughty professor, as Diana had called me.

Whatever.

But Banner was around her all the time. Was I making a mistake here? Was I igniting in her something I wouldn't be able to put out later?

A knot of worry balled in my stomach.

She was with him, every day – sometimes seven days a week. Usually she had weekends off, but sometimes she was forced to work weekends for the studios and she was with him all day, every day on those weeks.

Would her attraction for me grow towards him?

My mouth went dry and I swallowed convulsively. I grabbed my empty coffee cup and tried to get anything out of it, though it had been sitting cold on my desk for over six hours.

A drip was all I got.

Maybe my fantasy was a failure of my ability to solidify my marriage. Working apart as we did and barely seeing each other had possibly produced in me a subconscious sympathy for her loneliness? Was I pushing her to him as a way to make up for our separation?

I felt guilty for our careers?

The fantasy allowed her happiness?

I was making a mistake?

I rose on shaking legs and hauled on my light briefcase. I walked from the classroom and locked the door.

My dick was now very limp.

CHAPTER 11

Diana

I was home Friday night after a long day of auditions. I had the weekend free and was looking forward to spending it with Reed.

He was home already, standing there in the kitchen with a huge glass of water. His rugged good looks caught my breath.

He was mine.

His white shirt was unbuttoned at the top, his tie loosened, and his sleeves rolled up – exactly the image that had captured me in his magnetic pull a few years before.

We had tried to be just friends and have casual sex. It hadn't worked.

I like to think he fell in love with me first, but truthfully, I didn't know. It was at that moment that I had to ask. "When was it that you fell in love with me?"

His face had been troubled somewhat – thinking of something related to his classes, I suppose. But now it shifted into a studious frown and a look of... guilt?

He lifted his chin and glanced up at the cabinets. "Mmm, I think it was that day at Longstreet's Park – when I held your hand."

My heart jumped and did a little flip. My face split into a smile. "Really?" The hand hold had been a surprise and had made me look at Reed in more of an intimate light. From there, I had developed the idea that I might feel more for him.

So he had been first.

He scrutinized me.

Warmth spread through me. Despite being alarmed at first over his obsession with porn, I felt as if I had just more firmly secured our intimacy and unity. Feeling gracious, I stepped seductively towards him. "So..." I slid my hand down his slacks in front, feeling his manhood. "Guess what I saw today?"

His eyes narrowed, but his lips were parted in that expression of instant lust. "What?"

I rubbed until I felt him hardening. "I saw... Banner's bulge today..."

His package flexed in his slacks. He set down the glass with a nervous rattle. "Uh, you did?"

I wanted to be what Reed wanted – at least as far as helping him imagine his fantasy. I stroked his length as it hardened fully in his slacks. "It looked pretty big."

He was gulping and his eyes looked harried. "I... uh..."

"Let's go into the bedroom." I was getting hot and wet for him.

He followed me, breathing heavily.

I didn't know why his eyes looked different, but I was going to play my part. I had been embarrassed all day with Banner, but Reed didn't need to know that. It would make me look stupid and I didn't want to be some naïve woman that might be disappointing to him. I wanted to be everything he wanted.

Except that I didn't want another man. Fantasy and roleplay would have to take care of that.

He undressed slowly, hesitantly.

I flung my clothes from me, hot for his lust. I grabbed his dick as soon as I could with both hands. "Do you want to hear about it?"

He looked down and licked his lips. Curiosity played over his features, but also something more dour and wary. Suspicion? He said, "Yeah..."

I pulled him to the bed and made him get on his back. I knelt next to him and kept my hand working his hardness. "He was staring at me all day..."

Something left his expression, clearing it to make room for interest. "Stared at you? Are you sure he wasn't angry or something?"

I didn't want to admit my silly embarrassment, so I played as if it all was nothing. "I didn't stare back, but I felt his eyes on me practically the whole day."

He muttered happily, "I'd be staring at you, too."

"I seem to remember you did..."

"You were always the first to volunteer answers and input from the students."

"You didn't think I was pretty?"

He grunted and looked away. "You know I did."

I giggled. "So, Banner thinks so, I guess."

His eyes darted doubtfully to mine. "You guess? Get real."

"He was lost in his thoughts or something and not looking at me at one point. I had to call his name a couple times to get his attention. It wasn't a very big room..."

"And this is when you saw his...?"

I nodded and his dick responded with a substantial flex in my grip.

He frowned. "But if he wasn't looking at you, what makes you think he was hard for you? Maybe it was one of the chicks in the room?"

"We only auditioned guys, today." I was a little let down he wasn't playing along.

That odd look intruded on his features again and he glanced at me quick-like with suspicion. "So?"

"So... what was it like?"

He gave a single chin-lift.

"Bulging. Large. Like yours." I gave his shaft several long pumps.

He sighed and closed his eyes. "Maybe he's gay and saw a dude..."

Now the disappointment deepened. "I thought you wanted me to notice...?"

He grunted again, louder, and turned his head away. "Yeah, maybe it's not a good idea."

I dropped my jaw open in shock. "You practically begged me—"

"Maybe I changed my mind."

"Changed your mind? It takes you years to develop this fantasy of yours and suddenly it's whoosh! All gone?"

"You spend a lot of time with him..."

Peeved at his change of heart or mind, I snapped, "I barely know him. I probably don't spend nearly enough time with him."

His eyes widened and he lifted his hips. His cock swelled and spat cum into the air, ejected by a force powerful enough to wrack my husband's body. He growled in amused frustration and then his face colored in embarrassment.

I had never seen him like this.

His shaft continued to pulse and squirt for several seconds, until his rigid muscles let loose and collapsed into exhaustion. He panted, looking away.

I ventured a guess, "I'm going to assume you liked that idea?"

The laughter that bubbled up out of his chest was slow and solemn, as if peppered with regret. "I... guess I did..."

CHAPTER 12

Reed

The sick feeling stayed with me, stronger after I had finished. My body had betrayed me when I was trying to regain control of my marriage. Had I lost already?

The prospect of my wife's freedom worried me.

What would she do with it?

Would she go too far?

Would she cease to love me?

Was I giving her away?

Saturday morning, I awoke with a hard-on. She slept soundly next to me in bed.

She's with me, but for how long? My dick ached with desire. I moved my hand to it and gripped it. She had caused a surprise eruption in me the previous evening that had happened so fast and suddenly that I had absolutely not a speck of forewarning about its arrival.

I stroked myself slowly, trying not to wake her. The movement felt good on my shaft and I let my mind wander to chew over what had happened.

So, she had seen his bulge and it was impressive. Was that enough to make her leave me? What woman leaves her husband over a thick dick? Probably not very many and I had pushed her to look, anyway.

Further, instead of going home with Banner, she had come home to tell me and

here she lay beside me in our comfortable intimacy. My doubts receded somewhat to go lurk in the darkened corners of my mind.

She had acted so differently yesterday that I knew something had changed. But what? Just her desire to satisfy my fantasy? Even if only partially?

It was her that rejected my kink... Trust her, Reed. She didn't want any part of it and now you're second-guessing her? I berated myself silently, talking back and forth to myself like a professor to a student.

My dick was hard and aching. I would need to get up and go jack it off soon or I would have to let go. Except that I didn't want to let go. The beautiful woman next to me facing away and displaying her feminine curves had loosened up enough for me to share with her my fantasy.

Was that so bad?

What did I think would happen if she went along with it?

That thought made my dick even harder and it began to ooze.

Essentially, she did everything I asked her to do and nothing else. That made me pause in my stroking, before resuming with even more confidence and vigor. All she did was check out his package. That was all. Nothing extra.

If she was to do more, would she need to be pushed?

The idea that she had made him hard just by being in the same room with him made my dick flex like mad. I stroked it a little faster. I wanted him to get hard looking at my wife. That was hot. And I wanted her to notice him hard because of her. I wanted her to see it...

She was looking at me. "What's got you all worked up? Dreaming of some hot student?"

I laughed nervously and let go of my dick. "No, actually I was thinking of Banner getting hard for you."

She made a sleepy laugh sound. "You were not."

"I was, really." Her doubt fueled irritation inside me. "I'm hoping you make him hard every day."

She shifted onto her side facing me. "You really want that?"

I gripped my dick again and stroked. "Yes. And I want you to notice it."

She hummed in thought. "I don't know..."

"Come on, how hard can it be?"

"You want me to make him hard and notice it?"

"Yes."

"Poor guy."

"I hope he's doing what I'm doing right now, thinking of you."

She gave me a sideways look of doubt. "I'm sure he doesn't."

"How do you know?"

"Well... I don't, I guess... Do you really think he does?"

I jacked faster. "When I was interested in you, I did. I bet he does, too."

"Ew."

"What's gross about it?"

She explained, "He's my employee, Reed."

"Not your friend?"

"No. Well, yes. We work well together. He's cute. But he's total friend-zone."

I felt the truth of it in her and disappointment decided to bedevil me. "Can't you tease him a bit?"

She coughed. "Why would I want to do that?"

I was warming to the idea and my shaft oozed pre-cum. "Tease him so he gets hard."

"I don't do anything and I already do that..."

"So be a little aggressive."

"How? Why?"

"Be flirty with him. I want him to be a puddle of jelly around you—"

"Why?"

"Because you deserve it. You absolutely are worth that kind of adoration."

"You really want me to flirt with Banner? Are you sure? I don't know if I can do something like that..."

"It doesn't have to be anything wild. Unbutton your blouse one button. Talk softly to him. Lean over his desk. Brush up against him..."

She laughed. "Are you kidding?"

"No." I stroked with more effort. "It sounds hot."

"You really want me to make him hard?"

"Yes, definitely."

"I don't really know him..."

"So? Get to know him."

She frowned in silence.

"What would it hurt to just go to lunch and talk to him?"

"Go to lunch? Am I dating him or something?"

That idea sent a wild flashing of lust through me, but I knew she would never go for it. I panted near the edge of an orgasm and stopped masturbating.

She took that as her cue to take over, not knowing I was so close.

I said, "No, not dating, really. Just getting to know him. Maybe he wouldn't be a good fantasy after all. How else would you find out for us?"

"Hmm..." Her hand moved up and down on my slick shaft; I had oozed quite a bit. "I guess it isn't much different from what friends do..."

"But don't make it a total friend-zone thing; tease him. Make it your goal to do whatever it takes to make him hard."

"What if he flirts back?"

I laughed. "Go with it."

"What if I tease him too much and he kisses me?"

My dick flexed and flared. I moaned with rising lust. My heart pounded so hard my voice shook. "That sounds hot. I would hope you'd make me proud and kiss him back."

"That's dangerous... What if he loses control and... touches me?"

The image of his hands sliding on her skin was too much. I lifted my hips to the immediacy of my onrushing orgasm and let loose several thick ropes of cum. They flew in the air in loops and strings as I heaved and grunted, sliding my dick up through her hand. Yes, touch her Banner. Touch her. I grunted and gritted my teeth to the force of the ejaculation. Muscles pulled and twitched from my feet to my shoulders as my lust shot out of my cock.

Diana marveled, "Wow, you really do like that idea, don't you?" The bemused smile on her face spoke of some deeper inner thoughts.

CHAPTER 13

Diana

The image of Reed shooting cum into the air stuck with me in very naughty ways. We usually had regular sex – not just manipulation sex. I came to the conclusion by Sunday evening that I really liked seeing him finish. There was something so sexy about watching his dick swell and pulse and his cum shoot out.

I liked it a lot.

I wanted to help him reach that point with me much more often.

With that goal in mind, would it hurt to tease Banner? It probably didn't have to be much...

I dressed for the office Monday morning and at the end of my mirror check unbuttoned the third button down. This exposed what little cleavage I had. Not large and pendulous, my breasts were round and close to my chest. Would the sight of what little I was sporting impress Banner? Or was he a leg man?

I decided against nylons – I hated them anyway and they served little purpose except to appear to be covering what they weren't.

This reached my tease limit.

Reed saw me and gulped, but the smile that followed was hungry. "Very nice..."

"It's my normal outfit..."

He knew I was making an excuse. "And it looks fantastic."

I fingered the third button. "You know I did this for you in class...?"

"I remember; that's why I suggested it."

"Hmm..." I could see several emotions playing across his face that I had trouble deciphering. His attitude seemed to scream he wanted it, but some of his expressions seemed sad or doubtful. I asked, "Are you sure about this?"

He looked up from my boring business skirt and pondered my eyes. "You're beautiful, Diana. If I was sick and twisted, I'd cover you with a blanket so no one could see you."

I kissed him and left for work.

His answer was something of a compliment, I supposed. That didn't change anything with me for intent – other than what little I had done, I wasn't making big plans to flirt or entice Banner.

Let my husband think what he wanted to think.

Our three-office ground-floor suite on the street was quaint and not very hip to professional statements. We delivered; what more did we need? Though I did understand a fancier image did mean something to a lot of people – including some in the entertainment industry.

I picked up the coffee Banner had already poured for me and went to sit at my desk. Business always came first and flirting wasn't even on my mind until an uncomfortable awareness made me look away from my email.

Banner stood there, watching me. He saw me looking and pulled back suddenly.

"Banner." I couldn't keep the usual command out of my voice and derided myself for it.

"Yes, ma'am?" Always the charmer. Polite, honorable, and stoic.

"Were you wanting something?"

"Oh, uh, no, I... uh..."

I lifted my chin and eyebrows. "Would you like to take lunch together later?"

He blinked through several sets of astonishment and scrutiny of my posture. "L-lunch?"

"Yes, lunch."

"Oh, I uh... take my lunches in the park. Sack lunch..."

"I can join you, unless you don't want me to... I thought we could just...talk." I didn't know about what at the moment, but I was sure we could find something over which to relate.

"Talk?" He looked confused for a few seconds. "Well, I guess so," he tried a happy expression, "sure."

I tried to keep from smiling; he was acting like a nervous teenage boy on his first date. Was that what I was offering him? A date? Despite my intentions, I felt naughty, as if I had made a more intimate connection. Warmth spread through me.

He scuttled out of view like a supplicant who had been dismissed.

My musing mood shifted. Did I instill that kind of behavior in him? Was I some kind of dominatrix at work? I pondered back over my typical workdays. I didn't bark or command, except to deliver short messages on what needed to be done – what any boss had to do.

Was I too distant?

Banner was definitely not someone I could easily replace. That he was trustworthy enough with our Hasselblad was worth more than anything else in an employee – and he knew our business.

Valuable, yes.

Replaceable, no.

Maybe I was too stiff with him.

Could it hurt to get to know my own employee better? Even keeping him in the friend-zone, I wasn't doing any kind of a good job being a friend.

I think I had let business interfere and brought the whole boss-employee thing between us.

What would it hurt to sit and talk with him over lunch? To get to know him better? To relate on a friendlier level? To really be friends?

I stepped across the street before the lunch rush and got a simple salad to go. I carried the Styrofoam container when we walked to the park a few minutes later.

He held his bag up in both hands by his chest. He looked like a little old granny protecting her purse.

I looked at him strangely. "Are you always so protective of your lunch?"

He grunted, eyes flashing along the ground. His features brightened. "Hi, Sarah!"

I jerked in surprise. What? Another woman? Am I intruding? I thought this lunch was between us...? I looked around.

A white cat, fluffy tail in the air, was running towards us.

Banner cooed, "And how are you today?"

Sarah deftly avoided his footsteps and still managed to twine through and against his legs. She delivered an affectionate meow and didn't even spare me a glance.

Well! I mused silently.

He pointed, inclining his head towards me. "I usually sit there."

The dark green park bench was ergonomically curved iron. It looked horribly hard but was surprisingly comfortable.

Banner sat and said, "You're here early today..."

I guessed correctly he was talking to the cat. "Do you always talk to her?"

He looked at me with surprise. "Of course. Cats are very sensitive to moods. I

think she likes the sound of my voice." He looked down at the white cat. "Or something else."

Sarah was as wide-eyed as I had ever seen a cat.

He chuckled and opened his sack. He pulled out a plastic baggie stuffed full. Taking a sliced piece of chicken, he offered it to the cat. "She's such a sweetie..."

"You bring her food every day?"

"Mm hmm. For my friends."

That's when I noticed movement close by. Two more cats were running towards us. I asked, "Don't you get in trouble for feeding them?"

He looked at me with confusion. "This isn't a zoo... I don't know why it would be wrong..." He began handing out strips.

The chorus of meows began to grow. More cats appeared.

I stifled a laugh and said, "Is the chicken only for them?"

"Oh, yeah. I bring a buttered roll for me. Breakfast is my big meal. Lunch is just a snack."

Sarah jumped onto his lap. So did another cat.

"You cooked all this for them?"

"Yep." He was plucking chicken as fast as he could. There were at least a dozen cats around him now and still more coming.

Sarah put a paw on his chest and nudged his chin with her nose.

I looked at him in awe. "And you do this every single day?"

"If we're not traveling, yes."

The meows were loud and plaintive, surrounding us on all sides.

I laughed in delight.

Sarah was on his lap, paws on his neck, and meowing into his face. Another cat was up on the backrest and his shoulders, peeking around the side of his head. Banner lifted his arm holding the baggie. A smaller kitten began climbing his arm.

He laughed with good humor and meowed back at his cats.

I covered my mouth and shook my head. In another moment, he would be buried in fur. How adorable.

CHAPTER 14

Banner

I was a whirlpool of mixed emotions. My Diana had accompanied me to lunch. I felt as if it were the greatest honor I could experience in this lifetime.

She had actually wanted to have lunch with me!

And yet, the ring of her laughter... was it mocking? Or delighted? I couldn't help it that the cats liked to climb on me. Would she ever want to go with me to lunch again? Or was this a one-off?

I couldn't help but notice her change of office attire and I knew better than to hope it was for me. Maybe her husband had the day off and was coming later to get her for something. An early dinner date? She certainly looked exquisite in her skirt and black knee-high stockings. Sultry, but professional.

I dared not look at her for too long for fear of getting an embarrassing erection. Faced with the abrupt lunch date, I was unable to utilize the time to my advantage. I had avoided her eyes, barely answered her questions, and must have been a horrid waste of lunchtime for her.

I could have been charming, and instead, I was as dull as a dirty rock.

However, she was married. I shouldn't be planning better ways to appeal to her.

Of course not.

Her husband was obviously the better man, for she had chosen him. Me? Just a lonely man who only had eyes for Diana.

I went home after fielding an email about a meeting on-site in Utah for later in

the week.

My apartment was small because I just didn't need all that much room. My big screen TV sat unused having been purchased on impulse. I don't know why I bought it on Black Friday, but it seemed that everyone else was, so I did, too. My real fascination was my Star Trek action figure collection. My most prized in it were my two versions of AMT's Spock model shooting at a three-headed serpent. I had one complete box, unopened, and one model built and painted on display.

It wasn't much, but it was me.

I stripped down to my boxers and went straight to my weight bench. Unwinding after work was essential to my relaxation method. I benched weights wondering why Diana had changed her office appearance. I couldn't possibly dare hope it had been for me. No, she was too far above me on a different plane of reality.

I was down here, masturbating in private to thoughts of her and an image in a Victoria's Secret catalog.

She was up there, being a better person, and experiencing all the joys of life I was denied.

Nevertheless, I could enjoy the change in her from a distance. Despite her saying she would like to take lunches with me, now was the time to guard myself, and her, from any of my own silly fantasies of making some kind of emotional connection to her. I already loved her, but to betray my secret by admitting my feelings would be criminal.

No, she could never know, and now more so than ever. I would have to be on the strictest guard and scrupulously avoid profaning the holy metal band on her finger with my crass and vulgar cravings.

I hefted the weights with more vigor, gritting my teeth and straining to...

To keep from crying.

CHAPTER 15

Reed

"How did it go?" I had been hard all day thinking of her around Banner dressed as she was. It was not a big change in appearance at all, but a change. I never had liked nylons and she hadn't worn them when she was in my class. I definitely loved the smooth look to her thighs. They had a luscious firm look to them that bordered on barely thick.

Super fuckable.

She was wholly unaware of her sex appeal, talking sometimes about going jogging, but never finding the time to give action to her intent.

Good. She wasn't in need of jogging anyway; she was a normal woman in her late thirties and she made my dick very hard.

Diana gave me an amused look. "We went to lunch..."

Just those words reignited my cock to throbbing. I swallowed hard. "Yeah?"

She did something strange: she started laughing. "He feeds cats."

I shook my head; the connection was being made. "What?"

"For lunch. He brings chicken every day and feeds cats. A lot of them."

"For lunch?"

She shook her head as the silent giggles shook her shoulders. "He was almost buried at the end. They were all over him meowing and purring... All the tails sticking out made him look like a furry porcupine."

I tried to make sense of the silliness. "So?"

Her expression shifted from amused to serious. "It was adorable, Reed."

I blinked. Oh, she liked it. If she likes it, I should like it. "Oh, yeah, I suppose—"

"He copied an email to me before I left; we have a meeting in Utah Thursday. We'll be flying out Wednesday afternoon."

Instantly, visions of them sharing a room flashed through my head. I licked my lips and my dick strained in my slacks.

She came to me, close, and rubbed her hand down my bulge. "I think someone wants to talk about it later..."

I chuckled, nervous and giddy-like.

She tormented me with silence except for mundane things until bedtime. I don't know if she thought she was avoiding turning me on so I wouldn't suffer, but her careful skirting of her day had me hard and aching.

Pure torture.

I climbed into bed, naked, hard, and panting. "Tell me what happened."

She was laughing, and laughed louder, staring at my erection.

I got defensive. "What? Is it funny now? Does he have a really huge one? Did you see it?"

She rolled her eyes and blushed, laughing now with exasperation. "Gosh, Reed, calm down. No, I didn't see it—"

"Wow, too bad."

She coughed and gave me a strange, tilted-head look. "Why would you want me to see it?"

I blinked, shook my head, and held up my hands. "So you'd know what it looks like. Duh."

"I don't need to know what it looks like; I have yours."

"Aren't you curious?"

"No...?" There was no hesitation.

"Well, I am."

"Why don't you go in my place and dress sexy then? Then you can see it for yourself."

It was my turn to cough. "It's not the same. I want you to see it, not me."

"Why does that make it better?"

I gripped my shaft. "The whole idea you would see it suggests a fascinating level of intimacy..."

"We just went to lunch, dear..."

"You'll be spending the night with him—"

"What?"

"You're going to Utah—"

"I'm not spending the night with him."

I teased her, "No cost-saving single hotel room?"

She rolled her eyes again. "No..."

"So how did he like your outfit?"

"I didn't change outfits—"

I asked impatiently, "How did he react?"

She blushed lightly and her lips widened in amusement. "He stared."

"More than usual?"

Her eyes got big and she nodded. "Oh yeah."

"Good."

She giggled.

I asked, "Did he get hard?"

"Yes."

"You looked?"

"Yes, you told me to."

"Did you like it?"

She laughed. "Seeing his bulge? Yeah, highlight of my day, seriously."

"It was?" My cock jumped and twitched.

"No, Reed; I'm kidding. Gosh..."

I pouted.

She was exasperated. "What?"

"I want you to like it."

"I like seeing yours."

"Sure, but isn't it great to see some other guy get hard over you?"

"No, why—"

"Because it's the surest sign you're sexy."

She took a light breath and let it out. Her lips pursed to the side. "I guess... that would be flattering."

I was making progress.

I had two days to work on her before she flew off to a different state with another man.

CHAPTER 16

Diana

I don't know how or why my husband had developed these strange fantasies, but his constant hints and encouragement had me thinking about fortifying his fantasy with real results.

I knew my place with Banner. I knew my role as wife to Reed. Could I satisfy both? Could I keep things separate enough yet still give something to my husband to make him happy?

He encouraged me to be open and flirt with Banner. Truly, I was certainly more relaxed around my employee now. I found an interesting sympathy to his personality growing. I knew he had a crush on me and I also knew he struggled to keep it secret.

Some big secret.

I also knew he would solidly resist being a fool and stepping between Reed and me. Too much honor of his was at stake for that. Could I use that to flirt with him in any way?

I had not teased or even liked the idea, really, except for how I changed my appearance. Going without nylons was so much nicer. Feeling his eyes on me – on my legs and cleavage – was strangely arousing. Maybe a smile or a wink wouldn't hurt? Then I could bring something home to Reed and make his dick squirt with lust.

Yes, maybe.

I walked through the metal detector and went into TSA pat-down Wednesday afternoon. Getting groped at the airport was never a turn-on and thinking of

Banner at that moment wrecked my resolve to deliver results when I got home.

Banner could suffer, for all I cared.

At least, that was what I thought until we were walking side by side out of the airport. I said, "I hate those pat downs."

"Me, too. I always get some fat guy shoving his hands down my pants. Very enticing."

I signaled one of the waiting cabbies. "Oh, you'd like a female agent?"

He was quiet.

I looked at him in curiosity.

His brow was down and he was looking at me, frowning and almost pouting. "No," he said.

I realized that I was having an important moment with him and I had almost missed it with my snarky comment. I didn't answer him except with a slow nod of understanding.

I think I knew what he wanted: he wanted me to be the TSA agent, but he would never admit it.

A lump formed in my throat at his dedicated devotion to me: there wasn't even room in his musings for another woman.

I climbed into the compact SUV that served as a taxi. You'll find someone, someday, Banner, and you'll get over me. You'll forget all about me. Yet, as I thought those words to myself, I was struck by the somber inevitability of something lost.

Was all of life a squandered string of circumstances?

That pensive preoccupation kept me detached the rest of the afternoon – and through the early meeting the producer requested. We met him over dinner and he looked over the roster on my iPad as Banner and I sipped wine.

Nothing I could say really mattered in these cases, except to either confirm or deny his choice. Banner and I made up the roster based on his wishes and he decided. It was always this way.

Yet, the tinkle of glasses and the murmur of animated conversation in the restaurant at times like these made me feel as if real business was being done and that I was doing it. I had known Banner in the casting field before I had decided to open my own agency. Of all the people in the industry I knew, he struck me as exactly the right man to have at my side – and so I had hired him.

I enjoyed the wine; it was a very good Merlot – smooth and seductive. I felt the melancholy I had earlier in the day drift away.

Something itched.

I looked over at Banner and caught him looking at me, eyes fixed on my head. Where I might have expected him – or another guy – to be trying to look down my blouse, he had been looking at what? My ear? My hair?

I colored with a flush of heat that rose up my neck. Was I really all that interesting? I touched my ear to see if there were any stray strands from my ponytail. It was a swanky restaurant, not classy, so I had left it back.

Banner's eyes sparkled with amusement for a second, and then he finished off his wine. His eyes shifted away.

With his focus leaving me, I experienced a sense of regret. I wish I hadn't looked... His eyes would still be on me. Warmth of a different kind started in my neck and worked down my chest. It was a soft constriction that left me unable to talk. My fingers started to tremble as I picked up my glass and gulped the rest of the Merlot.

He pulled his ipad and began tapping to the producer's instructions.

Before we left and as I was handed back my ipad, the producer leaned towards me and winked. His voice was oily and creepy. "I have an opportunity I think you'll like that could greatly enhance your position in the industry."

I had heard it all before – the same words, the empty promises, and the insinuations. I rose from the table. "I'm very happy with the way things are." It

was delivered without heat or acid – just a simple statement.

His mouth widened in a fake smile that looked more like he was exposing teeth to a dentist. His lip lay there like a lizard tongue and his eyes glittered at me with disdain.

I was just another tool to be used for his sexual gratification. Sometimes I hate this job... I took hold of Banner's arm as if he were my husband and delivered an even stare back to the producer.

We departed with no further words.

I said to Banner, "Thank you."

"Oh, uh, not a problem, really..."

"He was going to offer me the prime opportunity of giving him a blowjob."

"I know."

I looked at him in horror. "You know?"

We rode in the taxi back to our hotel.

He said, "I talk to a lot of people on our trips and in our meetings. You'd be surprised at how many think I can convince you to deliver a blowjob to their bosses."

I scrunched my face in distaste. "Why does this not surprise me?"

"It's a dirty business."

"No, it's not. It's the people in it that are dirty."

He grinned and bobbed his head. "Touche."

I studied him in the flashes of the streetlights we passed. "Do you really think we're doing dirty work? If so, why do you do it?"

He tilted his head back, widening his eyes. "No... I don't actually. I just know that the industry... No, rather the people in it, are..."

"Thank you again."

"For what?"

"For being there with me tonight. For letting me hang on your arm and give that sicko a message..."

He waved a hand, but his face was trying to suppress a smile. "It was nothing." He looked down at his feet in the backseat and pursed his lips.

The ride in the elevator up to our rooms was awkward. I said, "Come with me to my room and we'll go over what to email Natalie's agent."

"Sure thing."

It could have waited until we were back in the office, but I always liked to alert the actors and actresses at the first opportunity: they were hungry for work. The request was business as usual between us.

I entered the clean room that was marred only by my travel bag on the extra bed. I said, "Sit. I just need to call my husband."

He sat on the bed I was going to sleep in and pulled his ipad.

I stood there between the beds and thumbed my cellphone. The battery was showing red. I made a disgusted noise and sat down next to Banner to use the hotel phone.

A moment later, Reed answered. "Hello?"

"Hi, it's me. Just finished the meeting. He decided to have it tonight instead of in the morning."

"Ah, will you be home early?"

"I'm not sure. Banner and I are just going over what email to send to the agent."

"Oh..." He sounded odd. "You sound happy."

"We just polished off a bottle of Merlot..." I thought of hugging Banner's arm. In a rush, I said, "I love you."

He came across a little breathless on the line. "I love you, too. Have fun."

I wasn't sure what he meant by that and I hung up after saying goodbye. Had he implied something about my evening? About the future prospects of it? Business was business and that's all we had pursued, despite my clinging to Banner as a defense against the inevitable blowjob offer.

Banner showed me his draft email without comment.

I looked it over. Thoroughly professional and not giving any more detail than necessary: it was perfect. I regarded his face in the bright light of the hotel lamp. "Thank you..."

He sounded distracted – his focus on the tablet. "Hmm?"

I was staring at his profile. His eyes and nose were familiar and even. His hair was clean and wavy. His stubble was kept long and trimmed, just like my husband's. A sense of value surged in me as he turned his head to look at me. I studied his lightly chapped lips and worried if he drank as much water as he needed.

I licked my lips wondering if they were still soft. Sometimes Reed's lips chapped and they were still soft.

Banner tilted his head quizzically and his eyes dropped to my lips. His pulse began to beat hard in his neck and his mouth dropped open as his chest rose and fell heavily.

I couldn't say what it was, except that it was a magnetic force that pulled me in. I was moving, and then so was he. My lips touched his in a flash of burning excitement and everything in the room swayed around us as our tongues met for the first time.

Everything turned and spun.

Somehow, our arms found their way around each other and we hugged through the intense kiss with a passion and delicacy that was both hot and comforting at the same time.

I felt like I was on a merry-go-round, riding and feeling free. It was something

wondrous and joyous.

We both broke the kiss, him starting first, with me reluctantly following.

I smiled at him breathlessly and my heart pounded in my temple and chest.

Then everything came crashing down to reality.

He looked away and swallowed.

I went numb with the awareness that I had just kissed Banner and not my husband. Guilt grew in greedy leaps and I rose suddenly from the bed. "Well, I, uh..."

Banner stood, too. His bulge was very much obvious, but he turned away from me. "Yeah, sorry. I should go."

I let him out the door and locked it. I turned and leaned back against the door wondering what I had done.

CHAPTER 17

Banner

I took two wooden steps to my door across the hall. I fumbled my key card into the slot and cursed it when it didn't open.

I had it in backwards.

I entered my darkened room and plaintively wished the hum of the air conditioning at the window would soothe my mind.

It didn't.

I sat numbly on the bed and shook my head. We kissed! The immediate memory replayed all the wonderful textures of her tongue and the taste of her mouth moisture. The spongy softness of her lips was a caress that caused me to raise my fingertips to my lips and touch there.

I was hard and the throbbing was insistent, persistent, and indignant: there was no follow-through. No advance from the kiss that led to my dick's usage as God had intended.

No, it was definitely angry at being teased so and finding no relief at all.

Will she kiss me again?

I marveled at the ridiculous thought that crossed my mind like a deer jumping out in front of a car on a dark night. My dick flexed in response.

Diana had appeared to loosen up a little from her usual defense by distance. She had become closer, if not entirely physically, by dressing just a little different.

Definitely far sexier.

I had thought it couldn't be for me at first. Surely it couldn't.

But...

Something within me was gnawing its way forward and out, muscling aside my reservations and steadfast sense of honor.

She had continued to dress sexier.

Maybe she didn't think so?

I dared not ask; it wasn't seemly. It wouldn't do to intrude on her personal decisions with my blundering curiosity.

My dick still wasn't feeling fulfilled. I stripped off my clothing and sat in bed, idly stroking it – all my thoughts on Diana and the kiss.

Was she really warming up to me? Did that offer something for the future?

No! Don't be silly.

Maybe she was. Would she dress even sexier? Shorter skirts? See-through blouses? I wanted nothing more than to run my hands over her blouse and feel the feminine flesh underneath.

I stroked faster.

No, what I really wanted was to feel the soft skin on my palms as I slowly slid my hands over her naked breasts...

I cried out suddenly, grunting and lifting my hips. Squirts of cum ripped hotly out of my thwarted cock, racing up into the air instead of inside the pussy of the woman I loved.

I panted heavily and closed my eyes in shame. Here I was, wanting someone I couldn't have and wasting my time imagining something that could never happen.

I let go of my erection in defeat and disgust.

She belongs to Reed and that's all there is to it. There is no hope in this for me.

I got up and walked wearily to the bathroom to clean up.

Another night and another useless masturbation event over a woman who would laugh herself silly knowing I had done it. Or more likely be angry that I was imagining her doing something so sick...

Diana might even blame me for the kiss.

No, she probably would.

I would have to be extra rigid in my guard from now on.

Best not to show her any kind of useless hope as if I were some stupid punk kid with dreams and aspirations beyond my social standing.

No, I was strong and I would have to be strong against this noble challenge.

Iron will.

Iron resolve.

I had to show her that the kiss meant nothing and it was a mistake.

I slept fitfully that night, tossing to the memory of the kiss. But I hated myself for it and I awoke in the morning feeling hurt and angry.

Why couldn't I have had Diana? Was Reed so much better than me?

Down in the breakfast room I sat with her at the appointed time. I didn't look at her and I was the first to talk. I was all business, and put as much steel in my voice as possible. "Last night was a mistake. It won't happen again."

Diana did not answer; she just stared at me.

CHAPTER 18

Reed

I hung up the phone, breathing heavily and feeling the thunder-thump of my heart in my chest. Lower, my stomach churned with acid and worry. The area below my navel felt as if it had received a punch. A hard knot of anxiety there belied the very intense hardness pulsing in my pants.

I slid them off and gripped my erection with a shaking, clammy hand. I gave it full strokes and leaned my head back, closing my eyes.

I'm a handsome guy, so the women say. They liked my brooding look of antipathy and viewed me as some kind of sexy challenge. I didn't understand the weird attraction at all, but my wife assured me it was there.

Right now, Diana was in her hotel room, probably with Banner.

Would they?

Was I risking it all by giving her permission?

What if she finds Banner is better?

What if they make a connection that cuts me out of the loop?

What if everything I was pushing for with her flirting with him leads to my ruin?

I slid my hand faster on my shaft.

But what if they're really doing it?

I imagined my beautiful wife's sexy body naked for him. He would see how fantastic she is. He would be hard for her – what man could resist? Yes, he

would definitely find her so attractive that his dick would be hard.

I was flushed with a sense of pride knowing that my wife was so stunning that she could make even a priest hard. That masculine reaction was validation and endorsement of my shrewd wisdom in making her mine.

Yes, I wanted Banner to be erect for her. I wanted his cock to stand straight up when he looked at my wife. I wanted him to desire her more than any other woman in the world. Indeed, the more he yearned for her, the more my ego and vanity were magnified.

I was the man who had married her. I was the one who was smart enough to get her. I didn't have to settle for her; I got the best and I wanted everyone to see it. Yes, I was the lucky man who went to bed with her most nights. She was mine.

And... I wanted to show other men what they were missing – how lucky I was to have her. I wanted to share her with them so they could see and marvel at my good fortune.

I jacked my dick faster.

I wanted Banner to be naked with her. I wanted him to lust for her so desperately that he would do anything to fuck her. I wanted his hands on her, feeling her and savoring the silkiness of her skin. I wanted him to venerate and revere her because when he did, he elevated me.

Put your dick in her, Banner. Do it. Thrust into her like a wild teenager with a once in a lifetime chance...

I felt the rushing sensations of orgasm. I stroked myself faster, and panted loudly in my home office. On my screen was a picture of Diana and Banner I had taken once on one of my visits to her office.

I imagined him thrusting hard into her, his balls slapping frantically on her ass.

I rose up in my chair, gasping. My hand was a blur. Do it. Fuck her! Cum lanced upwards out of my cock and I cried out as the force of the orgasm was strong and hot. My shaft flexed rapidly in my hand as I groaned loudly with joyful relief.

I collapsed in my chair, regretful that I wasn't there to see it. I wanted to see their faces, their bodies, and hear their moans.

All of that was replaced by the advancing army of helplessness. It trampled over my sensual mood and invaded my mind. Diana was my wife and she was in another state with another man.

Would she ever come back?

I had no control in the matter and it made my shoulders so tight they hurt. My neck tensed up and I knew in a moment or two, I would get a headache.

I had no way to supervise or regulate what happened. I was powerless.

She's my wife! I ground my teeth together in impotent rage as I yelled in my mind.

No one was home to have heard it even if I had spoken it. Yet it echoed in my head as surely as if I had shouted it out loud.

CHAPTER 19

Diana

I stared at Banner over coffee and toast.

I had expected he might look at me with puppy dog eyes and assume that the kiss the previous night entitled him to make presumptions, except that he had sat down and laid down his law as if he was the boss.

I agreed with him; the kiss was a mistake, but how could he be so callous about it? I said, "We had too much wine..."

He turned his cup as if reversing the handle for his other hand. His answer was abrupt. "Right."

"So we can put this behind us—"

He cut me off. "I've already forgotten about it."

I blinked and looked down at my coffee. Well, I guess that's settled... I swallowed nothing and pursed my lips. I had wanted to say much the same thing as he had, but I hadn't imagined him being more brusque about it than me. I had thought I would need to let him down slowly and firmly like a little kid promised a cookie and having it snatched away from him. Instead, I found myself stunned at his apparent aloof acknowledgment of what had happened.

Had I offended him somehow?

Was it a bad kiss?

I suffered a rush of heat up my neck to my ears and I wanted to be anywhere else right at that moment.

He chewed his toast with determined bites and refused to look at me.

Was I disgusting or something?

How dare he so rudely dismiss the kiss?

Was I some kind of trashy whore to him?

Did he think himself so superior?

I got up and left the cafeteria.

The nerve of the man.

I didn't look at him on the plane and neither did I talk to him. It had been a moment of weakness, surely due to the wine, but he didn't have to act as if I was something dirty now.

Had it really been that bad? I thought back on the kiss. Warmth spread through me at the memory of something so surprising. I would never have ever imagined kissing Banner, but it had happened and... it hadn't really been that bad.

No, in fact, it had been good. So good I was blown away.

Did he not appreciate it, even if it was a mistake? Did he not find anything in it worth remembering? Maybe he was right; maybe it should just be forgotten.

I drove home from the airport determined to forget about it all.

Reed wasn't home yet and I could've gone into the office, but a couple extra hours off wasn't going to hurt anything. I checked my email anyway and saw nothing needing immediate attention.

I was in my supposed place of comfort: my home. All of my touches were here and there – the life I shared with Reed. Why had I even kissed someone else? Everything I wanted was right here. Security, safety, and a strong bond kept my eyes on my man – not wandering around looking for dismal doom and ruin.

His fantasy was nuts.

I gave half a thought to going back to nylons. I was definitely going to button up

my blouse. It's not like Banner was going to be looking, anyway.

Though that had been exciting in a way...

The voice startled me and I gulped in fright. Reed said, "How'd it go?"

I gasped in several breaths and looked at his face. My heart beat heavily in my chest. I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that I hadn't heard him come in.

He wore an expression of curiosity and expectation. "Diana?"

"I uh..." I cleared my throat. "It went fine."

He licked his lips by pulling them in: it was his nervous gesture. "With Banner?"

I turned my head sharply away, not wanting to answer.

He sat next to me on the couch. "Hey..."

I said in a rush, "Nothing happened. Nothing's going to happen. He doesn't look at me anyway."

He furrowed his brow at me, the earlier expression gone. "I thought his eyes were all over you."

The thought made my skin crawl. Well, he surely thinks I'm gross now. "We had wine with dinner."

A ghost of a grin suggested expectation. "Yes? And?"

I plunged in and spilled everything only to get it out. "The producer wanted a blowjob and I hung on Banner like he was my lover. In the hotel, I thanked him and I don't know how it happened, but we kissed. He didn't like it and told me this morning he's already forgotten all about it. He doesn't care, he doesn't think I'm sexy, and now he won't even look at me."

His expression went slack with shock. He placed a hand on my knee. "Hey, hey... it's all right... Maybe he's feeling guilty?"

I instantly latched onto the idea without first thinking about it. Yes, of course! That's why. He's feeling guilty. But then I compared the idea with what I knew of

Banner and it really did make sense. He might have liked it? I looked down at the floor in thought.

"So you kissed, huh?"

I nodded, still wondering if our feelings about him were right.

"Was it planned? Or was it—"

"It just happened, Reed. I don't know. I thanked him, and I was looking at his lips..."

"You were looking at his lips?" He looked amused and aroused.

"They were a little chapped, like yours get sometimes."

He sucked in his lips and checked them.

I said, "You know licking them just makes it worse."

"Yeah, I know. So you were looking at his chapped lips?"

"And he looked at mine."

"Yours aren't chapped."

I sighed in frustration. "I'm just saying he looked at them."

"Okay, okay..."

"And then we just sort of kissed. I don't think either of us made a first move..."

My husband's face lit up with interest. "That sounds kinda hot."

"Well, it wasn't. I mean, it was a nice kiss, I guess, but then afterwards he couldn't get out of there fast enough."

"So nothing else happened?"

"No."

"No hint or suggestion—"

"Nothing. He looked away and I felt this sudden guilt—"

"You did?"

"Well, yes, Reed. I am married to you and I love you. I got up off the bed—"

"You two were on the bed?"

I stressed the word, "Sitting. I had just called you. He had written an email to show me—"

"Oh."

"Anyway, he practically fled the room."

He chuckled. "Sounds like he definitely feels guilty." In a strange way, he sounded relieved. He looked up at the ceiling. "You might have to let him know he shouldn't feel that way—"

"He won't even talk to me."

"You can do it, Diana. You can bring him right back around to you."

I slumped on the couch in thought. He was right; I could probably say something sweet to him that would recover what we had lost between us.

Was that something I wanted to do?

Was that something I should do?

Maybe I should be doing it for the sake of my business. He and I certainly couldn't work together by ignoring each other. Maybe it would help if I did what my husband was suggesting?

Yes, I will say something. I'll keep going to lunch with him. I'll tell him he's a great friend and I feel close to him.

Immediately, I felt better.

Yet, for some reason, I felt as if I was only acknowledging to myself half the truth.

CHAPTER 20

Banner

I unlocked the back door of the office and punched in the alarm code. I was always first to work and had plenty of time being early to make the coffee.

Except, as I was closing the back door, Diana's car pulled into the rear parking lot, very early for her.

Fear drenched me like I had done something wrong right in front of a cop.

This is my last day at work; she's going to fire me.

I closed the door and thought about skipping the coffee. If I was going to get fired, then why bother making it? I started making it anyway in the cold interior of the lifeless office. She and I together lit it up and warmed it, though I was certain it was mostly her. She could enter a room and warm it all by herself, surely.

I thought back on the kiss, though I dared not dwell on it unless I wanted an erection. No, best not to think about it at all.

Was an apology too late?

The sound of the back door opening chilled me to the bone and robbed my dick of any swelling it had started to suffer. The scraping sounds of it closing sent shivers tickling along my forearms.

I gulped loudly, wanting to be anywhere but here right now and facing her wrath.

With a jaunty lean onto the counter, she interposed herself into my focused gaze at the coffee pot. "Good morning."

My lips felt tight with fear. "Hi." I glanced quickly at her. She was showing a lot of cleavage, tilting sideways like that. I closed my eyes and tried not to look. She still had her shirt buttoned down.

Her voice seemed light, but there was a hint of defensive warning about it. "Do I look ugly today or something?"

"No!" It sounded loud. I tried quieter, "Of course not."

I felt a touch on my arm. She said, "You can open your eyes, Banner..."

I did, but I didn't look at her. "I, uh..."

"You brought Sarah chicken today?"

I almost hadn't – being certain I was going to be fired. "Yes."

Her smile was bright and friendly. "Good. Maybe you'll let me feed some of them?"

It was a moment before I realized my mouth was hanging open like a slack-jawed kindergartener about to drool. I snapped it shut and swallowed. "Oh? Yeah, sure, I... Yeah..."

She giggled and her eyes brightened further as if discovering something. "It's a date, then."

The words sent chills down my back and made my heart flutter in my throat. It was everything I had ever wanted to hear from the woman I loved and I was hearing it. The echoes in my ears replayed instantly in my memory and were like church bells pealing out songs of joy and rapture.

She straightened playfully and beamed a pearly smile at me that made my dick harden. With a little bounce on the balls of her feet, she turned and went to her office.

I finished making coffee and brought her cup to her.

For a moment, she looked like the Diana of old – intent on her email screen and forefinger tapping her chin in thought. But then she looked at me. For a second,

she studied my face with concern and care. In the next second, she lowered her chin to look at me from under her eyelashes.

It was very sexy.

My dick really liked it. "Here you go."

Her voice held a silky quality beyond the usual. "Thank you, Banner. I don't know what I'd do without you. You are truly my best friend."

The areas under my clavicles ached with the sudden pressure of sympathy. I stammered, "I'm uh... I'm honored..."

Her lips widened, showing more teeth. "I'm hoping we can be better friends... and not that you just see me as the boss..."

"No, I... Yes, I'd like that. I mean, friends, yes." I couldn't contain the explosion of hope that tore apart my resolve.

I went out front to my office and sat for a moment while my computer booted up. I had been firm in my mantra that I was not going to be a fool with her – that I was going to stand firm and tall and resist the idiocy of thought that she and I could ever have anything together.

Instead, I was sitting in my stupid chair, my dick was hard in my slacks, and I was even more hopelessly in love than before.

It was before lunch when she came up front. I was standing at the filing cabinets where we kept the endless files of composites.

She was playing with the edge of her blouse where it was unbuttoned.

"Banner...?"

"Hmm?" I tried not to look at her so as to avoid another erection.

"Do you think I dress nice?"

"Of course." I shut the filing cabinet drawer a little too hard.

"You don't think something else would look better on me?"

You're driving me nuts! How can I stand any more of this before throwing you down and ravishing you? I cleared my throat. "You always look great."

She squeezed in between me and the filing cabinet. I did not move because I wanted to show her I was brave and wasn't going to be intimidated. And because it felt really nice to have her brush up against me. My dick hardened immediately.

She said, "Do you like my ponytail?"

"I love your ponytail." As I said it, I mentally kicked myself for using the L-word.

She looked up at me with a playful smile. Her breathing was fast and her face was flush with happiness. She looked... delectable. She asked with a slight tremor of uncertainty, "Did you like the kiss?"

I stood frozen with indecision, except that my dick got a lot harder.

She said hurriedly, "I mean I'm not a bad kisser am I?"

"No, you're not. It was..."

She opened her eyes wider in exaggerated expectation and playfully tilted her head to the side to catch my answer in her ear.

The smell of her shampoo, skin moisturizer, soap and hint of perfume went straight to my head. I could no longer think words – only guttural grunts of need.

Ungh, gimme.

And my arms reacted against my wishes, grabbing her arms, squeezing them together, trapping her against me. I pressed down onto her mouth with mine.

She wasn't resisting and her head tilted up as I pulled her closer to me.

The softness of her body was not lost on me and I pressed my hips forward as we kissed. I felt her feminine form through my slacks as my dick throbbed hard against her. Our tongues danced again, but this time with more force and intensity.

She was definitely kissing me back and with an explosive passion matching my own eager frenzy.

My already numb head became dumber than a rock for thought. There was nothing else in the entire world but this kiss. She might have been married, but right now Reed could not own what was happening in our embrace – it was mine and hers, forever.

CHAPTER 21

Reed

I don't know why I had developed my weird fantasy. Or was it really weird? Twenty percent of husbands admitted to wanting to share their wives? Was the number higher because many might not want to admit it?

Was I strange being the minority among husbands?

I adored Diana. No other woman could turn my head. I was as devoted to her as any man could be. I loved her like I have loved no other woman. And yet, I was consumed by this excruciating compulsion to see her have sex with another man. The urge to share was not one I could deny or regulate – it drove my almost every waking moment.

I had to share her, for her own good.

Strange as that sounds.

I had to prove to her how beautiful and sexy she was: words were not enough. Some women thought this showed a lack of respect, but on the contrary, it showed the greatest respect and appreciation a husband could offer.

I was being eaten alive by visions of her receiving pleasure and enjoying it. I wanted her to experience that, and to delight in being sexually pleased by another man.

She was so special that it required two men to truly show her the respect she deserved.

There was no lack of respect.

There was nothing dirty or shameful about it.

It was simply and easily the most effective way a husband could adore his wife.

Many women couldn't grasp this and mine appeared at first to be one of them. I don't know that she really understood or appreciated the need inside me to share her as the most precious gift I could give her in tribute to our marriage.

That I had hidden it for so long caused no end to the pressure of its explosive release. Now that my secret was out, the demand for actualization was an anxiety I could not defy.

Logically, I had to wonder if my fantasy was consuming my reason. But as much as I tried to reason against sharing her, I could not deny that doing so would be the greatest gift I could render to her.

I would have to love her less to let the opportunity pass and let my fantasy remain unfulfilled.

And I couldn't do that to her.

She had to know.

I waited until bedtime to advance my plans. She had to be in the mood or she would knee-jerk reject any thought or idea automatically.

Women had to be coaxed because they were too slow to grasp what men really wanted. My wife was no different. She wasn't stupid by any means – she just didn't think like a man.

Couldn't fault her for that.

As I opened my mouth in bed to make my play, she inadvertently interrupted me.

She said, "I have something to tell you." With that, she reached over and grabbed my cock.

Oh yeah, I like these times. I beamed at her with hope.

Her hand massaged my dick until it was hard and she could move her hand up

and down on it. She whispered, "I kissed him again."

Joy lit up my life like fireworks. "You did?"

She nodded and looked away, a bemused look on her face. Her hand kept moving. "When he hugged me to him during the kiss, I felt him."

Sparks and explosions rattled through my head. "You groped him?"

She snorted as if caught unawares. "No, I mean I felt him pressed against me. Down there..."

I was excited. "Yeah? Did it feel nice?"

She nodded again, this time looking at me with a secretive smile.

I reached over and began playing with her pussy. She was very wet. I asked, "You liked it?"

She gasped and closed her eyes – her hips immediately responding to my fingers. "Yes."

"Please tell me you'll kiss him again."

Her lips parted and trembled, her eyes still closed, and she moaned softly. "Is... that okay?"

I began panting, too. "Yes."

"It struck me today. I don't know why, but flirting with him - the idea of it – is making me hot."

I was ecstatic. "That's great!"

"But I'm married to you; I shouldn't be having these thoughts of other men."

"But I want you to."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, definitely."

"I have something else to tell you..." She looked at me out of the corner of her eye – her face was turned away slightly.

"What?"

"I gave him a blowjob before I came home."

I almost jumped off the bed from lying flat. It was as if every muscle exploded and tossed me upwards. In an instant, I was all over her, kissing her mouth as deeply as I could.

She tried to speak, but it was all muffled in my mouth.

I broke the kiss after a moment, planting quick kisses on her lips as I talked. "That's so awesome. Perfect. Beautiful. Was he big? Was it good? I love you. So much."

She was laughing, stunned and stupefied. "Reed..."

"What?" I looked at her face with all the adoration I felt.

"I was kidding."

Deflation was something I felt like a physical blow. "What?"

Her face was colored red with embarrassment. "I was kidding. I just wanted to see how you'd react."

I slumped down onto my back and blew out a grieving breath. "That's not nice."

She turned towards me, placing her hand back on my dick. "No, I mean, really. I wanted to see how you'd react before I went and did something like that."

"You're thinking of doing it?"

"Well, no, I wanted to see your reaction first. I wanted to see if you'd be jealous. I didn't think you'd crawl all over me and stick your tongue down my throat. What if his dick had really been in there?"

I responded by pulling her head to mine and kissing her deeply again. My fingers found her pussy and slid inside. I said, "I want his dick in your mouth."

She answered breathlessly, "I guess you do..."

"I want his dick in your hand every day. I want you to stroke him and squeeze him..."

She moaned and closed her eyes. "That's naughty, Reed."

"I want his dick in your mouth as often as possible. I want his hands all over you. I want his dick in you—"

Her raspy answer rose in pitch, "Yeah?"

I got over her and rammed my dick deep into her wet pussy. I thrust harshly, driving my shaft into her. "I want him to fuck you, Diana. I want to see his cock sliding in and out of you."

She uttered three groans, each higher and more shrill than the last. She lifted her hips off the bed and her feminine form went rigid. She cried out and squeezed her eyes shut at the ferocity of her orgasm.

I growled, "That's it, cum for him. It's him in you right now, not me. Imagine it's Banner—"

Her hips humped madly and she let out a long quiet wail filled with need and relief. She whispered at the end, "Oh, Banner..."

That I had gotten her to orgasm thinking about another man set me off like a cannon. Consumed with orgasmic paralysis, every muscle I had tensed as I shot my cum into her feminine virtue. Waves of intense pulses shot through me, from my feet to my eyeballs. I emptied my balls into her all the while wishing it was Banner doing it.

Euphoria gripped me after the last squirt. I gasped, "Please fuck him, Diana. Fuck him for me. I need to see it."

CHAPTER 22

Diana

I lay tingling under my husband, wondering at his words and our reactions. That he had kissed me so suddenly and fiercely after I tested him with the blowjob comment proved to me he really did find the idea sexy.

Even more amazing was my body's reaction at how my intent played out. Yes, I had been moist from Banner's commanding kiss earlier; it had stayed with me all day in a comforting way.

The day had been surreal and I felt a special closeness to Banner that both pleased and troubled me. I enjoyed the extra feeling of closeness to him; he was my friend. But I also could not deny the strange twisting inside me that craved for more.

I had never wanted more of anything with Banner, but now it seemed I needed it.

Reed's reaction reinforced my conscience like a salve on a burn. I had been afraid of his jealousy.

I asked him before he pulled out of my throbbing pussy, "Are you sure you'd really want to see something like that?" Not that I was going to do anything of the sort – no matter how hot it had been to imagine it.

His face grew very serious. "Yes. I have to see it. I'm your husband. Besides, it wouldn't be cheating if I'm there and approve, right?"

I blinked a few times. It made sense and connected to how his store of videos and pictures all seemed to confirm happy couples adding a man into the mix. There was a deep intimacy to his reasoning I couldn't deny. If he had simply sent me off to seduce a man, I would certainly have felt cheapened. But... with how

Reed was describing his involvement, it was a mutual thing between us to experience together.

I think I understood.

Only, did I have the courage to do it?

I was quiet all weekend and I think my husband thought something had gone wrong and that our Friday night sex had broken something between us.

It hadn't.

What I was doing was working up either the courage to succeed or the fear to fail. One way or the other, I wanted to go into work Monday reinforced with the resolve to move ahead or slink away gracefully.

The biggest question was about me, and the struggle Saturday and Sunday was with myself only.

The other two factors did not enter my mind other than to be known as second and third reasons to reinforce the fear. Would Reed really be okay with it? Would Banner even think of it?

Banner was a puzzle to me. Obviously having held back over the last two years as my employee, and the few years we worked separately before that, my friend had developed feelings for me that raged to be free. I had felt that conflict in him as he had held me.

He was a handsome man in his fashion, and loyal to the core in a cute way. I had never thought of him sexually and didn't generally think about sex with someone unless I was very much attracted and feeling the breezes of love.

The idea of him naked, whether or not he looked good, was probably something that would have grossed me out a month ago. But now? What did he have? His physique was stocky and strong. His muscles were defined even under his shirt. He might have been on the short side, but otherwise he was very attractive in a physical way. Attracting me more was his inner self and that made the physical attraction stronger. That he bought chicken and cooked it for cats in the park every day was just too entrancing to ignore.

I loved him for it, I truly did.

On Sunday evening, I gathered my resolve and did what I do best: I buttressed my bravery and battered away at my fear. I didn't like allowing fear to ruin me or my chances in anything. If I had allowed my fear to reign, I never would've opened my own casting agency.

No. No fear. Move ahead and forge ahead.

Reed muttered, "You've been preoccupied."

It was six on Sunday evening. "Just doing a lot of thinking."

He knocked back his fifth shot of whiskey. He was very mellow when he drank, and sometimes loud in his mellowness, but that didn't keep the jovial sarcasm out of his voice. "No, really?"

I gave him a flat stare. "This is serious."

"Decided anything?"

I shrugged, not wanting to admit I was battling fear the whole weekend. "I guess this is all in Banner's hands now."

"Tempt him with a blowjob."

I rolled my eyes. "Come on, Reed..."

"Really. What man can turn that down?"

"A good man."

He snickered.

I said, "Oh, and do you accept blowjobs from your girl students?"

"No, and you know that. Not because I'm a good man, but because I'm married. Banner is not married."

He had a point. Whether it mattered or not, I didn't know.

CHAPTER 23

Banner

I made the coffee Monday morning with a chest bursting with potential: a new day with Diana. She alone could make all the work in the world worth every effort.

I'd clean toilets all day long if it meant being able to see her every day.

Some women were just worth any effort.

I heard her car early again and experienced a tightening in my chest that sent flutters of fluffy feelings up my throat. The woman I loved was here. The woman I couldn't have, but I might be able to kiss. I could die happy knowing that we had shared two such wondrous events.

Just to see her graceful form was enough to make my day worth living.

For a moment, as I poured her coffee before she opened the rear door, I resented Reed for being better than me and able to get her first.

Could I have done anything different in the past on the occasions we had worked together? Asked her on a date? Given her flowers? Sent her friendly texts? Could I have captured her?

"Good morning." Her voice was silk and sugar.

I was struck numb and dumb. I raised my coffee cup in salute.

She said, "You seem a little tense." It was too quick a comment for her usual self. Normally, she was oblivious to my stress or tension. It was almost as if she had wanted to say it this morning.

I said, "Just thinking..." About you.

She went into her office and sat.

I placed her coffee cup down.

Diana looked at her office door. "Did you open the front, yet?"

"No, I like to get settled and," I checked my watch, "it's not nine yet."

She licked her lips and her eyes shifted nervously for a second. It was an expression she used when deciding something. Her eyes flashed up to mine and she stood. "Close the door."

Surprised, I said, "I'll give you some privacy—"

"No, you stay here. Just close the door."

This was very unusual; she only ever wanted the door shut when she wanted a private, important conversation with someone. I felt as if I were moving through molasses as I slowly shut the door.

She came to me and placed her hands on my chest.

Immediately, my heart began hammering. I must be so silly to you standing here trembling like a—

She kissed my lips in a small peck and said, "I'd like to do something..."

I was prepared for another kiss. Anything to kiss her again. Anything.

Except that she didn't kiss me. Her hand slid down and rubbed over my hardened bulge.

My brain functions ceased to be important. I began to pant as the office swayed around me. She's touching me! My dick instantly hardened painfully.

She bent her knees and started lowering herself.

My eyes grew wide with shock and followed her down.

She whispered, "Can I see what's in here? Can I help relieve some of your stress?"

The words were like physical pulsing blows that resonated deep into my bones and made my dick throb with each syllable. My mouth was open, but I wasn't getting air – I was holding it.

She tugged at my belt.

I refused to move. Some distantly memorable aspect inside me did not allow me to help. In that way, I could claim I did nothing dishonorable.

My slacks slid down. My dick popped free from my lowered boxers. Air wafted around my hot shaft as it bobbed in her face.

Diana's eyes were large and studying it.

That the woman I loved was looking at my manhood with a look of wonder was a dream come true. I didn't have a foot-long dick, but a good seven inches of thickness. I wished it was longer.

She blinked a few times and angled it towards her mouth.

Oh my gosh, no way! I was more frozen than ever.

The touch of her lips and tongue on my cock robbed all that was left of rational thought and reason. My muscles went rigid as her mouth slid down onto my shaft, enveloping it with warm, wet goodness. Nothing in my life had ever felt better, and it was Diana doing it!

Reed, you can't own this, either. This is mine... I gazed down at her kneeling below me. Her knees were spread out a little, giving me a great view of her inner thighs. It was a great tease though because I couldn't see any higher. However, the soft flesh I saw made me tremble with the desire to feel it with my hands... with my tongue. I gasped at the visual and tactile sensations.

Her eyes moved up to mine as she moved her head back and forth. A twinkle developed in them that sent a flash of heat through me that tickled hidden reservoirs of joy: she liked doing what she was doing.

I moved then, using my hand to gently stroke her pulled-back hair. I reached back and took her silky ponytail in my hand and let it slide through my fingers. I touched her ear and traced its outline. Her skin was so soft.

Her tongue moved around the thick head of my cock and I fought the urge to cum. It wouldn't be nice to blast her mouth with my orgasm.

I think she sensed me holding back. She pulled her mouth away. "You can cum in my mouth..."

Are you kidding? I think my eyes almost popped out of my head. I reasoned with her, "Uh..."

She sucked down on me again, taking as much as she could into her mouth. Four inches was all, but it was exquisite. Her hand moved on the base of my shaft and pumped.

I was overcome with astonishment. Not only was my dream woman giving me a blowjob, but she wanted me to cum in her mouth? Am I awake? I pinched myself.

She laughed on my cock and sent vibrations running all up and down my back and legs, and then she sucked harder.

I twitched and trembled as my toes curled down in my shoes. I groaned as I felt the orgasm approaching. Really, there was no way I could hold it back. My shaft swelled with an imminent ache and everything inside me snapped like a rubber band. My shaft pulsed in her mouth, releasing my orgasm in a rush of contractions.

Diana sucked her cheeks hollow and began swallowing. Her eyes were crossed in concentration and her hand stroked in fits and starts between swallows. Cum leaked out of the corner of her mouth, but she kept at it.

Like a big rig diesel truck slowly falling over a cliff, my orgasm started high and tight and finished in a crashing, rushing tumble of culmination and accomplishment. I panted and gasped heavily, staggering backwards to lean against her door.

She meticulously wiped the leakage from her jaw and sucked it off her finger.

She grinned up at me and rose. "Was that okay?"

I nodded weakly. More than okay. What's wrong with you? Can't you see I'm ready to die happy?

"I have something to ask you..."

CHAPTER 24

Diana

I knew I was going to be brave and blow him: I had that planned. What I wasn't sure about was the afterwards.

I had wondered all morning before getting to work if I would have the courage to take the extra step. After what I had just done, nothing seemed more natural than this moment to seize the opportunity.

I said, "My husband... would like to see me have sex with you." I swallowed hard, though it had come out easier than I had expected. What concerned me was Banner's reaction.

His eyes went wide and his mouth fell open. His eyes searched mine silently.

I stepped close to him and played with his shirt button. "It's a fantasy of his..."

He found his voice. "He wants to see... you have sex with another man?"

"Yes."

"Me?" he squeaked.

I giggled. "He asked about you."

"He wants me specifically, or some stranger?"

I wanted to reassure him. "He asked for you."

Something went out of his face and not in a good way. I couldn't identify it. I searched his expression that seemed to hold some disappointment. I said, "If you don't want to, that's—"

His face registered some kind of terror. "No, I'll do it. I'll do it. You wouldn't want a stranger."

I studied him, thinking about his reaction. I decided on some personal truth here. I said, "I would never do some stranger, even if it was his fantasy. This isn't something I wanted to do, but his idea sort of grew on me. The only person I could imagine doing this with is you."

His terror left in yet another shift of expression. His face went slack with relief. "Oh. Oh," he nodded as if given a death row reprieve, "oh, okay." He gave a nervous chuckle and eyed me nervously. "I'd... be honored..."

I grasped his mood then. I touched his chest. "Banner... I..."

"I'll do it."

I pressed on his chest and whispered, "That's fine, but I want you to understand that I really do want it to be you. I... feel really close to you..."

The light and joy returned to his eyes. His arms encircled me and pulled me in.

I lifted my chin, wondering if he would be hesitant to kiss me after I had sucked him. He was not and our mouths met in another head-spinning kiss that sent tingles radiating out from my clit to travel up to my nipples and harden them. I moaned happily and pressed against him.

He responded by running his hand down my back and cupping my butt cheek through my skirt. His stiffness in front pressed commandingly against the fabric over my clit.

I spun in waves of heartfelt warmth and contentment.

Yes, it had to be Banner.

No other.

Ever.

CHAPTER 25

Reed

I was exhausted.

For an entire week, I had trembled and suffered the worst abdominal pains I could imagine.

Saturday could not come faster, sooner, or take longer than I had ever imagined: my Diana had convinced Banner to come to our house and have sex with her while I watched.

It was a dream come true and a nightmare of terrifying proportions.

What would I do?

Would I flake out at the last moment as the momentous act I had cultivated began to take place?

Certainly, I did not feel the breezy ease of those husbands in the videos. I ground my teeth. I picked at my fingernails. I scratched furrows into my neck in the week leading to Saturday.

The punched gut feeling came and went. So did my erections.

Diana watched me with worried eyes. On Saturday afternoon, just before Banner was due to arrive, she asked, "Are you really sure about this, Reed? It's not too late—"

My cock twitched. My stomach churned. "No... we do it." I couldn't back out now. I couldn't face the shame. I tried to smile, but it was stressed with anxiety.

She warned me, "If we do this, there's no going back. You'll see it and won't be able to un-see it."

"What do you want?" I tried to put it off on her so I could blame her if it all fell through.

"I want to make you happy."

"And if I call it off right now?"

"Then it's off."

She made me feel a little better, but not by much. I fervently hoped Banner backed out. Or got a flat tire or met a girl that blew him away - anything to keep him from ringing the doorbell.

There was a knock on the door, muted and hesitant.

My knees turned to jelly as I walked to the wooden symbol that blocked us from outsiders. My back was stiff and tense as I pulled the door open.

And there he stood. And there we stood, staring at each other. He wore a suspicious look of uncertainty as if trying to figure me out. I was not aware of what I might have displayed, but I immediately put on a game face after the awkward couple of seconds. "Hey, Banner, come in."

"Hey..." He stepped past me into our sanctuary. Suddenly there were three people in the privacy of our home.

Did the husbands in the videos all feel like this? The gut ache in my lower abdomen was making me queasy and the skin on my back prickled insanely.

Banner had his eyes on Diana.

She had her eyes on him, though she fretted nervously with her fingers.

I said, "How was traffic on the freeway?" Then I cursed myself for attempting to make stupid small-talk.

Banner replied, "I took side streets; I hate the freeway."

To each their own, I guess. "So, um..." How did the husbands in the videos do it? Making small talk wasn't the purpose of his visit. In a flash of inspiration and discovery, I realized that he was here because of Diana. Duh.

They were both looking at me.

With my newfound epiphany that he was here to fuck the woman I loved, I said, "Why don't we move to the bedroom...?"

It sounded lame, but what else was I going to talk about? The weather? The stock market? Food?

Diana gulped and looked down, but she turned and led the way as if walking to the gallows. Banner followed her like a dead man walking.

Maybe this is all a mistake. I can still call out and cancel the... festivities... Once again, the epiphany hit me that this was about my wife. It was about how sexy and beautiful she was, not about the flutters and somersaults in my stomach. I put on a game-face and followed them.

Yes, I would prove that this wasn't about me, but about Diana. She should be adored, not jerked around by my see-saw feelings.

She turned in the master bedroom and waited, unsure what to do. She did indeed look beautiful in her black t-shirt and black canvas shorts. It was her weekend wear and it always looked so good on her. Her hair was down and wavy, looking wild compared to her usual daily ponytail. Her stylish, black framed glasses balanced her bold nose and broad mouth.

Taking control, I went to her and began lifting off her t-shirt. She did not resist and I slid her t-shirt up and off. She wore a black bra underneath, though she didn't really need one. I moved behind her and kissed her neck affectionately while unhooking her bra.

It was Banner's turn to gulp and he eyed her greedily.

His look made me feel warm and comfortable. Yes, she is fine, isn't she? I smiled at him, though he didn't notice it.

I felt Diana tremble as I stood close behind her, touching my chest to her back. I

reached down and undid the button and zipper of her shorts. I lowered them and her panties down together.

My cock got hard. Nothing I had ever experienced felt as hot as unwrapping my wife for another man. My dick throbbed and twitched in my pants as pride swelled within me.

I placed my head next to hers over her shoulder and said, "Beautiful, isn't she?"

Banner's eyes couldn't grab enough of her to be satisfied. His gaze roamed all over her. "V-very."

"You're still clothed and she's standing here being the only one naked."

"Oh, yeah..." He undressed in a rush, nervous at first, then growing faster with need.

I was struck by the complete disregard for modesty: he didn't blush or hesitate to expose himself to either of us. I watched every move. When his cock came into view, I was impressed. He looked larger than me, but I wasn't too certain about that. I had a good seven inches. He might have had the same length, but his shaft was thicker than mine and the head larger. It looked heavy and perfect, and it was already climbing to erection.

I gave Diana a nudge.

She went to him with tentative steps and they embraced and kissed.

Seeing her arms wrap around his neck and their mouths meet was one of the most natural things I had ever seen. It was magnificent and did nothing to feed my expectations of jealousy.

He was embracing her like he should and treating her with respect. I was comforted.

Diana giggled in his mouth and then he broke the kiss. He said, "Yeah, I guess I'm a little eager. Sorry."

She said, "Don't be."

When they parted, I saw the cause: he was fully erect and it must have been pushing at her. His shaft had an upward curve to it whereas mine was straight. It was definitely thicker than mine.

She said to me, "Are you going to get comfortable to watch us?" Some of her usual tease was back and her confidence growing.

I gave her a loving and supportive smile. "Yes." I stripped down while they climbed on the bed.

Banner mumbled, "Can I be in you first? Before we do other things?" His voice shook with need.

"Sure." Her eyes were bright and amused.

He pointed and said, "Get on your hands and knees." It wasn't very commanding and he was blushing while he said it.

I clued in. "She does have a beautiful backside, doesn't she?"

He laughed with relief and shook his head. "Oh man, you don't know how long I've stared at her ass... Uh, sorry..."

"No, no need to apologize. I'm amazed you never tried anything before this all..." I pulled over a chair and sat facing her.

She looked me in the eyes as he ran his hands all over her hips and ass. Her mouth dropped open and her breathing deepened and accelerated.

I didn't know what was turning her on more, our words or his hands.

She let out a little exhalation and closed her eyes. His hand was back there exploring her pussy.

I saw him get close. His cock stood straight out underneath her, rubbing up against her lower abdomen and her pussy mound. It throbbed and twitched.

She opened her eyes and looked only at me again.

He pulled back and grabbed his cock, angling it up.

I couldn't see where he had it, but I knew.

He took hold of her hips and pulled. His shaft was angled for entry and it began to move closer to her. It was going in, surely.

Diana confirmed it with a gasp, and then a low groan that sounded more like a growl. Her eyes went half-lidded and she looked at me through her eyelashes.

Yes, she was immensely turned on.

His shaft kept moving and she kept growling softly until his balls moved up and pressed hard enough to balloon against her. He was fully inserted and my wife closed her eyes finally and just panted.

My dick was up and hard. I gripped it, imagining his shaft inside as if I were inside looking at the insertion.

Banner moaned with sensual satisfaction. "This is awesome..."

I was bursting with pride – the flutters and ache gone. "She feels great, doesn't she?"

He gasped, "Yeah." He began moving, slowly driving his shaft back and forth, in and out of my wife's pussy. I could hear the wet sounds, light and suggestive.

Diana's growling groan had turned lighter and filled more with sounds of exhalation.

Banner was dicking my wife's pussy and it was so natural and perfect. My cock throbbed wildly as I stroked it. She looked at me playing and gave a smile that evaporated quickly back to open-mouthed pleasure.

He asked, "Do you want me to pull out?" He was moving faster already.

"Going to finish so soon?" I laughed. "Can't help yourself?"

"No, I can't. But I can go again after a few minutes."

I was impressed. "Go for it. And no, don't pull out; I want you to experience what it's like to—"

He gasped heavily and pulled harshly on her hips. His balls swung back and forth faster and faster. He cried out and squeezed his eyes shut. He held her hips, fully inserted, and jerked against her.

I had a view of his balls squeezing up and down as he shot his orgasm deep into my wife's beautiful pussy.

Her eyes fluttered open and she stared at me with a mix of astonishment and lust. She ground her hips back against him, milking his shooting cock with her pussy. She kept moving, even when his cum began leaking out and down his balls.

I was amazed. Wow, he cums a lot.

Diana hadn't finished or even gotten close.

He pulled out and his cock flopped down into my view, heavy, swollen, and covered with juices. It looked fantastic and my heart swelled with pride in my wife that she had taken it and liked it.

There was no jealousy or anxiety in what I had just witnessed – only a marvelous event that was wholly natural and normal. Instantly, I knew all my worries had been useless and stupid.

Jubilation flooded me. I had shared my wife and it had been easy. Within me, a yearning grew to explore this new vista.

CHAPTER 26

Diana

I rested next to Banner on the bed I shared with my husband. His fingers were lightly playing with my swollen pussy and I was gently stroking his thick cock.

My husband sat at the foot of the bed, smiling like a Cheshire cat.

He had been right; I had enjoyed it. More than I had imagined I might and it had been something so easy to do once I was naked.

Before that, all the doubts and questions had plagued me almost to the point I had called it all off.

I kissed Banner, glad that my husband had developed his strange fantasy. I felt lucky and fortunate that he had and that he had suggested Banner. Who would've known it could be so comfortable?

Reed had been so supportive through it all and everything was almost dream-like and fairy-tale. He seemed really excited as I faced Banner's left and stroked him with my left hand. I could see his eyes on my wedding ring.

That had worried me at first, but my husband really seemed to like seeing it touching Banner's manhood. When I had first touched him with it, Reed had rushed to get his phone and record it all.

As long as it didn't make it onto the internet, I didn't care. It might be better for me that my husband watched me on video instead of some other wife.

I felt the aching need to finish deep in my pussy – a hollowness that needed to be filled and released. Banner's cock felt stiff again and I murmured, "Can I get on you?"

His smile was so friendly and sexy. "Please."

I climbed up over him and gripped his shaft. I put the large head back against my opening and wriggled around to get the tip past my lips. Then I settled down, taking his thick dick back up inside my pussy. The filling sensation pushed in and massaged that hollow ache.

I sighed with happiness as I sat all the way down and felt the fullness pressing against the walls of my canal. It was always wondrous feeling a hard cock inside, but now it was especially more delightful knowing it was Banner's manhood filling my spaces.

I planted my claws into his chest hair and rode his stiffness up and down. I moaned with relish as I moved up and pressed down on him.

Reed was circling us, getting it all on his phone. That was fine by me.

That he had allowed me and encouraged me to have sex with Banner within the boundaries and promises of our marriage was ultimately liberating and a joyful exception to our monogamy – a deviation bound by agreement.

I loved my husband more, though I had not expected that reaction inside me.

Banner mauled my boobs with tender care and I rode him with the desire to make him cum again. He said softly, "You're so beautiful, Diana..."

I giggled happily over him. "And you're a handsome man, Banner."

He sighed longingly. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this."

"I'm nothing special." I wasn't blonde with big bodacious boobs.

He laughed derisively. "You have no idea, do you?"

Reed pitched in, ganging up on me with Banner. "I tell her that, too. She just doesn't get it."

I blushed at the compliments. Whatever, guys. I'm sure you're saying it just to be nice. At least it felt good to hear it.

Banner's hands came down, warm on the flesh of my hips. He moved underneath me, thrusting upward when I came down. The head of his cock hit those places my husband hit, too, except that Banner's head was thicker and stretched those deep recesses in an exhilarating way. I moaned on him when he hit deep and those sounds were drawn from me with more force each time.

I had never felt so full and thankfully I was very wet, and his previous orgasm provided a lot of lube. Feeling his dick moving in me provided all the luxury of sexual contentment I could imagine having.

Sex with Reed was always good. This wasn't any better in the details, but rather in my feelings. It was different, and that provided a nasty charge of lust that drove my hips with movement. Not that Banner was better than Reed in any way sexually, but I wanted to fuck Banner: he was something special inside my marriage to my husband. I wanted his cock inside me and to feel it pulse and throb. I wanted to feel Banner's thickness sliding in and out.

I wanted to cum on it.

Reed touched my hair, startling me. I looked in surprise, but he was only smiling at me while stroking my hair. He whispered, "You're beautiful."

I gave a gasping laugh.

His eyes glistened with love. "Are you having fun?"

I nodded frantically. I wanted him to know I was behind him in his fantasy now. I didn't want him worrying.

"Do you like his cock?"

"Yes," I said desperately. I felt the tension twisting tighter towards orgasm.

Banner moaned at my response and thrust up into me faster.

I angled my hips to get some friction on my clit.

Reed's voice was shaky and smoky. "Do you like fucking him?"

The twisting inside turned harshly and lifted me up the long cliff of orgasm.

"Oh... Oh... Yes! Yes I do!" I cried out as the push over the cliff sent me rushing towards the crashing waves of release. I grunted and jerked my hips on Banner's cock. My pussy squeezed hard on his shaft with each surging spasm.

Tingles exploded upwards with the heat from my pussy and I was lifted higher than any of the usual aches or pains could touch me. I floated high in my being, drifting downwards in that painless endorphin rush of relaxation. Only my pussy throbbed with explosive pulses of physical ecstasy.

CHAPTER 27

Banner

I thanked them.

I hope they really grasped my gratitude in that moment. I wondered if it sounded cheap to them.

Monday couldn't come fast enough so I could see her again.

She wasn't early.

I took her coffee in to her after she settled in. "Hey..." It was a stupid greeting.

She looked up at me with a quick, playful twitch of her eyebrows. "Hey."

"Is everything okay?"

She tilted her head quizzically. "Yes, why?"

"Just making sure."

"We're feeding the kitties today?"

I was pleased she still wanted to have lunch with me. The memory of her skin on mine was rampant in my mind. "Yes, if you want to."

I also realized it was something of a dismissal – she had work to do.

I said, "We have three auditions this week, and Donald Goldman wants us back for another meeting on Friday."

She groaned.

I knew she hated leaving the office, much less the city.

"What does he want now?"

"He wants us to cast a scheming ex-wife – as ugly as possible with the biggest tits."

"Fun..."

I nodded to myself. Phrasing that in a casting call was difficult, emotionally. Usually the agents kept it to themselves, but it was still crude.

It wasn't until lunch that Diana relaxed. After we returned from the park, she gave me a considering look. "You really had fun?"

I knew instantly we were talking about sex. "You know I did. More than you can imagine."

She giggled quietly and looked pleased.

I asked, "Did you?"

She didn't answer, but gave me a seductive wink.

I followed her into her office. "I want you to know..."

She turned and lifted her eyebrows. "Hmm?"

"I really am appreciative. Thank you..."

"You already thanked us."

"But I didn't want you to think I was being flippant."

She shook her head in thought. "No, we didn't think so."

I moved closer to her and took her gently in my arms.

Her lips broadened and she looked up at me. "Eager for another kiss?"

"And more..." I kissed her. Our tongues melted together less frantically and

more comfortably than before. My hands roamed over her and up under her skirt.

She giggled. "What are you doing?"

"I can't help myself around you."

"I'm flattered—"

I smothered her mouth with mine and began undoing my belt.

She gave a warning sound, but I didn't stop.

I kicked off my shoes and slacks and lifted her to the desk.

"Banner..."

"What?" My dick was hard and I pulled aside her panties. I was really, totally out of control. I had to have her again.

"This is exciting, don't get me wrong, but I can't—"

I pressed my rigid cock to her pussy and pushed. She was hot and moist and I slid in about two inches. I pulled back to readjust.

She said, "Reed wants to be able to see—"

I thrust into her pussy with all my strength. My cock went deep, fast.

Diana groaned out loud with lust. Her ankles hooked around my hips.

I fucked her hard and fast, moving so forcefully that the desk screeched along the floor.

She gasped, "My husband..."

I didn't care about her being married. I didn't care about him wanting to watch. All I cared about right now was having hot sex with the woman I loved. So what if she was married? I was deep in her pussy and I wasn't going to stop.

If this was a transgression of her marriage, then I was going to violate her pussy

and fuck the faithfulness out of her. I wanted her and I wanted her pussy on my dick as often as I could get it. If I had to take it by force, then my cum was going to be the stain on her marriage certificate.

I had to have her.

This was well beyond honor now. This was about need.

Diana moaned and bucked under me, proving to me that she wanted it as much as I did. She groaned, "Fuck me, Banner."

I gasped, "But I thought you were married—"

"Shut up and fuck me."

I drove my cock into her married pussy with extra effort until my balls slapped loudly against her.

She cried out happily, "Oh yes! Ungh, do it!" Her hips jerked up to mine and she growled with ferocity. They turned to grunts and shudders as she came on my dick.

I fucked her faster while she twitched until I felt the swelling tickle of my approaching orgasm.

She was tense with excitement in her post-orgasmic state, although her face was slack with delirium. Her eyes were glazed over and she moaned now, airily and contentedly as I filled her pussy with my seed.

CHAPTER 28

Reed

I saw her come in the door looking different. Relaxed, sexy, confident, but also looking at me with intent.

She said, "Let's skip dinner and go to bed."

"You're tired?" I put down my fourth whiskey. I was feeling good.

"No, I want to get naked."

Surprised at her forward behavior, I jumped up from the couch happy and grinning. "Sure."

She stalked past me in a very feminine way that told me she was feeling determined.

I followed behind her. "How did it go in the office, today?"

She spun and began unbuttoning her blouse. "Banner took me on my desk."

Instantly, I deflated. We hadn't agreed to do anymore with my fantasy, although I had told her previously that I wanted his dick in her pussy as much as possible. That they had done so seemed to be outside of our agreement. "Why?" My question was a little loud; sometimes the drink did that to me. I slowly removed my clothing.

"I tried to stop him but—"

"He raped you?"

She laughed. "No. I... wanted it."

"But, how could you—"

"You wanted this Reed. You talked about how you wanted us together in the office. Me giving him blowjobs and touching him and how you wanted his cock in my pussy."

I had; she was certainly right. Despite my doubts as to agreements and compacts, my dick was decidedly excited.

She gripped it and pulled me to the bed. "I want to continue..."

"Continue what?" My heart was beating a pattern of passion in my chest. My dick was hard and the disappointment was receding.

"Fucking him."

I loved the sound of that and so did my dick. I panted, "You do?"

"Yes."

I dismissed my reservations of a few seconds ago. "Was it good?"

"Very."

"Yeah? Was he better than me?"

A hurt look crossed her features. "No, he wasn't, Reed. We've been over this." She stopped stroking my erection and pouted at me.

"But you can't control yourself around him."

She looked away. "I know... and..."

"And what?"

She gave me a calculating look and resumed jacking me. "I want him to come back. I want to keep fucking him."

That my wife sounded overcome with lust and need made my dick throb. I thrust my fingers up into her pussy. "Do you need his cock?"

She groaned and bucked her hips. "Yes."

"You want to feel it deep in you?"

"Yes," she whimpered.

"You want him to cum in you?"

Her whisper turned harsh. "Yes. I love the feel of it."

"Did you cum on his cock?"

"Yes."

My dick oozed copiously. "He came in you today?"

"Yes."

I threw her backwards and dove down between her thighs. I licked at her clit lovingly.

She gasped, "Oh Reed..." Her fingers tangled in my hair.

She tasted like sex – a lot like her but also a hint of something mellower. I explored her pussy with my tongue, worshiping the beautiful feminine intimacy that I had shared with Banner.

My chest swelled with pride knowing that he was hopeless for my wife. His need for her invigorated my libido and my desire for Diana. Yes, the more he touched her, the more I wanted her.

I wanted him to keep touching her.

I said, "We'll have him back."

"Just so you know, I'm going to be out of town with him Friday."

"Looking forward to being naked with him in a hotel room?"

"Would it hurt you if I said yes?"

I thought about it. The wild rollercoaster ride up and down in my feelings was as exhilarating as a real amusement park attraction. "No, I think it sounds really great. I only wish I could be there."

"Can we have him over Sunday?"

"Do it."

She smiled at me with a wink and motioned me to come up and enter her. "I'm lucky to have you, Reed..."

CHAPTER 29

Diana

I sat on the bed with Banner Friday afternoon while he tapped an email.

I looked at his profile and how he tried to focus on the email draft. The lump of his crotch swelled as I looked at his slacks.

He growled, "Stop that..."

I giggled and licked his ear.

With a groan of disgust, he tossed the pad onto the other bed and grabbed me. "I'll finish it later."

I was usually a work-first, play-later kind of person, but at this moment, being taken in hand by a desperate Banner kept my objections silent.

He said, "I've been aching to be back inside you..." He shook his head ruefully.

"What?" I wanted to know what he was thinking.

"I want more of you."

"I told you Reed said—"

"Sunday, right."

Warmth made me feel extremely relaxed and comfortable. That he needed me so much very flattering. What would I do with two desperate men? Love it!

We struggled out of our clothes while kissing and touching.

I grabbed his butt as his cock speared into my wet pussy. The thick breadth of his engorgement stretched me open and pushed my walls apart inside. It was delicious and I purred to the awareness of being filled with his manhood again.

I was definitely glad Reed approved of this because at this point, I wasn't going to give up being with Banner. Before it all happened, I might have shut the whole fantasy down if Reed had backed out.

But now?

No way.

I wasn't going to stop; not now.

I held onto his muscular butt as he humped his erection into me. My entire body radiated contentment with every plunging thrust of his cock into my pussy.

I looked down and watched his stiff shaft sliding in and out of me. It looked so very sexy and beautiful. I was thankful that Reed had this kind of fantasy; it was definitely one I was going to be happy to indulge. That my husband wanted me to fuck Banner and didn't consider it cheating made me one very lucky woman. I was going to fulfill his fantasies as often as I could.

Yes, I needed Banner's cock - without a doubt. Joy filled me at the freedom Reed afforded me and I ran my hands up and down Banner's back and butt. I relished the feel of his masculine body moving on me and dominating my feminine offering.

I had two such men now and it was perfect.

For all that, I abruptly felt a pang of remorse. Not that I was fucking a man who wasn't my husband and enjoying it, but rather that Reed was left out of it and it was his fantasy with which to begin.

What was he doing right at this moment? Finishing up at the vocational college? On his way home? Thinking about me?

A trace of guilt scored through me that I was partaking in his fantasy and savoring it without him getting the benefit of being involved.

I asked Banner, "Would you like to come over on the weekends?"

"Hmm?" He thrust faster, deeper.

I closed my eyes, rocking underneath him back and forth on the bed. "Would you like to make a habit of it? Coming over on the weekends? Let's say, every Saturday you and I aren't traveling, and you can spend the night?"

He stopped and regarded me with all the gravity of his former dignity and sense of honor. "I wouldn't want to intrude."

I laughed at his silliness. "We want you there."

He made two quick thrusts and stopped again. "You mean it?"

I pulled my head back against the pillow as if to scrutinize him better. "Of course. I like this. Reed wants to see it..."

He chuckled nervously. "So I'm not like a toy or tool?"

I reached up and touched his face. "You're my friend, Banner. You mean a lot to me."

His eyes actually began to glisten.

I almost burst out in a rush of sympathy and amusement. I wanted to say, "Don't cry on me," but I held back those words. Men could be sensitive at times. Instead, I said, "You're a part of me now. I hope I'm a part of you—"

"I don't know what I'd do if you asked me to stop..."

"Even though I'm married?" Little thrills twisted up my body and tickled my nipples.

"Even though you're married. I just wish I had been the one you had married—"

"I love Reed."

"I know..."

"I love you, too."

His face lit up with joy. "I've loved you since—"

"I know."

He pushed in and out for a moment. "I bet you looked so beautiful in your wedding dress."

"You saw the picture."

"But in person..."

I shrugged.

A twinkle began in his eyes. "Hey, um..."

"What?" That we were carrying on a conversation while we fucked made me feel very connected to him.

"On Sunday, could you wear your wedding dress?"

I gasped at the sudden swell of sensuality inside me.

He said, "Reed wouldn't think that's weird, would he? I just... I'd like it if you wore it while we..."

The room swam around me. Banner wanted to fuck me in my wedding dress? I positively loved the sound of that. Would Reed agree? "I'm not sure, but I think I could convince him..."

The elated expression that established itself on his face was priceless. "That would be awesome..."

I wanted to do it. It was almost as if I was giving to Banner what he really wanted: me as a bride. Yes, I definitely wanted to wear my wedding dress for him as a gift. It would be the perfect symbol of including him in the vows I had made to Reed.

Yes, I wanted to give Banner my pussy. I wanted him to take it and I wanted to do it in my wedding dress as the offering of my body to him.

Fuck me, Banner... I gripped his butt and pulled, crying out as the climax lifted

me and threw me over. I held onto my friend as I bucked through my orgasm and I realized that he was my friend no longer: he was my lover and he could have my pussy whenever he wanted it.

It didn't matter that I was married; Banner now had full access to me and I was more than happy to let him shove his love into my pussy.

EPILOGUE

Reed

I was jittery with excitement. My bride was dressed once again in her wedding gown in preparation for Banner's visit.

I was hard.

Very hard.

I kept kissing and rubbing her neck as she looked at herself critically in the mirror.

She asked, "Do I look okay?"

"You look beautiful."

"Do you think he'll like it?"

"I'll punch his lights out if he doesn't."

She giggled. "Reed..."

"I'm serious. You mean everything to me. If he ever disrespects you..."

"I don't think he can."

I hoped she was right. I hoped Banner realized what a great and wondrous gift I was giving him by sharing her.

His knock on the door was firmer than last time.

I let him in. "Hey, Banner..."

"Hey."

"The bride is getting ready."

His face lit up. "Yeah? You were okay with that?" His face colored red at the awkward question.

I patted his shoulder. "More than. It actually makes a little bit of sense if you're partaking in her."

He gulped. "I... adore her..."

I admitted, "That's music to my ears."

He smiled.

She came out, looking bashful and maybe feeling silly.

Banner lost all interest in me and went to her as if drawn by an irresistible force.

She beamed at him and then they were kissing.

My dick twitched so hard that I bent over at the instant ache and pain of being confined in my pants. My beautiful bride was kissing Banner while wearing the dress in which she had pledged herself to me.

It was hot and it made my dick hurt really bad.

He escorted her to the bedroom as if he couldn't wait to consummate.

I followed, fingering my phone for recording.

He was already between her legs, her skirt up, and licking her pussy. She wasn't wearing panties beneath the dress.

Diana gave me one look of happiness – much like she had given me on our wedding day – and then focused on Banner.

A few minutes later, he was stripping naked while she watched him – her legs spread apart and pussy open in invitation.

I undid my pants with one hand while trying to keep the phone steady. I kicked furiously at them around my ankles as I moved closer.

Banner was stroking his cock and looking directly at my wife's pussy. "This is a dream come true..."

I murmured, "Take your bride, Banner." I felt like a majestic king granting him his wish.

He moved over her as she sat back on the edge of the bed. I got closer and aimed the phone to catch what I had missed the first time – the act of insertion.

When Banner's cock touched my wife's lips, I jerked as if shocked by live wires. That feeling went away as I gripped my dick with my free hand and jerked it.

Banner's thick helmet moved wetly up and down her slit, and then pushed in easily. Her labia parted around the push and the head vanished inside.

I had thought it would be more momentous than this, but the initial touch had jolted me. The rest of it looked so natural and ordinary. His shaft slid into her pussy like cocks have into pussies for thousands of years.

I was struck by the casual normalcy of the act. Sure, it was my wife. Sure, it was another man's cock. But it carried no stigma or disgrace.

Banner began moving, sliding his slickened shaft in and out of my wife's pussy.

Watching another man fuck my bride brought me no shame or stain, but rather a measure of respect for the sanctity of the bond in my marriage to her.

Diana, my wife and bride, wrapped her stockinged legs around Banner's waist and urged him to fuck her. "Oh, Banner, make love to me..."

My cock oozed.

His butt humped up and down between my wife's legs as he thrust deep into the pussy she had promised to me.

I was glad his cock was in there.

He fucked my bride in front of me while she held him by the shoulders. Her wedding ring was proudly on her finger and I was delighted she hadn't taken it off. Seeing it on his skin made me jack my dick faster.

He fucked her, driving in and out, over and over. Her moans grew in strength until she was loud and breathy.

I felt a sinking feeling then, knowing that my life was going to be watching my wife underneath this man, being fucked so well and thoroughly.

He pulled out and tossed her higher on the bed. He flipped her over and drove his cock into her with enough force to plow her face into the bedspread. She groaned happily and thrust back at him. Seeing her graceful ass in the air as he rammed his shaft into her pussy from behind was intoxicating.

I could give up whiskey if I was able to see this all the time. My dick oozed even more pre-cum.

His thick cock reamed my wife in and out. Her pussy was stretched wide in a circle around it and I marveled she could take his thicker cock so easily. He was a machine, this time – no early orgasm for him. He tossed her over and pulled her onto his lap. When she had settled back onto his shaft, he gripped her hips and jacked her body up and down on his cock.

I couldn't see anything to record because of her dress, so I turned off the phone.

He whispered, "So beautiful..."

Diana moaned.

He moved up after some time and threw her down onto her back. He lifted her legs up and back and pressed down on them with his hands. Her feet were up near her head. He aimed his cock down and speared downwards, dropping heavily onto the back of her thighs. Up and down his cock drilled into Diana's pussy.

I loved it. I turned the phone back on and recorded. I got a good close-up shot of his big balls slapping hard down onto her ass. I jacked my dick, hard.

Diana grunted louder and louder, sweat beginning to form on her forehead.

I was overcome with how raw and heavy was the sex between them. I doubted she and I ever did it this good. No wonder she wanted to keep having sex with him... I let go of my dick – I was too close.

Banner pulled out and straightened her legs down to the bed. He rammed his cock back into her swollen pussy and began hammering her – using his feet for leverage. With loud grunts, he drove each thrust into my Diana's pussy with enough force to move her on the bed until her head was hanging over the edge.

He gasped, straining, "I love you, Diana."

My wife cried out immediately, her body tensing. Her eyes were squeezed shut and the blood was rushing to her head as it hung over the edge of the bed. She convulsed several times in a massive orgasm, but managed to gasp, "I love you, too."

My erection bulged and shot streams of cum onto the bed and across their legs. I wasn't even touching it. I thrust my hips in the air as I tried to keep the phone steady. Cum ejaculated everywhere.

Banner drove harder into my delirious wife. The mattress creaked, squeaked, and bounced all over the place. She was almost like a ragdoll as he fucked her roughly. Finally, he strained up on his fists and the balls of his feet as he held it in as far as he could. He grunted, jerking.

I recorded his balls pressed against my wife and moving with rhythmic contractions. He was pumping one of his massive loads into her.

My wife let out an airy wail that turned into sexual laughter of satisfaction. She rolled her head slowly side to side with a blissful smile on her face. Then she opened her eyes and found me. Her face lit up with elation and love.

That's when the sinking feeling of being an outsider in my own marriage left. No, I wouldn't be forever watching Banner fuck my wife. Not always.

By her look, there was room for me. Always for me. But now too for Banner.

He said, "Thank you. Thank you both."

She looked longingly at me. "Your turn?"

My shoulders drooped. "I'm afraid I came..."

She pouted dramatically. "Promise me you'll try a little later? For me?"

Peace of mind flooded my soul: she was my wife and I was her husband. I answered, "I promise. I do."

Thank you for reading Take Him, Too! I hope you enjoyed it and I appreciate all reviews.

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