

Take It Farther

*My Boss's Husband Had a Thing For
My Wife*



Laran Mithras

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By

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by Laran Mithras

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And do not forget to do good and to share with others, for with such sacrifices God is pleased.

~ Hebrews 13:16

CHAPTER 1

Bob Patterson died. In fact, he died horribly. He had been doing nothing unusual. Black Friday afforded him the opportunity to grab some Christmas gifts early.

He had waited patiently at the curb and crossed when the "Walk" sign came on.

A woman in her SUV, too busy texting, claimed she never even saw him. She had been doing forty-eight in a twenty-five zone. Her SUV was totaled. So was her life, after that.

But poor Bob's body parts and Christmas presents were scattered over a one hundred and sixty-one foot area. The coroner even scraped a wet piece of his flesh off the plate glass window of Napa Auto Parts.

Bob Patterson had been an executive at a company that cannot be named.

I'm Richard Franklin and I was promoted in his spot. I know I might have waited another few years if not for the tragedy. Though I would now be invited to the executive parties thrown by the head of the division, Jacqueline Preston, I knew the Christmas event would not be a time of rejoicing.

I cannot name the company because we're big. Really big. Very well-known big. So big our former employees tell the President of the United States which positions they will accept in the administration. We run things. We run almost everything the average Joe takes for granted.

Having done a lot of the footwork on bundling derivatives, I was now an executive who handled shutting down banks. Money is business and our business was power. We took small banks, drove their stock under, then stepped in and bailed out the depositors by buying the bank's assets.

What the public didn't know, or if they had heard they had dismissed without care, was that we bought those assets for five to ten cents on the dollar.

That's right. A million dollar cash deposit we picked up for usually less than a hundred thousand dollars. The bad loans? That's what I used to do. We bundled the bad loans and resold them to the public as investments.

It is so incredibly easy to rip-off the public that we even arranged our own bailout, and the executives went on vacations that made Obama's outings seem like ghetto parties.

Now I arranged the destruction of banks. My former duties of bundling bad loans got handed to another bright ladder-climber who was probably eager for me to die.

But I was still young.

My desk-phone chimed. "Mister Franklin?"

I pressed the com-button. It was the voice of Jacqueline Preston's personal assistant. "Yes?"

"Mrs. Preston will see you now."

"On my way."

She was one floor up. I buttoned my jacket and swiped my card for the executive elevator. Entering, I waited calmly while the doors closed and it rose smoothly to the next floor.

I was not nervous. I had been next in line and everyone knew it. I knew Jacqueline and other than being a demanding division lead, she wasn't anyone for me to fear. I did my job and did it very well.

My phone chimed. Text message from my wife, Jolene. "Love you." She often did that during the day.

I put the phone back without answering. Wasn't a good time as the doors opened and I was about to talk with the head of the division. I would text her after.

We loved each other, dearly.

Carla, the bespectacled secretary with the severe bun, rose from her spacious desk. She led me past the empty conference rooms reserved for important takeovers and to Jacqueline's suite.

The smooth heavy oak door was pushed open and I was admitted.

Jacqueline was standing at the window, a folder in hand, looking down at the street eight stories below. Her smart gray business suit went well with

the auburn hair shot with gray. She was not a vain or phony woman to dye her hair. She indicated a chair facing a monumental desk. "Sit, Richard."

"Thank you."

"I didn't have to worry about giving you the promotion speech when you moved into Bob's position. We're fortunate you worked with him so closely."

I looked down. It was the proper thing to do.

"You're invited to the Christmas party, of course. I'll have Carla put you on the invitation list. You're married, correct?"

I knew she knew I was, but sometimes things changed with people. "Yes. Jolene."

"Bring her. It's semi-formal attire; we're not trying to impress anyone."

I nodded.

She moved to her desk and dropped the folder on it - some dossier on some bank or other. "I'm sure I don't need to remind you how delicate our work is."

"No ma'am."

"This kind of position might give one the irresistible itch to brag to one's friends. Don't fall for the temptation."

"No, ma'am."

"We do what we do quietly."

"Of course."

"Avoid strange new women."

"Ma'am?"

"Snoops. Reporters. Keep your nose clean."

I nodded. "Ah, yes. Bob spoke of such things. I do everything with my wife. No reporter is going to find me at a bar on my own."

She took a breath and nodded. "Welcome to the executive leagues, Richard." She indicated the door.

I stood and gently shook her hand.

Carla was typing on the computer at her desk. She said without looking, "I've added you to the executive mail list. I'm sending a few things to you now."

"Thank you."

She didn't look at me and I didn't expect her to.

I entered the elevator back down to my office. I'm a handsome man; my wife tells me so. I eat right and my physique is slim. But at the company we

work for, the very atmosphere is sexless. No, Carla would not look at me with admiring eyes, even if she might have thought I was attractive.

Power was like that.

I texted my wife back. "Love you too. We're invited to the Christmas party."

She sent a few minutes later. "Formal?"

"Semi."

"Whew. What a relief."

I sent, "See you in a few."

~ ~ ~

I drove an S-Class Mercedes. I had been making that much money before. I would almost double that with my new position. But it wasn't a windfall surprise like winning a lottery ticket. I had earned it and expected it.

I pulled into our McMansion as Jolene called it. Planned community, huge gated circular drive. Very posh. Still have a few years left on the mortgage which we were overpaying by a very large amount.

Her BMW was in the garage. She worked as head administrator of the school district, right under the publicly elected position.

She was in the kitchen.

My wife is handsome. I say handsome because her plain features would not be considered runway-model material. But she has a feminine grace that oozes beauty and sexuality. Her straight black hair was silk in my fingers and her pale skin often reminded me of Morticia from the Addams Family.

She planted a kiss on my lips that left me smiling. She always makes me smile.

"Smells good," I said.

"Garlic chicken. With rice."

"Mmm."

"How was Jacqueline?"

I sat on the wrought-iron stool at the counter. "Like I expected. She even warned me about strange women."

"No flirting?" She gave me a questioning eyebrow.

"With her? Heavens no. It's not like that there."

"I find it hard to believe no one even looks at you."

I just shook my head.

~ ~ ~

She smiled at me from bed. It was our night.

I winked. "Someone made you hot?"

It was our thing. We roleplayed her being hit on by other men. Lately it was some young guy at the district offices, but I suspected he was totally imaginary.

"Mmm, yes. He brushed up against me today. I swear I felt his bulge."

I climbed over her, naked, and laid next to her. My hand moved down to her pussy. "So you think you might have felt him?"

"Yes." She smiled as I toyed.

"Was he hard?"

She gripped my soft shaft. "A little harder than this."

I dipped a finger into her hole. "I think you should accidentally grab him tomorrow. Feel him with your hand."

"Ooo, you're naughty."

"I bet he'd like it." I was hardening. I moved down and placed my mouth over her clit. "Maybe he dreams of licking you." One touch of my tongue was all it took. I knew what set her off – the words, the lick.

She convulsed, gasping and holding my head with clutching fingers. She laughed. "Darn you."

"What?" I gave her a grin.

"I wanted to enjoy that a little more." She quivered and convulsed one more time.

I climbed up and slid into her. Her pussy was pure velvet. I'm not a big, hung man that way. Neither am I small. My six inches is right for my frame and reaches the end of her canal. She says it's a perfect fit. I can say that it does indeed seem to be like a snug glove.

Her eyes squeezed shut under me with a look of concentration. Her gasps were light, ending with a tiny moan at each thrust. She moved with me, her hips rotating to meet mine.

She's great in bed and I'm a lucky man.

CHAPTER 2

Jolene held up the dress to her. "Think it's okay?"

I was lying in bed, reading a magazine. Saturday night and I'm reading a business rag that thinks it understands why the banks are closing. Most of the big editors knew. The media heads were all in on our rape of American wealth.

Americans thought they were rich. But ninety-eight percent of all the money in America was held by the top one percent of people. The media strung along the Joes with stories of middle class taxes and the like. The Joe just bobbed his head like it was on a spring and repeated what he heard on the TV.

The elite in America had forced the collateralization of labor. Pure and simple. In other words, Americans slaved their labor away endlessly to enrich the wealthy.

I gave her dress a critical look. It was a nice blue number with elbow-length sleeves. It looked perfect. I told her so.

"Are you sure? I can go red."

"No, don't do red. Too gaudy."

"Even for Christmas?"

"Trust me. You picked the perfect color."

Her smile was appreciative.

~ ~ ~

The Christmas party was at the division offices. My ID card got us into the underground parking past the guard and also onto the elevator.

Jolene said, "Wow. This almost feels like the CIA or something."

"Security is tight. What we do must remain hidden from public knowledge."

"Are you positive what's going on is legal? I wouldn't want to—"

"Jolene. We write the laws. Congress doesn't sneeze without our permission."

"But those panels and hearings?"

I shook my head. "We make two billion on a move and the SEC or Congress arranges a fine of two hundred million so the media can make us seem like we answer to government. It's all a show."

"But two hundred million..."

"Out of two billion. Do the math. It's quite a profit."

She gave me a look but shook her head. She didn't entirely approve of what I did, but she couldn't find a viable argument as to why I should quit. As long as I didn't try to rip-off my own company, I was just as much above the law as they were.

A chime on the elevator signaled the banquet floor.

Though everyone called it the Christmas party, there was nothing of Christmas about the decorations. That kind of display was forbidden. Everything was decorated in blue and silver, as was the custom.

Any gifts given out were wrapped in neutral or Hannukah paper.

I led Jolene in past a nodding guard.

A young woman greeted us with a clipboard. She said, "Welcome. And you are?" She looked down at the list.

"Richard and Jolene Franklin."

She smiled. "Right this way."

Jolene said, "She doesn't know you yet?"

I leaned close. "Hired help for the event. She doesn't work for us."

My wife nodded in understanding.

The woman plucked a card from a table and indicated our seats with a smile. "These are your seats. The snack buffet is open and so is the bar. Enjoy your evening."

I pulled off my wife's coat and hung it over the chair. I did the same with mine. We weren't early and there were other people mingling.

"Drinks?" said Jolene.

"My thoughts, exactly." I escorted her to the bar. A few couples were there.

I introduced my wife to them with the practiced civility of dealing with bank managers.

Jolene said to the bartender, "Pina Colada?" She loved those.

I said, "Rum straight. On the rocks, please."

Our drinks were made with moves that said this man had served bar for years.

Drinks in hand, we turned back.

"Richard." Jacqueline was smiling.

I indicated my wife. "This is my wife, Jolene."

Jacqueline's face lit up in a smile I normally did not see on her. "I'm Jacqueline Preston, head of the division. This is my husband, Walter."

I had never met Walter. He was about my height, handsome and looked to have a swimmer's body. He had a touch of bad-boy look about him but his eyes had that distinguished polish bad-boys never attained. We all shook hands.

Walter held Jolene's hand after the shake, up, as if about to lead her to dance. "What do you do for a living?"

Jolene blushed. "I'm head administrator at the school district. It's a very secure occupation."

He nodded slowly. "Those positions require attention to detail and efficiency. I broker insurance bundles."

"Insurance bundles?"

I shot Jacqueline a glance.

She gave me a wicked smile.

Walter said, "My wife here often has me broker debt derivatives to insurance companies."

Jacqueline winked at me. "Someone has to do it."

I understood that mentality entirely and I had no problem with it. Much of the kind of business we did was "kept in the family" as much as possible. I said, "Lucky man." Brokering meant he moved it along. He didn't have to base anything of his asset value on debt. He just collected money from companies forced to base their assets in debt.

Jolene tinkled a small laugh. "Is it exciting?"

Walter smirked. "Hell no. Are you kidding? But it's lucrative." He turned to me. "Richard, I believe your charming wife and I are on the verge of an interesting conversation. May I? I'm sure Jacqueline wants to talk with you, anyway."

I raised my glass. "Of course."

Jacqueline moved to stand beside me and watched her husband and my wife move over to the lounge area.

Walter sat in a comfy chair while my wife sat on a couch. They were already talking.

My boss sighed. "I know my husband so well."

"Hmm?" I sipped my rum.

She took my arm. "Come."

We walked over to her table and we sat.

She said, "What's the one thing you notice about the women here, tonight?"

"I don't make a habit of checking out—"

She touched my arm. It was a gesture, not flirtatious. I know when someone is flirting. "I don't mean to imply you do. I meant on the surface?"

I looked around. Various dress colors were in evidence. Only one in red. I said, "Most have had the decency not to go gaudy."

She chuckled. "You mean Elaine in her red dress? I think she's already drunk. She was probably plastered when she bought the thing."

I didn't know what to say to that.

She said, "But I wasn't talking about dresses."

"No?"

She motioned her own drink around. "Notice that most of the women are blonde."

I took notice. Better than half were blonde, most likely fake. There were a few redheads and a couple auburns. Several brunettes and almost all of those looked dyed. "Oh, yes." I did not mention dye color. Wasn't sure how you talk about that around a woman who doesn't dye her hair. Would she be offended? Defensive? Best to keep my mouth shut.

"Walter appreciates women with naturally dark hair, especially black, even if it has gray or white in it."

I looked over at Jolene. They were still talking. She was leaned forward, forearms on her knees and holding her glass out. Her head was tilted as she talked to Walter on her left. "Ah. So he appreciates my wife, then."

She looked at me for a moment. "Maybe I should say more than appreciates."

I gave her a look. "What do you mean?"

She pursed her lips. "Have you ever wondered what it would be like for your wife to flirt with other men?"

I was shocked. Had the woman had some spy or something in our bedroom? But no, otherwise she wouldn't be asking. I wasn't sure if this was a test or not. The safest thing would be to deny it. "Goodness no, of course not." I said it too quickly.

Her head moved a little, tilting as she looked me in the eye. She laid a hand on my thigh.

I froze. This was not a move Jacqueline ever put on anyone in my sight. But as flirty as the move was, I didn't feel as if she was being flirty with it. Suggestive maybe.

She said, "Maybe it's something you could discuss with your wife?"

"Her flirting?"

She sat back up and removed her hand. "Walter. A few drinks in him and who knows what he might say. Or do. You might prepare her to expect his attention."

"Oh. Um, this doesn't bother you?"

She twirled her glass. It was nearly empty. The ice cubes went round and around. "He's devoted to me. But..."

"But?"

"He has his little fancies." She wriggled her fingers dismissively.

I knew nothing to say in response. I just nodded as if realizing what she was implying.

Walter talked to her for hours.

~ ~ ~

I hung my jacket in the bedroom closet. I was feeling a little tipsy. "You liked the party?"

Jolene was giggly. "Mmhmm."

"Was Walter that good a talker?"

She came out of the open bathroom door, detaching her earrings. Her smile was broad. "He had some funny banker jokes."

I grunted. "I wonder if Jacqueline thinks they're funny?"

"Did you really talk business all night?"

I frowned. "What? Me? No." After washing in the bathroom, I climbed into bed. "We talked about you, actually."

Jolene seemed surprised. "Me? Whatever for? Did I do something wrong?"

I snuggled up to her. "No, not at all. Did he flirt with you?"

She smiled, wriggling in the bed. "Oh, in the mood, hmm?"

"I meant it. Did he flirt?"

She seemed unsure. "Well, I don't think so. He told a lot of jokes. What's the matter?"

"Nothing. But that's what we talked about. Apparently he has a thing for women with black hair."

She giggled. "Get out."

"How many blondes did he talk to?"

"Well, not many, he was keeping me busy while you two talked—"

"About you."

She settled back. "Are you serious?"

I nodded. I was unsure how to proceed. Fantasy talk was one thing, but now I was suddenly at a loss. Would she become angry? "Did you think he was handsome?"

"Well... sure. He was. I didn't think much of it, though."

I reached a hand down to her panties. She was warm, about like usual.

She said, "Nothing happened."

"Jacqueline said that he liked to flirt. I was just asking is all."

She shook her head. "Well... I don't mean to disappoint you." She suddenly sat up straight. "You didn't tell her about our fantasy-play, did you?"

"Goodness no. I told her those thoughts never crossed my mind."

She eased back down.

I said, "So he didn't try any kind of flirting?"

She shifted to her side, towards me. She reached out and touched my cock. "No, though he did spend a lot of time talking to me. He seemed like the perfect gentleman."

I swelled in her hand. I always got hard when she was talking about some man and stroked me. It seemed so taboo. "Maybe he was waiting to see what was decided between me and Jacqueline."

She gave me an eye. "And what was supposedly decided? Anything I should know?"

"No, I meant that he couldn't have known how the conversation went. Maybe he didn't want to try anything until he had talked to her. About what

I thought and all that."

"Hmm."

I was hard.

She said, "I think you wanted him to flirt."

"I did not."

She gave me a squeeze. "Something else is telling me otherwise."

"I was just asking if he did."

"What if he had looked down my dress?"

I opened my mouth in a pant. "You dirty woman."

She laughed and stroked me.

I said, "Would it have made you mad if he had?"

"Flirted? Or looked down my top?"

"Either."

She stroked a little slower, thinking. "No, I don't suppose I would've been mad."

I panted more. Her slower strokes were tortuous. "So he could have and you would've been alright with it?"

"I don't know. Depends. Might have been fun."

My eyes bulged and so did my cock. I gasped, trying to get it out of her hand. I pulsed in strong convulsions and sperm erupted from the tip in jetting squirts.

Jolene's eyes went big. "Oh, wow."

CHAPTER 3

I looked over the balance sheet of a local one hundred and five year old bank. The properties on the books were worth over three hundred million even considering the crash in real estate. The loans to property values had sunk the bank. Doors were closing next week. I estimated we could bail out the bank and keep the doors open for just twenty-seven million dollars.

A drop in the bucket. The bad loans could be bundled and sold off for the three hundred million they were worth.

I added a few notes to the sheet and slid it into my briefcase.

The phone chimed. "Mister Franklin?"

It was Carla.

"Yes, Carla?"

"Mrs. Preston would like you to take lunch with her."

I checked my watch. "What time?"

"Forty minutes. Is that enough time?"

"Of course. Where at?"

"Parking garage. Her limo."

"I'll be there." I clicked off the com-button and settled back. Was this about business? Did she normally take lunch with executives? I wouldn't know if she did.

~ ~ ~

I followed Jacqueline into the swanky café. It had a less than pretentious name: Talbot's. But I knew that a lot of these twenty dollar cup of coffee places thought names like this justified outrageous prices.

However, outrageous prices kept out the common man.

We sat and accepted the one page menu.

She said, "The crab here is fantastic."

"Oh, I won't touch seafood."

She furrowed her brow. "Why not?"

"Fukushima. The radiation is over ten million times worse than is being reported."

She gave me a searching look. "I'll have to look into that."

I ordered chicken salad when the time came. She followed suit.

I said, "So is this business...?"

She toyed with her glass of water, watching the lemon slice swirl. "Actually, I was wondering if you talked to your wife about the party last week?"

"I did. I don't keep things from her."

"Good, you shouldn't. How did she react?"

"She didn't seem to think he was flirting."

"Walter always behaves until he knows what the husband thinks. He doesn't want to make trouble."

"I think maybe he should look somewhere else." There.

She sipped her water. "How did you like Morgan and Sons?"

I sat back. She was talking about the bank I had been reviewing. "You...?"

She nodded.

I said, "I wondered how I got so lucky."

She shrugged. "More of those can come your way. Or not. Your salary won't change but it could mean bigger bonuses."

"Why do I feel I'm being maneuvered into—"

Her gaze sharpened. "You have a choice in the matter, Richard Franklin. I'm not holding anything over you. Your job isn't on the line. I would not be so crass." She accepted her plate from the waiter.

I didn't even glance at him.

She said, "Someone will get better accounts. It may be you. It might be Roger Zellman. Or Mariah Katz. Or any of the others. Someone is going to get those better accounts and often in a random fashion. Even if you don't agree to Walter's flirtation, you might see some of these accounts when I hand them out as they come in. Then again, I could show appreciation by directing them to someone personally."

I forked a mouth of chicken salad and chewed. It really was very good, even at fifty dollars per plate. Finally, I said, "How far does this flirtation go?"

She watched me carefully. "He's been known to hug and kiss..."

"And you're okay with this?"

"He's devoted to me." She put down her fork and leaned a bit closer – her eyes on me the whole time. "I will admit that his behavior is something of a turn-on for me. For us."

My eyes widened a little. "Ah, I see."

"Do you?"

Nodding, I said, "I think I do."

A trace of a smile flashed across her face, then it was gone.

~ ~ ~

I was in bed first, waiting. She was still in the bathroom. What would she think?

Jolene climbed into bed and settled in.

I turned to her, running my hand down her side.

She gave me an eyebrow and a small smile. "More unscheduled fun?"

I touched her panties and ran my fingers over her mound and down. "I hope it doesn't seem to require a schedule."

"No. So what's into you tonight?"

"Jacqueline took me to lunch today at Talbot's."

She raised her eyebrows. "Pricey. Was this business or pleasure?" Her tone was carefully neutral.

I shook my head. "You needn't worry. The talk was about you."

"Me?"

"And Walter."

Her mouth quirked to the side. "Again?"

"She was wondering what you thought of him. Wanted to know how we reacted."

"Really?"

I nodded.

She settled her head back, thinking.

I toyed with her folds through her panties and said, "She said that her husband has been known to hug and kiss and that it's exciting for both of

them."

"Both of them?"

"That's what she said."

Jolene parted her legs a little and opened her mouth. "Mmm, that feels nice."

"Hugging him wouldn't be bad, would it?"

Her breath caught a little. "I don't know. I wasn't looking at him like that at the party."

"He was handsome?"

"Yeah." Her hips moved a little against my fingers.

I moved my hand into her panties. She was warm and slightly wet. "Would it have been fun if he had flirted with you at the party?"

Her mouth was still open, breathing. She licked her lips. "I don't know. Like what?"

I dipped a finger inside her. "Maybe looking at you. Your body. How beautiful you are."

She let out an audible breath. "That would have been okay."

I moved my finger in and out. "So he could have looked at you?"

"Mmm. If it didn't make you mad." She reached over and groped for me. Her fingers found me half-hard.

"I wouldn't have been mad. He'd have to be braindead or gay not to appreciate you."

"I guess it would've been nice, then. Flattering, I suppose." She moved her hips more. Her hand stroked me.

"He could have hugged you?"

She stopped for a second, but resumed. "Hugs are always nice from the right people. Now that fat lush at the bar—"

"Gabriel?"

She shuddered. "I'd slit my own wrists before touching that disgusting blob."

"He's VP of Corporate Finance."

She shook her head. "His title doesn't impress me."

I chuckled. "No, I didn't mean it to. Was just commenting. So a hug from someone like Walter would've been fun?"

She smiled. "Sure, I suppose. Hugs aren't much; they're always over so fast."

"What if it was a long hug?" I felt myself hardening fully.

"Oh... someone likes the idea of me in a long hug."

"If he had hugged you?"

"Walter? Okay. Gabriel? No."

I laughed.

"I'm serious. No way am I going to hug someone so disgusting."

"I'll make sure to run some interference if he ever tries to jiggle his way over to you for a hug."

"Ugh."

I laughed harder. "I bet Walter wanted to hug you."

"You think so?" She moved her hand faster.

I knew this was getting serious, fast. I could feel vibrations up and down the soles of my feet that told me she would make me have another accident if I didn't stop her. So I scooted down and slid back the covers.

Her smile brightened.

I licked at her clit and toyed with her folds using my fingers.

She arched her back slightly and then laid back. Her fingers ran through my hair. "Would you have been okay if he had hugged me?"

I wasn't thinking too much about it; I was a little busy. "Sure. Seeing you pressed up against him would've been nice."

She gasped and her body shook. "Oh, you naughty man." Her body continued quivering, shaking harder.

I jabbed two fingers in and she exploded in orgasm.

CHAPTER 4

I flipped the stapled page back and considered the next loan. Some could be kept. Most needed to be sold. The Morgan family would take what we offered gratefully and slink away into obscurity – their name forgotten.

I used to be bothered by it. Now? It's just business.

My door opened.

I frowned at the interruption; my secretary had not phoned me a message of anyone coming.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you." Jacqueline.

"Mrs. Preston." I stood quickly.

She waved at me. "Please, sit back down." She took a chair in front of my desk.

"Is anything the matter?" I said.

"Heavens no. Your work is exemplary. I came down for a more personal reason."

"Oh?"

"Walter and I would like to invite you and Jolene to our cabin next weekend."

"For Valentines?"

She nodded. "Say you'll come. We have six bedrooms and four baths. There's an indoor Jacuzzi and skiing close by if you're into that."

"I... I'll have to ask my wife."

"Please do. We'd love to have you as our guests." She rose and left as quickly as she'd come.

I pulled my cell and hit Jolene's number.

She answered, surprised. "Richard?"

"Yeah, I know. We usually text. Jacqueline just came in and said she and Walter wanted us to be their guests at their cabin. Next weekend."

"Valentines?"

"Mm hmm."

"I don't know..."

"You busy?"

"Me? No. Just going over enrollment figures district-wide."

"They have a half dozen bedrooms and four baths. Indoor Jacuzzi."

"Sounds like a vacation spot."

"I think it would be nice."

She hesitated. "I..." She trailed off.

"She came down to my office to ask. I get the impression they would really enjoy having us there."

"You want to go?"

"I think it would be fun. Relaxing. A bit of snow, some Jacuzzi. Yeah."

"Alright then. Yes, it does sound fun."

"I'll tell her we'll go then?"

"Sure. We'll need to get some clothes for the cold, though."

I could tell she was compiling a mental list. "Alright, see you later tonight."

"Love you."

I smiled into the phone. "I love you, too." I pocketed the cell and hit the com-button and punched two-two-zero.

Carla's voice sounded. "Mrs. Preston's office?"

"Carla, Richard Franklin. Please tell Mrs. Preston that my wife and I accept."

"I'll let her know."

"Thank you." I clicked off.

~ ~ ~

Their cabin was an odd one. Converted from a lodge, the structure had been reworked and refurbished into a home in the snow. It was almost as big as our own McMansion.

It was snowing very lightly, big flakes coming down with a grace reminiscent of my wife's sexiness.

She shook her head. "Has it really been two months?"

"Since my promotion? Yes. Time flies by so fast now. Blink twice and the year's gone."

She was looking out the window. "How much do we miss when we blink?"

I pulled to a stop behind their Mercedes SUV. They had the G-Class.

Walter was out while Jacqueline remained in the vehicle. He gave me a grin when I joined him. "Nice, isn't it?" He motioned to the former lodge.

"Spectacular, really. I love that deep roof."

He nodded vigorously. "That's what caught my eye, too. Let's get the ladies in before the snow gets thick."

The interior looked modern. In fact, it looked like our offices. Wood paneling and recessed lighting. There were even live plants with automated drip systems. The place looked and smelled fresh.

I said to Jacqueline, "You have people come out here and keep the place?"

"Once a month. Walter handles it. This place was his idea and money. But it's sort of grown on me."

It was late enough on a Friday that dinner came next. I chopped up a salad while Walter grilled steaks. He seemed to know his way around the kitchen.

I said, "You do the cooking in your house?"

"Mm, hmm." It was hummed with finality. "She likes my cooking better than she likes her own. She doesn't like to bother with it now."

"Jolene loves to cook – she's a wiz with spices."

He shot me a wondering glance, then tensed perhaps the very slightest. "Yes..." His tone seemed exploratory. "An intriguing woman. Quite talented?"

Feeling awkward, knowing he was meaning additional things about my wife, I faced the quandary of not knowing what was appropriate. How does one talk about his wife in ways suggestively intimate? Was it proper? Crude? Done with a secret handshake? "She's everything to me."

He bounced the spatula on the steaks. "I imagine it would be hard not to appreciate her."

I grunted. I just wasn't sure what should be said.

He said, "I hope you don't mind if I pay her some compliments?"

"Not at all. She deserves them."

He half turned to me, still keeping an eye on the steaks. He flipped one. "Some women can't be appreciated enough."

I was silent. Was it so bad if someone else also appreciated my wife? Considered her worthy of admiration? Compliments? Didn't Jolene deserve that? Didn't she deserve to be treated with respect for who she was? I said, "And respected."

He was nodding. "Always respected."

I breathed easier. I was comfortable with that. Very comfortable.

Dinner was eaten at a small burnt-wood table highly glossed with varnish. The swirls of wood grain were highlighted with a beauty made more for looking at rather than eating on. I even gave the wood a few rubs to feel the smoothness of the finish.

Jacqueline was next to me. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"It is."

"It was my parent's. I had it refinished by a woodworker."

Jolene was sitting on the other side with Walter. They were talking themselves about a variety of small topics. The furniture, the weather up here, the beauty of snow, the lodge – they skipped from topic to topic as if wanting to hit on everything.

It was nice seeing my wife smile.

I had the impression they touched sometimes when they talked.

~ ~ ~

In a guest bedroom almost the size of our own McMansion master bedroom, I waited for Jolene to come out of the bathroom.

She climbed into the small bed. "Uh oh."

"What?"

"You have that look on your face."

I was anxious to talk to her. "Well, don't worry. I don't think it would be polite to hump like teenagers when we're guests."

She nodded. "Doesn't feel right."

I laid on my side and placed my hand on her hip. "How did it go, anyway?"

"You were there." She seemed defensive.

"But what did you think?"

"He was very nice."

"You were touching during dinner?"

"Yes, but it was harmless. We were just talking."

I ran my hand down her panties. She was warm.

She frowned. "I thought you said we weren't going to do anything?"

"We aren't. I just can't help touching you."

"Oh, alright then." She relaxed her legs.

"He was nice to you?"

"Perfectly. It was nice not having someone act like a dick because I have a pair of tits."

I laughed. "Is it that bad at the school district?"

"Sometimes."

"He touched you?"

She gave me an eye. "Yes, but we were just talking." She reached over and groped for me. She found me mostly hard. "You like hearing that?"

I chuckled sheepishly. "I suppose."

She handled my length and began stroking. "He put his hand on my thigh several times. Left it there for a while near the end of dinner."

I hardened fully. "Did it feel nice?"

She smiled. "Yes. Does it bother you to hear me say that?"

I was half panting by now. "Uh, no." I reached my hand down her panties. She was wet.

"I thought you said—"

I breathed into her ear. "I want to feel you."

"You are such a naughty man."

"Did he rub at all?" A worm of confliction ate its way through me.

She was thinking. "No. No, just laid his hand on my thigh."

That made me feel better. At the same time, disappointed. "I guess that's okay."

"Are you sure you don't mind him touching me?"

"As long as he's a gentleman, I think it's fine." Yes, that felt better. He could flirt with her all he wanted that way. If it excited him and his wife, then great. I was happy with it like it was.

"What should I do if he touches me and rubs?" she was smiling.

"I'm not sure about that."

She gave me a squeeze. "I'm thinking this is telling me otherwise."

We had to part before the teasing drove us mad. I kissed her goodnight.

CHAPTER 5

It was snowing a little heavier the next day, but was warm enough that most of it was melting on the ground.

Walter invited Jolene for a leisurely stroll around the property, which she accepted.

She had on her jeans, snow boots, knit jacket and a scarf with a snow-beanie. She looked radiant and warm.

I watched them go from the porch. Not much could happen out in the snow.

Jacqueline came up beside me and watched them walk off. "How is... everything?"

I knew she meant more than just asking about my morning. "Alright, I guess."

"You guess?"

We went back inside. "Your husband seems concerned with respecting her. I like that."

Her smile was almost as radiant as Jolene's. "Oh, Walt will certainly make her feel like a princess. His charm is relentless."

"Walt, huh?"

She shook her head. "My pet name for him. Don't call him that to his face."

I grunted.

She said, "What do you do for fun?"

"Read business magazines for the comic relief."

She rolled her eyes with a knowing look. Business magazines were pure propaganda. "About as fun as a tabloid?"

I gave her a grin. "What about you?"

"I collect antiquities."

I gave her an appraising look. "That's unusual."

"Is it?"

"What's your favorite piece?"

She touched my shoulder as we sat on the couch. "A gemmed comb unearthed from Akkadian Babylon."

"Babylon? Wow."

"That's what I thought. Paid dearly for it, but I love looking at it. The workmanship is still evident after four thousand years."

"I'd love to see it."

"We'll have to invite you to our home."

I raised an eyebrow. Getting invited to Jacqueline Preston's cabin was special as it was. To her home? Quite special. "I look forward to it."

"I'm relieved you're comfortable with my husband paying attention to your wife."

I wasn't sure what to say. "I... think we understand each other."

She nodded. "He said you two spoke in the kitchen."

"I would not see my wife treated like—"

She stopped me. "No one wants to see their loved ones treated poorly. Rest assured Walter would never treat your wife in the wrong way."

I sighed, breathing a little easier. "I don't know about anything heavier..."

Her look said nothing, just watched me.

~ ~ ~

Walter returned with Jolene about two hours later. They came walking through the falling snowflakes holding hands. Or holding gloves.

Right outside the door they hugged. Briefly.

I had time alone with Jolene in the bedroom as she changed into something for inside. "You were holding hands?"

"Ah, yes. There was a muddy patch in the meadow and I started to slip. He saved me an embarrassing fall. After that he just sort of held on."

I couldn't say much about them holding gloves, could I? "He was nice?"

"Very. He showed me the meadow beyond the trees and the creek that borders it. There was some ruins of a water mill there. All collapsed."

"He hugged you, too."

She gave me a look. "Yes, it was very sweet."

I pursed my lips.

"Oh, come on. We were both bundled like Eskimos."

She had a point and after saying it, I didn't feel bad about it.

"You're alright?" She sat next to me on the bed.

I considered our conversation the previous night and how I felt now. Walter was being kind and a gentleman. I had nothing to complain about. "Yes, I suppose I am."

~ ~ ~

Dinner was more touching between them. It distracted me. I wanted to see and I wanted to say something, but there was nothing to say. It wasn't salacious and a part of me firmed a little in happiness that my wife was receiving so much admiration and attention.

Seeing something flirtatious like that had me expecting to be defensive, and then realizing that I was alright with it. I wanted her to have fun and be happy.

Walter made a fire after dinner in the huge fireplace. He reclined in front of it next to my wife. They both lay with their feet towards the fire. They were on their sides, facing each other, still talking. And they were talking about banking, of all things. What could be so interesting about banking? But he had her laughing about how serious his wife was and how focused I was.

Were we that strange? I looked at Jacqueline. She was looking at me over a cup of tea, one leg crossed over the other, foot swinging idly.

Walter leaned a little closer when my wife looked at the fire. "That perfume is wonderful. What is it?" His nose was close to her neck.

Watching a man's face so close to her made my heart thump a little, but it settled quickly.

"Oh, I don't wear perfume. Bad chemicals."

"Smart woman. So that's just soap?"

Jolene shrugged with one shoulder. "Soap and skin."

His voice was low. "Intoxicating."

She sort of jerked her head to him. "My smell?"

But he was pulling away. "Drinks?"

Jacqueline said, "Scotch for me."

Jolene said, "Pina Colada?"

Walter looked hurt. "Oh, I'm sorry. We don't have those mixes here. Maybe we should have some in the future."

"What do you have?"

Scotch, rum, whisky, and vodka. The basics only. Sorry."

"That's okay. I'll have some rum."

He nodded and looked at me.

"What your wife's having."

"Two scotches, then." He walked into the kitchen leaving Jolene alone.

~ ~ ~

I was happy. Seeing them talking and drinking and touching made me realize I was worrying over nothing. A warm feeling in me appreciated his attention to my wife. My reservations were gone. Maybe with the scotch.

Jacqueline and I talked about antiques and her dismissal of anything under a couple hundred years old.

I watched Walter and Jolene talking less and less, just sort of leaning their heads together, occasionally murmuring something. What had I been worried about? My wife was beautiful. It made me feel proud that she was so attractive that my boss's husband found her irresistible.

I turned once to Jacqueline. "You? You're okay...?" I motioned.

Her smile was like a cat that had just slurped some warm milk. Her eyes twinkled and her mouth displayed a saucy grin. A single nod.

When I looked back, he was nuzzling my wife's neck. Smelling, moving his nose. Her head was back a little, relaxing and enjoying it.

I had often done the same to her. Seeing her from a totally separate viewpoint doing what she did with me was at once familiar. So that's what she looks like when I nuzzle her neck.

She leaned up a little and finished her rum. She turned to set the glass down between them and Walter lifted her chin with his finger. He was looking into her eyes with a sly smile.

I sipped at my scotch.

He leaned forward slowly.

My heart began to pound.

His lips met hers briefly – just a seductive brush of flesh.

My breath caught and my mouth was open.
But he was already pulling back.
That... wasn't so bad. I guess. I closed my mouth.

~ ~ ~

She was in bed before me. I stripped naked and climbed in.
Jolene winked at me.
I hugged her towards me. "Did you have a fun day?"
She giggled.
I could tell she was half-plastered. So was I for that matter. "How did you like all that fireplace play?"
She smiled. "Hmm." Then laughed. "That was fun."
My hand slipped down her panties. "His kissing your neck and all that was okay?"
She nodded. "Mm hmm. It made me hot."
Hearing that stirred my penis.
"And the kiss?"
She waved a hand. "What a tease. It was hardly a kiss."
I dipped a finger down and into her wet folds. "You wanted him to kiss you better?"
"Would have been nice."
"Do you want him to kiss you?"
She groaned. "Would you be mad?"
I was erect. "Not if you liked it."
"Maybe I'll let him kiss me then."
"We're leaving tomorrow."
"I know."
Another night of building sexual tension without release. I couldn't wait to get home.

CHAPTER 6

I watched Walter take Jolene for another walk Sunday morning. They held hands as they left.

Jacqueline and I talked about the Federal Reserve and the plans to replace the dollar. We talked of gold and silver and paper assets.

I think we were both chatting to pass the time until they returned.

I finally said, "How many..." I gestured out the window.

"How many other women? That's sort of a personal question, isn't it?"

"My wife is a personal question."

She got what I meant. "Three others over the years."

"Oh, that's all?"

She almost frowned at me. "Walter is very picky."

"I... guess I should be flattered."

"You should. And your wife, too."

"So you like this?"

She smiled that contented smile. "Life with Walter is always fun. Even more when another woman is involved."

"Aren't you ever worried that he'll..."

"The first time I was. But he's not interested in taking them, just appreciating them for a time."

I went quiet. That made it sound so easy and neat. But was it? After sleeping off the scotch, I had begun to wonder if I really wanted him kissing her.

But such decisions at this point of the short weekend were out of my hands. Walter kissed her outside while Jacqueline and I watched through the window.

His kiss was deep and slow. My wife responded with her arms around his neck, clinging and moving with him in the kiss. It didn't seem as sensual as I had thought it would be. More desperate – filled with tension.

The trip was over shortly after that.

~ ~ ~

I drove us home and we went through the rest of the evening doing normal things. I waited until bed to bring it up. "He kissed you this morning."

"Yes." She sounded guarded.

"Were you bothered?"

Jolene didn't answer right away. "I was unsure. But it was just a kiss. It didn't seem too big a deal at the time."

I remembered their lips locked and the desperate motions of the kiss. "You didn't like it?"

She turned and toyed with my cock, running her fingernails along it. "I liked it. For a kiss."

I wanted to say that the flirting was done, but I began to build an erection.

She smiled. "You really liked me kissing him?"

"Seeing you passionate was a turn on, but I think maybe that was enough."

She was already nodding. She blew out a breath. "Whew. Good. It might've been fun but I really don't want anything to go farther. I don't want to be placing our marriage on the chopping block so some guy can flirt with me."

"I wouldn't leave you over that."

She laughed with relief. "Well, yeah. It's already happened. So it was okay that we kissed?"

I was hard. "Yes."

She stroked me. Wicked woman.

I reached down and slid my hands down her panties. She was hot and wet. "Did you like him kissing you?"

"The kiss was nice."

"But did you like him kissing you?"

She moaned to my fingers. Then she said, "Yes."

Our sex was hot, feverish and as desperate as their kiss.

~ ~ ~

She smiled at me in the morning before she left. Her voice was silky. "I think I like what Walter's done for our love-life."

"It was great before him."

"And it's great now, too. You were an animal."

I chuckled. "You're a sexy woman."

She grew serious. "I meant what I said, though. I don't think I want to go any further."

"Alright." I was not disappointed. I had to agree, the inclusion of a little flirtation from Walter had created a sensational lust between us for each other. Is that how it was for Jacqueline? Had she been fucked silly last night? And had she enjoyed it?

~ ~ ~

I picked up my phone the following week. "Yes, Mrs. Preston?"

"I think you can call me Jacqueline when others aren't around."

"Alright."

"Walter and I want to invite you and Jolene to The Silver Lining on Third."

The Silver Lining was a posh dinner club with a touch of dancing to slow techno music. Young people stayed away – the cover charge was a hundred dollars.

"I..."

"Say yes. Walter likes to dance and I don't. It's a very nice place."

"Yes, I've heard about it."

"Let us treat you."

"I... will have to ask—"

"Please do."

~ ~ ~

I was on my phone seconds after hanging up. I hit send on Jolene's number.

"Richard? Calling about dancing?"

I knew she figured it would be about Jacqueline and Walter. "Yes. They invited us to The Silver Lining for dinner and dancing. How did you know?"

"Walter texted me. It sounds fun."

"Oh, I was hoping you 'd agree with me to reject this one like we agreed."

"Well, it's just dinner and dancing. Posh public place. I don't see any harm in it. And I like to dance."

My concerns melted away under a wash of interest. "I guess if you put it that way."

"What else would it be?"

"I don't know, a handsome man pressed up against you half the night?"

Her laugh was low and sultry. "Someone's getting thoughts. I don't think I'll be wearing panties to bed tonight."

I laughed. "Naughty woman."

I hung up from her feeling silly for thinking about rejecting. What was dinner and dancing? It actually sounded like fun even to sit and watch her. I shifted in my chair, my member deciding to wake up and move around.

Now that I had talked to her, I found I couldn't wait. I'd have to help her pick out a dress.

~ ~ ~

Jolene said, "You're kidding." She looked at the dress.

I nodded. "That one."

"Are you serious? I can't wear something like that."

It wasn't really as bad as she was making it sound. The hem ended at her knees in a slim slink of material. The skirt was topped by a loop of material that tied around the neck. Her back would be exposed and her sides. She would look fantastic in it. "Try it on."

"No way."

"Come on, you'll look beautiful in it. I want to see you in it."

She gave me an eyebrow. "Walter would, too."

"Well, nothing wrong with that, is there? It's a dance dress."

"Alright. I'll try it on. No promises."

I waited outside the dressing room. Some young thing who still sported braces gave me a good once over. Go away, little girl.

"Okay," said Jolene.

I opened the door and started to step in. "Wow."

"Oh stop it." But she was turning this way and that to see everything. "I thought I might fall out of it, but everything's covered."

"So it's a sale."

She gave me an eye.

I lightly gripped her from behind and breathed down her neck. I could see goosebumps form on her skin. "I love it. And Walter will, too."

She shivered. "You think so?"

I nodded into her neck. "If you don't wear this dress, you don't go."

She coughed. Then she shook her head. "Alright, alright. I hope he doesn't think I look stupid."

"He'll think you're beautiful."

She placed her hand on mine as it rested on her shoulder.

~ ~ ~

The evening of the dinner she fussed with the dress.

I stood there, feeling excited by her dressing for Walter. "I think..."

"Hmm? You're not thinking of canceling, are you?"

I shifted the bulge in my slacks. "No."

"What's wrong?"

"I can see your panty-line."

She groaned. "Lemme try another pair."

"Go without them."

"What? No way."

"Really. Go without them. Your dress is so long there's no danger of there being an accidental flash. You could even sit on a barstool and your dress would cover."

"I'm not going without panties."

I moved up behind her. "It would make me excited."

She looked at me weird. "It would?"

"Sure, to have you pressed against him wearing just the dress?"

"Hmm, you really would like that?"

"I promise to attack the hell out of you when we get home."

She giggled. "I don't know."

"Tell you what. If you wear panties, this is the last time we get together with them. If you go without, then I'll agree to more dinners and dances."

"That's not fair."

I grinned. "Sure it is. The choice is all yours. However, I urge you to go without. Let's not spoil the fun."

She shook her head but reached up and pulled them off. "Are you sure about this?"

I ran my hands down her sides and over her buttcheeks. "Heavenly."

She shifted and turned to me. Her grin was half there, searching. "Are you sure?"

"Very."

"I thought you wanted it ending at a kiss?"

"It's just dinner and dancing."

"What if he wants to kiss me?"

"I'll leave it up to you."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded.

CHAPTER 7

We met outside. The Silver Lining was dimly lit. A very burly guard at the door checked our IDs and collected the cover charge from Walter. Three more guards stood near. They looked as capable as our own guards.

The clientele inside was as ritzy as the collection of Rolls Royces, Mercedes and Lamborghinis outside.

It was not a hip hop club. It was not a dance club. Really, it wasn't a club. It was a very posh lounge with a small dance floor under very dim lights. No driving, loud music pounded the walls. No swirling disco lights. The music was wordless and slow. A few couples moved on the dance floor, but most were either at the bar or at tables eating dinner.

Even with a reservation, a table required a wait.

"Drinks, then," said Jacqueline.

I was put at ease with the atmosphere. It was slow and I'd have to say, sublime.

We ordered up our drinks. Jolene went for her customary Pina Colada. I copied Jacqueline's scotch order. Walter went for rum.

Drinks in hand, we moved over to the leather couches. Only one couple sat on one of them, drinking and talking with heads together. We had three couches to ourselves. Walter and Jolene sat close on one and I sat on her other side. Jacqueline opted for a corner couch near me. She and I leaned across the low lamp and talked while Walter and Jolene shared their time.

I don't think ten minutes passed before our table was called. I helped my wife out of her jacket. Walter's pleased look said we had chosen the right dress.

With ordering out of the way, Walter asked Jolene for a quick dance before the food arrived.

Jacqueline smiled her enigmatic smile.

I was seated next to her in the booth. Walter sat with my wife on the other side. We watched them leave, hand-in-hand, to the dance floor.

Jacqueline said, "That's a very nice dress. Which one of you picked it out?"

"I did. She resisted."

She laughed. "She looks very good in it. Makes me want to buy one."

I was not going to say that I would have the pleasure of seeing her in it. I knew that wasn't what she was looking for.

She said, "Walter's going to love that dress." She motioned to the dance floor.

He was holding my wife for a slow dance, his hands on her bare skin. They were smiling at each other, talking about something.

"I thought he might," I said.

"It takes a very loving man to show off his wife."

"Indeed. She's beautiful."

She turned to me fully. "I like hearing that. But has it all been so smooth for you?"

"Meaning?"

"I'm sure all of this hasn't come without reservation. Our first chat about it didn't seem favorable."

"Truth be told, I didn't want to accept tonight's invitation."

She raised her eyebrows. "No? That would have been disappointing. Both to him and me."

"I relented. Walter had already texted her and she was excited to come dance."

She coughed in indignation. "I told him to let me handle it, but his meddling worked."

"He's fine and it looks like they're having fun."

"But you had wanted to decline."

"Yes."

"Why?"

I glanced back to the dance floor. "Because I thought the kissing was far enough."

"That's a big step."

"But how many more steps are there? I think I've hit my limit on steps."
She leaned close. "I'm certain he'll kiss her again, tonight."

I took a drink.

She said, "I know the feel of your wife's skin will drive him to arousal."

I swallowed, hard. I didn't want to give in to the curiosity.

"Your wife will be able to feel that arousal..."

Blood thumped in my veins and I opened my mouth to breathe deeper. Worry crept up my stomach. But so did my curiosity. Would all that happen? Would he harden with her in his arms? Would she feel it on her thigh? Or pressed against her mound? How would she react?

They were coming back and I shifted a little in my seat. I had a semi-erection.

Jacqueline laid a hand on my thigh up high. It was a gentle touch.

It sent a jolt of electricity up my spine. She knew I had become excited. I watched Jolene walk with him, his arm around her. His hand was on her bare waist on the exposed side. If he slid his hand down a little, he would probably be able to tell she wasn't wearing panties.

I suddenly cursed myself for suggesting she go without. It might have turned me on to know she wasn't wearing them, but I wasn't considering that he would find out. Sexy for me, but it would send the wrong message.

I wanted to run to the bathroom, strip off my boxers and find a way to give them to her to wear. I took another drink.

Dinner calmed me some, and the alcohol. I could see Walter looking at the bare expanse of her chest between her boobs. My wife was not a large woman in that department. But they were there and swung lightly in her dress.

Sitting next to her as he was, he dropped his hand down beneath the table to rest on her leg several times. I noticed she put her hand on his leg as well. It had been talked about, and it didn't worry me.

I had the feeling tonight's sex with my wife was going to be mind-blowing.

We ordered more drinks after dinner was cleared. Jolene was already grinning, slightly buzzed. They wandered back to the dance floor after downing half their fresh drinks.

Jacqueline leaned over. "I think he's going to touch her."

"What?"

She motioned, though I had already been looking.

Walter's hands roamed up and down her back, his fingers dipping down underneath the folds of her dress at the back of her hips.

He definitely knows by now she's not wearing panties. I gulped a drink. "Maybe we should go." I shifted uncomfortably.

She dragged a finger across my bulge. "Is your wife wearing panties?"

I almost jumped. Jacqueline Preston had no interest in me. But here she was tracing my cock with her finger. "She... Uh."

"Is she?"

"No."

She leaned very close, her breath hot in my ear. "Whose idea was it?"

I gulped. "Mine."

Her finger-tracing turned into a full fingered rub of my rapidly expanding erection. "Look at how beautiful your wife is."

"I can see..."

"Look at her pressed up against my husband."

"Yes, I—" Her fingers were distracting me.

"My husband knows your wife isn't wearing anything underneath that dress."

I gripped the table.

"He knows and he's excited. He's going to touch her."

Everything in me wanted to bolt up from the table, grab my wife, and leave. Everything in me also wanted to stay right where I was and watch Walter touch my wife.

She whispered, "It's coming."

I watched Walter turning Jolene to dance with my wife from behind.

"I should stop them—"

Her hands were at my pants, unbuckling.

"What?" I pushed her hands away.

"Be silent." The iron of command was in her tone.

I froze.

Walter's hands were caressing my wife's sides.

Jacqueline worked my erection out of my pants. "Oh, I see you're nicely hung. Very nice shape." Her fingers gave a light squeeze of my shaft.

"I thought you didn't look at me that way."

"I don't."

"But, um, why are you—"

"I'm helping you enjoy what's about to happen to your wife."

"Whats..."

Walter slid his hands up and around. His fingers slid under the loose straps of cloth covering my wife's breasts. I couldn't see the touch under her clothing, but I could see his hands moving under the material.

Jacqueline pumped my erection.

Pleasurable sensations swept through me as my cock was stroked and my eyes watched my wife. I let out a long "Ahhh..."

"See?" she said. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

I watched my wife's head lean back and her eyes close.

My boss removed her hand. "You might want to put that away."

I tried; Walter and Jolene were returning.

My effort would have to wait until my erection had subsided. Until then, I was throbbing in the wind if anyone looked under the table. But, the tablecloth hid everything.

The two dancers sat, and took up their half-finished drinks. Hands disappeared under the table again.

There wasn't much I could say. It's not like I could have told them to stop touching each other when my own dick was standing up and waving.

Was Jolene's arm moving? I couldn't tell. She locked eyes with mine, her hand on his leg or lap. Her mouth was open, slightly.

I finally calmed down and managed to stuff my dick back in my pants. "Jolene?"

She focused and smiled at me.

"Restrooms?" I gave her the eye.

"Oh. Um, sure." She rose.

I moved out and took her arm gently. We walked to the restrooms.

She said, "Is everything okay?"

"Yes, I think."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I wanted to leave before some of the touching started, but I think I've changed my mind."

"What? You have?"

"Not much can happen here, in public. Let him."

"Let him? Let him what?"

I said, "Take it farther."

"Farther? What? How?"

"Take it farther." I hugged her then, pulling the woman I loved so dearly in close. I breathed in her scent and felt her love. "I love you."

She melted into my arms with a ferocity that told me without words. But she said it. "I love you too, my husband."

We returned after visiting the restrooms.

A third round of drinks were ordered and Walter and Jolene downed half of the new ones before getting back up for more dancing.

Walter had a very obvious tent in his pants.

As soon as their backs were turned, Jacqueline leaned over and whispered hot in my ear. "I think this is going to get fun, real fast." While she was saying it, she grabbed my still half-hard penis through my slacks. It hardened back up immediately.

Damn, she sure seems to know what she's doing.

Walter and my wife embraced again on the dance floor. His hands cupped her ass and pulled her in. I could see her swaying against him.

I wanted to take her away from him. I also wanted to jack my cock.

My boss undid my pants again. My dick hit the air.

I really wanted to stretch back and stroke myself while watching my wife.

But Jacqueline was pumping my shaft for me.

CHAPTER 8

I panted, my boss stroking my shaft. My wife was being felt up on the dance floor.

Walter had moved behind her again. His hands slid under her dress again and up to her breasts. Her eyes closed, enjoying it. The doubt and worry in me receded, overcome by lust.

Another couple danced in front of them, blocking my voyeurism. I wanted to throw something at them, but they moved after a few seconds.

Would Walter do more? Do I want him to do more? Some of me wanted him to do more. A part of me wanted to take us both home – safe from others.

Jacqueline stroked me lazily. She even continued to stroke me when the waiter came around to ask if we wanted desert.

I think she liked stroking my cock, if not being interested in me. I still felt nothing salacious about her intimacy with me except that she was helping me enjoy what was happening to my wife.

Jacqueline cared for no one except herself and Walter. What she was doing to me was a courtesy, and nothing more.

Walter's hands were moving, but they were turned so I couldn't see.

My boss leaned into me again. "Bingo."

"Huh?"

"Your wife is being touched." Her hand moved slow and seductively up and down my shaft. "In her very intimate places."

I wanted to see. What had I missed? My cock was straining, throbbing and full of need.

They eventually turned. His hands were down the front of my wife's skirt. With no panties, both of his hands had to be touching and caressing her pussy.

My erection twitched and swelled.

"You like this, don't you?"

How could I deny it? I would not have thought I would be seeing someone else touching my wife's pussy and liking it, no matter how she and I roleplayed.

But, there she was, her head back and mouth open, and here I was, at full mast.

Jacqueline gave my cock a final squeeze and let go. "You really do have a very nice package."

"Uh..." Thanks? My mouth was hanging open. I watched them come back to the table. There was no hope of putting my dick away. I hoped they weren't wanting to leave now.

Jolene smiled at me with love and the burning fire of lust.

I knew she wanted to go home and be fucked senseless. So did I. I realized I loved her more in that moment than ever before. The unspoken between us was obvious to us, and not to others.

They sat and sipped at their drinks.

Walter turned towards her, to his left, but as if to look back at the dance floor. His right arm was under the table.

My wife's eyes widened.

I gulped. Was he touching her right here at the table?

Jolene gasped and closed her eyes. She also sank down a little in her seat. Her mouth dropped open and she had a look of blissful concentration on her face.

Walter's arm was making tiny movements.

He was fingering her. I knew it as surely as my own dick was throbbing with need.

My wife gasped.

Walter looked around as he finger-fucked my wife. He even looked at me and Jacqueline.

They got up, after several minutes of under-table activity and moved back to the dance floor.

I reached a hand down and stroked myself.

Jacqueline turned to me with a big smile. "Do you mind if I watch? I love watching men stroke themselves."

"Oh, uh... Sure." I leaned back a little so Jacqueline could see.

She watched quietly and then reached her hand under her own skirt to finger herself as I stroked.

Out on the floor, Walter's hands were all over my wife. They embraced and he kissed her. Their mouths fucked as his hands ran down over her butt and then under her dress to cup and caress her bare skin.

Jacqueline said, "Do you like this?"

I realized I was panting. Lying would be obvious. "Yes."

~ ~ ~

I climbed over my wife in bed. Jolene's legs spread wide.

"Fuck me," she said.

I reached down and felt the swamp of her wetness. "You had fun tonight?"

"Yes. Fuck me. Ram me with your cock."

"He touched you. Did you like it?"

Her hips bucked up wildly. "He fingered me, husband. Right in front of you. It felt so good."

I touched my erection to her very hot and wet pussy. "What do you think his cock feels like?"

I rammed my erection in and she cried out with lust.

She was clutching me, eyes closed.

I drove it in deep. "Do you think his cock would reach as far as mine?" I hammered her pussy and her head flailed from side to side.

She cried out, whimpering and gasping. "Yes, fuck me."

I drove hard, my hips slapping into hers.

"Fuck me," she breathed.

"Do you think his cock would feel good in your pussy?"

She cried out and clutched my shoulders. She clawed, causing pain. "Yes!"

"Do you want to feel him? Deep?"

"Yes!" Her body went into uncontrollable spasms.

I emptied into her, squirting painful shots of lust and love.

~ ~ ~

I was at work. My phone chimed.

Text from my wife. "I love you."

A smile lit my face and a warm feeling descended over me. I so very loved this woman I had married.

I texted my love back.

My desk phone chimed. "Mister Franklin?"

It was Carla. "Yes, Carla?"

"Mrs. Preston would see you in her office."

"Now?"

"Yes, please."

I stood and placed my finger on the off-button. "On my way." I clicked off.

I rode the elevator up and stepped into the cool of Jacqueline Preston's executive floor.

Carla nodded at me, saying nothing. She stood and preceded me to the door. A single knock and she opened it for me, letting me in without bothering to look.

The auburn-haired woman came around her desk. That her hair was streaked with gray lent to her presence. "Richard."

"Ma'am." It didn't matter that her hand had been on my dick. It hadn't been for her interest. I knew it. She knew it, and I knew she knew it. There was no mix of sexuality among employees in this company.

"How is Jolene?"

"Fine. But you should know that. Walter texts her."

She nodded, her eyes still warm. She approached, close. Her poise was graceful and powerful. "Dinner. Friday. I'd like to show you that Babylonian piece I told you about."

And only that? Not anything about Walter and Jolene? "I will have to ask my wife, of course."

"Of course." Her smile was serene.

~ ~ ~

I entered the house to the smell of a very delicious-smelling soup.

Jolene looked up at me from over the pot. Her eyes spoke love.

Without speaking, I went to her and wrapped her in a hug. No words were spoken. We both clung to each other, not wanting to let go. She knew me and I knew her. The house could have burned down around us and neither of us would've let go.

I finally stepped back, smiling. "Smells good."

She grinned. "Just chicken soup."

"Yours is always the best."

"How was work?"

Did she know? "Jacqueline invited us to dinner Friday. Their place."

She nodded. She said nothing.

"Should I RSVP we're coming?"

She was stirring. She glanced at me with eyes that said she was deep in thought. "Do you want to?"

I noticed the difference. There was no hope, or excitement, or anticipation. Instead, she wanted to know if I desired it. That made me think.

I took a bottle of Italian wine from the small rack and grabbed the corkscrew opener. I slowly twisted it in.

She looked again at me. Noncommittal.

I flipped the lever down against the lip and pulled up on the arm. The cork came out with a satisfying "pop." I twisted the cork off the opener. "Do you?"

"If I did?"

My penis stirred. My stomach flipped. The dichotomy in feeling was not pleasant. "If we didn't go?"

She knew what I meant. What if I declined? She went back to stirring, then put the spoon down. She positioned the two bowls. "Then we don't go. But I think I want to go."

Did she sound depressed? Disappointed? Hopeful? I couldn't tell.

She lifted the pot and used the spoon to scoop and pour soup into the two bowls. She hated ladles. And I loved her for it. Beyond words.

"Then I'll accept." The words were out of my mouth.

She didn't look pleased, or thrilled, or surprised. She paused what she was doing and looked at me. Deep.

"Are you sure?"

I poured two glasses of Merlot. "Yes, I think so. I have a confession to make."

She carried the two full bowls to the table. "Hmm?"

"When you were dancing. Last week."

"Yes?" She sounded guarded.

"Jacqueline was stroking me."

Her eyes went large. "She..."

"Yes."

"What brought that on?"

I sat in my spot. "I think she was trying to excite me for what Walter was doing to you."

"She wasn't trying to put the moves on you?"

I laughed. It was quiet, fierce, and stressed. "No. not at all."

"But she touched you?"

"For her husband's sake, I think."

"What? How?"

"She effectively shut me up so Walter could grope you without me interfering."

She squinted at me. Then she finally nodded. "That sounds like her. Did she make you finish?"

"No."

"Well, I don't like it. You two work together."

"And that's different from you and Roy, how?" Roy was her fantasy co-worker.

"Roy doesn't come on to me."

He was real? Really? "Oh?"

"He's never even looked at me."

"Jacqueline has never looked at me that way, either."

She took a slurp of her soup, thinking. "Well, I'm not excited about you having some fling with your boss."

"Wasn't on my mind. And I can guarantee it isn't on hers."

Many minutes passed. I assumed the conversation was over.

"Alright," she said. "But I don't want you freaking out if Walter puts moves on me."

"Why would I?"

"Just remember, you wanted this to happen."

CHAPTER 9

Friday night was a night I will never forget. Ever.

I pushed the button on the gate-com and waited.

"Yes?" A female voice I did not recognize.

"Richard Franklin." My wife sat silent beside me.

There was no answer. An electronic beep and the gate swung open. We drove in and parked near the front door.

Their house was palatial.

Walter greeted us at the front door. A man stood near him in the semblance of a uniform. "Richard! Jolene! Come in." His exuberance was welcoming.

We entered and the uniformed man took Jolene's coat. Then he took mine.

Jacqueline floated towards us from the hall. "Richard, so glad you could make it."

As if I was the only one? I think from that moment on, I wondered how I could take her position from her at work. It was a crack in her seemingly insurmountable armor that said she was also nervous. Hadn't she done this before?

Walter led Jolene away as if we weren't there.

I said, "I wouldn't miss a chance to see that Akkadian Babylonian piece you mentioned."

Her smile actually became warm. I might have to guard against seeming too excited in the future over what she liked. Wouldn't want there to be difficulties over personal and business mixing.

She took my arm, possessively. "This way."

I'll admit, right now, that the comb was spectacular. Jeweled a little less heavily than I imagined, the thing had two sets of tines: one thick set and one thin. The middle had some kind of creature engraved on it. A griffon? I wasn't sure.

The comb was set on a stand of velvet in a glass case on top of a pedestal under a halogen spotlight.

"Wow," I said. If I had ever said anything to attract or entice or flirt with Jacqueline Preston, that was it, right there – and not intentionally.

She leaned against me, smiling. "Exquisite, isn't it?"

I could not help but admit the truth. "Yes."

~ ~ ~

"Where are they, anyway?" I asked.

We were sitting on a couch, sipping wine.

She looked at me with bright and knowing eyes. "Do you really want to know?"

I swirled my wine in my glass, aerating it. "Of course; she's my wife."

She sipped at her wine. "Fucking, probably."

I blinked. That fast? My wife?

"Don't believe me?" Her gaze was playful.

"No, actually. I don't think I do."

She rose. "Come."

I followed her, half-finished wine in hand.

She led me deep into the house and up some stairs to a split-second level. She approached a closed door and slowed. She put her head close to the door. Then she motioned for me to come closer.

I frowned. But I came closer. Muffled sounds greeted me. My wife's sounds, as if muffled by a pillow or a mouth. Her moans told me it was sex.

My heart began to race. What was going on?

A hand pulled me away.

Downstairs, I began to pace. I downed the rest of my wine.

Jacqueline said, "Why don't you relax?"

I spun. "My wife is in there."

"I understand."

"Do you?" I faced her, accusation in my features.

"Of course I do. My husband is in there." She said it as if that was all that needed to be said.

I paced more, but silently. Was he hurting her? Was she okay? Was she happy? Was she scared?

I heard then, a cry, male, as if finding a painfully pleasurable end to a coupling.

I paced faster.

"Richard."

I looked at my boss.

She said, "It's alright."

How could I make her understand? "My wife is up there."

She rose from the couch and came to me. "I think..."

"What?" I paced back and forth, out of her grip with each turn.

"Come. Let me show you."

"Show me what?"

"Shh. I'll open the door and let you see. It's alright. Just be quiet."

Torn with the need to scream, I followed her, intrigued that my fears would be removed.

We re-climbed the stairs. She led me back along the hall to the door.

Pausing, she let me listen. Pants and moans came from within. Was that really my wife?

She quietly opened the door.

I saw the bed, large and high. On it, two forms struggled in desperate sex. Walter's butt flexed and moved back and forth between feminine legs.

Jolene lay there, clutching Walter, her fingernails digging into his back. Her face was screwed up in that concentration that seemed so familiar up close, but now viewed so far away.

That was my love. She was not in pain, or being hurt. Her hips moved with Walter's thrusts. I couldn't see if he was in her or not, but it sure looked like it.

A hand reached around and stroked my growing length in my slacks.

Walter was pulling out slowly and driving in hard. My wife's body moved with each thrust. Her face was registering bliss.

All at once, I hated his butt, and loved the sight. I knew her. I knew her sounds. These were hers. And hating him as I did, I became incredibly excited that he was treating my wife to pleasure.

Jacqueline unfastened my slacks and I let her.

She pulled my cock out and began stroking me from behind. Her breath was hot in my ear. "Do you like what you're seeing?"

My cock hardened fully. My eyes were transfixed on Walter's hips moving, driving his cock into my wife. "I..."

Her strokes scrambled my senses. I became aroused beyond all imagination. My shaft swelled larger than I have ever felt it. Her hand shafted it in time with her husband's thrusts into my wife's pussy.

I felt the connection, then. My wife was safe. She was liking what was happening. Her hips moved with his thrusts and her mouth gaped open in that familiar way. It was a little disconcerting seeing her move under another man, but not strange. Just familiar and different at the same time.

Jacqueline stroked my very hard cock while Walter fucked my wife senseless. "Do you like what he's doing to her?"

My breathing was ragged. "Yes."

"Do you like her enjoying it?"

"Yes."

"Do you love your wife?"

"Yes."

"Even now?"

"Oh, yes."

She pulled harder in her strokes. "Do you want Walter to fuck her?"

My head swam. Yes I did. Definitely. "Yes."

Her hand sped up. It felt good. "Do you want my husband to fuck your wife again?"

I whispered, "Yes, fuck yes." Lights flashed and my senses exploded. Long shots of cum erupted from my cock and I cried out in relief and agony.

Walter and Jolene looked over at me, then back to each other.

What I had done set off Walter. His butt clenched and he sank deep, convulsing and shooting his cum into my wife.

She cried out, her hips lifting to accept all of him. He grunted, clenching over and over as he filled her. Each clench of his ass sent another jet of sperm splashing into my wife's depths. His orgasm went on for a long time, his cock deep in my wife's pussy. It was his second orgasm, and he shot it as deep as he could, without a condom.

I loved it.

But they weren't done.

Jacqueline led me to a love seat and we sat.

Jolene smiled at me, unsure a couple of times.

I smiled back, unsure at first, but happy she was not being hurt.

Her smiles brightened. Walter was on his side, leaning against her, toying with her. After a few minutes of murmuring talk I couldn't make out, he moved down her form and began licking at her clit.

My wife seemed to melt into the bed. Her eyes closed and one hand came up and lightly stroked at her breast.

Walter worked her clit over and was massaging his penis – it was semi-hard.

He can't go three times, can he? Difficult for me to go twice.

As if reading my mind, Jacqueline whispered into my ear, "Looks like he going to try again. He usually only cums twice. But he's done it three times on certain occasions."

My wife didn't look abused, so I sat and waited, watching. Walter was no bigger than me. As he firmed, I saw that he had a slight upward curve. Mine was very straight.

Seeing my wife laying back and relaxed, all of my fears vanished. My worries were forgotten. What was happening was as natural as speech, or a touch. Nothing had changed, except that my beautiful wife looked even sexier.

I wondered then, did Walter appreciate her? Did he like what he was seeing? I hoped he hadn't said anything stupid like her boobs were too small or her hips too flat. He might take enjoyment with her but I was the one who had to deal with hurt feelings at home.

My eyes narrowed. She was mine; he better damned well treat her like a goddess.

He was hard again. He motioned and pulled on her hip.

She started, then began moving with his gestures. She got on her knees and he pushed her forward. Her swollen pussy was exposed, her ass in the air. She leaned down on her forearms and looked underneath her, watching him toy with his cock near her pussy.

He moved up and touched it to my wife's pussy. He moved the head around, just playing, making no moves to get it in.

Jolene wriggled her hips.

A push from his hips and I couldn't see the head of his cock anymore – it was inside my wife's folds.

I thought seeing their union would inflame me with anger, or jealousy. It was altogether different and unexpected. It didn't feel wrong, or taboo, or forbidden or disturbing. Nope, it actually looked like the most natural thing I could have imagined. It looked right. It looked nice and intimate and caused me feelings of happiness. It was totally unexpected.

Walter pushed all the way in. I couldn't see anything now as his hips were firmly pressed against the backs of her thighs.

My wife had raised her head a little and was moaning lowly. She did that for me. The moves and sounds were the same. Nothing new here indicated that anything had changed. She was feeling pleasure in her normal way just as she did with me.

A feeling floated around within me. I realized I had hoped she only ever really experienced pleasure with me. There was a slight jealousy for that. But it was eroded away into nothing by seeing her feeling good about what was happening and the fact that she wasn't exhibiting anything other than her normal pleasure.

So then I started to feel good. I touched my cock again, massaging it as he moved against my wife. She pushed back against his thrusts and they worked together as he fucked her.

That's when I realized I was smiling. There was no threat here. Nothing to destroy the marriage. Of course, as long as she didn't want to run away with him. But I knew she loved me. She looked over at me a few times and all the same, strong love for me was in her eyes as we locked gazes.

In fact, her looking at me as she got fucked was probably one of the sexiest memories I will ever have of my lovely wife.

Walter pumped into her for a long time. I'm not sure how long. The bed moved lightly and eventually my wife laid forward, and down – only her ass lifted off the bed. She began moaning in something like a delirium. It was breathy and indistinct, as if she were floating somewhere else on the pleasure. Her eyes were closed.

Walter's muscles began to tense and he started driving his hips down into my wife's upturned pussy.

Her light, breathy moans turned into louder gasps and cries of ecstasy. Hair was all over her face, but I could see her brow furrowed in that look of sexual tension.

Walter had it, too, his mouth open in a grimace and his eyes squeezed shut as he strained to pump her faster and harder.

I loved seeing her butt jiggle to his thrusts. There wasn't much to jiggle, but it sure looked awesome. I could see parts of his shaft as he pounded her. In and out. My wife's pussy smoothly accepted his pistoning shaft.

He began making a strangling noise and then he pushed hard into her. He held it there, his body quivering and then suddenly jerking hard and forcefully, once again shooting his load deep into my wife.

Jolene wasn't responding. She was laying there, her ass up, and a look of concentration on her face. She was letting him finish in her and feeling it.

She slowly sank down when Walter pulled his dripping cock from my wife's pussy.

There was no complaint from me. I was hard again, stroking, but too sensitive to cum again.

Jacqueline was squirming on the seat next to me and looking at her husband.

Jolene was looking at me, opening and closing her eyes. We shared a smile. I'm not sure what mine looked like to her, but hers turned into one of relief.

CHAPTER 10

Walter fucked my wife four more times over the next two months. Then he grew bored. Jacqueline assured me it wasn't my wife that bored him; it was simply his way.

Jolene took it hard for a couple weeks, but realized it had run its course.

I lay with my wife in bed one night, a month after learning there would likely not be any more get-togethers.

She stroked her fingers down my chest. "Are you sure there's nothing going on between you and Jacqueline?"

I looked at her with a suffering glance. "You know there isn't."

"So..."

I was confused. "So?"

She toyed with my chest hair. "So if someone else came along..."

Oh. I raised an eyebrow. "Yes?"

"I mean, is that something off limits now?"

I put down my stupid magazine. "Off limits? I think we got out of it what we wanted."

"Yes."

"But you mean if a new opportunity presented itself?"

She nodded.

I knew what she meant. She had very much enjoyed it and would I be willing to do it again? I stroked her face. "Only if the man was ready to respect you as good as or better than Walter."

She smiled, then, nodding. Her love was evident and she petted my head in return. "I love you."

"And I love you."