

The Bad Tenant Ch. 24

Jess stood motionless in the master bathroom, both hands gripping the edge of the marble counter, staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she examined herself. Bob's cum remained visible, matted in her hair, splattered at her temples and neck, smeared across her chin, a streak along her jawline she hadn't fully wiped away. Her hair was disheveled. She looked exactly like what she was, a woman who had just been thoroughly fucked.

Between her legs, she felt something unusual, an internal sensation, a kind of phantom fullness exactly where Bob had been. It wasn't pain or discomfort. It was awareness, like her pussy couldn't forget the sensation of being utterly filled and was still trying to grip something that was no longer there, muscles contracting around absence, seeking what had pleased her so completely.

With trembling fingers, she scooped a bit of Bob's cum from near her temple. She held it in front of her, suspended between her face and the mirror, studying the fluid that had minutes ago been inside a man who wasn't her husband. She brought her finger to her lips and sucked the cum into her mouth. The taste flooded her senses, triggering an immediate recall of Bob above her, his throaty groan, the warmth of his cum hitting her face before she even registered what was happening.

Tom had never done that, had never even asked. That existed outside their sexual repertoire entirely. Marco had given her occasional facials back in college, but she preferred swallowing while looking into a man's eyes, then opening her mouth to show she'd consumed it all. That had always felt more intimate, more connected.

But Bob's loads were something else, maybe five Tom loads, probably five Marco loads too. The sheer volume still shocked her despite having witnessed his forceful ejaculations multiple times now.

She'd always thought facials were degrading in a way that didn't appeal to her. They were performative, something men wanted because they'd seen it in porn. Yet this time, she'd liked it, liked her pretty face getting marked with his cum. The realization didn't disturb her as much as the ease with which she'd accepted it, how natural it had felt in the moment.

Some distant part of her brain registered that she needed to shower, needed to wash away the evidence, needed to return to her desk and get back to work.

She shook her head and stepped into the shower, turning the water to hot. The water rinsed away their combined bodily fluids but instead of relief, a flutter of anxiety gripped her.

She hadn't just had sex with Bob. She'd had sex with Bob without Tom's knowledge or consent that it was happening today. The two-week timeline hadn't been casual or approximate. It had been something they'd established together, and she'd violated it. She'd made a unilateral decision, taken that power for herself.

Their whole arrangement had been predicated on mutual decision making and absolute transparency. She'd shattered that foundation in a moment of desire.

"Oh my God," she whispered.

Tom doesn't know. The thought repeated like a drumbeat. Tom doesn't know what I just did. Tom doesn't know his wife just got fucked by another man.

Her chest constricted and she couldn't get enough air. The steam from the shower made it worse, made her feel like she was drowning. She felt lightheaded, braced both hands against the shower wall.

"Stop," she whispered to herself. "Stop."

She forced herself to take deep breaths. In through the nose for four counts, hold for seven, then out through the mouth for eight, the 4-7-8 breathing pattern Tom had taught her.

A moment of clarity broke through her panic. What exactly had she done? She hadn't cheated, not in any traditional sense. Tom had given her permission to have sex with Bob. They'd talked about it extensively, fantasized about it together. Tom had frantically thrust into her just days ago while saying "I can't believe you want to fuck Bob" with unmistakable arousal in his voice.

The violation wasn't the act itself but the timing. They'd agreed on two weeks, and she'd collapsed that timeline without discussion. It was like arriving at a dinner party at 7 instead of 8, inconsiderate, perhaps, but hardly catastrophic, not something that warranted this level of existential dread.

Gradually, the tightness in her chest eased. The walls stopped closing in. The water became just water again, not a suffocating prison.

She straightened up, leaning back against the tile. She needed to think, needed to understand what happened, how she'd gotten here.

She closed her eyes and reconstructed the sequence of events. Normally, her sessions with Bob were at noon, but nervous energy had driven her to go down half an hour early. She'd intended to talk to Bob about the two-week plan and to get a massage after an exhausting week in Savannah.

But when she'd let herself into his apartment, she'd heard the shower running. She'd walked straight to the bathroom with the dildo, making that stupid joke about comparing it to the original.

Things had escalated faster than she'd anticipated. The shower, the teasing, the blowjob, had all built the kind of arousal that made rational thinking difficult.

Then came the massage, and soon after she was on her back looking up at Bob.

She remembered the Sarah story, Bob's anecdote about his ex-wife's scheduled sexual encounter versus spontaneous one, how the scheduled encounter created anxiety, how the spontaneous one was transformative.

The story had resonated with her. Bob had articulated exactly what she'd been feeling without her needing to say a word. That was what made Bob special, his intuitive understanding of her feelings, his ability to see what she needed even when she couldn't fully express it herself. The connection she felt with him wasn't just physical, it was about being truly seen.

The story had to be genuine. Bob had told it so naturally, the details flowing without hesitation. It wasn't the kind of story someone made up on the spot. And it had given her exactly what she needed, permission to follow her desire rather than adhere to an arbitrary timeline.

There had been a moment, she remembered now. Bob had positioned himself at her entrance, the head of his cock pressing against her. He'd asked directly, "Do you really want to stop?"

That was the fork in the road. Everything before could be rationalized as momentum, as things escalating naturally, but that question had forced a conscious decision.

She could have said yes, could have pulled back, gotten dressed, maintained the two-week timeline. Bob would have accepted it. She knew he would have.

But she'd looked at him, at his massive cock with the condom already rolled on, at his face full of desperate want, and she'd said no.

The sex had been amazing, though "amazing" felt woefully inadequate to describe what she'd experienced, like calling the Grand Canyon "a hole in the ground."

At first, Bob had pushed into her slowly. She'd thought she'd reached her limit when he was a little more than halfway in. The stretch had felt complete, impossible to expand further.

Then he'd adjusted his angle, shifted his hips, and somehow pushed the remainder inside. She remembered the exact moment, the psychological shock of realizing he was fully inside her, all of him, filling her completely

His cock had touched areas deep inside that had never been touched before, that probably should have stayed untouched.

The sensation had blown her mind so absolutely she'd lost the ability to form coherent thoughts. She'd just laid there, mouth open, unable to process what her body was experiencing. It was everything she'd ever wanted sexually without knowing she'd ever wanted it.

Bob hadn't flipped her into elaborate positions or demonstrated complicated techniques. He had simply held her legs open and thrust his big cock into her over and over again. The approach was shockingly basic, almost primitive in its simplicity, yet profoundly satisfying.

What had she said during it? She tried to remember through the haze. Fragments returned. "Too much... don't stop... so deep... oh god..." Incoherent gasps and moans.

The sex had only lasted about ten to fifteen minutes, but she'd lost count of how many times she'd come. Five? Six? Seven? More? They'd blurred together into one continuous peak.

There was something about Bob's shameless desire for her that turned her on immensely. He consumed her like he couldn't get enough, like her pleasure was his pleasure, like making her lose control was his singular objective. Watching his face during sex was like watching a starving man finally receive food after prolonged deprivation.

She'd seen the effort in his expression, the concentration, the determination, the subtle desperation. His body had fought him. At fifty-five, overweight, out of shape, he'd been visibly struggling, sweat dripping from his bald head, breathing labored, body trembling with exertion, but he'd pushed through, driven by pure determination to make her come.

But it wasn't just during penetration. Bob's eagerness to please her had always been apparent in how he'd take his time with massages, teasing her until she wanted to beg. When he finally used his fingers, he wouldn't stop until she came, sometimes multiple times, his focus entirely on her pleasure rather than rushing toward his own.

And god, his mouth. When he'd make her squirt with his tongue, instead of pulling away in surprise or disgust, he'd let her fluids spray against his face. He'd lick and slurp her juices without restraint or shame. He'd even circled his tongue against her asshole that one time, a sensation she hadn't exactly disliked.

And then today, he'd made her squirt with his cock.

One moment crystallized above all others.

Bob had been deep inside her, so deep she could feel him everywhere, when something changed. She'd felt it building, that pressure she now recognized from his fingers and tongue, but this was even more overwhelming, more inevitable.

Bob had asked if she was going to cum on his cock.

She'd tried to answer but couldn't form words. Her entire body had gone rigid, every muscle locking as the sensation crested beyond anything she'd experienced.

Then it happened. The release had been explosive, fluid gushing from her in a way that shocked her as it happened, her body completely beyond her control.

Tears had sprung to her eyes from the sheer intensity. She'd twisted and squirmed, unable to stay still, and then she'd started giggling, not from humor but from overwhelming sensation, from her brain short circuiting under pleasure it couldn't process. Her whole body had trembled as she'd managed to gasp out, "Oh my god. Oh my god. You made me squirt. With your cock."

The pride in Bob's voice had been unmistakable. "I've made you squirt with my fingers, with my mouth, and now with my cock."

Jess opened her eyes, recognizing that while Bob was fucking her, she'd been entirely present in the moment. She hadn't thought about Tom even once. Not during penetration, not during the orgasms, not when Bob came on her face. Tom's existence had vanished from her consciousness.

She'd had a profound sexual experience and Tom's absence hadn't diminished it. In fact, his absence might have enhanced it because she wasn't performing for anyone. She wasn't in her head, translating the experience into a narrative for Tom, wasn't considering which details would arouse him most, wasn't shaping her responses to create the story he'd want to hear later. She was just experiencing pure sensation.

Tears began welling up, then rolling down Jess's face, mixing with the shower water.

The tears weren't from guilt or fear but from the realization of how significant this moment was. There was Before, when she'd been Jessica Marshall, exploring boundaries with her husband's knowledge and encouragement, when sex with Bob was just fantasy and dirty talk. And After, when she knew exactly what it felt like to have him inside her, when she was someone who'd had sex with a man who wasn't her husband.

The marriage she'd woken up in this morning was gone. Even if the new version might be better, more honest, more aligned with who she was becoming, the old version was dead.

She'd already done so much with Bob before today. She'd sucked his cock with increasing enthusiasm, swallowed his cum. She'd straddled him naked, grinding her bare pussy against his

shaft, hovering at the edge of penetration. She'd admitted to Tom that she wanted to fuck Bob, that she'd wanted to know what it would feel like to have his huge cock inside her.

All of that had been framed as exploration within Tom's fantasy. She'd told herself she was accommodating his desires, being the adventurous wife he wanted. The framework had been comfortable. Tom wanted this, Tom encouraged it, Tom got aroused hearing about it. She was just following where he led, responding to what he wanted.

But today was different. Today, she'd chosen her desire over their agreement.

She'd fucked another man because she wanted to. The blunt truth of it allowed no linguistic gymnastics, no comfortable euphemisms, no "exploring boundaries" or "accommodating Tom's desires."

What she mourned wasn't the death of her "good girl" identity itself. That version of herself had been dead for months. She mourned the ability to pretend, the comfortable cognitive dissonance that let her act on her desires while avoiding responsibility for them by attributing them to Tom.

That safety was gone. She'd have to own this now, all of it, own who she'd been becoming since the first moment Bob's hands had slid up her thighs during a "massage."

Specific memories surfaced as she stood there, moments now permanently recontextualized.

The first time she'd told Tom she loved him, a couple months into their relationship. They'd just finished making love in his college apartment. The sex had felt transcendent, like their bodies fit together perfectly, like they'd found something rare and precious.

The night Tom proposed, he'd promised to "give her everything," and she'd believed sexual fulfillment was included in "everything." That promise now felt naive, as if emotional and practical partnership should automatically translate to complete sexual satisfaction.

A moment last year, their anniversary trip to that bed and breakfast in the Hill Country. They'd had sex four times in one day, and she'd thought it was the best they'd ever had. She'd felt so connected to him that night, so certain that their sexual compatibility was solid.

With Tom, sex had always been about connection, communication, the interplay between two people who knew each other intimately. It was reciprocal, collaborative, often tender. She would guide his hand, he would adjust his angle, they would find rhythm together. She had always felt content, satisfied. That's what she'd believed great sex felt like.

What Bob did to her body wasn't collaborative. It was conquest. He didn't ask what she wanted, but made her body confess it. She didn't guide him to her pleasure, but he dragged her there whether she was ready or not. Bob had shown her the difference between contentment and delirium, between satisfaction and complete dissolution.

She now knew, not suspected or wondered, but definitively knew, that Bob could give her sexual pleasure Tom could not. These weren't subtle differences or minor variations. These were fundamental disparities in capability.

She suddenly remembered that the Houston project materials were waiting on her desk. The Chen development needed her attention, and she'd been standing in the shower for who knows how long.

Jess turned off the shower and reached for a towel. As she dried herself, another truth demanded acknowledgment.

She wanted more. Not in two days or two weeks, but now. The hunger was physical, located in her pussy, in her skin, in her mouth. She could taste him still, could feel the absence of him inside her. This appetite hadn't existed before today.

She wanted to try again in different positions. Doggy style especially, her favorite. Her pussy throbbed at the mental image of her on hands and knees, Bob's thick fingers gripping her hips, that relentless fullness driving into her from behind. And riding him, she wanted to straddle that large frame, sink down onto his cock inch by inch.

Standing naked in the bathroom, Jess slid her hands between her legs. She discovered she was already aroused again. Her fingers confirmed it immediately.

This troubled her. She'd just had multiple intense orgasms less than half an hour ago.

The appetite wasn't for sex generally but specifically for that complete dissolution of self-consciousness, for being so overwhelmed she stopped performing, for her body doing things she didn't know it could do.

She could go back downstairs, could knock on Bob's door right now. Nothing prevented it except her choice. Bob would let her in. Bob would fuck her again. The realization that she could do this, that the only barrier was her decision, created a dizzying sense of power and danger.

But she wouldn't, not without talking to Tom first, not without honoring at least that much of their agreement. She'd already violated the timeline they'd established together. She wouldn't compound that by going back for more before Tom even knew what had happened once.

Jess forced herself to get dressed. She chose black slacks and a simple white blouse, transforming back into interior designer Jessica Marshall rather than the woman who'd been thoroughly fucked by her tenant.

She then moved to her home office and sat at her desk. The Houston project materials were open on her laptop exactly as she'd left them before going downstairs.

She tried to focus on the words, but they blurred. Her mind kept returning to what just happened in Bob's apartment.

Her phone lit up on the desk, the screen interrupting her thoughts with a text notification. Tom's name appeared.

Tom: How did the conversation with Bob go? Have you talked to him yet?

Jess picked up her phone and stared at the message. How should she respond? What combination of characters could possibly convey what had happened?

'Yes, I talked to Bob. Also I fucked him. Also, he made me squirt with his amazing cock. Also it was the best sex of my life. Also I came so many times I lost count. Also it wasn't long enough and I want to do it again right now.'

Seconds extended into a minute, then two. She remained frozen, phone clutched in her hand, staring at those innocent words from a husband who had no idea what had transpired this afternoon.

Every potential response felt inadequate, each approach either too blunt or too evasive. Nothing in their years together had prepared her for this moment. There was no precedent, no template for how to tell your husband you'd just had mind-altering sex with another man weeks before the agreed-upon timeline.

Her mind kept cycling through approaches, direct confession, partial truth, complete omission, but none seemed right. Words simply failed to materialize, as if language itself had abandoned her in this crisis.

She wondered if they didn't have the honesty rule, would she tell Tom at all?

Her immediate, gut response was no.

Not because she wanted to betray him, but because the prospect of how to tell him felt insurmountable. How did you tell your husband that another man's cock had given you pleasure you'd never had with him? How did you explain that you'd been so overwhelmed you forgot he existed? How did you frame that conversation without hurting your husband?

Without the rule forcing disclosure, she would absolutely choose silence, would carry this secret alone, let the weight of it settle into her bones, maybe tell him years from now when they were old and it mattered less, or maybe never. Without the rule, she'd proven she wasn't naturally honest. She was naturally self-protective. She'd keep secrets if allowed.

Nausea rose in her throat. Throughout their entire relationship, she'd thought of herself as fundamentally honest, someone who valued truth above comfort. She'd criticized friends who kept secrets from their partners, had mentally categorized them as weaker, less ethical. Now she was confronting the uncomfortable truth that given the choice between painful honesty and comfortable deception, her instinct was to choose comfort.

What did that mean about who she was? What did it mean about their marriage?

This was the first time she'd consciously acknowledged that this part of herself existed, the part that would keep something significant from her husband if given the choice, the part that would choose comfortable lies over devastating truth.

Was that cheating? Not the sex itself, but this impulse toward concealment?

Their entire exploration had supposedly been built on radical honesty, on sharing everything, on maintaining communication as the foundation even as they pushed other boundaries. But that framework only worked because Tom had made it work by establishing the rule.

But even if she wanted to keep this secret, even if the honesty rule didn't exist, she couldn't.

Tom might discover the truth from direct physical sensation.

When they have sex later tonight, would he feel different? She had no frame of reference for this situation. She'd never had sex with two different men in one day before, never had sex with someone Bob's size, then hours later been with Tom.

Would her pussy feel looser to him? Less tight? Would his cock slide in too easily, meeting less resistance than he was accustomed to?

She knew vaginas were elastic, that they returned to normal quickly. But how quickly was quickly? Hours? Days? And what was "normal" after being stretched around something that

substantial? The dildo had been one thing, something she eased in halfway. Bob had been different, relentless, holding her open, pushing deeper than she thought possible, all the way inside.

The dirty talk she and Tom had engaged in, about Bob “stretching out” her pussy, “ruining” it for Tom, had been fantasy, arousing precisely because it existed in the realm of the hypothetical.

But what if it wasn’t fantasy? What if there was truth beneath the exaggeration? Not permanent damage, maybe, but temporary evidence? Tom knew her body intimately, had been inside her thousands of times over their years together. He would notice differences she couldn’t hide. The way she felt around him, the sounds their bodies made together, even the angle that usually worked best, all of it might betray what she’d done.

And if he noticed before she told him? If his face changed during sex, if confusion crossed his features, if he pulled back and asked “Is everything okay? You feel different”? The violation would be doubled. Not just the sex itself but the deception, the allowing him to discover it through his own body rather than her confession.

Finally, she typed a response.

Jess: Had an interesting encounter with Bob. Let’s talk about it tonight. Love you.

It wasn’t a lie, but it wasn’t the full truth either. It was a bridge to the conversation they needed to have.

The decision of what to tell Tom, and when, and how much, suddenly felt more significant than the sex itself. She couldn’t afford devastating his ego. This choice would define what their marriage became next.

She stood. She needed to talk to someone. She was trapped alone with knowledge too big to carry, too complicated to process, too dangerous to share.

Madi wasn’t an option.

The privacy rule prevented it, but beyond that, Madi would immediately know something was wrong. Best friends developed that instinct through years of reading each other’s voices, detecting distress in the spaces between words.

And Jess would break. She’d spill everything, confess it all in a rushing stream of words. Madi would listen, would maybe even understand, would offer perspective that Jess couldn’t access alone in this spiral of confusion.

Madi would keep the secret, yes, but secrets had a way of reshaping relationships. Once Madi knew this about her, knew Jess had fucked their tenant and loved it, their friendship would be different. Madi would see her differently.

Tom was the only person she could tell, and Tom was the person she most feared telling. She was utterly alone with this.

Staring at her phone, Jess realized she needed a plan for when Tom came home. Her mind shifted to practicalities, searching for structure amid emotional chaos.

All previous boundary crossings with Bob had resulted in intense arousal for Tom. This would likely be no different, probably even more intense given the significance of the boundary they'd crossed.

She should prepare properly, create the right setting, not treat this like a somber confession of wrongdoing but as the culmination of a fantasy they'd built together, just on an accelerated timeline.

Jess checked the time. She had a few hours before Tom would be home. She'd make his favorite dinner, something special but not so elaborate that she'd be distracted from the conversation they needed to have. The food would create a sense of normalcy before she shared news that would fundamentally shift their relationship.

One thing she knew for certain was that regardless of how she framed it, Tom's primary reaction wouldn't be anger. It would be arousal.

Tom opened the front door at 7:04 PM, the rich aroma of cooking steak hitting him immediately. His stomach growled in response, partly from hunger after a long workday, partly from recognition that Jess had prepared his favorite meal.

He'd texted Jess around lunch asking how the conversation with Bob went. Her cryptic response had left him both intrigued and anxious. They'd exchanged several messages throughout the afternoon, but she'd kept the conversation focused on her Houston project preparation. Nothing about Bob, nothing about what "interesting encounter" meant.

Now home and desperate for details, Tom felt anticipation building with each passing second. What had their conversation entailed? Had they merely discussed the two-week timeline, or had something more happened? The possibilities had been cycling through his mind all afternoon, distracting him from client calls and progress reports.

He removed his shoes and began climbing the stairs. His heartbeat accelerated with each step, the rhythm almost uncomfortable in his chest.

Entering the kitchen, Tom found Jess at the stove wearing worn jeans and one of his old t-shirts, the faded blue one with the stretched-out neck that hung off one shoulder. Her hair was tied in a messy bun. A nearly empty wine glass sat on the counter beside a wooden cutting board, evidence she'd already started drinking.

The full meal preparation surrounded her, a seared steak resting on the cutting board, mashed potatoes in a pot, gravy simmering in a small saucepan, and asparagus roasting in the oven. The scent of rosemary and garlic permeated the air.

Jess turned at the sound of his entrance, a wooden spoon in her hand. "Perfect timing," she said. "Everything's almost ready."

Tom crossed the kitchen and gave her a quick peck on the cheek from behind. "Smells amazing." He hesitated only a second before asking the question that had consumed his thoughts all day. "So how did it go with Bob? Your text had me curious all afternoon."

Jess stirred the gravy once more before setting the spoon down. "Let's eat first," she said. "Why don't you get changed? Dinner will be on the table when you come back."

Something in her tone sent his pulse racing, an unusual combination of nervousness and excitement that suggested whatever had happened was significant. He wanted to press her, to demand answers immediately, but she'd clearly put significant effort into this meal for him, and he could respect the ritual of dinner first.

"Okay," he agreed, though it killed him to wait longer. "I'll be quick."

In their bedroom, Tom stripped off his work clothes, tossing his tie onto the dresser and hanging his suit jacket over the chair. Despite his eagerness to return to the kitchen, he decided a shower would help center him for whatever conversation awaited.

Under the hot spray, he tried to prepare himself for various scenarios. Maybe Bob had declined. That was unlikely. Maybe he needed time to think. Maybe they'd set a specific date.

After drying off, Tom pulled on comfortable jeans and a fresh t-shirt, ran a hand through his damp hair, and checked his reflection briefly before returning to the dining room.

The transformation stopped him in his tracks. The overhead lights were dimmed, candles flickered on the table, and their good plates, the ones typically reserved for anniversaries and special occasions, were arranged on the dining table. His plate already contained steak, a generous portion of mashed potatoes with a pool of gravy in the center, and roasted asparagus arranged artfully. A bottle of red wine stood open on the table, two glasses already poured.

"This feels more significant than a casual Tuesday dinner," Tom said, gesturing at the elaborate setup.

Jess looked up from placing her own plate on the table. "We deserve a nice dinner together," she said. "Next week we won't see each other."

Tom noted they were sitting across from each other rather than their usual casual side by side arrangement. The formal positioning created distance between them, like an important business meeting.

He sat down and took a sip of wine, recognizing it as a bottle more expensive than their usual weeknight selection. The rich, complex flavor confirmed his suspicion. This was from their "special occasion" rack in the pantry.

"This is so good," he said, cutting into his steak. The first bite was perfectly cooked, exactly how he preferred it, seared crust outside, warm pink center. Despite his anxiety, he couldn't help but appreciate her culinary skill. "Really really good."

Jess smiled.

They ate in silence for several minutes, the clink of silverware against plates the only sound in the room. Tom's mind raced with questions, but he respected her desire to ease into the conversation.

"So, the Skyline completion party is this Friday," Jess finally said. "You're definitely coming, right?"

"Absolutely," Tom replied. "I wouldn't miss it, especially after missing the other one."

"It starts at seven. I figured we'd Uber there together," Jess continued. "It's at that hotel downtown. Margaret and the whole design team will be there, plus Webb and other key clients."

Tom nodded, recognizing her attempt to normalize the evening. "My flight to Denver is at six Monday morning," he said, playing along. "I'll take an Uber rather than wake you up at four in the morning."

"I don't mind driving you," Jess countered.

"No, really, it's fine. You need your sleep." He took another bite of steak. "When's your Houston flight?"

"Monday evening at nine," she replied. "I'll be home all day prepping."

"That's such a short flight," Tom observed. "What, forty-five minutes?"

"Less than an hour," Jess confirmed. "I was actually thinking I might come back Friday evening after work instead of staying the night."

"That would be nice," Tom said. "I'll be back Saturday morning, so we'd only miss each other by a few hours."

"Exactly," Jess said. "And honestly, sleeping in hotel beds gets old fast. I'd rather be home."

They returned to eating, the conversation trailing off into silence. Tom attacked his plate, cutting his steak into quick, efficient bites. The food that had seemed so appealing when he first sat down now felt like an obstacle between him and the answers he desperately needed.

Jess picked at her asparagus, moving it around her plate more than actually eating it. Her wine glass made regular trips to her lips.

Tom finished his steak in record time. He pushed his plate slightly away, the gesture marking his completion not from satisfaction but from impatience. His fingers drummed once against the table before he caught himself and stopped.

Across from him, Jess set down her fork, her meal only half-finished. She reached for her wine glass again.

Tom couldn't wait any longer. He set down his fork and gave her his complete attention. "Jess, what happened with Bob today?" he asked directly. His voice remained steady despite his hammering heart. "What was the 'interesting encounter'?"

Jess's fingers played with the stem of her wine glass, a nervous tell he recognized from years together. She took a sip before responding, clearly gathering her thoughts.

"I went down around eleven-thirty to talk to Bob about our two-week timeline," she began. "I was nervous about the conversation and wanted to get it over with."

Tom nodded, maintaining eye contact.

"When I got down there, Bob was in the shower," Jess continued. "I... decided to join him. I brought the dildo along."

Tom felt his cock stirring at the mental image of Jess entering Bob's shower, dildo in hand. He tried to maintain a neutral expression, allowing her to continue without interruption.

"Things escalated in the shower," she said, her eyes focused on her wine glass rather than his face. "We soaped each other up. I teased him with the dildo. I ended up giving him a blowjob."

"In the shower?" asked Tom.

"Yes."

"And then?"

"After we got out and dried off, we went to his bedroom," Jess continued. "He gave me a massage."

Tom's mind filled in visual details she wasn't providing, imagining every moment, every touch, every expression.

Jess paused, took another sip of wine, then met his eyes directly. "Things escalated during the massage," she said. "One thing led to another."

Tom's heart rate spiked, a sudden rush of adrenaline making his hands shake slightly. He knew what was coming but needed to hear her say it.

Jess took a deep breath. "Tom..."

"Say it," he said. "I need you to say it."

"We... we had sex," Jess said quietly. "Bob and I had sex today."

Her voice trembled slightly on the words. Her shoulders tensed visibly as she awaited Tom's reaction, eyes darting between his face and a point just past his shoulder.

Tom felt like he'd been slapped in the face. Multiple contradictory emotions surged through him at the same time, shock, arousal, hurt, excitement, confusion, jealousy. They arrived all at once, creating an overwhelming internal chaos that prevented him from immediately responding.

His throat constricted, making speech difficult. He swallowed hard. When he finally managed words, his voice came out almost shaky. "You... fucked Bob? Today?"

Jess nodded, confirming it. "Yes."

Questions flooded Tom's mind all at once. Why today? What happened to the two-week timeline they'd agreed on? Did Bob pressure her? Did they use protection? How long did it last? Was it good? Did she come? Did she enjoy it more than sex with him? Each question felt both desperately urgent and impossible to ask given his current emotional state.

"We said two weeks," he finally managed, focusing on the most immediate thought in his mind.

"I know," Jess replied quickly. "But Bob told me something that changed my perspective." She leaned forward slightly. "He told me about his ex-wife Sarah."

Tom listened as Jess recounted Bob's story about Sarah's scheduled sexual encounter that went poorly due to anticipation anxiety, contrasted with her later spontaneous encounter that supposedly transformed their relationship. Part of his brain was already questioning whether this story was real or manipulation.

"The story really resonated with me," Jess explained. "It made me question whether the two-week timeline was serving me or just creating pressure and anxiety."

Tom struggled to identify his primary emotion. Was he angry? A bit, but not really. Should he be angry? He couldn't tell because he was also intensely aroused. His cock was rock hard beneath

the table, a reaction that embarrassed him given the circumstances. The internal conflict between fantasy fulfillment and violation of their agreement left him unmoored.

He realized he should address the boundary violation first but couldn't help asking for details. "How did it start? How did you go from massage to... him inside you?"

Jess took a deep breath. "His hands were all over my body during the massage," she explained. "He used oil, and I was getting really turned on."

Tom's breathing had gone shallow, waiting for more.

"Eventually he flipped me onto my back," Jess continued. "He was on his knees between my legs. I watched him roll on a condom. Then he pressed his... himself at my... entrance and asked if I wanted to stop."

The image crystallized in Tom's mind, Jess on her back on Bob's bed, legs spread, Bob kneeling between them with that massive cock in his hand, looking down at her as he asked the question that would change everything.

"And you said no?" Tom asked.

"I said no," Jess confirmed. "I didn't want to stop."

Tom felt a strange mix of devastation and arousal at her admission of choice. This wasn't coercion. This was his wife actively choosing to have sex with another man.

"And then?" he asked.

"He started in missionary," Jess explained. "The stretch was intense. It took time to... adjust."

Tom noted she was being somewhat vague about her pleasure, describing logistics more than sensation. He pushed for more. "But did it feel good?"

"It felt good," Jess admitted, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Tell me exactly what it felt like," Tom pressed, needing more detail. "The first moment he pushed inside you... what was going through your mind?"

Jess looked uncomfortable but answered. "It was... overwhelming. The stretch was intense, almost too much at first. I remember thinking he's too big."

"Did you keep your eyes open? Were you looking at his face or did you close your eyes?"

"Both, I guess," Jess said. "Sometimes I watched his face, saw his expression... how focused he was. Sometimes I closed my eyes."

"How long did it last?" Tom asked. "The whole thing, from start to finish?"

"Maybe fifteen minutes of actual... penetration," Jess said. "It wasn't that long."

"Did you come?"

"Yeah..."

"How many times?"

"I don't know... a couple times," she said.

“Where did he finish?”

“He pulled out,” Jess explained. “He came on my... my face.”

Tom’s eyes went wide. “Holy fucking shit,” he muttered. The mental image of his wife’s beautiful face covered in another man’s cum was devastating.

Jess looked down at her plate.

“He came on your face,” Tom repeated. “That’s... wow. We’ve never done that.”

“I know,” Jess said quietly.

“Did you want him to? Did you ask him to? Or did he just do it?”

Jess hesitated. “It happened in the moment. He pulled out and I just... stayed where I was.”

“Was there a lot?” he asked. He remembered Bob’s voluminous ejaculations from the window incident months ago, that shocking quantity that had seemed almost inhuman.

“Yes,” Jess confirmed. “A lot.”

Tom felt his pulse hammering in his ears. “What did you do with it? Did you clean it off immediately?”

“I cleaned it off right away,” Jess told him.

“How long after it happened before you came upstairs?”

“Maybe five minutes,” she replied. “I left right after.”

“So you showered upstairs?”

“Yes.”

Tom peppered Jess with more questions, his words tumbling out almost faster than she could answer them. What positions did they use? Just missionary, she claimed. Did Bob talk dirty to her? Not really, he was focused on what he was doing. Was she vocal? She made some noise but nothing dramatic. Did Bob’s size start to hurt? There was stretching but no real pain.

Their dinner sat largely abandoned, neither particularly hungry anymore.

The silence that followed felt thick and oppressive. Tom stared at his plate. His mind raced with even more questions, but he didn’t want Jess to feel like she was being interrogated.

Jess sat motionless across from him, fingers still on her wine glass stem, eyes unfocused.

Tom reached for his wine glass and drained it in three long swallows.

“My stomach is in knots,” he admitted.

Jess looked up, meeting his eyes for the first time in several minutes. “Mine too.”

Tom gestured toward the living room. “Let’s talk somewhere more comfortable.”

Jess nodded, picking up her wine glass.

Tom brought the bottle and his own glass, refilling both as they settled on the couch. He sat close to her, needing physical proximity despite the emotional complexity, and took her hand.

"I'm trying to process all this," he said, attempting to organize his chaotic thoughts into a coherent response. "I know I pushed for this. I wanted it. That's on me." He paused, squeezing her hand gently. "But we said two weeks, Jess. That gave me time to... to prep. I needed to be a part of when it happened not just what happened."

"I know," Jess replied, voice dropping. "Tom, I'm really sorry. That was unfair to you." She set her wine glass down, turning to face him more fully. "I should have called you, should have talked it through."

Tom said nothing, giving her space to continue.

"But..." Jess bit her lip. "You'd already given me permission. For months you've been encouraging exactly this, telling me you wanted it." She spoke faster now, the words tumbling out. "And the two-week thing started feeling like pressure, like this huge event looming over us, over me. Bob's story about Sarah... it made me realize I was waiting because I thought I should wait, not because I actually needed to."

"We agreed on two weeks, Jess," Tom said. "That wasn't just for you. It was for both of us."

"But was it really?" Jess asked, not defensively but genuinely questioning. "Or was it about your comfort? Because standing in Bob's bedroom... it felt like I was managing your anxiety instead of my own readiness."

Tom felt the validity of her point but couldn't quite accept it. "It was about us making decisions together. That's what we've always done."

"I understand that," Jess said. "But Tom, if we schedule it, it becomes this huge thing. Too much pressure. What if that day comes and I'm not feeling it? What if I'm stressed about work or just not in the mood? Then it's awkward for everyone. Bob's waiting, you're waiting, and I'm supposed to just... perform on command?"

"So you're saying it needs to be spontaneous?"

"Not necessarily spontaneous, but... natural," Jess explained. "Today felt right. I didn't know he was going to be in the shower when I went down. I joined him and it was fun. The massage followed naturally from that. Everything just... flowed. That's not a guarantee for Thursday, or any other day. It has to feel right in the moment."

"But that leaves me completely in the dark," Tom protested. "I'm just supposed to wonder every Tuesday and Thursday if you're fucking him?"

Jess winced slightly at his bluntness. "I don't know what the answer is, Tom. I'm trying to figure this out too. All I know is that today felt right in a way that counting down to a scheduled date wouldn't have."

Tom took a breath, trying to find solid ground. "So, what happens if Thursday doesn't feel right? Do you just leave? How does that work?"

"I guess we'd just... do what we usually do," Jess said. "Massage, maybe other things. But not necessarily sex. It depends on how we both feel."

"Both feel," Tom repeated. "So, Bob has a say in this too."

“Of course he does,” Jess said, looking confused. “It’s not just about what I want. He’s a person, not a... a service I’m using.”

Tom fell silent, processing her words. He wanted to argue, to insist that their agreement mattered more than her in-the-moment feelings. But looking at her face, seeing the conflict there, he recognized she wasn’t being cavalier about their timeline. She was trying to articulate something real about how this actually worked versus how they’d theorized it would work.

“I get it,” he finally said. “I do. The two-week thing was me trying to control something that maybe can’t be controlled that way.” He ran his hand through his hair. “It’s just... harder than I expected. Being on the outside of the decision.”

“I know,” Jess said softly. “And I should have at least texted you when I realized it might happen. Given you a heads up. That was wrong of me.”

Tom nodded, accepting this much.

“Okay,” he said. “No more scheduling. You do what feels right when it feels right. But you have to tell me after. Every time. That’s non-negotiable.”

“I will,” Jess promised. “Always.”

They sat with that agreement for a moment, the tension between them easing. Tom squeezed her hand again.

“So,” he said, shifting his approach. “Was today everything you’d hoped it would be?”

Jess took a deep breath. “I don’t know,” she answered. “I didn’t go in expecting to have sex today. I hadn’t even considered it a possibility when I woke up this morning, or when I went down.”

Tom swallowed hard before asking the question that terrified him most. “Was he better than me?”

Jess’s expression shifted subtly. “That’s not fair, Tom. They’re different experiences.”

“Different how?” He pressed, needing something more concrete than pleasant evasion. “I’m not asking you to rank us on a scale. Just... was it better?”

Jess took a sip of wine. “I’m not going to make that comparison, Tom. It wasn’t better or worse. Just different.”

Tom nodded, accepting this even if he didn’t entirely believe it. The protection felt more about what she didn’t want to say than what she was preserving.

“If I used my veto right now,” Tom asked hypothetically, “would you respect it?”

“Absolutely,” Jess said without hesitation. “I’d end things with Bob immediately if you asked.” She studied his face. “Is that what you want? Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” he admitted. “I don’t want it to stop.”

They both again went silent for a moment.

Tom spoke first. “Did Bob pressure you at any point?”

“No.” Jess’s response was immediate. “He gave me chances to stop.”

Tom felt a strange gratitude toward Bob for this even while resenting him.

“You know, this changes everything,” said Tom. The words came out harsher than he meant. “I mean not in a good or bad way, just that this isn’t me living out a fantasy through you anymore. This is yours now, your thing with him.”

Jess didn’t answer right away.

“That’s what you wanted though,” she said finally. “For me to want it.”

She was right. He recognized that this was what he’d wanted from the start, for Jess to take ownership of her sexuality. The danger and fear were part of the appeal, even as they created real anxiety.

“I did,” replied Tom. He shifted to logistics. “Will you see him Thursday?”

“Probably,” Jess confirmed. “Unless you... object.”

She bit her lower lip, an unconscious gesture.

“I don’t object... but what will you do? Will it be sex again?”

“Maybe, if we both want to,” she replied.

“Do you think he’ll want to continue?”

Jess laughed slightly. “Bob seemed very satisfied with how things went.”

Tom felt a spike of jealousy at her confidence about Bob’s satisfaction. “Will you always use condoms?”

“Absolutely,” Jess said firmly. “That’s non-negotiable unless I go on birth control.”

“And are you planning to go on birth control?”

“If this becomes regular, it might make sense.”

“How often is ‘regular’?” Tom asked.

“I’m not sure,” Jess replied thoughtfully. “Maybe our usual Tuesday and Thursday schedule. It depends how we both feel.”

Tom suddenly realized Bob might be fucking his wife twice a week or more on an ongoing basis. The reality hit differently than the fantasy had.

They again sat in silence for a moment, the conversation finding a natural pause. Tom’s eyes traced over Jess’s face, taking in details he’d memorized years ago but which now carried new significance. The slight flush still visible on her cheeks from the wine. The way her lips were slightly parted, her breathing not quite steady. The loosened strands of blonde hair.

His mind conjured an image of Jess on her back in Bob’s bed, legs spread, that same blonde hair splayed across a pillow that wasn’t theirs. Her face showing that expression, the one she made during sex when pleasure overwhelmed her, the expression that was supposed to be his alone to witness.

Another image replaced the first. Jess on her knees beside the bed, Bob standing over her, his hands stroking his huge cock. Her beautiful features obscured by thick white cum, not delicate

droplets but substantial coverage. Her eyes closed, mouth slightly open, that gorgeous face transformed into something pornographic.

Tom's breathing grew heavier. The arousal was a physical need that obliterated rational thought.

"Come here," he said.

He took her hand and pulled her onto his lap. Jess came willingly, straddling him on the living room couch, her weight settling directly over his erection.

They kissed with an urgency that bordered on desperation, tongues dancing together. The kiss grew sloppy, graceless, all technique abandoned in favor of raw need. Saliva slicked their lips and chins. Their teeth clicked together. Jess greedily sucked on Tom's tongue while he groaned into her mouth. It was messy and desperate and perfect in its lack of polish.

Jess ground down against him, the friction creating sensation even through the layers of clothing between them. Tom's hands slid under her shirt, finding bare skin, warm and familiar.

He broke the kiss abruptly, breathing hard. "Bedroom. Now."

Tom straightened up, braced himself and stood, lifting Jess with him. She wrapped her legs around his waist instinctively, her arms circling his neck for balance. Their mouths found each other again as he carried her through the living room, navigating around furniture more from memory than sight.

He bumped into the doorframe entering their bedroom, the impact jarring them apart for a moment. Jess laughed softly against his neck.

Tom moved to the bed and dropped her onto the mattress. She bounced slightly, her hair splaying across the pillows, looking up at him with flushed cheeks.

He reached for the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head, tossing it aside without looking where it landed. Though they'd had sex a thousand times, his heart hammered in his chest. He was more nervous now than the first time they'd had sex.

Jess sat up, her own hands reaching for the hem of her shirt. She pulled it off slowly, maintaining eye contact with him as she revealed the simple white bra underneath. Nothing special, nothing seductive, just everyday cotton. Had she worn something nicer for Bob? Black lace maybe? The question flashed through his mind.

Tom kicked off his pants and boxers together, nearly losing his balance in the process. His cock stood fully erect, harder than he could remember being in recent memory. He felt hypersensitive, as if he might come from just looking at her. Jess's eyes dropped to it, then back to his face. Was she comparing, noticing the obvious size difference? The thought made his stomach twist.

She reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it fall away. Her nipples were already hard. Had Bob made them that hard too? Had he sucked them? Bitten them? Tom hadn't asked about these details.

He moved forward, climbing onto the bed and positioning himself over her.

Jess hooked her fingers into her waistband, lifting her hips to slide both her jeans and panties down. Tom helped, pulling them the rest of the way off and letting them drop to the floor beside the bed.

Now she lay completely naked beneath him, exactly as she'd been with Bob just hours ago. The parallel was inescapable, overwhelming.

He began kissing her deeply again, trying to pour all his love and desperation into the connection. Jess responded enthusiastically, her hands fisting in his hair, her body pressing against his. Tom noticed she seemed particularly responsive, already highly aroused.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, meaning it completely while wondering if Bob had said the same thing. Had Bob called her beautiful? Had he used other words? Dirty words? Had he called her princess while he was fucking her?

Tom moved down her body, kissing her neck. He lingered at her breasts, taking each nipple into his mouth, sucking hard, nibbling, then biting, noting how Jess responded more sharply than usual. Had Bob done the same thing earlier? He couldn't stop these thoughts even as he tried to focus on pleasing her.

When he reached between her legs, he found her incredibly wet. His fingers slid through her folds easily. The wetness was excessive even for Jess's usual arousal level, coating his fingers instantly.

"You're so wet," he murmured, partly aroused, partly questioning.

"For you," she whispered back.

An intrusive thought struck him. Was some of this from earlier? Was Bob's cum inside her somehow? No, she'd showered and Bob had used a condom. The paranoid thought was his anxiety talking, not reality. Plus, Jess would never do that to him.

Still, his hand trembled slightly as he slipped one finger inside her. It slid in smoothly, perhaps marginally easier than usual, though he couldn't be certain if this was real or his anxious mind creating phantom evidence.

He added a second finger immediately. She felt warm, incredibly wet. Was there less resistance than normal? Or was this exactly how she always felt and he'd never paid such forensic attention before?

He searched for concrete proof of difference but the truth was, he couldn't definitively say she felt looser or stretched. She felt like Jess. Wet, warm, responsive. Maybe fractionally more accommodating than usual, maybe exactly the same and his paranoid mind was manufacturing evidence that didn't exist.

The uncertainty was almost worse than finding obvious change would have been.

"Does that feel good?" he asked.

"Yes," Jess moaned, her hips lifting slightly. "So good."

He withdrew his fingers slowly, then pushed them back in, testing. Still couldn't tell.

Tom lowered his head between her legs and was immediately struck by the significance of what he was doing. His mouth was now exactly where Bob's cock had been hours earlier. The thought

created a strange cocktail of emotions, revulsion mixed with arousal. There was something primitively intimate about this, something that spoke to deeper instincts than rational thought.

Where another man might have recoiled, Tom found himself drawn closer, more determined. The fact that he still craved this connection, still wanted his mouth on her after she'd been with someone else, revealed something fundamental about his love. It transcended conventional boundaries, existed outside normal definitions of possession and jealousy.

His devotion to her pleasure in this moment felt like both surrender and reclamation, acknowledging what had happened while asserting his own irreplaceable role in her life.

With his fingers still inside her, he began licking her pussy. He focused entirely on her pleasure, using techniques he'd perfected over years together. He ran his tongue up and down her slit, sucked her clit into his mouth, applying the precise pressure he knew she loved, flicking his tongue in the pattern that usually made her thighs tremble.

Jess moaned, her hands gripping his hair, her hips moving against his face. "Oh god, Tom. Yes, right there."

Tom tried to gauge if her responses matched what she'd shown before. Her vocalizations seemed more pronounced, her movements more exaggerated. Was she performing? Compensating? Trying to reassure him? Or was she simply more aroused after her experience with Bob?

The taste of her seemed different too, or was that his imagination?

Tom maintained the pressure and suction, determined to make her come hard, to prove something to himself if not to her. He thought about Bob, about his massive cock, about how he could never compete in size but could in skill, in knowledge of Jess's body, in determination to please her.

No one will ever eat her pussy like I do, he thought with fierce determination, a thought that had crossed his mind multiple times recently.

Jess's breathing shifted first, becoming shallower and more rapid. Her thighs began trembling against his cheeks. Tom felt her fingers tighten in his hair, not quite pulling but gripping hard enough that he knew she was close.

"Oh god," she breathed out, her voice going thin and high. "Tom, I'm... I'm coming."

He didn't change his rhythm. That was the key, maintaining exactly the same pressure and speed even as her body started to tense. Her pussy clenched around his fingers in small preliminary contractions, her hips lifting off the mattress as she chased the sensation.

"Don't stop, don't stop, don't..." The words dissolved into an sharp cry as the orgasm finally bloomed.

Tom felt it happen in stages. First the sudden rigidity, her body going taut, back arching off the bed. Then the release, her pussy contracting around his fingers, inner muscles pulsing in waves he could feel distinctly. Her thighs clamped around his head.

She was vocal but not screaming, breathy gasps and moans that sounded genuine rather than performative. Her fingers maintained their grip in his hair, keeping his mouth exactly where she needed it while her hips rolled against his face in small, instinctive movements.

Tom kept his tongue on her clit through all of it, feeling each aftershock that made her body jerk.

After maybe twenty seconds, her body finally began to relax. The grip in his hair loosened. Her breathing remained ragged but the gasps became more controlled. She made a small, overwhelmed sound and gently pushed his head away, clearly too sensitive for continued contact.

“Come here,” she whispered, breathing heavy.

Tom gave her pussy one last soft kiss, then moved up her body. She pulled him into a deep kiss immediately, her tongue sliding against his. He knew how much she loved tasting herself on his lips. This had always been one of her favorite parts of oral sex.

“Thank you,” she whispered, her hand coming up to cup his cheek. “That was amazing.”

Tom didn’t respond with words. He positioned himself between her legs, his cock at her entrance.

This was it, the moment of truth. His fingers had left him uncertain, unable to detect definitive change, but this would be different. His cock would tell him what his fingers couldn’t. Years of intimate knowledge had taught him how Jess felt, the specific pressure and grip of her body around him, the particular resistance at initial entry before she opened fully to accommodate him.

He looked into Jess’s eyes, then pushed forward slowly.

The lack of resistance was what he’d expected after his fingers, but experiencing it with his cock made it viscerally, undeniably real in a way fingering hadn’t fully captured. He slid all the way inside her in one smooth, uninterrupted movement. No pause for adjustment, no careful easing past initial tightness. Just a warm, wet welcome that offered no opposition.

This is what Bob did, he thought.

Tom stopped moving, frozen inside her, trying to catalog exactly what was different. It wasn’t that she felt “loose.” She felt... accommodating, as if her body had been prepared, trained to accept more. The sensation was still pleasurable, still warm and wet and wonderful, but slightly different from their usual sex.

Jess looked up at him with concern, her hands on his shoulders. “Are you okay?”

Tom realized he’d been still for several seconds. “I’m fine,” he lied, forcing himself to resume movement.

He established a rhythm, trying to focus on the sensation rather than the context, on the present rather than the past. But each thrust only reminded him that someone else had been here first today, someone much larger, someone who had stretched her in ways he couldn’t.

“You feel so good,” Jess encouraged, her hands running down his back. “I love how you feel inside me.”

Tom suspected performance, her reassurance too perfectly timed, too specifically addressing his fears. Was this guilt? Compensation? Had she moaned these exact words to Bob hours earlier?

He tried to last, tried to make this good for her, but anxiety and arousal combined into a perfect storm. His orgasm was building far too quickly, pleasure spiraling through him before he was ready. He thought about basketball stats, about work presentations, about anything to distract himself, but the psychological weight of fucking Jess after Bob had overwhelmed all distraction techniques.

“Jess,” he gasped, warning her, feeling his control slipping. “I’m... I can’t...”

“It’s okay,” she whispered, seeming to understand his struggle without him having to explain.

“Let go, baby. It’s okay.”

Her permission, her understanding broke the last of his restraint. Tom pulled out with a groan, taking himself in hand and ejaculating several spurts onto her stomach. The release was intense but dull, tainted by the knowledge that he’d lasted maybe five minutes.

Rolling onto his back beside her, Tom threw an arm over his eyes, breathing hard, shame washing over him in nauseating waves. Fifteen minutes was how long Jess had said Bob lasted. Fifteen minutes of that fat old man’s huge cock inside her, and he’d managed barely five. Bob had given her “a couple” orgasms with his cock and he’d managed one, and not with his cock.

The comparison was devastating. A fifty-five-year-old overweight tradesman had outperformed him by a factor of three. Tom was twenty-seven, in decent shape, and he’d lasted a third of the time. The humiliation settled deep in his bones.

He felt Jess shift beside him, heard the rustle as she reached for tissues from the nightstand and wiped his cum from her stomach.

Finally, Jess spoke. “I love you,” she said quietly. “Today was... I know today was hard. But I love you.”

Tom heard what she wasn’t saying. Not “that was perfect” or “that was amazing” because they both knew it wasn’t. Just acknowledgment of difficulty and affirmation of love.

“I love you too,” he managed.

They lay together in silence, Tom’s arm around her shoulders, his hand absently stroking her hair.

“Are you okay with everything?” she asked. “Are we okay?”

Was he okay with her having sex with Bob? With her breaking their timeline? With what just happened between them? With what would happen Thursday? With what their marriage was becoming?

“We are,” Tom assured her, because what other answer could he give? “We’ll figure this out together.”

He reached over and turned off the lamp on the bedside table, plunging the room into darkness. The blackness felt appropriate. He was navigating without map or compass now, feeling his way forward in a landscape forever altered.

Minutes later, Jess’s breathing deepened, her body going slack against him. Tom remained awake, staring at the ceiling, his mind unable to quiet.

Tom thought about Thursday, about Jess planning to fuck Bob again in just two days. He tried to imagine how he'd handle knowing it was happening while he was at work.

He'd be distracted, unable to focus on the Denver project materials. Everyone would notice his preoccupation, might draw comments or concern. He'd have to pretend everything was normal while knowing his wife was being fucked.

The performative aspect disturbed him, maintaining a professional facade while internal chaos reigned. His entire life was becoming a performance, husband at home, consultant at work, cuckold in private. Each role had different scripts, different acceptable emotions, different masks to wear.

Would ignorance be easier than the detailed knowledge she'd share afterward?

He didn't actually want ignorance considering the details were what fed his arousal, but he questioned whether his psychological system could sustain this level of intensity. How long before arousal gave way to insecurity? Or did arousal protect him from fully feeling the insecurity?

He considered whether he should tell Jess about watching Bob masturbate that first night. He felt hypocritical judging her timeline violation when he'd kept this secret for months. But he decided against confession, recognizing it would only complicate an already fragile situation.

A physical sensation intruded on his thoughts, his cock stirring again despite his recent orgasm. Just thinking about everything had triggered renewed arousal. He felt pathetic, his body responding sexually to circumstances that should devastate him emotionally.

He questioned what this said about him psychologically, whether he was broken in some fundamental way. He tried to remember when this kink first emerged, when he first noticed arousal at other men desiring Jess. He couldn't identify a specific origin point. It seemed to have always been there in nascent form.

Tom watched Jess sleep, her face peaceful. He felt overwhelming love mixed with fear of losing her. He recognized she was changing, becoming someone he didn't entirely know. The woman who went to Bob's apartment today wasn't the same woman he'd married. She was more sexually autonomous now, more willing to follow desire over agreement.

He wondered where this evolution would lead, how far she'd go, what other boundaries would fall. Part of him wanted to wake her, ask all the questions still burning in his mind. He resisted this urge, recognizing she needed rest, needed space to process too.

Time passed unmeasured, twenty minutes or forty, he'd lost track. Tom continued staring at the ceiling, eyes adjusted to the darkness. The bedroom felt both familiar and alien, like returning to a childhood home after years away. Everything looked the same, but nothing felt the same.

He remembered Jess saying Bob used a condom and felt grateful for this protection. Then he imagined an alternative scenario, Bob coming inside her raw, his cum staying inside her for hours, Tom fucking Jess with Bob's semen still coating her insides, mixing with his cum. The image created intense arousal despite knowing it didn't happen.

He forced his mind away from these fantasies, recognizing them as dangerous territory.

He couldn't complain about getting exactly what he'd requested. Except getting what you wish for often reveals you didn't want it quite this way.

Exhaustion settled into his bones. He was tired of analyzing, tired of questioning, tired of processing. He wanted to feel something simple and uncomplicated for five minutes.

But emotions refused simplicity, arriving in contradictory clusters, arousal-shame, pride-humiliation, trust-betrayal, love-fear. He couldn't experience one without its opposite, couldn't find a clean emotional state.

He should try harder to sleep. Tomorrow was Wednesday, and he still had work obligations. The Denver project materials were waiting for review, meetings were scheduled, expectations needed to be met. He couldn't arrive at the office looking haggard and sleep-deprived without inviting questions.

He closed his eyes and mentally reviewed the Denver project scope, healthcare system inefficiencies, proposed solutions, implementation timeline. He managed maybe two minutes of focus before his thoughts drifted back to Jess and Bob.

He wondered what Bob was doing right now, if he was also awake thinking about what happened. No, Bob was probably sleeping peacefully, satisfied from a good fuck, no guilt or anxiety to disturb his rest. Bob had no stake in Tom and Jess's marriage, no investment in their emotional wellbeing. He just got to enjoy Jess's body without carrying any of the relationship weight.

The asymmetry infuriated Tom. It seemed fundamentally unfair that Bob received physical pleasure while Tom shouldered the emotional labor of processing. But Tom chose this arrangement, invited this exact dynamic. He couldn't complain about rules he wrote, a game he initiated.

Exhaustion finally began to overcome anxiety, his eyelids growing heavy. The last thought that crossed his mind before sleep was that in just over twenty-four hours, Jess would be with Bob again, and there was nothing he could do, or even wanted to do, to stop it.

Tom woke to the sound of his phone buzzing on the nightstand. He reached for it groggily, squinting at the too-bright screen. 9:47 PM. A text.

Miles: Need those Denver files ASAP. Client moved meeting up.

He sat up, rubbing his eyes. He reached for Jess instinctively, his hand finding only cool sheets where her warmth should have been.

"Jess?"

No answer.

He listened for sounds from the bathroom, running water, the toilet flushing, anything, but heard only silence.

A faint sound drifted up from outside the bedroom door, not distinct enough to identify, but definitely movement.

Tom slipped out of bed and walked to the door. The hallway seemed longer than usual in the darkness. He passed Jess's home office, then reached for his office door handle.

It was locked.

Tom frowned. They never locked interior doors. He tried again, jiggling the handle. Definitely locked.

Maybe he'd grabbed the wrong door in the darkness.

He turned back toward the bedroom, but the hallway had somehow extended. How many doors were there? Four? Seven? He suddenly couldn't remember.

A sound drifted up from downstairs. Not quite music, not quite voices, but rhythmic and muffled.

Tom moved toward the stairs, each step feeling slightly wrong, like walking on a boat deck that tilted under his weight. At the top of the staircase, he paused. Looking down, he couldn't see the bottom. It was too dark.

He descended anyway, one hand on the railing. The sound grew clearer. A woman's voice, breathless, moaning loudly.

The foyer appeared finally, looking as it should, but there was a door where no door belonged, set into the wall beneath the stairs. Light leaked from the crack at the bottom. The sounds were coming from behind it.

Tom reached for the doorknob. It turned easily, soundlessly, and the door swung open.

Bob's bedroom materialised in front of him. And there on the bed, Bob's substantial frame covering Jess's smaller body, her blonde hair splayed across the pillow, her face visible over his shoulder.

Her eyes were closed, lips parted, expression showing pure ecstasy. Her hands gripped Bob's broad back, nails digging into his skin. The rhythmic sounds were her moans, perfectly timed with the movement of Bob's hips.

Tom tried to speak. His mouth opened but no sound emerged, as if he'd been muted. He stood in the doorway, completely still, unable to move forward or back.

Bob's hips moved with steady, relentless rhythm. As he pulled back, Tom saw Bob's massive cock emerge from Jess's pussy, thick, glistening, coated with a ring of white frothy cream.

No condom, Tom's mind registered. He's fucking her raw.

When Bob thrust back in, Jess cried out loudly. Her back arched off the bed, breasts bouncing with the impact. More of that white cream emerged as Bob withdrew again, coating his shaft in a thick layer that mixed with her wetness.

Tom's cock throbbed. He shouldn't be aroused by this but watching that massive, cream coated shaft disappear into his wife over and over again created an overwhelming mixture of horror and desire that made his knees weak.

"Please," Jess gasped, her voice breaking. "Please, don't stop, don't stop, oh god!"

Then her eyes opened. They found Tom immediately, locked onto him with perfect clarity. For a moment, he thought she'd stop, thought recognition would break the spell, but her gaze passed through him with complete indifference, as if he were a piece of furniture, a mirror, a window, something that existed but held no significance whatsoever.

Her eyes fluttered closed again as another moan tore from her throat. Bob's rhythm never faltered.

Tom's perspective began to shift, pulling back against his will. The doorway receded. He tried to step forward, to enter the room, to make them acknowledge him, but his body wouldn't obey. The door started to close, slowly, inevitably, while Bob continued fucking his wife with that massive, cream coated cock.

Just before the door shut completely, Tom saw Bob's body tense, saw him bury himself completely inside Jess, heard her scream.

Tom suddenly jolted awake, heart pounding. His cock was hard. Sweat dampened his hairline and the back of his neck despite the cool room. For several seconds, he stared at the dark ceiling of their actual bedroom, disoriented, struggling to separate dream from reality.

He reached automatically for Jess, a primitive need to confirm her presence. When his fingertips found warm skin, relief flooded through him. She was here, not in Bob's bed, but beside him where she belonged.

Tom lay motionless, listening to Jess breathe beside him, trying to slow his hammering heart. His throat felt painfully dry. The wine, intense conversation, and sex had left him desperately thirsty.

He checked his phone on the nightstand. 4:03 AM. No messages from Miles. It was still dark outside, hours before either of them needed to wake for work.

Tom carefully slid out of bed, trying not to disturb Jess. He navigated through the darkened house without turning on lights, knowing every step by muscle memory. In the kitchen, he found evidence of their abandoned dinner, plates with food not fully eaten.

He quickly wrapped their plates with plastic wrap and placed them in the refrigerator, then retrieved a glass from the cabinet. The sound of water from the filtered dispenser on the refrigerator seemed unnaturally loud in the nighttime silence.

He drank the entire glass in long, continuous gulps, then refilled it immediately, drinking the second more slowly.

The dream's specifics were already dissolving the way nightmares do, images fragmenting into disconnected pieces that made less sense with each passing second. But the feeling remained. It wasn't fear exactly, or even jealousy. It was the terror of irrelevance, of standing in a room while the most important person in his life looked through him as if he'd already ceased to exist in her world. He could feel it still, that moment when her eyes had opened and found him completely unremarkable, already replaced by someone who mattered more.

Tom heard soft footsteps behind him before he saw her, recognizing Jess's gait instinctively. He turned to find her entering the kitchen completely naked, hair mussed from sleep, eyes heavy with lingering drowsiness. For a moment, she was the woman from his dream, the one who looked through him rather than at him.

"Can't sleep?" she asked, voice soft with concern.

Tom set his glass in the sink and turned on the tap to rinse it. "Bad dream," he admitted, though he didn't elaborate. "Just needed water."

Jess crossed the kitchen floor, bare feet silent on the cool tile. She didn't speak, didn't ask questions, just moved toward him. She wrapped her arms around his torso from behind while his hands were still in the sink. Her naked breasts pressed against his back, warm and soft. He could feel her nipples against his skin, already hardening from contact.

Despite his earlier orgasms and emotional exhaustion, Tom's body responded to her proximity. His cock stirred as Jess's hands slid down past his waist. One hand moved lower, finding him already half-hard, wrapping fingers around his shaft, beginning strokes that brought him quickly to full erection.

Her lips found his shoulder blade, pressing soft kisses across his back. Neither spoke, the moment held in silence broken only by his breathing and water still running in the sink. Tom turned off the tap, then turned in her arms.

"I love you," she whispered before he could speak. The words felt more significant at 4 AM after everything than they would have in daylight.

Tom cupped her face in both hands, thumbs brushing her cheeks. He kissed her deeply, trying to communicate what words couldn't capture. His hands slid down to cup her ass, pulling her against him. He could feel his erection trapped between their bodies, her stomach warm against his cock.

Jess broke the kiss, took his hand, and led him without words back through the darkened house. They reached the bedroom and slid under the covers together.

Tom moved over her and kissed her again, then positioned himself at her entrance.

When he pushed inside, he did it slowly, feeling every inch of the warm wetness enveloping him. He didn't analyze how she felt or search for differences. He just wanted this connection, this physical confirmation that they still belonged to each other.

Tom pulled back slowly, then pushed in again, establishing a rhythm that prioritized connection over intensity. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders, pulling her close, eliminating any space between their bodies. Jess responded immediately, legs wrapping around his waist, arms circling his back, nails pressing into his shoulder blades.

They moved together with the synchronization of years of practice, bodies knowing exactly how to fit, how to move. Tom's hips rolled forward in steady, deep strokes while Jess met each thrust with a slight lift of her own hips, creating a rhythm that felt natural, unforced.

Their mouths found each other again and again between gasps for air. The kissing was messy, graceless, their lips and tongues sliding together with no concern for technique. At one point Jess bit his lower lip.

"Fuck, I love you so much, Jess," Tom said against her lips, the words coming out broken between kisses and thrusts.

"I love you too," she responded, her nails digging into his back.

Minutes passed. Tom's arms began to shake from holding his weight up, his shoulders burning, but he didn't change position. Jess's legs tightened around him, heels pressing into the small of his back, pulling him deeper with each stroke.

Their rhythm increased slightly, Tom's thrusts becoming incrementally faster, more forceful. Jess moaned, the sound raw and unfiltered, her head tilting back into the pillow. Tom could feel sweat forming between their bodies where skin pressed against skin.

Tom's orgasm was building, but differently than earlier's desperate sprint to the finish. This felt earned, constructed from actual intimacy rather than performance anxiety.

"Don't stop," Jess breathed. "Please don't stop, right there, just like that."

Tom maintained his exact rhythm and angle, giving her what she needed.

When Jess came, she cried out his name. "Tom! Oh god, Tom!"

"Come with me," Jess urged. "I want to feel it, want to feel you."

The request, shattered Tom's restraint. "I'm... fuck, Jess, I'm..." He buried himself as deep as possible, his entire body going rigid as his orgasm hit. His cock pulsed inside her, pumping cum deep into her pussy while she clenched rhythmically around him, her inner muscles milking him, drawing out every drop.

They came together, mouths locked, swallowing each other's sounds. Tom stayed inside her as the sensations faded, their combined fluids starting to leak out around his shaft. Finally, he rolled off, both of them breathing hard, sweat cooling on their skin.

They lay on their backs side by side, shoulders touching, both staring at the ceiling. Tom felt the pleasant exhaustion of genuinely satisfying sex rather than the shame-tinged depletion from earlier. His legs felt heavy, muscles loose and warm.

Then awareness shifted to the practical implication of what they'd just done. He'd come inside her without protection, and she wasn't on birth control. The risk suddenly felt very real in the post-orgasmic clarity.

"Jess," he said, concern threading through his voice.

She turned her head to look at him, reading his expression even in the dim light.

"I know," she said, understanding immediately what worried him. She reached down between her legs, feeling the wetness there, his cum already starting to leak out of her. "It's probably fine. I should be safe. It's not really the right time in my cycle."

"Probably isn't definitely," Tom pointed out, the consultant in him needing more certainty. "We should get Plan B tomorrow, just to be safe."

Jess nodded agreement, but something in her expression suggested ambivalence.

"Maybe I should just go on birth control," she suggested. "If this is going to be ongoing with Bob, it would make things simpler."

The casualness with which she referenced "ongoing with Bob" created a strange feeling in Tom's chest. They were already assuming regular sex with their tenant was just part of their life now.

"We can decide that later," Tom said. "Let's just get the Plan B tomorrow and then figure out the longer-term plan."

"Okay," Jess agreed.

She got up and went to the bathroom to clean up. Tom lay in bed, waiting. She returned five minutes later, settling beside him, draping one arm across his chest, her leg hooking over his. Tom wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer.

He felt better than after their earlier encounter, less humiliated, more connected. The sex was slower, lasted much longer, felt more like them and less like comparison.

They fell silent again, both lost in their thoughts. Tom could feel exhaustion finally winning its battle against anxiety. He fell asleep feeling content for the first time since learning what had happened between Jess and Bob earlier that day.