

**THE SEQUEL TO THE BEST SELLING EROTICA SERIES
'HOW TO TURN YOUR TRAD WIFE INTO A HOTWIFE IN 10 DAYS'**

**THE
HOTWIFE
DIARIES**

#1. SINNER MINNIE

PAUL GARLAND

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Foreword

If you've found your way here, there's a good chance you already know Millie and Jamie — either from *How To Turn Your Trad Wife Into A Hotwife In 10 Days* or perhaps you've arrived straight from *The Modern Husband's Guide To Wife Sharing*. This book is a direct sequel to the Trad Wife series, but draws on threads from the Husband's Guide too, because by this point in their journey, both sets of characters have earned a more complicated story.

If this is your first time meeting them, welcome! You can start here, though the earlier books will make you care considerably more about what happens in this one.

Right then. Let's get on with it.

Paul

New Beginnings

Home and Heart

A blog by @DemureMillieGrace

Dear wonderful readers,

Sometimes life hands us golden opportunities, and for whatever reason, we let them slip by. Maybe nerves got the better of us, maybe the timing wasn't right, or maybe we just didn't realise how much we'd want that moment once it was gone.

But here's something I'm slowly learning: sometimes, if we're lucky, life gives us second chances. They might not look exactly the same—they rarely do—but when they come around, they can spark something new in us. Fresh opportunities to be brave, to discover what we missed before, or to finally see a side of ourselves we thought had passed us by.

Mr Heart and I are having dinner with dear friends tonight. Just dinner, of course, but every chance we get to spend time with our nearest and dearest should be treasured. Good company, shared laughter, .

finding ways to bring joy into our friendships... these are the moments that matter most.

So here's to taking second chances, welcoming the unexpected, and remembering that it's never too late to chase a little excitement.

Yours in courage on the second time around, Millie Grace

Chapter 1

Best Night Ever

Franco's looked exactly as Millie had described it—warm amber lighting spilling through tall windows onto the decking, where outdoor tables were covered by pull-out awnings bearing the restaurant's name.

Glowing orange patio heaters giving off enough heat to keep outdoor diners warm even in the cold winter evenings.

Inside, it was a typical upscale Italian, pristine white tablecloths, wine lists thicker than most novels, the heady smell of pizza and pasta filling the air. Six months ago, when I was still a salesman scraping by under Matthew's thumb, a place like this would've been laughable.

Now, as showroom manager with the owner Sophia's blessing and Matthew safely shuffled off to regional sales, I could actually afford to treat my best mate and his girlfriend to a proper night out.

My wife, Millie, squeezed my hand as we approached the bar, her red dress hugging every curve of her petite frame. She'd paired it with black heels that made her legs look endless despite her being barely five-foot-three, and her dark hair fell in loose waves over her shoulders.

Her deep brown eyes were bright with nerves and excitement, perfectly outlined with black eyeliner, flicked at the edges, and her lips were painted a dark, seductive red.

"You look incredible," I murmured, waving to the waitress, who took our names, checked our reservations and then led us across the room.

"You already said that three times," she said, smiling. "But keep going."

Our friends, Dean and Sarah, were already seated at a corner booth, waving us over. Dean stood as we approached—six-foot-two of solid natural muscle, dark hair cropped short, faint stubble along his jaw, broad shoulders straining the seams of his navy shirt. He'd been my best mate since school, the kind of friend who'd do anything for you, no matter what you were dragging him into. He pulled me into a quick hug, slapping my back hard enough to rattle my teeth.

"Fucking hell," he said, grinning. "Look at you, all successful and buying dinner at Franco's. What happened to the Jamie who thought Nando's was fancy?"

"Promotion happened," I said, grinning back. "Enjoy it while it lasts."

Sarah rose next, and she was stunning. Long blonde hair swept over one shoulder, blue eyes that sparkled with mischief, and full breasts straining against a black top cut low enough to make my mouth go dry.

She kissed my cheek first, lingering just long enough to be deliberate, then turned to Millie, pulling her into a hug that pressed their bodies together in a way that made my cock twitch in my pants.

"Millie," Sarah purred, stepping back but keeping her hands on Millie's arms. "That dress. Jesus. I wish I had a slimmer figure like yours, so I could wear slinky dresses like that."

Millie flushed, pleased. "You're one to talk. You look amazing. Those jeans really show off your long legs."

"Girls," Dean said, mock-stern. "Save the love-in for later. I'm starving. Let's get our food ordered."

We slid into the booth, me beside Dean, Millie beside Sarah, and a waiter appeared almost immediately with menus and water, rattling off specials in a pronounced Italian accent. Dean ordered a bottle of red, something Italian and expensive, and filled all four of our glasses generously once it arrived.

"To old friends," he said, raising his glass. "And new experiences."

"To new experiences indeed," Sarah echoed, those pretty blue eyes locked on mine.

We clinked glasses and drank. The wine was smooth, rich, the kind that made you feel sophisticated even if you had no idea what you were tasting.

"So," Sarah said, leaning back and crossing her legs in a way that made her feet brush against mine under the table. "This place. It's gorgeous. Have you been here before?"

Millie's smile flickered, just for a second. "I have. Once," she said quietly. "Matthew brought me here. Before we went to the penthouse suite."

The table went quiet. Not awkward, but charged with excitement.

Dean's eyes flicked to me, then back to Millie.

"Ah, yes," he said. "I remember Jamie telling me. Poor guy was sitting in the Three Feathers nursing a beer with Mina while you were being wined and dined."

Millie nodded, taking a sip of wine. "Matthew picked me up in one of the showroom Ferraris. Drove me here, bought me dinner, we had Champagne. He turned on the charm, telling me he'd wanted me since the moment we first met." She glanced at me, checking in. I nodded for her to continue. "Then we went to the Hilton Royal. Penthouse suite.

And, well, you know the rest, right?"

Sarah leaned forward, chin resting on her hand. "Yes, Dean told me.

A night of incredible sex. And Jamie got to watch it all."

"Yes," Millie said, voice steady despite the flush creeping up her neck. "It was quite the night."

"That's an understatement," I muttered, and Dean laughed.

"I know it was a few weeks ago now," he said, shaking his head.

"But I still can't believe you went through with it. Everything changed in ten days." He trailed off, grinning. "But I'm glad it did. Or we wouldn't be sitting here right now."

"It worked out well for everyone in the end," I said. "Except for Matthew."

We all laughed, and then the waiter returned, saving us from diving too deep too soon. We ordered—steak for me and Dean, seafood linguine for Millie, and risotto for Sarah. The conversation lightened as food arrived, shifting to safer ground: Sarah's online boutique, the little business she'd got going, lingerie she designed and sold, how her business was slowly growing. Dean's latest building site, perpetually behind schedule, his pain-in-the-ass boss. My new role at the showroom, the weird dance of managing people who used to be my peers.

But we hadn't finished talking about how everything had changed between the four of us. The tension between us was palpable. Every time Sarah laughed, her hand found my arm. Every time Dean spoke, his eyes were only on Millie. I could feel his legs moving, his knee touching Millie's under the table.

“So,” Dean said, halfway through his steak, wiping his mouth with a napkin. “Have you heard anything from Matthew since Sophia gave his job to Jamie?”

Millie nodded, spearing a prawn with her fork. “He’s texted a couple of times, just asking how we are. If I’m still... exploring this new side of me.”

“What about the other guy?” Dean asked, carving off a sliver of bloody steak and putting it into his mouth, his eyes flicking between the two of us. “What’s his name again? Lewis?”

“That’s the guy you slept with first?” Sarah asked quietly, the waiter hovering close by.

“Yes, on Matthew’s desk,” Millie replied softly. “No. He’s running another showroom for Sophia, miles away, in Birmingham.”

It was clear that Sarah still didn’t know the full story, so to save a night full of questions, I went through it again, from beginning to end.

How an innocent wardrobe malfunction by Millie on her Trad Wife Influencer Instagram reel had caught my boss’s eye, her breast falling out for a fraction of a second. That had led to a frank discussion between the two of us, him instantly recognising that I was turned on by the accidental exposure, and from there to a challenge that he could transform her from a dutiful and faithful wife who’d never been with anyone but me, to a hotwife happy to share her body with new men.

And most unbelievable of all, he’d said he could get her to open up like that in just ten days.

And it had worked. Just days after first seeing her nip-slip online, he had Millie and me sending him full nudes, sex videos and then in a major step forward, Dean, sitting next to me right now, had

managed to get Millie naked. What was supposed to just be a bit of fooling around led to him almost fucking her. But that didn't happen for another few days, when my colleague, Lewis, became the first man who wasn't me to fuck Millie, in our place of work, the luxury car showroom that I now managed.

"And then the next day, Day Ten," I continued, my voice rougher than I intended. "Matthew brought her here and then to the hotel, and that's when it all went downhill for him."

Dean let out a low laugh. "The dumbass forgot to tell his wife what he was up to. Not a good idea when your wife is also your boss."

"And now I have his job," I said. "While he's serving his punishment time as a regional salesman."

"Tell me," Sarah asked Millie directly. "Who was better, Lewis or Matthew?"

Millie met her gaze, unblinking. "I can't really compare them. Lewis was... spontaneous. Just once, fast, rough sex on a desk. Matthew was planned, in a hotel room, we did it three times, different each time."

She paused, then added quietly, "They were both good, in their own way."

Sarah's eyes darkened. She was a sexual woman, Dean had told me about her openness when it came to discussing all things sexual, and she wasn't holding back tonight. "But since then... no one else yet?"

The air thickened. Dean shifted beside me, adjusting himself under the table. I wasn't faring much better.

"Mina," Millie said, clearing her throat, her cheeks reddening. "The barmaid from the Three Feathers. My first experience with another

woman. Jamie's first time with someone else. But that's it, yes."

"First experience but not the last," Sarah continued, biting her lip sexily, then smiling. "The night's only just getting started, remember?"

"That's if she doesn't chicken out again," Dean grinned, shameless.

"I didn't chicken out," Millie protested, laughing. "I panicked.

There's a difference."

"You weren't ready for my boyfriend's big cock," Sarah said matter-of-factly, like she was commenting on the weather. "I can't blame you for hesitating. I needed a warm-up the first time I had a bigger-than-average one."

"And now here we are," Dean said, his hand sliding over the table, taking Millie's fingers in his and squeezing. "A month later, is it? And I've been thinking about that night ever since, wanting to finish what we started."

Millie's breath hitched. I watched her eyes go dark, watched her shift slightly in her chair.

"Well, tonight could be the night," Sarah smiled, turning those blue eyes on me.

The main courses disappeared, replaced by some gorgeous desserts and a second bottle of wine that went down far too easily. The conversation grew even filthier as tongues loosened with the alcohol. Sarah told us about her first threesome, before she and Dean had gotten back together after their first break-up, with a couple she'd met at a club.

She'd been nervous, but the other woman had kissed her, and suddenly it all clicked. Dean asked me what it was like, watching

your woman with another man for the first time, trying to prepare himself for the jealousy that he was sure he'd feel when it happened to him.

Millie was mostly quiet, listening, absorbing. I wondered how much of this she was filing away for her new blog, Sinner Minnie. She was still as active as ever on her 'Home and Heart' blog, her traditional wife persona, Demure Millie Grace, as popular as ever. But her new 'Sultry Whispers' page was growing too, wives and husbands curious about the lifestyle, following her perspective and enjoying her insights as we prepared to delve deeper into this new adventurous life. But as quiet as she was, I saw the way her chest rose and fell faster, the way her hand crept to my thigh under the table and squeezed.

By the time the bill came—eye-watering, but I'd budgeted for it—we were all wound tight, the tension so thick you could've cut it with a knife.

"Jamie," Dean said as I tapped my phone to the card machine, the transaction going through smoothly, "That was incredible. Seriously.

Thank you."

"Yeah," Sarah added, sliding out of the booth and smoothing her skirt. "You didn't have to pay for everything. We'd have been happy to chip in."

"No. I wanted to do this," I said. "Dean's my best friend, and you've both been... supportive... through everything." I glanced at Millie, who smiled and nodded.

Outside, the wintry night air was cool and sharp, carrying the chatter of Friday night revellers downtown. We stood on the pavement, the four of us, breath clouding in the amber light. Dean's flat was a ten-minute walk. Ours was a twenty-minute taxi ride. The question hung unspoken between us.

Dean cleared his throat, shoving his hands in his pockets. "So," he said, trying for casual and failing. "You two still up for coming back to ours? For... you know. What we talked about. A few drinks and then..."

see what happens?"

Sarah rolled her eyes, smirking. "Subtle, babe."

"What?" Dean said, grinning. "They know what I mean."

Millie looked at me, her eyes searching. Asking. I thought about everything that had led us here. The ten days with Matthew, each one ratcheting up the intensity until Millie had finally crossed the line, first Lewis, then Matthew, then the threesome with Mina. Before that, I remembered the night after the pool match when we'd watched Dean fuck Sarah behind the club. The night when Dean had nearly been the first to take Millie, his thick cock pressing in just an inch or two, Millie gasping before pulling back. The evening she'd sucked Shaun's cock while Andie watched, just to see if she could handle a big one. The night I'd fucked Kate, Millie's best friend, something she didn't know about.

Not yet. One day, I'd find a way to tell her when the time was right. But not tonight.

Tonight was the night we'd go one step further again. We'd come too far to stop now.

"Yeah," I said, my voice steady. "Let's go. If you want to, that is."

"Yes, I do." Millie exhaled, smiling. "Let's do it. What did you say, Dean? Drinks, and then see what happens?"

Sarah squealed, grabbing Millie's hand. "This is going to be amazing."

Dean clapped my shoulder, grinning widely. "I've got some really good whisky. Bought it from the duty-free last year and never got around to opening it."

The walk to their flat felt both endless and too short. Dean and Sarah lived in a modern block near the canal, on the third floor, a two-bedroom with an open-plan lounge and kitchen. Sarah had only moved in a month ago after they'd gotten back together, but her touch was already everywhere in the neutral greys and pops of colour, the candles on the coffee table.

"Wine?" Sarah asked, already pulling a bottle from the fridge. "Or something stronger?"

"Wine's good," Millie said, gazing at a painting on the wall, a tasteful nude that I strongly suspected was of Sarah.

We settled on the L-shaped sofa, me beside Sarah, Millie beside Dean, close enough that we were all touching. Sarah poured two generous glasses of red wine, Dean decanted two whiskies, and we drank, the silence stretching for a moment but not uncomfortably.

Dean found his voice first.

"So," he said, his arm sliding along the back of the sofa behind Millie. "I was thinking. It seems like I'm the least experienced one here when it comes to this sharing thing. Could I make a suggestion... a test the water thing, just for me?"

"Sure," Millie said immediately. "What kind of suggestion?"

"Because I don't know how I'm going to react to... Sarah being with someone else," Dean hesitated, looking between us, "Would it be silly if I just watched her kiss Jamie?"

Millie hesitated. "Kiss? Of course that's not silly. I totally get it.

Wouldn't you like to kiss me, too?"

"Okay," he smiled and put his empty whisky glass on the table.

"Let's do it," Sarah murmured, her hand finding my thigh and squeezing gently.

Dean kissed Millie first. She closed her eyes as he leaned in, slow, deliberate, his hand curling around her neck, drawing her against him.

She melted into him, a soft moan escaping as his tongue found hers. I watched, transfixed, jealousy and arousal tangling sharply in my gut.

I'd seen her do this several times now, but each time was just as intense as the first.

Sarah's hand cupped my jaw, turning me to face her. "Our turn," she whispered, and kissed me.

Her lips were soft, insistent, tasting of red wine and faintly of Italian food. Her tongue slid against mine, and I groaned, my hands finding her waist, pulling her closer. Across the sofa, Dean's hand disappeared under Millie's dress, sliding up her thigh, and she gasped against his mouth.

After that, our clothes began to come off in a rush. Sarah pulled my shirt over my head, nails raking lightly down my chest playfully. Millie stood and shimmied out of her red dress, letting it pool at her feet. She stood there in just her tiny black lace panties and heels, her braless small breasts flushed, her perky nipples hard. Dean groaned, pulling her back onto his lap.

"Fucking hell, Millie," he muttered, hands roaming over her body.

"You're perfect."

It was Sarah's turn to undress. She stood and stripped efficiently, her top, jeans, and bra all on the floor in seconds, and then she was in just a black thong that barely covered anything. Her breasts were fuller than Millie's, heavy and perfect. I'd seen her naked before in the pictures that Dean had shown me, but I couldn't stop staring at her now, her tits just inches from my face.

"Do you like what you see?" she teased, straddling my lap.

"Yeah," I said hoarsely. "Definitely."

She ground against my hard cock, the heat of her pussy seeping through my trousers, and I groaned, hands gripping her ass, enjoying the feeling of her, softer than Millie. Across from us, Dean had Millie on her back on the sofa, his mouth on her neck, then trailing lower, his lips closing over her nipples.

"Wait," Millie gasped, giggling suddenly. "I thought you just wanted to kiss?"

I stared at my wife, seeing her anew for what felt like the millionth time. She was still my beautiful, traditional wife, and yet here she was, almost naked, in the arms of my best friend. How long would it take for me to get used to this?

"I'm fine," Dean said breathlessly. "I didn't know how I'd be, but I'm fine."

Sarah had pulled back from kissing me, also breathless, her blonde hair mussed. She glanced at Millie, then at Dean, a wicked smile playing on her lips.

"So," she said, voice husky. "What are we thinking? Same room, own partners? Full swap? Girl on girl while the boys watch? Because I'm open to anything."

Millie bit her lip, her small breasts rising and falling rapidly. "I... I don't know. What do you want? I've done some girl-on-girl with Mina—we used a strap-on—but I'm open to whatever feels right. As long as we can stop, if someone needs to stop at any time."

Sarah's eyes lit up. "I don't have a strap-on. I wish I did. Well, I guess I can go first..." She looked at Dean, then me. "I want to watch you two together. Jamie and Millie. You watched me and Dean have sex that night. Let's see how you do it. Then you can watch us again... and then we swap."

Dean grinned, his hand still on Millie's bare thigh. "Works for me."

I've been dying to finish what we started that night. Getting just the tip in, feeling how tight you were, then having to stop? That's been killing me for weeks."

Millie's cheeks flushed deeper. "Me too."

Sarah slid off my lap, taking my hand. "Come on then. The bedroom's through here."

We all got up and followed her, a tangle of half-naked bodies and racing hearts. Their bedroom was spacious, a king-sized bed dominating the room, soft grey sheets, a bedside lamp casting warm light across the room as Sarah turned it on. Then, before Millie could react, Sarah immediately pulled my wife to her, kissing her. Millie responded, tentative at first, then eager, her hands sliding into Sarah's blonde hair, their almost-naked bodies pressed together.

Dean and I stood watching, my cock straining against the fabric of my shorts. He caught my eye, and I could tell he was as excited as I was.

"Fucking hell," he muttered. "This is really happening."

"Yeah," I said, my voice rough. "It is."

Sarah broke the kiss, turning to us, leaving my wife panting and wide-eyed with surprise. "Right. Jamie, Millie. You're up first. Show us what you've got."

My hands were shaking slightly as I finished undressing, kicking off my trousers and boxers. My cock sprang free, already hard, and Millie's eyes locked onto it. She peeled off her panties, standing there completely naked except for her heels. The soft bedroom lamp highlighted her petite, soft curves, that little triangle of dark hair between her thighs, her pussy already glistening slightly.

"Come here," I said, voice hoarse.

She came to me, and I kissed her hard, hands roaming over the familiar dip of her back while Dean and Sarah settled on the edge of the bed to watch. I walked Millie backwards until her knees hit the mat-tress, and she lay back, legs spreading for me.

"I'm so fucking horny," she moaned against my lips as I kissed her.

"I can't believe I'm going to let another couple watch us make love."

"After everything we've done, this is tame," I whispered into her ear, my mouth going to her neck, making her shiver with excitement as I planted a series of kisses down her throat and along her collarbone.

Then I positioned myself between her thighs, the tip of my cock pressing against her entrance. She was wet, ready, and I pushed in slowly, both of us groaning as I filled her.

"Fuck," Dean muttered from the side. "This is the horniest thing ever."

"I told you it would be." I looked over my shoulder at them. Sarah's hand was already between her own thighs, touching herself as she watched. "She's gorgeous, Jamie. Show us how you guys fuck."

I did, starting slow, enjoying the feeling of her tight heat around me, then I built the pace, my hips bunching against Millie's, her small breasts bouncing with each thrust. Her nails dug into my back, her moans filling the room as I got into a rhythm. I was hyper-aware of Dean and Sarah watching, of their eyes on us, how it made everything even sexier and hotter, and I realised that if I went too far, too fast, I wouldn't be able to last long.

"Jamie," Millie gasped against my neck, holding onto me tightly.

"God, yes. Right there."

I reached between us, fingers finding her clit, rubbing it in tight circles as I kept working my cock in and out. She cried out, clamping down around me, and I groaned, barely resisting the urge to cum myself. As soon as she finished quivering against me, I pulled out, panting, and Millie whimpered at the loss.

"My turn," Sarah said, moving up the bed, kneeling between her thighs as soon as I moved away, holding my cock tightly, trying to pull back from the edge of cumming. Before either of us realised what was happening, Sarah's mouth found her pussy, her tongue sliding through Millie's slick folds

Millie's eyes went wide as she looked down. "Oh fuck," she moaned, hands flying to Sarah's hair. "Oh my god."

Dean stood, finally stripping off his shirt and jeans, his cock—the one that had barely been inside my wife—already rock hard. He was a couple of inches bigger than me, thick, long and veiny. He stroked it slowly, eyes fixed on Sarah eating out my wife.

"Holy shit," he said to me, his voice tight. "I can't believe what I'm seeing."

"Yeah," was all I could manage to say, my own cock still hard, aching, wet with Millie's juices.

Sarah pulled back after a minute, lips glistening, Millie writhing on the bed. "She tastes amazing. But I think it's time for the main event."

She looked at Dean. "You ready, babe?"

"Fuck yes," Dean said.

Sarah lay back on the bed, spreading her legs wide. Her pussy was shaved bare, her small pink folds shining wetly. Dean climbed onto the bed as Millie sat up, positioning herself to watch. I walked around the bed, sitting next to her, eager to see this closerup, more intimate than the time we watched from yards away that night behind the club.

Dean positioned himself between Sarah's spread thighs, his thick cock pressing against her pretty pink entrance. She looked up at him with pure lust, wrapping her legs around his waist.

"Come on, babe," she breathed. "Show them how you fuck me."

Dean pushed in slowly, and Sarah's head tipped back, a long moan escaping her lips. He buried himself inside her completely, holding himself there for a moment, letting us see how her lips stretched out around his shaft, then began to fuck her, finding a slow but steady rhythm. The sight was mesmerising, my best friend's muscular body moving into his girlfriend, her blonde hair spread across the pillow, her large, soft breasts bouncing with each thrust.

Millie and I watched, transfixed. My cock was still achingly hard, and Sarah's eyes found it, tracking down from my face.

"Come closer, Jamie," she said breathlessly, reaching out. "Let me..."

I moved closer, and her hand wrapped around my shaft, gripping firmly and then starting to stroke me. The sensation made me groan, my hips jerking forward involuntarily.

“Fuck,” I muttered. “Sarah...”

Millie watched the hand working my cock, her own hand moving faster between her thighs. Her gaze lifted, and our eyes met—hers dark with arousal, mine probably wild with the same—as Sarah wanked me while Dean pounded into her. It was surreal, filthy, everything I’d hoped it would be.

“Harder, Dean,” Sarah gasped, her hand never stopping its rhythm on me. “Make me cum.”

Dean obliged, his hips snapping forward faster, the sound of his balls slapping against her ass filling the room. Sarah’s grip on my cock tightened as she climbed toward her peak, and I had to pull back slightly, unwrapping myself from her grip or I’d have finished right there and then.

“Yes, yes, fuck!” Sarah cried out, her body convulsing. Dean groaned, slowing but not stopping, working her through her orgasm. It had taken him only minutes to get her there, for which I was grateful because I wasn’t going to be able to hold back much longer. I needed to fuck, and I could sense the same in Millie.

When Sarah finally came down from her high, out of breath, her chest flushed, she looked between Millie and me with a wicked smile.

“I want to swap,” she said. “Please tell me you want to as well. I want to watch Dean fuck Millie. I want Jamie.”

My heart hammered in my chest. Millie’s deep brown eyes went wide, then darkened with want, her tongue moistening her lips nervously.

“Yes,” Millie said, her voice shaky. “I want Dean. All of him this time.”

My best friend pulled out of his girlfriend, the four of us moving around the bed without any further hesitation. Sarah sat up, positioning herself beside where Millie lay back on the bed, her thighs pressed together, her breasts rising and falling rapidly, excitement practically radiating from her.

"Are you sure?" Dean asked Millie, easing her legs open, positioning himself between them, his big cock still impressively hard. "Because this time, if you let me put the tip in, I'm not stopping until you've taken every inch."

"I'm sure," Millie breathed. "Please, Dean. I need to know what it feels like."

Dean pressed the large, swollen purple head of his cock against her entrance, and I watched, barely breathing, as he pushed in slowly. Just like that night at our house, the tip first, then another inch, Millie's small pussy stretched around his thickness.

"Fuck," Millie whimpered. "It's... oh god."

"That's where we got to last time," Dean said, his voice strained. "Do you want more?"

"Yes," Millie gasped. "More. Do it. Put it all in. I've had Matthew's big cock now. I know I can take it."

Dean pushed deeper, and Millie's back arched, a cry escaping her.

He gave her another inch, then another, until finally his hips were flush against hers.

"All of it," he groaned. "You're taking all of me, Millie. Fuck, you feel incredible."

"Dean," Millie moaned. "You feel so damn good. Please... fuck me."

Fuck me properly.”

He did, starting slow, letting her adjust, then building speed. Sarah lay beside Millie, propped on one elbow, watching intently. Then she leaned down, kissing Millie deeply on the mouth, swallowing her moans. The sight of my wife being fucked by my best friend while kissing his girlfriend was almost too much. My cock throbbed almost painfully between my legs.

Sarah broke the kiss, looking at me with those blue eyes, then let her legs fall open, showing me her beautiful pussy.

“Your turn, Jamie,” she said. “Fuck me while my boyfriend fucks your wife.”

“Yes,” Millie gasped between Dean’s thrusts. “Fuck her, Jamie. God, this is so hot.”

I positioned myself beside Dean and Millie and lowered myself onto Sarah’s soft, curvaceous body. She was still wet from Dean’s sex, and my cock slid straight inside her with little resistance, the warmth of it making me moan.

“Fuck me,” she whispered into my ear as our groins met, my length buried all the way inside. So I did, and within moments, the four of us were fucking almost in sync. Dean pounding Millie hard beside me, both women kissing again for a moment, and then their hands roaming. Sarah’s fingers found Millie’s breast, teasing her nipple, and Millie’s hand slid into Sarah’s blonde hair, then moved, a finger going into the woman’s mouth, Sarah sucking it erotically.

The four of us moved together, a tangle of sweaty bodies, groans and gasps. Then Dean moved, sitting up and dragging Millie up with him.

“On your hands and knees,” he ordered. “Both of you. Let’s fuck doggy style.”

The women complied, side by side on the bed, arses in the air. Dean moved behind Millie again, sliding back in with a grunt, Millie gasping at the smoothness of his first thrust. I took my position behind Sarah, pushing into her from behind likewise. The new angle was deeper, harder, and Sarah cried out.

"Fuck, yes," she moaned. "Just like that. That angle. Fuck me, Jamie."

Beside me, my wife was losing it, Dean's thick cock stretching her, clearly hitting spots inside her that I couldn't dream of reaching. Her moans were high, desperate, and I could see her arms shaking as she tried to hold herself up, her fingers knotted in the soft grey bedsheets.

Seeing Millie nearing orgasm, I felt my balls tighten. "I'm close," I grunted, feeling the pressure building. "Sarah, I'm..."

"Do it," she gasped. "Cum wherever you want. Inside, if you want."

But I didn't want to finish in her. I pulled out just in time, stroking myself fast as I came, a hot rope of cum painting Sarah's back and arse.

She moaned at the sensation, pushing back as if wanting more, and then I saw Millie cum.

As I wanked off, squeezing more jets of white cum onto Sarah's ass, Millie convulsed, her face dropping into the pillow on the bed, stifling a low, guttural cry. Dean kept fucking her, holding her by the hips even as she tried to wriggle away, slamming his cock hard and fast into her cunt until eventually, her thighs stopped quivering, and she let out a long, shuddering sigh.

Then he pulled out suddenly, wanking his long, angry-looking cock.

"On your back," he said hoarsely. "I want to see your face."

Millie rolled over, drenched in sweat, her dark hair plastered to her forehead, and Dean knelt over her, stroking himself frantically, then groaning as he came all over her tits, first one, then two long shots of cum streaking across her nipples, chest and stomach. Millie gasped, eyes wide, her hands coming up, pushing her small breasts together, letting him milk out the last few drops onto her body.

"Fuck," Dean panted. He was slick with sweat, too; all of us were.

"Fuck, that was..."

We collapsed in a heap, all four of us giggling breathlessly, high on endorphins and the sheer insanity of what we'd just done.

"That," Millie said, several minutes later, still laughing, "was amazing. Dean, your cock is... It's a good cock. I should have just let you fuck me that night at our house. I wish I had now."

"It is a good dick, isn't it?" Sarah said, grinning. She looked at me, her expression warm. "Jamie, you might not have the biggest dick, but you're no slouch in bed either. That was fun. Really good fun."

"Thanks," I said, oddly pleased by the compliment. "You're... yeah.

That was incredible."

Dean reached over, fist-bumping me weakly. "Best night ever."

"Agreed," I said, grinning like an idiot.

We lay there for a long while, catching our breath, touching each other lazily. Sarah's hand stroking Millie's hair, Dean's fingers tracing patterns on my wife's hip, my hand on Sarah's thigh. Intimate without being sexual anymore. Just... close.

Eventually, reality crept back in. Millie sat up, wincing slightly.

"I'm going to feel that tomorrow," she said, laughing. "Like I did with Matthew."

"Good," Dean said, unrepentant. "I wouldn't want to be outdone by that loser."

We dressed slowly, finding our clothes scattered across the flat. We finished our drinks and ordered our taxi, then Dean and Sarah walked us to the door, all of us grinning, faces flushed, still sweaty but satisfied.

We hugged, kissed, made promises to talk in a couple of days, and then we were in the taxi, quiet but more comfortable than we'd ever been after one of these types of encounters before.

Millie's head was on my shoulder, her hand in mine as she looked up at me, nothing but love in those soft brown eyes.

"No regrets?" she asked.

"None whatsoever," I said. "What about you?"

"None at all," she whispered. "But Jamie... what comes next? We haven't really thought beyond doing this with Dean and Sarah."

"We'll talk about that tomorrow," I said, kissing her forehead.

"Tonight, we just go home, let Andie and Shaun know we're okay. Then, when they've gone, we kiss the kids goodnight and go to bed. Just the two of us. Jamie and Millie."

"Jamie and Millie," she smiled up at me. "Yes. I love you."

"I love you too," I whispered back.

But were we still just Jamie and Millie? In her trad wife blog, she called us Demure Millie Grace and Mr Heart, her pseudonym for me.

In her new blog, the Hotwife Diaries, as I like to call it, she referred to us as Sinner Minnie and Mr Stag.

As the taxi pulled up at the bottom of our drive and we stepped out into the bitterly cold night air, I couldn't help but wonder. Who were we really? Were we an amalgamation of the three personas? Did she see herself as more of Demure Millie now, or more of Sinner Minnie?

And could we ever go back to just being Millie and Jamie, if we ever wanted to?

On Guidance and Letting Go

Home and Heart

A blog by @DemureMillieGrace

Dear readers,

Some seasons of marriage feel like walking along a well-marked path. Someone's gone before you, laid out the route, put up little sign-posts: Do this, don't do that, turn left here. It's comforting, in a way. You just follow along, hand in hand, and trust you'll end up somewhere good.

Other seasons feel more like stepping out into an open field at dusk.

No signs. No fences. Just wide open space and a sky that seems a bit too big. You know you're still together, you know where home is, but deciding which way to walk next can feel a little overwhelming.

Lately, Mr Heart and I have been talking about that. About how sometimes, even the strongest couples need gentle guidance. Not someone to take over, or to drag you where you don't want to go, but a wise friend who can point out a gate you hadn't noticed, or a trail you might have missed if you'd stayed on the main road.

We're learning that it's okay to admit, "We don't have all the answers yet." It's okay to ask for help, to pray for direction, to wait for the right person or opportunity to nudge you in a new, exciting, but still safe direction.

What matters most is that, whatever fields we wander through, we always come back to the same front door, the same table, the same bed.

Home first. Adventure second.

Yours in trust and gentle guidance,

Millie Grace

Chapter 2

A Woman In Demand

The supermarket trolley wheels got stuck in a seam in the floor tiles.

"Urgh. Why do I get a trolley with a dodgy wheel every darn time?" I cursed, rattling it backwards and forwards until the wheels came free.

"Daddy swore!" Ethan pulled on his mother's arm, but luckily, she paid him no heed. His sister, Grace, was perched in the child seat at the end, her small legs kicking against the metal bar, curls bouncing with each jolt as I pushed the wobbly trolley over another grid of tiles.

"I didn't swear," I corrected our son. Ethan was walking beside it, one hand gripping the trolley's side, the other clutching a plastic lorry he'd insisted on 'helping' carry. Millie used her hip to nudge the trolley to the left, down a different aisle, scanning the shelves for passata, her dark hair slipping from its hairband to brush her cheek. "Okay, that's everything for tonight." She placed a jar of tomato puree in the trolley, then looked at me. "Chicken casserole tomorrow? Or the beef stew? I've got that new recipe that someone left in the comments section. I promised I'd try it."

I shrugged my indifference, then followed her as she moved on, past the bakery section where warm bread smells clashed with cleaning fluid. My mind wasn't on the shopping. It was still in Dean's flat, those grey sheets tangled around four bodies, Sarah's back arched under me, Millie's gasps as Dean sank into her. It was two weeks ago now, pre-Christmas, but I'd been reminded of it when Dean texted earlier, his message consisted simply of a pint emoji and 'next week?' There wasn't any weirdness in his text. But what if there was when we met up? What if every time we grabbed a beer, I'd see his

cock in my mind's eye, disappearing into my wife, her nails digging into his back?

Grace twisted in her seat, pointing at cereal boxes. "Coco pops, Mummy! Pwease?"

"Later, poppet," Millie said, ruffling her curls without looking down.

"Let mummy do the shopping first." She held two jars of some sauce or other, one in each hand, labels facing out. "Jamie? Earth to Jamie.

Casserole or stew?"

"Casserole," I said, barely registering. Ethan darted ahead to the herb display, grabbing a bunch of basil and waving it like a flag. "Whatever you want."

Millie dropped both jars in the trolley—thunk, thunk—and moved on, Ethan trotting to keep up behind her. "I've decided to do a cook-along stream on Thursday. Something simple for the followers—maybe the lemon roast chicken. And sourdough next week. That post got three hundred comments likes, the one asking for the recipe."

"Sounds good." I tossed a bag of onions in absent-mindedly, papery skins crackling under my fingers. Grace whined, kicking harder, her unicorn wellie slipping half off one foot. Dean had always been the mate whom I went to for advice, or just for some company when I needed it. Now I'd watched him cum on Millie's tits, her small hands spreading it across her chest. Would he mention it next time, casually over a beer in the pub? How's Millie? Tight as ever?

"Daddy, up!" Grace demanded, arms outstretched, lower lip pushing out.

I lifted her onto my hip, her weight familiar and warm through her puffy coat. She smelled of strawberry yoghurt from lunch, a smear

still on her sleeve. Ethan ran back, the fan of basil thrust at Millie. "For pasta?"

"Good choice," she said, dropping it into the trolley, frowning at the onions I'd put in there, probably wondering when she'd done it. Grace buried her face in my neck, giggling as I bounced her lightly. Millie looked up, her expression softening just a fraction—pride, maybe—in the small family unit we'd made together.

We turned onto the cleaning aisle, and that's when the trolley almost clipped an older couple blocking the way. The man, upright with the help of a walking stick, wore chinos and a grey cardigan, steadied himself by grabbing a shelf as I pulled up in front of him. His wife, shorter, silver hair in a neat bob, turned with a smile that crinkled her eyes.

"Millie!" she said, genuine warmth cutting the fluorescent hum. "It's been ages since I last saw you."

"Eleanor!" Millie straightened, ponytail swinging. Grace perked up on my hip, twisting to stare. "I'm sorry I haven't been to Book Club. A lot of things have slipped my mind lately."

Eleanor tutted, but her eyes stayed kind, flicking to the kids. "I understand you're busy. But we do miss our favourite trad wife blogger. That post on Christmas dinner leftovers? Pure gold. And oh, look!

Your little ones! Grace, is it? You've grown!"

Grace hid her face in my shoulder, peeking out shyly. Ethan edged closer to Millie's leg, basil forgotten. "Grace and Ethan," Millie said, resting a hand on his head. "And this is my husband. Jamie, this is Eleanor from book club. And...?"

"Geoffrey," the man said, voice clipped, extending a hand. His grip was firm, dry. His eyes landed on Millie, a quick scan of her jeans

and cream jumper, then up to her face, but lingered a beat on her chest before flicking away.

"A pleasure to meet you both," I said, shifting Grace's weight.

Eleanor beamed at the kids. "Ethan, such a handsome helper. And Grace, you look so like your mummy."

Geoffrey cleared his throat, mouth opening. "It's nice to meet you, Millie. I really enjoy some of those videos you do—"

"Geoffrey," Eleanor cut in sharply, eyes narrowing over her bob.

"Yes, he enjoys your blog. Especially your faith posts. I love your fashion and gardening videos. You're always so uplifting and inspiring."

"Uplifting," Geoffrey mumbled, but went quiet when Eleanor gave him another look. Millie caught my eye, a single-second flash of understanding. Geoffrey must've seen the tit-slip video, the one where her blouse gaped open mid-stream, followers flooding comments before she deleted the clip. Or perhaps the couple she'd done deliberately, following that exciting accident, where her nipples had been poking through her thin dresses.

"I'll try to make it to the next club meeting, I promise," Millie said, smoothly. "I've missed you all, too. I've just been busy and... distracted, lately. Life's busy. The kids, wifely duties. You know how it is."

"Of course, I remember how it was when our little ones were growing up," Eleanor said, patting Millie's arm reassuringly.

"Community hall, Thursday. Text me and I'll let you know the times. I know it's the other end of the city, but it would be a joy to see you. We need our Millie Grace back."

Grace squirmed down from my hip, toddling to grab Millie's leg.

Ethan tugged the trolley. "Can we get cheese now?"

"Yes, let's get you some cheese. See you soon," Millie called as Eleanor steered Geoffrey toward the meat section, his basket swinging against his hip from his free hand.

I put Grace back in her seat and pushed on down the aisle, Ethan racing ahead when he saw the dairy fridges at the front, near the tills.

"Book club?" I asked Millie. "I thought you were bored with that?"

"I was," Millie admitted as she grabbed a block of Parmesan, lifting it to her face, her nose wrinkling at the smell. "But maybe I should go.

It's always good to get new reading recommendations. Plus, Eleanor's nice. They all are."

Grace banged her wellie against the trolley bar, rhythmically. Ethan hauled open a fridge door, revealing neatly stacked blocks of cheese.

Millie lifted him to choose, his small hand pointing to the mild cheddar.

For whatever reason, he loved cheese. It was better than candy, I guess.

The checkout line snaked along slowly, beeps punctuating each scan, until we got to the front, the passata jars tumbling onto the belt, Ethan's plastic lorry rolling alongside the sauce, making the cashier smile down at him. "Helping Daddy today?" she asked, and he nodded solemnly, handing over the basil bunch like it was gold.

Grace twisted in her seat, waving her wellie at every bag packed, chanting "mine peas, mine peas." Millie loaded the trolley efficiently, then we wheeled out, the chill December car park air hitting us, concrete damp underfoot from earlier rain and sleet.

I hefted two bags into the boot, Ethan dragging a lighter one with both hands, grunting like a stevedore. "Got it, champ?" I asked, and he puffed his little chest out. "Yeah!"

It only took ten minutes to get home, the kids chattering nonstop all the way. Grace named every veg she'd helped pick up, "caw-wots, 'tatas, peeeeeee-s. ` Ethan decided he wanted a Duplo garage next Christmas, to house his lorry fleet, complete with ramps and petrol pumps.

Inside, bags thumped onto the counters, rustling as we unpacked the weekly shop: milk slid into the fridge, tins and jars lined up on the side, vegetables rolling toward the sink before I stopped them with a quick hand. Ethan grabbed his lorry and a packet of stickers, already halfway up the stairs, with a shouted, "Come watch me play, Dad!"

I promised him I would later, as Millie laughed, shook her head fondly, and turned on the TV in the living room for Grace. Scooby Doo filled the house with its familiar theme tune as our daughter settled cross-legged on the rug, thumb in her mouth, eyes glued to the screen.

In the sudden lull of the kitchen as we headed back in to put everything away, it hit me. Two healthy kids. A house that smelled of laundry and cooking and melting candles. A wife quietly humming to herself as she moved between the cupboards and fridge, sleeves pushed up, hair tied back. My beautiful Millie, who kissed bumped knees, remembered school open days, and showed up at community events with home-made brownies. My sexy Millie, who'd bent over what was now my desk in the showroom and taken Lewis's thick cock hard from behind, who'd spread her legs in a hotel room for my old boss, who'd let my best friend cum on her tits while I watched. Millie was a dutiful, kind, soft-voiced mother, and simultaneously a highly sexual woman who loved to fuck.

Unaware that I was watching her, Millie folded the last carrier bag and tucked it into the cupboard by the back door. "Let me get dinner started," she said, coming over to kiss my cheek. "Then you can tell me why you've been so distant all day."

I sighed. "It's nothing. I've just been thinking, that's all."

"About?"

I sighed, deciding to open up a little. "Dean and Sarah." I picked at a loose thread hanging from my sweater, hoping it didn't unravel too much. "Us. What's going on with all of that."

Millie moved around the kitchen, gathering items and ingredients, and putting them on the table. "Dean and Sarah, huh? Are you thinking about... his cock in me?" Millie finished, matter-of-fact. She turned, tea towel in one hand, knife in the other, eyebrow raised. "Or you in Sarah?"

For a moment, I was taken aback at her serious expression, until she laughed gently. "Relax," she said soothingly, although I didn't relax until she'd put the knife down. "I'm teasing you. Look, that night was good, Jamie. Really good. But there's no rush, is there?"

"I know." I hesitated. "It's just... The thing with Shaun, Dean, Lewis, Matthew, Mina, and then Dean and Sarah. It all happened so quickly, and now... nothing. It feels like we slammed on the brakes. Is everything okay?"

Millie nodded slowly. "Everything's fine. I was going to talk to you about it sometime," she admitted. "But we've been busy. Christmas, your new job, the kids out of school. I've been focused on Home and Heart again. I promise, nothing's wrong. We've been having lots of sex, haven't we?"

"We have," I said. No argument there. Our bedroom had barely cooled since Day Ten. Still, sometimes, midway through, I'd catch a

flicker in her eyes and wonder if she was enjoying me, or thinking back to a different cock.

She seemed to read something in my face. "We've not put the brakes on," she said softly. "We're just... going slowly again. Let me get this in the oven, do my little trad-wife thing on TikTok, then after the kids are in bed, we'll sit down and actually think it through, okay?"

"Okay," I said.

She flashed a quick smile and picked up the knife again. "Right.

Onions. Try not to sulk while I'm being wholesome."

She propped her phone on the tripod, angled it just so, and hit record. The transformation was instant.

"Hello, lovelies," she told the lens, voice warm and bright. "Tonight we're making a simple family chicken casserole you can pop in the oven and forget about..."

I slid to the side, out of frame, and helped by prepping the vegetables beside her while she narrated: two onions, medium-diced; three carrots, peeled and sliced; thyme sprigs, tied. The house filled with the smells of softening onions, browning meat, and garlic hitting hot oil.

Grace wandered in once, hair mussed, clutching a plushie, until Millie scooped her onto her hip mid-sentence, kissed her cheek, and carried on without missing a beat.

"Perfect for busy mums," she said, stirring, "especially this time of year."

Then the casserole was in the oven, the phone recording was saved and posted, and we reset the table. Ethan and Grace took their

places, Ethan announcing he was “starving to actual death,” Grace banging her spoon. We ate together, the four of us, gravy thick and rich, bread fresh and light. Grace got half of her casserole around her mouth; Ethan told us at length about building the biggest tower in class. Millie listened, prompting and laughing, and wiping chins.

After, we tag-teamed the kids’ bath and bedtime. Steam fogged the bathroom mirror as Ethan made a flotilla from plastic cups; Grace squealed when Millie washed shampoo from her curls. We split reading stories in their rooms between us, the nightlight throwing stars across the ceiling in Grace’s room, where I did my part. By the time we crept back downstairs, I felt tired but satisfied and content, like I often did. Being a dad was hard, but rewarding.

Millie sank onto the sofa, tucking her feet under her. “Okay,” she said. “Dean and Sarah, Mina, all of that. What do you want to happen?”

I sat opposite, elbows on my knees. “I don’t know,” I admitted, taken aback a little by her directness. This was the new Millie, and I liked it, but it was going to take some getting used to. “Part of me wants to lock it where it is. Say we did it, it was amazing, tick. Part of me wants more.

Seeing you with... them,” I shook my head, not wanting to go into too deeply in detail. “I can’t pretend I didn’t love it.”

A slow smile tugged at her mouth. “I did too,” she said. “Although some of it still seems crazy to me, hard to believe we did it, went through with it.”

“Yeah, I feel the same way,” I muttered. “But we did.”

“We did,” Millie went on. “So... Mina’s been hinting about another night. She messaged just last week, said thinking about us had got her all worked up. I didn’t reply right away, I thought I’d talk to you first.

And Sarah texted too. She definitely wants a round two. I'm sure Dean will bring it up next time you meet him."

"Probably," I said. "That's encouraging. But... what about beyond them? Do you still want to... I don't know how to word it. Expand your horizons?"

Millie laughed, the sound of it warming my heart like it always did.

"That's one way of putting it."

"Well, do you?"

"I... um," her cheeks turned pink, her eyes slightly glassy as she gazed at me. "Yes. I want to try new things. New men."

"Who?"

Millie's demeanour changed. She shrugged, unconcerned. "I'll think of something. If we want new men, we'll find them. That's the easy part, I think. I have dozens of them message me every day on the new hotwife blog I'm doing." She leaned forward, eyes serious.

"What matters is us. I like this... side of me we've found. I do want to explore it further. But I'm not going to risk damaging what we have to do it."

"That's good." I smiled, "I totally agree. I guess another thing I've been feeling is... like something's missing now that the ten days are over. Not because I want us to move on to the next thing immediately, but because before, there was always... a next thing. Matthew had a plan. A list. Day by day. We just had to show up and do it."

"Yes," Millie said slowly, looking down into her lap. "Now it's just us.

And we're new to this, and we don't really know what to do next."

“Exactly.”

Mille looked up, her pretty eyes serious. “It’s like we need... not a puppet master,” she added quickly, “I’m not giving anyone that power again. But someone to guide us a bit. To push us. Tell us, ‘This is what you’re doing on Friday, wear this, be there.’ Without us overthinking it.”

“Like a new Matthew,” I said, the words tasting strange.

She winced, then nodded. “Sort of. Without the manipulation. Just... someone who sees what we want before we do and gives us a shove.”

The idea of bringing another man into that kind of role made something in me bristle, but another part of me—not knowing the ins and outs of the lifestyle—felt the pull.

“What’s most important to me,” she said quietly, “is being a good wife and a good mum. That’s the main course. Everything else is... dessert. Fun. We stop the second it stops feeling like that. Deal?”

I let that sit, looking at her, the woman who could calm a tantrum with a hug, who could make a casserole look sacred on camera, who’d begged Matthew to fuck her harder. “Deal,” I said.

She reached across and squeezed my knee. “Don’t lose sleep over any of this. We’re not signing up for a ten-day boot camp again. We’re just... admitting we might need a bit of outside help to keep moving.”

She paused. “Besides, you’ve got enough to think about. You’re seeing Sophia tomorrow, remember?”

I had remembered. I'd just been doing a good job of pretending I hadn't. First day back at the showroom since she'd returned from Italy.

Last time I'd seen her alone, several weeks ago, she'd sat on the edge of her desk, hitched up her skirt, and made me prove how badly I wanted the manager's job with my tongue buried between her thighs.

"Yeah," I said. "I hope she's happy with the way things are going."

Millie watched me, expression unreadable. "You nervous?"

"A bit," I admitted. "She's... intense. And demanding."

Millie leaned forward, put her small hand on my thigh, and squeezed. "She also made you manager and packed Matthew off onto the motorway," Millie said. "She had enough confidence in you to run her showroom, and so do I. You'll be fine, I'm sure. You can handle Sophia."

I huffed a laugh, keeping the double-meaning of that to myself. "I'm not sure anyone can handle Sophia. That's the problem. She's a force of nature, that one."

She let go of my thigh and stood, smoothing down her top. "Then maybe let's not overcomplicate two things at once. Tomorrow, you charm Sophia and organise a night out with Dean to get some of this stuff out of your head with a male friend. That'll be good for you. Mean-while, I'll think about our 'new Matthew' situation. We can reconvene later." She tipped her head toward the stairs. "Come on. Bed. Let's have an early night."

I followed her upstairs, she disappeared into the bathroom while I checked on the kids, making sure they were both fast asleep, then headed into our room. I stripped to my boxers and slid under the duvet, listening to the familiar sounds of Millie getting ready for bed,

the tap running, her electric toothbrush, the bathroom storage unit door opening and clicking shut. When she emerged, the overhead light threw her into silhouette for a second.

And then I enjoyed the sight of her as she smiled and approached the bed. She wasn't in her usual pyjama shorts and vest.

Thin black fabric clung to her instead, a nightie I hadn't seen in a while, lace edging the cups, hem grazing the top of her thighs. The material caught the light as she moved, nothing underneath to interrupt the lines of her body. For a moment, she didn't come to bed. She stood at the dresser, looking at herself in the mirror, face serious, almost distant. She picked up a cotton pad and some toner, slowly removing her makeup while I watched from the pillows.

As I lay there, waiting for her, I wondered what was running through her head now. This hypothetical man she thought might guide us? The crazy sexual boundaries we'd crossed? Or the simpler things like her trad wife blog, or packed lunches, birthdays, even the book club.

Then she put down the toner, tossed the greasy cotton wool into the bin next to her foot, and met her own gaze in the glass, something decided in her expression, and turned toward me. Whatever she'd been turning over in her head, she left it at the dressing table.

She crossed the room slowly, the nightie whispering around her thighs, climbed onto the bed, swinging a leg over my hips, warm weight settling on me. Up close, her eyes were clear, not distant. Just... hungry.

"Whatever we do in the future," she murmured, leaning down to kiss me, "It starts and ends here. With us. With this."

Her hand slid under the duvet, fingers closing around my cock through the thin cotton of my boxers, squeezing in a way that erased Matthew and Dean and hypothetical new puppeteers in one electric jolt. My breath hitched, my thoughts scattered, as she pulled

back the covers and my shorts, then wrapped her lips around the head of my cock.

For now, there was only her and the quiet promise that whatever was coming next, we would face it the way we always had. Together.

On Leaps and Sparks

Home and Heart

A blog by @DemureMillieGrace

Dear readers,

Do you ever find yourself standing at a crossroads, waiting for a sign? I've been there lately. That strange, restless feeling of knowing you want to move forward, but not quite knowing which road to take.

Waiting for a spark. Waiting for something—or someone—to point you in the right direction.

Mr Heart and I have been talking about this a lot recently. There's a particular kind of discomfort that comes not from unhappiness, but from stillness. When life is good, the children are well, the home is warm, and yet something in you shifts quietly in its seat and whispers: what's next?

I've always believed in waiting for God's timing. That the right door opens when it's meant to. But I've also been wondering lately whether sometimes, faith isn't about waiting at all. Whether sometimes, you .

take a leap, and that leap is the sign. Whether the spark only comes after you've already decided to move.

Maybe direction isn't something you find standing still. Maybe you only discover where you're going once you've had the courage to start walking.

So this week, I'm choosing to walk. Wherever the road leads.

Yours in faith and forward motion,

Millie Grace

Chapter 3

Taking Stock

The showroom looked exactly as I'd asked the cleaners to make it. The polished floors gleamed, freshly buffed cars posed under the spotlights like sculptures, and the smell of the leather fragranced air fresheners I'd ordered hit me at the door. They'd even scrubbed up my name sign on the desk in my manager's office and washed out my coffee mug on the desk. It was perfect. Karen was already there, sitting behind the reception counter, ready to field any early morning calls. And all of this for one reason.

Sophia was back.

Her email had arrived last week, after work, while I was helping Ethan build a Duplo motorway across the living room floor. Next Friday. Ten o'clock in your office. Bring the Q1 figures. There were no pleas-antries. No, hi, Italy was wonderful. Hope the family's well. Just times for the meeting, signed off with a single initial, S. I'd stared at it long enough for Grace to climb onto my lap and press her sticky fingers over the screen.

The salesroom had run smoothly while she'd been gone, so there hadn't been much need for communication between us. Just brief, functional email exchanges while she was away. Sales updates, staffing queries, a budget approval she'd signed off in three words. It was all professional and perfunctory. The kind of clean, to-the-point correspondence that let me almost forget the last time I'd been in a room with her—on my knees between her thighs, her fingers in my hair, her voice steady as she gave me the ultimatum: Lick me. Get me off if you want the job. And then, when I had: the smoothed skirt, the signing of my new employment contract, the

quiet smile, and: If you don't fuck me now, you know you'll fuck me later. I always get what I want, Jamie.

I'd spent the past weeks managing not to think about that.

Millie had ironed my shirt before the school run, licked her fingers and pushed down a lock of stray hair above my ear, then squared my tie and collar. She'd looked me up and down approvingly, then said without particular emphasis: Don't let her bully you. As if Sophia were simply a difficult client.

The redhead receptionist, Karen, looked up as I came in. "She's already here, waiting in the glass office. She brought someone."

I paused, hand still on the door. "Someone?"

"He looks Mediterranean. Very good looking." Karen's expression was carefully neutral. "Seems to be following her around like a lost puppy. I don't like men like that, even when they're handsome. I prefer my men to be real men, you know what I mean?"

"Indeed, I do, Karen," I smiled, amused as always by her chatty manner. Karen had been one of the first staff I'd interviewed and recruited, once I'd become manager. She'd been a good hire so far, always brightening my day.

I straightened my jacket and walked through.

The glass office, officially mine for the last few months, but never quite losing the feeling of someone else's territory, so I'd moved my desk into the other, smaller office—held two people. Sophia stood at the glass window that looked over the sales floor, with her back to me, coffee in hand. The man in the low chair opposite the desk was somewhere in his late forties, dark-haired, going silver at the temples, open-collared shirt, the kind of tan that came from actually living in good weather rather than chasing it. He looked up when I entered, unhurried, and gave a brief nod.

Sophia turned.

She somehow looked different and exactly the same as the day I'd licked her pussy, weeks ago now. The suit was new, charcoal and fitted, the kind that cost serious money and couldn't be bought off the peg. Her raven-dark hair was slightly shorter, her skin deeper tanned. But the eyes were unchanged: pale grey, still, reading you before you'd finished speaking.

"Jamie." She crossed to the desk and sat, gesturing at the chair beside her companion without ceremony. "This is Marco. My Italian friend."

"You mentioned him," I said, extending a hand across the desk, recalling how Matthew had lied to me and told me that Sophia had run away with the gardener, Marco. Except he wasn't a gardener, he was her sidepiece, and Matthew and Sophia were still very much married.

"I'm Jamie."

"And I am Marco." His handshake was firm, brief. His English was precise, lightly accented. "Sophia tells me you've done excellent things with this branch."

"The team's been good," I said, settling into the chair.

"Don't do that," Sophia said, sitting opposite me, behind the desk that should be mine, but which I didn't use, opening the Q4 report and Q1

projection I'd left on the desk for her without looking up. "Take the credit. It's unbecoming to deflect it."

Marco smiled faintly, in the way of a man who'd heard this particular instruction before.

We spent forty minutes on business. Sales were up eleven percent.

Floor traffic improved after the Christmas refresh. The repeat-customer rate matched the company's best on record. She moved through the figures efficiently, asked sharp questions, and approved the Q2 marketing budget with a single amendment. I answered everything cleanly. I'd been doing this long enough now that I knew the numbers cold.

Marco contributed little, watching mostly, occasionally murmuring something to Sophia in Italian that I didn't catch and wasn't meant to.

He didn't feel like an observer. He seemed more like a second pair of eyes she trusted.

When she closed the folder, the register shifted, as it always did when the agenda ran out.

"This is all impressive. More importantly, you look settled, Jamie," she said. "The role suits you."

"I feel the same way," I said. "I'm enjoying it."

"Enjoying your job is important." She leaned back, considering me.

"And your family? Millie? How is she?"

There it was. The question placed too carefully to be casual.

"The kids are good. She's well," I said. "Really well. Umm... is Matthew okay?"

"He's fine. Making the most of his new role, just as you are. What about the two of you?" A pause, precise as a scalpel. "After everything my husband set in motion. Has it continued?"

Marco showed no reaction. Either Sophia had told him everything, or he was very good at his poker face.

"It's, umm... continued," I said, matching her directness. "We had some good experiences over Christmas. Things we'd both wanted." I held her gaze until she glanced at Marco briefly. Something passed between them, quick and private. Her lover moved from the chair, nodding politely, then left the room, closing the glass door behind him.

Then she looked back at me. "Marco knows of your... situation. We tell each other everything. He doesn't judge, so you don't need to worry about him. Even so, it's easier for you to talk to me without him around, right?"

I nodded.

"Good," Sophia smiled, her eyes watching me keenly. "Then talk."

"I mean..." I adjusted my tie. It seemed to be getting suddenly warmer in the office. "What do you want to know?"

"You could start by telling me if Matthew has been in touch at all."

She took a sip of her coffee, those pale eyes never leaving mine. "He tells me that he hasn't, but I like to make sure he's telling me the truth."

"No, actually. We've not spoken since... the last time," I replied truthfully. Then I saw an opportunity, and decided to risk taking it, "Although I kind of wish I had."

"Oh," Sophia put down the cup, swivelling ninety degrees in the chair, but keeping her face directly at me. "Why? Because he was a good fuck for Millie?"

"Not really, no." I took a deep breath. "Well, yes, he was, if I'm honest, but it's not that. It's just... we've hit a wall, a bit, with the whole hotwife thing. Without Matthew's structure, his ten-day plan thing, without someone telling us what comes next, we've been finding it harder to... move forward. We've done a couple of things, but only with our friends. I think Millie wants more, I know I do, but we're a little bit lost for what to do next."

Sophia was quiet for a moment, turning her pen end to end on the desk. One rotation. Two.

"That," she said finally, "...is understandable. A loss of direction. I'd imagine it happens to couples in your position a lot. Matthew is often objectionable in almost every way that matters, but he understands one thing correctly, people often know what they want, they just don't know how to get it. Or they want it, but feel bad for wanting it. Look at this business we're in, selling luxury cars. They know they want the new Porsche. They just don't allow themselves to have it. It costs too much.

Being a good top-end salesman requires the ability to make them feel good about taking what they want. Sometimes, that might involve you subtly telling them what to do, telling them to buy it, telling them you only live once, taking the decision away from them, and the burden of responsibility with it, so they don't feel any guilt."

I gazed at the attractive woman sitting opposite me, the slightest of smiles on her face. She was almost as good at this as Matthew was.

"People need guidance. I get it. But what do people do?" I asked. "The ones who don't have a guide? Who don't have a Matthew?"

"They find someone better," she replied with an easy shrug. "Jamie, are you asking me to help you in finding someone to fuck your wife?"

"I don't..." I swallowed deeply. My mouth was suddenly incredibly dry. I cleared my throat. "I don't know. I'm sorry. I have no idea if you're experienced in this. I only know what you told me, that you have a lover and that you and Matthew have an... agreement, whatever it is."

Sophia spun the pen on the desk, letting go, watching it revolve, the silver shell catching in the LED lighting overhead. "Oh, I have plenty of experience, not that it's any of your business. But, yes, I'll help you, if that's what you want."

I suddenly thought of Marco, looking over my shoulder to see where he'd gone, but Sophia immediately picked up on the movement, reading my mind.

"No," she laughed. "Millie can't have Marco. He's mine. But I do have some ideas. Let me think it over and get back to you. I'm going to be here for a couple of weeks. Not in the showroom, don't worry, I don't want to get under your feet. No, I'll be seeing to a few... loose ends, seeing family, that sort of thing."

"You wouldn't be under my feet," I replied, not wanting her to feel that way.

"Wouldn't I?" Her full lips curled into a wicked smile. "Are you saying you want me around, Jamie? Have you changed your mind about fucking me? Because you know you are going to fuck me, one day. I told you, Jamie. I always get what I want in the end."

"I... I'm sure you do," I replied carefully, trying not to give away the fact that my palms were perspiring and my heart was thumping hard in my chest at the thought.

"So, you accept your fate?" She stretched, making the charcoal jacket pull tightly across those large, firm tits of hers, the buttons only just holding on. "Good. But don't get too excited. It's not going

to happen while Marco is around. For a fuck buddy, he's quite possessive. Which, sometimes I like, sometimes I don't."

I didn't know what to say to that, sitting quietly for a moment, watching the pen finally stop revolving, landing in a position pointing straight at me like an arrow. Sophia took the silence as an opportunity to leave. She stood, straightening her jacket and smoothing her skirt, the way she had when I'd made her cum with my tongue, on the very desk in front of me. The same desk where Lewis had fucked Millie while Matthew watched.

"I should rescue Marco," she announced, walking to the door, her heels clacking on the polished floor. "Before your redhead strumpet sinks her claws into him."

"Karen?" I shook my head, standing up to open the office door for her. "I'm sure Marco is fine. She's harmless."

"Hmm." Sophia hesitated in the doorway, looking over her shoulder at me. "Have you fucked her yet?"

"Karen? No!" I whispered, hoping Sophia's voice hadn't carried across the sales floor to the woman in question, who was indeed talking to Marco, leaning on the reception desk, the two of them close in quiet conversation. "She's an employee. I wouldn't go there. It'd be unprofessional."

"A shame," Sophia said, without a trace of judgement. "She's very sexy. Anyway." She straightened, smoothing her jacket one final time.

"It's good to see you, Jamie. I'll be in touch later."

She strode out across the polished marble floor, heels clicking a steady rhythm, past the 911 Carrera GTS that sat gleaming under its spotlight like something from a dream—British Racing Green, just arrived from the manufacturer, not yet on the system. The kind of

car that made people stop walking and just stare. But not Sophia. She didn't even glance at it. She was laser-focused on her Italian lover and my newly recruited receptionist.

She reached Marco, slipped her arm through his with easy ownership, and steered him gently away from Karen mid-sentence.

Marco offered the redhead a brief, gracious smile and allowed himself to be led. Karen watched them go with an expression that landed somewhere between awe and mild devastation. So much for her not liking men like him. Puppy-dogs.

I stood in the doorway of my office—the office I'd earned on my knees, before the desk behind me—and watched them cross the floor and push out through the glass door into the cold, grey morning. Sophia didn't look back.

I exhaled slowly. My palms were still damp. My pulse was rapid, and my cock was harder than it should be on a working day. Everything had gone smoothly with Sophia, but somehow she'd still managed to get under my skin and turn my mind upside down. Did she have a plan for Millie? Could she be our new Matthew? She certainly had an outstanding plan for me. But, for now, she had Marco, a reason nothing would happen immediately on that score.

I poured myself a coffee and sat down. The pen was still on the desk, pointing at me like a compass needle that had already decided which direction I was heading.

I picked it up, put it in my top pocket, and went back to work.

Which Door To Open First?

Sultry Whispers

A blog by @SinnerMinnie

Hello, my gorgeous, wicked little community.

Minnie here. Sinful as ever.

You know that feeling when you've been standing outside a room your whole life, pressing your ear to the door, wondering what all the noise is about, and then someone finally opens it, and you realise you could have walked in years ago?

That's where I am right now. The door is open. And I'm standing here in my 4" heels, hand on the frame, absolutely overwhelmed by what's on the other side.

Mr Stag and I have come a long way in a short time. Further than I ever imagined, if I'm honest. And now that we're here, truly here, I find myself frozen, not with doubt, not with fear exactly, but with choice.

There is so much. So many possibilities. So many paths into this beautiful, filthy world. And I want to explore all of them, immediately, which of course means I need to slow down and actually think.

So that's what I've been doing this week. Making lists, the way I do.

Things I know I want:

A man who knows what he's doing. Confidence. Presence. Someone who makes Mr Stag feel proud, not threatened. I want to feel desired in a way that makes my knees unreliable. I want to be seen — really seen — by someone outside of my ordinary life. I want to

come home afterwards and fall into Mr Stag's arms and feel closer to him than ever.

Things I know I don't want:

Secrecy or shame. Anything that makes Mr Stag feel small. Rushing into something just because it's exciting. Anyone who doesn't understand the difference between a woman sharing herself and a woman losing herself. Those are very different things.

I have to confess something to you all, and I hope you won't think less of me for it. I love being desired. I always have. I love the weight of attention. I love knowing that someone wants me. I love sharing this body — and yes, I said sharing, because that's what it is, and I've decided I'm done feeling complicated about that. This body is mine to share however and with whomever I choose, within the beautiful, agreed boundaries that Mr Stag and I have built together. That realisation alone has felt like stepping out of a shadow I didn't know I'd been standing in.

So here I am, community. I'm going to take the leap. I'm going to stop hovering in the doorway and actually walk into the room. But I'd love your wisdom first, especially those of you who've been on this journey longer than I have. How did you choose? How did you decide what to try first? How do you know when you've found the right person?

Drop me a message. Slide into my DMs. Tell me everything.

Oh, and one more thing — I've had a few of you ask whether I'd ever share photos or videos. I've been thinking about that too, and I won't pretend the idea doesn't thrill me. I'd need a mask, obviously — Minnie must remain mysterious — but I'm genuinely curious whether that's something you'd like to see. Let me know and as always, be honest in what you want. I can handle it.

After all, what's the point of having a body like this if you keep it entirely to yourself?

Yours in sin and sequins,

Minnie x

Chapter 4

The Pink Notepad

The kids were in bed by half eight. I knew because Millie texted me while I was still on the drive home, a simple both down, drive safe, and I'd felt the knot in my shoulders ease slightly at that. I needed the house to be quiet for this conversation. I'd worked later than usual, finishing up some paperwork, things I'd tucked into my drawer so Sophia would think I was anything but organised and on top of everything. But I'd also spent some time thinking about what she'd said, that she might be able to help, and wondering how and what to tell Millie about the conversation.

My beautiful, petite Trad Wife was in the kitchen when I got in, a glass of white on the counter, one already poured for me. She was wearing the oversized cream jumper she always reached for on cold evenings, her dark hair loose, feet bare on the tiles. Nothing unusual.

The kind of scene I'd driven home to a thousand times.

Except there was a notepad on the kitchen island. Placed there rather conspicuously, standing out like a sore thumb because Millie was always so tidy. It was small, pale pink, the kind with a ribbon placeholder and a floral cover she'd have picked up in a gift shop somewhere and considered too pretty to use. Until now.

She saw me clock it.

"I've made some notes," she smiled, pushing the glass towards me.

"But wine first."

So we had wine first. I told her about Sophia. About the visit, about the meeting, the business, how happy she was, and then I proceeded to tell her about the rest of the conversation in the office. I explained how Sophia had listened to everything and processed it in about thirty seconds flat before offering to help. I watched Millie's face as I talked. She wasn't surprised exactly, more quietly satisfied, the way she looked when something confirmed what she'd already suspected.

"Good," she said, when I'd finished. "I'm glad you feel like you've got someone you can talk to about this. Someone with some experience."

"Me too." I watched Millie's expression. She was quiet for a moment, turning the wine glass slowly by the stem. "You know, you could talk to Sophia, too?" I offered. "Do this directly, instead of through me."

"No, it's okay. I'm quite happy with you dealing with Sophia" Then Millie reached across the island and slid the notepad toward me without a word.

I looked at her.

"Read it," she said.

The handwriting was neat. Of course it was. Dark ink, her careful cursive, each item numbered. The pen — I noticed it still lying across the top of the pad — was rose gold, the expensive one I'd bought her two Christmases ago. She'd not used it until now, but new pad, new pen, new life. Maybe there was some irony there.

I started reading it aloud. "Bucket List," I announced, the title underlined in a thick stroke of ink. But then my eyes continued down the page, and I shut up.

I read it once. Then I read it again, slower. She watched me the whole time. I was aware of that, her eyes on my face, reading me

reading it.

When I looked up, she had both hands around her wine glass, a faint colour in her cheeks that wasn't from the wine.

"So this is your sexual bucket list," I murmured, my head spinning slightly. "Okay."

"Okay?"

"I mean—" I looked back down at the list. "Millie."

"I know."

"Number six."

"I know." The colour deepened.

"And number... well, all of them." I looked up at her, seeing her bite her lip nervously. "You've obviously put some thought into this."

"I've thought about almost nothing else these past few days," she said. "I just needed to write it down. Seeing it written down makes it real." She paused. "Does anything on there bother you?"

I went through it again, properly this time, reading them aloud, letting each one land. Every entry had an empty tick box next to it.

"A big, black cock," I read out the first item on the list, after clearing my throat. That was expected. It was a hard thing to say aloud, but it was fine. More than fine, if I was honest, though I wasn't entirely sure what that said about me.

I went down the rest of the list, saying each one in an increasingly tight voice, but not commenting aloud, keeping my thoughts to myself.

"Try a BDSM club, as a submissive, maybe spanking?" I could see that. I could absolutely see that.

"Try a BDSM club, as a dominant." It continued 'something like Sophia?' but I chose not to read that part out.

"Visit a swingers club." Yes.

"Two men, one in each hole." My jaw was doing something I was trying to control.

"Two men, same hole." That was number six. I'd be lying if I said that image hadn't crossed my mind, in the dark, at two in the morning, more than once.

"Sex without Jamie present. Then telling him all the details later."

That one sat differently. Not badly. Just differently. I took a moment to eschew that before I moved on.

Three separate items next: "A bodybuilder, or someone really strong and athletic. An older man, sophisticated and experienced. A younger man, rough, full of energy." All three of these were, again, fine. Uncomplicated and fine.

"A true one-night stand, with a stranger." There was something about the rawness of that — no names, no follow-up, just a random one-off fuck — that hit me harder than I expected. My cock was hard, I realised, straining against the inside of my pants.

"Being photographed nude, by a professional." That one made me proud of her in a way I couldn't immediately explain.

"Being filmed having sex, by a professional, or someone we don't know." That hit the same, pride, but also fucking hot. A video to watch later wouldn't go amiss, for sure.

"This one is only a possibility: a gangbang." My brain almost exploded. I stared at the word just sitting there, gangbang, looking totally out of place in her careful handwriting.

The next three were variations of each other again. "Being nude in public. Giving a blow job in public. Being fucked in public. Risky outdoor sex." I looked up at her, trying to picture all three of those things.

Fuck.

"Having sex with someone while on the phone to Jamie, so he can hear me orgasm." Christ, this just kept getting better and better.

Then the last: "Suck a stranger's cock through a glory hole." A fucking glory hole? How much time and research had Millie put into this?

I set the notepad down and took a long, deep breath, trying to collect my scattered thoughts and slow my thudding heart.

"Okay?" she repeated. "Are any of those... bad? Not what you want?"

"Nothing on there... bothers me," I said. Which was true, in the sense that bothered was the wrong word for any of what I was feeling.

"Really?" She searched my face. "Some of them are pretty crazy."

"They sure are." I nodded, took another deep breath. "And you want to do all of these? All of them? Because that's kind of what a bucket list is."

"Maybe," Millie shrugged, making her breasts wobble beneath her soft sweater, a sign she wasn't wearing a bra. "Perhaps it's just a list

we can choose from. Try some of them, leave others, if it's not what we both want."

I went through the list again, scanning my eyes over each unticked item.

"The one about doing it without me there." I chose my words carefully. "You kind of did that with Matthew, when you started without me in the hotel room. If we did it again, deliberately this time, it would...

maybe be difficult for me. I don't mean I don't want you to. I just mean I'll need a minute when it happens."

She nodded slowly. "I know. But it's something I want to try. Sex without worrying if you're okay, where I'm not aware of you watching, if that makes sense. So it doesn't feel like I'm... performing for you."

"I get it." We looked at each other across the kitchen island, the notepad between us, the wine going untouched. "The phone call one," I said next.

A small smile on her lips. "I know what you're thinking."

"Those two could be the same night," I said. "You on your own, me on the other end of the phone, listening to you get fucked."

Her cheeks reddened. She stared at me. "I hadn't thought of that."

"And the one-night stand — the stranger — that could be the older man. Or the younger one. Same night, tick two off."

Something shifted in her expression. She took the notepad from me and looked at it differently now, like it was a puzzle rather than a confession. "The BDSM club and the swinging club could overlap depend-ing on the night."

"The gangbang," I said carefully, "technically covers several things at once."

She went very still for a second, then let out a breath that was almost a laugh. "Jamie."

"I'm just saying. Efficiency."

"You're terrible." But she was smiling properly now, the colour high in her cheeks still, but the tension had gone from her. "The photography one — if it's professional, it could lead to the filming one. Same photographer. Same session, different—" She stopped herself. "God, listen to us."

"We sound very organised."

"We sound completely mad."

"Probably both," I said.

She set the notepad down again, and we looked at it together for a moment, this small, innocent, pink, girly item that now displayed the map of an entire other life running parallel to the one we already had.

"Sophia said she might be able to help," I suggested, working out something in my head. "Perhaps if I showed her this, it might give her something to work on."

"Yes." She looked up. "Send it to her, if you think that's a good idea?"

"I do." I took a picture of it on my phone—the floral cover, the rose-gold pen lying across the top, her handwriting neat and legible, completely juxtaposed with the filthy bucket list written on it—and sent it to Sophia with a single paragraph of text as an explanation:

Millie's been making plans. What would you suggest we try and how?

The reply came back before I'd even put the phone back down on the kitchen counter.

Well, well, well. She's a thirsty one. Leave it with me. I'll be in touch tomorrow. I have plans of my own tonight.

I was wondering what to reply when a second message arrived.

Marco is going to fuck me while Matthew watches from the chair in his cock cage. He wants to fuck me too, it's been a while, but it all depends on whether he's been a good boy while I've been away. That's why I asked you if he's behaved himself and stayed away from you and Millie.

Then a third, almost immediately after:

He says hello, by the way. Asked if you and Millie were okay, and if you're enjoying your newfound sexual freedom together. I told him you're doing great.

I looked up from the phone. Millie was watching me.

"What did she say?"

I turned the phone toward her, letting her read it, and watching her expression move through several things in quick succession before settling somewhere I recognised — that particular stillness that meant she was filing something away, turning it over, deciding how she felt about it.

"Sophia really likes tormenting Matthew," she said finally.

"Yes. But I think he likes it."

"And he kind of deserves it," she added with a wry smile.

“He totally does.”

Another long moment of silence. She reached for the last of her wine and finished it in a way that wasn't particularly ladylike, set the glass down, and looked at me across the island with an expression that ended the conversation entirely.

I came around the island, and as she turned to face me, I kissed her.

Not in the way you kiss someone to say, 'I missed you' or even 'I love you,' but in that very specific way that says, 'I want you. Now.'

She made a soft moan against my mouth and pulled me against her by the front of my shirt, her tongue winding into mine, and I felt the tension she'd been carrying all day release all at once, her body softening into mine even as her hands tightened.

We left the wine. We left the notepad. We left my phone with Sophia's messages glowing on the screen. We left everything behind on the counter and headed upstairs, neither of us saying a word. We both knew what we needed right now.

She was out of the jumper before we reached the top of the stairs.

There was no hesitation, no need for ceremony. She pulled it over her head and dropped it on the landing without breaking stride, and I caught the sight of her in just her plain white panties in the low light from the bedroom doorway and stopped for a second.

She turned, grabbing my hand and pulling me towards the bedroom. “Don't just stand there staring at me.”

“I'm staring because you're—”

“Jamie.” She reached down to her hips and shimmied out of them, letting them fall to her ankles, and raised an eyebrow. Her breasts were small but oh, so pert, topped with perfectly-sized light pink

nipples standing erect. Her pussy was growing back in, just a light coating of downy black hair grazing her mound. "Stop talking."

I stopped talking.

What followed was different from how it had been lately, the careful, tentative quality that had crept into our bed this past week or two, along with everything else we'd been navigating, that slight self-consciousness, both of us aware we were changing and not quite sure how to move in this new relationship that we had. There was none of that now. Millie was certain. She moved like someone who had made a decision and was done deliberating, and the effect of that on me was easy to see from how hard my cock was as she pulled down my trousers and boxers..

She pushed me back onto the bed and climbed over me as I took off my shirt and kicked off my socks, her dark hair falling forward, her hands flat on my chest. Then she stayed there, looking down at me with an expression I couldn't entirely read, horny, yes, but something else underneath, something that looked almost like relief.

I put my hands on her hips, and she closed her eyes briefly and sank onto me, reaching down to guide my stiff dick into her wetness, then sighed.

"Tell me what you were thinking," she murmured, pushing down, taking all of me inside her. "When you were reading my list."

"Which part?"

She rolled her hips slowly, deliberately, watching my face. "Any of it.

All of it."

"I want us to do it," I groaned, enjoying the sensation of her tightness around my shaft. "As many of them as you want to do. Some of them, all of them. They all turn me on, to be honest."

"All of them? Even me fucking a stranger? Even me with a black guy?"

"Fuck," I moaned, unable to help myself, thrusting up into her to meet her downward movements. "Yes. I want you to be my hotwife, Millie. I want it all."

She listened with her eyes half-closed, moving against me in a rhythm that made coherent speech increasingly difficult. "And if I want lots of different men, not just one or two, by the time we're deeply into this, let's say I've been with ten different men, that won't put you off me?"

"No," I replied, reaching up and cupping her breasts, feeling the tightness of her nipples against my fingers. "I want you to fuck lots of different men. Do lots of different things. Try lots of different cocks."

When I said 'different cocks,' she made a small, satisfied sound and thrust her hips against mine, lying flat on me, pressing her tits to my chest and kissing me in a way that made it very clear she knew exactly what she was doing to me with this dirty talk.

She broke the kiss, trailing her lips down my neck, then whispered into my ear, "I need some big cocks."

That did it. I flipped her over.

She laughed, surprised and delighted, and then the laugh dissolved into something else entirely as I settled between her thighs and rammed my cock into her as hard as I possibly could.

She was extraordinarily responsive, the way she only got when something had wound her up past a certain point, past the place where she was managing her 'traditional wife' reactions or thinking about anything other than what was happening right now. Her hands were in my hair, her back arching off the bed, her breathing

coming in short, sharp bursts that she was trying and failing to keep quiet out of sheer habit — the children, asleep in the two rooms next door — and every time I felt her getting close, I slowed down just enough to drag it out, because I was enjoying the effect far too much to hurry.

“Jamie.” A half warning, half plea for me to let her orgasm.

“What?”

“Don’t stop. Just keep doing it.”

But I did dare. Once more, just long enough to feel her grip tighten in my hair, and then I stopped teasing and gave her what she wanted, thrusting into her hard and fast, lifting myself up onto my arms, putting some distance between our bodies, so I could look down and see my cock pull all the way out and then ram back into her.

Her fingers snaked down, touching the wet pink bud of her clit, and after teasing it for just a few seconds, she came, her face turning sideways, her free hand grabbing the pillow and using it to muffle the sounds of her moan, her whole body shaking with the effort of staying quiet.

I gave her about ten seconds to recover, waiting for her body to stop trembling.

Then I pulled her hips toward me, thrusting into her deeply again, and she gasped, looking at me with surprise in her eyes. “You haven’t fucked me like this in ages. Do it. Cum inside me.”

I didn’t need the invite, but I took it. Millie spread her thighs wider, putting her hands around my back, pulling me into her, and I pounded her hard and fast, the sounds of our bodies coming together echoing off the walls.

It took only a few minutes until I felt my balls tighten, then I pushed as deep into her as I could and let myself finish inside her throbbing pussy. It felt like came a lot, my dick pulsed, filling her for what felt like forever, and then, finally spent, I rolled to the side, trying to get my breath back.

"I guess the ideas on my bucket list really got to you, huh?" she murmured softly into the suddenly still darkness.

"I could say the same about you," I replied with a light chuckle.

"We're really doing this, aren't we?" she said softly, her body sliding against mine, pulling the covers over us.

"I think we are. As scary as it is."

"It is scary," she turned to look at me, those beautiful eyes of hers finding mine and holding them, "We've come so far, but there's so much more I want to explore."

"I know."

Later, the room settling back into silence around us, her head on my chest, her fingers tracing an absent pattern on my ribs, I stared at the ceiling and listened to her breathing slow.

The notepad was downstairs. A list of previously unthinkable to-do items in dark ink on pale pink paper. The start of something drawn carefully by hand, waiting to be followed, just like Matthew's 10-Day plan.

Sophia sounded like she had a fun night ahead of her, sex with her lover, Marco and her husband, Matthew, and whatever and however that would all shake out. But I wondered if it was as good as the incredible fuck that I'd just enjoyed with Millie. With the hindsight and clarity of emptying my balls, I wondered if we needed to keep

'exploring' as Millie had suggested, or if we could just use the fantasy of it to fuel our love life like it had done tonight.

But deep down, I knew that Millie wanted it. I knew she wanted, perhaps needed, to try at least some of the ideas on her list.

Either way, tomorrow, Sophia would be in touch, and things would finally begin to move forward.

An Unexpected Hello From Yesterday

Home and Heart

A blog by @DemureMillieGrace

Dear readers,

Something rather lovely happened today, and I wanted to share it with you.

Every now and then, life hands you a small reminder of who you used to be, long before marriage and school runs and endless loads of laundry. Before I met Mr Heart, there was really only one other boy I ever thought of as "the one." Let's call him David (not his real name!) We met in my first year of university. I was shy, bookish, and very sheltered. He was outgoing, confident, and seemed to belong to every friend group at once. He was Mr Popular. I was Miss Nerd. But for a little while, I was absolutely certain that this was what love felt like. We spent afternoons talking about everything and nothing, sharing silly jokes and big dreams, and I remember feeling so seen for the first time in my life.

Of course, the Lord had other plans. In time, David and I went our separate ways, and not long after, I met the man who would become my husband. Looking back now, I can see how young I was, how little I understood about what real partnership and covenant love truly mean.

Mr Heart has been such a patient, steady blessing — a reminder that God's "no" in one season is often making room for a much better "yes"

in the next.

But this week, out of the blue, David sent me a message.

He had somehow stumbled across my little corner of the internet — my homemaking reels and cosy photos and chats about faith and family — and recognised me. He wrote the kindest note, saying it looked as though I had a beautiful life, a loving husband, and a happy home. He said he just wanted to say hello, to let me know he remembered me fondly, and to wish me well.

It was such a gentle, unexpected gift.

Sometimes we can be tempted to shut the door on our past completely, especially if it doesn't fit neatly with the story we tell about ourselves now. But I think there's something very special about being able to look back without regret — to say, "Yes, that was part of my journey too," and to feel genuine gratitude for where the path has led.

Hearing from David didn't stir up longing, only thankfulness. Thankfulness for the girl I was, for the lessons I learned, and for the way God guided my steps toward Mr Heart and the family we've built together.

Have you ever received a message from someone who knew you in a different season of life? Did it make you smile, or pause, or pray?

With love and a grateful heart,

Millie Grace

Chapter 5

Good Boy

Dean's name popped up on my screen just after ten, the phone buzzing against the oak veneer of the desk.

Three Feathers. 8 pm. It's Tuesday, pool night. Hope you didn't forget.

You've been silent this past week.

I stared at the message for a beat, my brain still full of pink notepaper and cages and my beautiful brunette boss's promise to call me 'tomorrow.' Tomorrow had arrived, Tuesday, and pool night had almost slipped my memory.

Who are we playing again?. I'll be there, I typed back. I haven't forgotten.

I had, of course. Completely. Until Dean, reliable as ever, yanked me back into the orbit of normal life: the sticky carpets, cheap lager and dim lighting of The Three Feathers, Zack's terrible jokes, Ollie blaming every missed shot on a sloping table, lack of chalk or bad cue.

Good, it's the Red Lion we're playing. Always a good game, Dean replied. Zack's on about changing the team name. Again. We need your vote to tell him to piss off.

I smiled despite myself and set the phone down.

"Something funny?" Karen's voice came from the doorway.

She hovered there with a small wedge of post in her hand, ginger hair scraped into a messy knot, a biro behind her ear. Her lipstick was a fraction too bright for the showroom, which I suspected was deliberate.

"Just my friend, Dean," I said. "He's worried I'm going to abandon him and our pool team for a life of fame and fortune, now that I'm manager of a fancy car showroom."

She snorted, stepping in to drop the letters on the corner of my desk.

"If you do become rich and famous, make sure it's for the right reasons."

I don't want to be interviewed about my corrupting influence."

"That's a shame," I sighed dramatically. "I only hired you because of your clearly corrupt nature."

"Please. If I were corrupting anyone around here, I'd have started with Sophia's Italian bit-on-the-side, Marco." She rolled her green eyes.

"Alas, I just get to make coffee and explain to middle-aged men why their fifteen-year-old diesel isn't worth 'at least twenty grand, minimum' as a trade-in towards a Ferrari."

"That's a valuable public service."

She leaned a curvy hip against the doorframe, looking me over in that way of hers that was half joking, half assessing. "You look knock-ered. Is everything okay? Millie didn't make you sleep on the sofa again, did she?"

"Millie never makes me sleep on the sofa," I said with a laugh. "But, no, you're right. Bad night's sleep, just not for any reason. I just had

one of those nights where my mind wouldn't switch off. Where you're just thinking all night."

"Just thinking, huh? Well, don't do that. It's bad for business." She tapped the letters into a neat pile with the edge of her hand. "Right, now you're going to open these, read them, then I'm going to pretend to file them while watching videos of a dog on a skateboard. It's been a quiet day, and I'd love it to stay that way. Shout me if a customer appears and looks rich."

"Will do."

She left, her eye-catching derriere swaying, her heels clicking away across the sales floor, the glass door of my office staying wedged open as I'd left it, to let some air in.

My phone buzzed again.

This time it was Millie.

Something kind of amazing happened this morning, her message read. Remind me to tell you later. Xxx

That tightened something low in my chest in a different way. I pictured her in the kitchen, phone in one hand, the other probably wiping crumbs off the counter, entirely unaware of the way a single sentence from her could rewire my whole day.

Tell me now, I started to type.

Before I could finish the word, the atmosphere in the showroom shifted. It was subtle, but the way the sounds changed — the soft murmur of voices from the sales floor, Karen's laugh cutting off mid-sentence — told me someone had just walked in who altered the gravity of the building.

A moment later, there was a polite knock on the pushed-open glass door that didn't wait for an answer, and Sophia stepped into my office.

She looked like she owned the place. Which she did, of course, but she looked like it today, more so than usual — a blood-red suit cut sharp at the waist, cream silk blouse, raven-dark hair pinned up in a way that exposed the line of her neck and somehow made me instantly feel warmer. No Marco at her shoulder today, not that she needed him for extra presence.

"Jamie," she said, sliding the wedge away with a high-heeled foot, closing the door behind her with an easy flick of her wrist. "Good.

You're not out charming pensioners into PCP deals."

I stood up automatically. "Sophia. I didn't know you were calling by again—"

"I'm not," she said. "Not really. I'm on my way to a very dull lunch with some very dull men in very dull suits, for my other business stuff.

Boring but necessary. So, I thought I'd stop by and apologise for my...

less than attentive messaging last night."

"That's not— you don't have to apologise."

"I do when I promise to think about something as important as your wife's sex life and then disappear for an evening of my own." She smiled, the kind that didn't quite reach her eyes but suggested it could if she felt like it. "I did properly read Millie's list, by the way. It's very...

thorough. Ambitious. I'm impressed."

My heart gave a small flutter at the sound of her describing Millie's to-do itinerary like that.

"I just wanted you to know," she added. "That I took it seriously and didn't just dismiss you out of hand."

"Of course," I said. "I mean, I never thought that. I assumed you would take it seriously. I just know you're a busy woman, so it's cool."

"Good." She moved further into the office without waiting to be invited, trailing a faint scent of something expensive and seductive. "As long as you didn't get the impression I was ignoring you or Millie. As I mentioned, Marco and I had... a training session to conduct with my beloved husband."

The way she said training session made the air feel denser.

"Right," I said, because anything else seemed dangerous.

Sophia tilted her head, watching me. "I told you I'd be putting him back in his cage. I find Matthew is much more useful to me when he's been reminded of his place. So he sat in his chair like a good boy, locked up, and watched while Marco and I enjoyed ourselves on my bed. It was a very productive evening."

She watched my face as she said it, the way someone else might talk about a quarterly review, her dark eyes amused and mildly analytical, like she was taking notes on my reactions. My mouth had gone dry. I got up and walked to the coffee machine.

"Would you like a drink?" I asked, as I placed my mug beneath the spout and pressed the button for a latte.

"I'm fine, thank you. I won't be staying too long," Sophia went on, crossing one ankle over the other as she settled against the edge of my desk as if it were hers. "Don't worry about your former employer.

I'm not a cruel woman. I let Matthew have me afterwards, once Marco was done. He is my husband, after all, and I do enjoy his big dick."

The casual way she said have me and big dick made something tighten in my gut.

"He earned it," she added. "He sat there like a good boy, his erection straining in his little cage and didn't complain once. I like to reward good behaviour."

I wasn't sure where to put my eyes. Her legs were right there, clad in sheer black stockings beneath a red skirt that ran mid-thigh. So I looked at her face, which wasn't much safer.

"Would you let Millie do that to you?" she asked, as if she'd just remembered the actual point of her visit. "Put you in a cage while she fucks someone else?"

"No." It came out faster than I intended. "That's not... my thing."

Sophia's mouth twitched at the corners. "No?"

"It's difficult enough watching as it is," I said, forcing myself not to look away. "I'm not into the humiliation side of it all. I don't want to feel... useless. That's not what this is for me."

She considered that for a moment, head slightly tilted, as if she were weighing up a car's part exchange.

"Good," she said finally. "I was hoping you'd say that."

"You were?"

"Of course. I like men who know what they're not. It usually means they have a clearer idea of what they are." Her studious gaze softened, just a fraction. "And I have limited patience for men who

want to be broken. It's tedious after a while. I'd rather bend you than break you, Jamie."

I laughed because I didn't know what else to do with that. It sounded like a joke. It didn't feel like one.

"Relax," she said mildly. "If I were going to take you home and use you today, you wouldn't be standing right now, holding your latte like a shield in front of you, having a conversation about it. You'd either be in my bed, or your face would be buried between my thighs again."

"That's... reassuring." I tried for humour, but she didn't even seem to notice.

"Besides," she went on, a faint wince flickering across her expression that she didn't bother to hide, "It's probably lucky for you that I'm a little sore today. Marco was keen to show Matthew what he could do.

You men and your competitive nature." She let that hang there for a moment.

"I'll send him a thank-you card," I said, still trying to be funny because my mouth was apparently operating independently of my brain.

She laughed then, properly, the sound low and delighted. "There he is. There's the Jamie that Matthew told me about. I knew I liked you for a reason."

She straightened, smoothing an invisible crease from her jacket, and the atmosphere in the room shifted again — less intimate, more business, though the undercurrent remained.

"Right," Sophia said. "Enough about my extracurricular activities.

Let's talk about yours."

"Our," I corrected before I could stop myself. "Mine and Millie's."

That earned me another small nod of approval. "Ours, then. So, yes, I read her list. Ambitious, as I said. But not impossible. In fact,"—she tapped a fingertip lightly on my desk, marking out invisible bullet points—"quite a lot of it can be... combined. Efficiently."

"We said that ourselves," I said. "Last night, when we were discussing it."

"I'm sure you did." Her eyes flicked to my face, reading me once again, what for, I wasn't sure. "So. Here's what we're going to do. I'm not going to drop a stranger into your lap and hope for the best — that's Matthew's method, and you've seen how messy that gets. We're going to be more deliberate. More controlled."

"That sounds good," I said, because the alternative sounded terrifying.

"I want to know what you want for her first," Sophia continued. "Not necessarily from the list. I've seen the list. I want to know what you want to see. What you think you can handle now, and what you'd rather build up to. Be honest. If you lie to impress me, I'll know, and I'll assume you're stupid. And you don't want me to think you're stupid, do you?"

"No," I swallowed. "Okay."

"Good." She checked her watch, then looked back at me. "I have twenty minutes before I have to go and be polite to boring men. Use your time wisely. Tell me, Jamie: if I could arrange anything on that pretty pink notepad as a first step... what would you actually want to happen?"

I opened his mouth, and nothing came out.

Twenty minutes, she'd said. I'd already wasted one just trying to remember how to form a sentence.

"The first thing that comes into your head," Sophia prompted. "Don't overthink it. Men are very boringly similar about this, so I doubt you're going to shock me. Indulge the cliché."

It slipped out before I could stop it. "A black guy."

There was a beat of silence. Then she smiled, slow and unsurprised.

"There it is," she said. "The classic. A big black cock for your tiny, petite white wife with her tight little white pussy."

Heat hit the back of my neck so fast it made me light-headed. I looked away, which was pointless, because there was nowhere else in the room to look that wasn't her. The glass walls seemed to reflect her in every direction.

"Don't be embarrassed, Jamie," she went on, entirely unbothered.

"You'd be amazed how often that particular fantasy comes up. Men love the contrast of it. Black skin against white. The taboo-ness of it. The idea that she's being fucked by someone so different to you."

I swallowed. "It's not just—"

"I know it isn't." She cut in gently, not unkindly. "But let's be honest with each other. You didn't say 'a kind, considerate man with a solid career and good references.' You said 'a black guy.' Your brain went to a visual image rather than a character. That's fine. It's normal. It's also not the best place to start."

"It's not?"

Sophia shook her head. "A black man is just a man, Jamie. His skin is darker. His cock might be bigger, but contrary to the internet, not

all black men are walking around with something fit for the Guinness Book of Records. And if you chase that as a category, you end up treating an entire group of people like a prop. I have very little patience for that."

I grimaced. "That's not what I—"

"I know," she said again, and this time there was no edge in it at all.

"I'm not calling you a racist. I'm calling you... unimaginative. Which is forgivable. You're new at this. What I'm saying is: the colour of the man is less interesting than the scenario you put him in."

She tapped the desk lightly with one fingertip, as if punctuating the thought.

"We're not shopping by shade," she said. "We're choosing experiences. Dynamics. Feelings. You can put a black man into any of those later if you want. For now, we need to decide what situation you actually want to put Millie in. That's where the work is."

I let out a breath I hadn't realised I was holding. "Okay. So... how do we do that?"

"That depends," Sophia said. "On how much hand-holding you want."

She looked at me properly then, weighing me up in that cool, assessing way she had when deciding what a customer could be nudged into.

She undid the top button on her shirt, then the single button on her jacket, letting it fall open, giving me a hint of the large breasts beneath.

"Do you want me to tell you what to do?" she asked, enjoying the way I couldn't stop my eyes roaming across her bosom. "Step by

step.

This night, this place, this man, this rule. And you obey. Do you want it face-to-face, even with me present to guide you, or would you prefer something more like what Matthew did? Instructions delivered at a distance. Text messages you can read together in bed, discuss, and nego-tiate. A framework rather than a script.”

The memory of Matthew’s messages landed with a small jolt — the way they’d hit my phone like commands from another planet, the mix of dread and excitement as I’d read them to Millie.

“I think...” I cleared my throat. “The messages. That way, Millie and I can see them together. Decide together. It feels more... ours that way.”

Sophia nodded slowly, as if I’d passed a test I hadn’t known I was taking.

“All right,” she said. “We’ll do it by message. I’ll think, I’ll plan, and when I’m ready, I’ll send you a set of instructions. You’ll show them to Millie. You’ll both have to agree.”

She let the next question hang for a beat before she asked it.

“But, Jamie, are you actually going to do what you’re told?” she said.

“Or are you going to cherry-pick the bits that feel safe and ignore the rest?”

“I— we’ll do it,” I said. “If Millie and I both agree to it, we’ll do it.”

“That’s not what I asked.” Her voice stayed soft, but there was steel under it now. “I’m not Matthew. I don’t throw people into the deep end and hope they float. If I put time into this, I expect you to respect that. If you ask for my help and then sit on your hands

because it feels a bit too... real when it arrives... you're wasting my time. And I am not a woman who tolerates time-wasters."

I met her eyes. "I'm not going to waste your time, Sophia. And Millie won't, either. If we say yes, we mean it."

She studied me for a long, quiet moment, long enough that I started to feel the urge to fidget and forced myself not to. Remembering the mug in my hand, I took a sip of the latte in an attempt to calm myself down.

"Then here's how this works," she said at last. "At some point in the next day or so, you'll get a message from me with a very specific set of instructions. There will be room for no more than one or two questions.

You will show it to Millie. You will talk. And then you will either say yes, properly... or you will say no, properly, and we will be done."

"That final?" I asked.

"Yes." Her expression didn't change. "You have to trust me when I say I know what I'm doing here, Jamie. I don't do things by half. When I train someone, I commit to it. If you want my guidance, you take it. If you don't, you carry on muddling through on your own. I'm sure you'll make something work eventually. It just won't be this."

A small, traitorous part of me bristled at the word train. The rest of me was too aware of how quickly my pulse had picked up.

"I'm grateful," I said. My voice sounded too formal in my own ears, but I didn't know how else to phrase it. "For you taking the time to help Millie and me. For... understanding. For not just telling me I'm perverted or insane and to forget the whole thing."

Sophia's mouth curved. "Oh, you are perverted and insane," she said. "But not in a way I disapprove of."

"I mean it," I insisted. "You don't have to be involved in this. You're a busy, professional woman. You've got enough going on. I appreciate—"

"Careful," she cut in, lifting a hand. "You're starting to talk like I'm doing this out of the goodness of my heart."

"Aren't you?"

She laughed, a soft, disbelieving sound. "Jamie. I like you, yes. I like Millie. I've watched her little trad-wife videos, you know. Aprons and baking and Bible verses. She's very cute and very pretty. I also enjoy just how obscene some of it seems if you know what she's capable of, what she's really like."

I felt my ears heat. "You've... watched them?"

"Of course." She waved it away, as if it were obvious. "I don't take on projects blind. I like her. I want to help her get what she wants. I want to help you get what you want. But let's not pretend I'm some benevolent fairy godmother waving my wand for free."

I swallowed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," Sophia said, straightening from the edge of the desk, undo-ing another button on her top, "that if I help you arrange this, if I put my time and my contacts and my judgement on the line to make sure your wife gets exactly the kind of experiences she's scribbled all over that pretty pink notepad... I expect to be paid."

"I'll pay you," I said quickly. "I don't know what your day rate is for this sort of—"

"Not money." She looked almost offended, rolling her dark eyes at me. "Do I look like I need your salary?"

I shut my mouth.

She stepped closer, close enough that I could see the mascara on her eyelashes, the tiny freckle on her left cheek, just above her mouth, that I'd never noticed from a distance.

"I told you in my office that time," she said, voice lower now. I could see the edge of her lacy white bra through the gap in her shirt. "You're going to fuck me, Jamie. One day. That hasn't changed. In fact, I've decided that's going to be my fee."

My throat went dry. I took a large gulp of the cooling coffee. "Your fee."

"Yes." Her gaze didn't waver. "I help you get what you want for Millie. I help her get what she wants. In return, when I decide the time is right, you come to my house, or I come to yours, or I take you to a hotel, and you do exactly what I tell you. No half-measures. No dithering. You fuck me the way I ask to be fucked. You're my toy for the night, to do with whatever I please."

A shiver went through me so sharply it felt like someone had run an electrified wire from the base of my spine to the back of my neck.

"And if I say no?" I asked because I had to at least pretend to be sensible, to have some sense of self-respect.

"Then you say no," Sophia said calmly. "And I wish you and Millie the very best of luck with your DIY approach. I'm sure you'll muddle your way to something. Eventually. It just won't be as interesting, or as much... fun."

She let that hang between us for a beat.

"I'm not asking you to agree right this second," she added. "I'm telling you the price. You have time to think about it. But if we go ahead — if I start setting things up, if you follow my instructions, if I get in-vested in this — I will expect you to pay me. In kind. Understood?"

My heart was hammering. Part of me wanted to say yes immediately. Another part wanted to look around for hidden cameras, to check this wasn't some sort of trick.

"Millie," I said, because it felt like a betrayal not to say her name out loud in this context. "She'd have to know. I'm not going to—"

"Of course she'll know," Sophia replied, starting to grow impatient.

"I have no interest in sneaking around behind your wife's back. That would defeat the entire point. When we get to that stage, she'll be told.

She'll agree, or she won't. I suspect she'll surprise you."

I believed her. That was the unnerving part.

"So?" she said.

I took a breath. "All right."

"All right' what?"

"All right," I repeated, forcing the words out properly. "If you help us. If Millie agrees. If we follow through. I'll pay you. I'll... do what you ask."

Sophia watched me for another long moment, searching my face for any sign of a flinch she might have missed. Whatever she saw there seemed to satisfy her. She fastened up the top two buttons of her shirt and fastened her jacket.

"Good boy," she said softly.

The praise hit harder than it should have. My cock was throbbing in my pants. I hoped she didn't notice the bulge.

She stepped back then, the spell breaking slightly as she checked her watch and reached for the handle of the door.

"I'll be in touch soon, probably tomorrow," she said. "Try not to overthink it in the meantime. Finish the day here, then go home and relax. Talk to Millie. Enjoy your normal evening. Because once this starts, it's going to be exciting. Very exciting, and not at all normal."

She opened the door, then paused and looked back over her shoulder.

"Oh, and Jamie?"

"Yeah?"

"When you imagine paying me back," she said, eyes gleaming with amusement, "try not to do it in your office. That desk has had enough cum on it to last a lifetime. Wait until you get home, let Mille have the benefit of that."

She pointed with a long, red-painted finger towards the lump in my trousers. My face went hot. She smiled, satisfied, and then she was gone, the door closing softly behind her, leaving me with that faint trace of her perfume and the thud of my own heartbeat for company.

On Serendipity (And The Mistakes You Wish

You'd Made)

Sultry Whispers

A blog by @SinnerMinnie

Hello, my sinful little saints,

You know how sometimes life drops something in your lap at the exact moment you're asking, "What on earth do I do next?" Some people call it a coincidence. Today, I'm calling it serendipity.

Before there was Mr Stag, there was only ever one other boy in my life. In my private diaries (which I like to call The Hotwife Diaries), I've mentioned him once or twice in passing — let's still call him David, to protect the guilty as well as the allegedly innocent.

David was my first love. My university boy. My first everything... except, technically, one very important thing. Sex. I was such a good little girl back then. Sweet, sheltered, trying very hard to be "pure" while simultaneously letting this very confident, relatively experienced young man teach my body a whole new language with his hands.

He was charming. Handsome. Effortlessly social in a way I've never been. And yes — since this is Sultry Whispers, my public confessional space — he was also, shall we say, generously blessed. I had no frame of reference at eighteen, but I knew enough to realise that not every boy was built like David. It was thrilling. It was intimidating. It made me feel very small and very grown-up all at once.

And yet, I never actually slept with him, so I was still technically a virgin when I married Mr Stag. David and I did almost everything except that final step. I learned how to make him cum with my hands, how firm to hold him, how fast to stroke, how to watch his face and know when he was going to explode. In return, he taught

my body how pleasure worked, that I could shudder and gasp and fall apart just from his fingers and tongue alone.

But we didn't go further than that, and the reason, looking back, seems so ridiculous. I was scared... perhaps scared isn't the right word.

"Intimidated" might be a better way to describe how I felt about his...

impressive endowment. David just seemed... too big. And I wasn't ready for that.

For a long time afterwards, I told myself that what David and I had was "just a phase," and that I'd made the right choice walking away. As well as my reluctance to go all the way with him, there were other reasons it didn't work out. He wanted late nights, parties, and a high-flying career, a partner on his arm to match his ambition. I wanted... well, what I have now. A home. Children. A man who loves me more than anything else.

And then, today, something happened.

I opened my messages, and there he was.

David. My David. My first almost-everything. He'd stumbled across me online, on an old account of mine, and watched a few of my reels.

Apparently, I haven't changed since back then, even though I feel like I have.

He wrote the sweetest, simplest message.

He said it looked like I had a lovely life. That I looked happy. That my husband and children seemed very loved and seemed to love me in the same way. He said he didn't want to intrude, but when he

realised it was me, he couldn't not say hello. He asked if I remembered him.

Do I remember him?

I remember his tiny dorm room. I remember the smell of his after-shave on my pillow. I remember exactly how his hand felt between my thighs the first time he made me come, how shocked I was by the force of it. I remember looking down and seeing his cock in his hand and thinking, how on earth would that ever fit inside me?

So yes, David. I remember you.

Just when Mr Stag and I have been talking — really talking — about what I might want next. Just after I've spent time making a sexual to-do list, asking myself and Mr Stag questions about what we want to do, and who with. Just when I've been hoping that things would fall into place naturally, David appears in my inbox like a ghost from my past. A very large, very well-endowed ghost.

Serendipity, my darlings. Or a sinner's prayers answered. Or both.

Before anyone panics: no, I haven't run off to meet him. No, I haven't sent him anything more than a polite little message back yet. I told him yes, of course, I remember him. That I am indeed married now. That my life is full and beautiful. All of that is true.

What I didn't tell him (yet) is that the girl he knew — the one who was too scared to let him all the way inside her (he got the tip inside, just a little) — has grown up into a woman who knows exactly what she likes sexually, what her body can handle. And who is finally, properly, allowing herself to get what she wants, not just what she's supposed to want.

I don't know yet what I'm going to do about David. Maybe nothing.

Maybe something. Maybe he's simply here to remind me that my story didn't start with Mr Stag, even if it will always, always end with him.

Despite my hunger for more, I am devoted to him, and that won't change.

But I can't help feeling that the timing of it — today, of all days — means something.

Have you ever had an old flame reappear just when you were questioning your choices? Did it shake you? Tempt you? Clarify things for you?

Tell me your stories, my loves.

Yours in serendipity and sinful what-ifs,

Minnie x

Chapter 6

Something To Tell You

By the time I got home, the house already smelled of tomato sauce and bath bubbles.

Millie had one child on her hip and the other arguing with a spoon at the table when I came into the kitchen. Her hair was up in a messy bun, an apron over her dress, her feet bare on the tiles. It was such a familiar sight that for a second I forgot entirely about Sophia, her plans for Millie and the threat-promise that she was going to fuck me one day.

"You're just in time to miss the worst of it," she said, nodding toward the chaos. "They've both decided pasta is a missile, not food."

I kissed her cheek, then the top of each small head, sidestepping a flying piece of fusilli.

"How was work?"

"Good. You said you had something to tell me," I said quietly, once we'd done the usual choreography of plates and wipes and negotiations over pudding. "Something amazing happened, I think you said earlier, in your text."

Millie glanced at the clock. "Not that amazing, I got a little overexcited." Her eyes flicked to my face. She looked tired. "But, yes. However, if I start now, we'll be talking all evening, and you'll miss your precious pool match with Dean and the team."

"They'll cope," I said. "It's only a game at the Three Feathers."

She smiled. "I know, but as I said, it's not that important. Get ready."

Go, have fun. I'll tell you when you get back. It's nothing urgent, I promise. Just... interesting."

"Interesting good or interesting bad?"

Her mouth curled in that way that meant she was enjoying herself.

"Interesting... interesting," she said. "Now go before the children unionise and demand you do bedtime."

I considered telling her about Sophia, about the meeting in my office and the price she'd named, but the moment wasn't right. Spaghetti sauce on the table, bath water prepped upstairs, Millie with a smear of something goopy on her forearm — it would be like dropping a grenade onto a picnic blanket.

"Later," I said. "We'll talk about it later. I have something to tell you, too."

"Later," she agreed. "I'll look forward to it. Once the kids are in bed, I'm going to do some work on my socials, so I'll be busy. Don't worry, and don't get too drunk... oh, and say 'hi' to Mina and the boys, from me."

The Three Feathers was busy for a Tuesday. The usual low hum of conversation, football on a muted screen in the corner, the sweet-sharp smell of lager and bar cleaner. Our pool table was already running; Dean and Zack were halfway through a frame when I walked in, Ollie leaning on a cue and pretending to referee.

"Look who finally turned up," Dean called, his usual cocky grin on his face. "We were starting to think you'd run off to join the Premier League of car salesmen."

"Traffic," I said, which was only half a lie. "And pasta."

Mina was behind the bar, dark hair in a high ponytail, gold hoops catching the light when she moved. She brightened when she saw me, pushing a freshly poured pint toward another customer and coming over.

"Jamie," the pretty Korean said, leaning on the taps. "You've been neglecting us. Thought you'd traded us in for some fancy wine bar."

"Never," I said. "You know I'm loyal. And it's only been a week since the last game. Have you missed me that much?"

"Oh, terribly," she laughed, then let her gaze travel over me in a way that was far from subtle. "What are you having?"

"Just a lager. Whatever's coldest."

"For you, I'll find the coldest thing in the building," she said, and there was enough heat in the way she said you to make Dean raise an eyebrow across the room. "No Millie again?"

"She's always got her hands full with the kids," I shrugged. "Maybe I'll see if she feels like coming next week. Besides, it means you get me all to yourself."

She snorted. "Who says I want you to myself? It was fun to share you. When are we going to do it again?" She leaned in, forearms on the counter, giving me a deliberate angle to view her healthy cleavage.

"Has she done anything new since we last spoke? Any updates from our friendly neighbourhood hotwife?"

"It's always straight to business with you," I said.

"Always," she agreed. "My sex life is as dry as the Sahara at the moment, so I'm living vicariously through you two. It's either that or listen to Ollie talk about his fantasy football team."

I smiled despite myself. "She's—we're—in a thinking phase right now. Making plans. She does have her work pushed out for her at home with the kids and all, but she's also doing some work on her blogs tonight. Trad-wife Millie and her sinful alter ego, all that."

"Mmm." Mina's eyes lit up. "I like the sinful alter ego Millie. Maybe one day she'll come into the pub as her Sinner Minnie character rather than Demure Millie Grace, and let me get properly acquainted with her."

"You're already acquainted," I pointed out. "I was there, remember?"

She did tell me to say 'hi' when I saw you."

"Well, 'hi' doesn't make me cum," Mina said, dropping her voice, then tilted her head. "And I need to get my rocks off soon. Tell her."

My throat tightened a little. "I will. I'm looking forward to it, too.

Last time it was hot as hell."

She studied my face, catching more than I'd said. "Dean told me about the foursome you did," she said. "You, Millie, him and Sarah. I won't pretend it didn't make me jealous."

"Oh, yeah. Sorry, when you asked, I should have mentioned that," I admitted. "It's not my place to tell you what Dean and Sarah do, even if it's with us. You get that, right?"

"Sure," she said, waving a hand dismissively, then lowered her voice. "Does he know about... us?"

I shook my head. "I don't kiss and tell."

"Good." Mina smiled, her dark eyes pretty in the dim bar lights. "As long as you know you can talk to me about anything. Give Millie my love. And tell her I'm waiting my turn impatiently."

She slid my pint toward me, fingers brushing mine deliberately as she let go.

"On the house," she added. "For my favourite corrupted husband."

"Thanks," I said, voice a little rougher than I'd have liked. "I'll get you one later."

"You had better. Go on then," Mina said, nodding toward the table.

"Show them how big your cue is."

"Stop flirting with the staff," Dean yelled from across the room. "It's your break."

"Flirting? He has no idea," she muttered, just for me, then giggled before turning away to serve someone else.

The Red Lion team turned up and wiped the floor with us on the first frame. And the second. By the end of the third, I'd stopped pretending it was the table or the roll of the balls. My game was off because my head was nowhere near the green baize. Every time I bent over a shot, I saw something else — Millie at the kitchen island with the dirty plans on her pink notepad, Sophia at my desk talking about me paying her in kind, Mina's mouth wrapped around a straw as she watched us play, me imagining it was my cock again.

"Are you drunk already?" Zack demanded after I missed a straight shot, leaving my opponent an easy pot. "You've only had one beer."

"Apologies. I'm just tired," I replied, feeling frustrated. "I'll get my ass in gear, I promise."

"Tired... or just useless?" Dean corrected, clapping me on the back.

"It's fine. We all have off days. Maybe we need Millie to motivate us with some dirty photos again?"

By the time the match was officially a flop and we'd given up pretending we could claw it back, the pub had thinned a little. That was when Kate walked in unexpectedly.

Whenever she went anywhere, Kate always dressed to impress.

Tonight, it was a fitted, curve-hugging black dress that hit just above the knee, with long sleeves and a neckline that stopped well short of inde-cent but still let everyone know how busty she was. Her dark hair was loose around her shoulders in soft waves, lipstick a subtle red that made her mouth look sharper than it already was, and her dark-rimmed glasses sat perfectly on her button of a nose. She'd thrown the camel coat over the top like an afterthought, the belt hanging loose, the whole thing saying I'm not staying long.

Dean clocked her first.

"Millie's friend's here," he murmured to me, under his breath.

"What's her name? The scary one."

"Kate," I said.

"Right. The one who told me I had the emotional range of a teaspoon." He sounded almost admiring.

"She's not wrong," I replied.

Zack and Ollie glanced over, curious, but they didn't know her. Mina watched her for a second from behind the bar, assessing, then moved to serve someone else. To them, she was just another attractive woman walking into a pub full of men with nothing better to do on a Tuesday night.

To me, she was the woman who'd seduced me at her place, let me fuck her while telling me, in explicit detail, why I needed to get over

myself and go back to my wife. And that if I didn't, she'd tell her exactly what had just happened.

She scanned the room, then spotted me, and something in her posture eased. She gave Dean a brief nod in passing, then came straight over, heels tapping across the wooden floor.

"Look at you," she said, leaning in to kiss my cheek, her perfume smelling of apples. Familiar and sharp. "Out past your bedtime. Millie letting you off the leash again?"

"Just a supervised release," I laughed. "For good behaviour."

She stepped back to look at me properly, those inquisitive eyes flicking over my face, reading more than I wanted them to. There was a faint flush on her cheeks from the cold outside, a brightness in her eyes that didn't quite match the casual tone.

"I haven't seen you in here for a long time. Are you alright?" I asked.

"Is everything okay at home?"

"I'm fine," she said quickly, glancing at Dean as he wandered over, cue resting on his shoulder. "Bored. Hence..." She gestured around the room with a finger. "Me being here."

"All right, Kate?" my best friend asked as he joined us.

"Hello, Dean." She gave him a brief, crooked smile, looking at the pool table, then back. "Still losing gloriously?"

"It's a talent," he said. "One I seem to share with Jamie here. Has Millie sent you here to take him home before he embarrasses himself further?"

"Not yet," she said. "I need to borrow him first, actually. Girl talk, you could say."

Dean raised his hands in surrender. "By all means. He's playing like he's concussed anyway."

She waited until he'd left earshot, then nodded toward a quieter corner near the fruit machine. I followed, aware of Mina's eyes on us as we moved out of range of any other nosey listeners.

"So," I said. "To what do I owe the pleasure? Did you just happen to be in the area, or is this a targeted strike?"

"Targeted," she admitted. "I called Millie earlier, pretended I wanted to borrow a recipe. Really, I just wanted to know if you were home or here."

"And she told you Tuesday is pool night."

"She did." Kate's mouth twisted. "Millie seems happy at the moment.

She said she was busy tonight making new content for the blogs, and the kids had tired her out. I was glad because I just wanted to find out where you were so we could talk. But, yeah, she seems happy at the moment, so whatever you two are up to, it's working. You're onto a good thing."

"I know," I smiled, the sentiment making me happy, too. "I'm trying not to ruin it."

"Good." She glanced back toward the bar, where a cluster of men in warehouse fleeces were laughing too loudly at something on someone's phone. "Because I, on the other hand, have decided to ruin mine."

"Trouble with your boyfriend?" I guessed.

She huffed out a humourless little laugh. "Yes. Ryan. Mr 'I've just been offered a job in Dublin, we can make it work, babe'."

"Congratulations?" I offered.

"Not for me," she said. "He wanted a long-distance thing. Weekend flights, midweek FaceTime. Sexting. Me waiting around like some sort of well-dressed emotional support animal while he plays expat in Temple Bar."

"And you said no."

"Of course I said no." She lifted her chin. She really was good-looking. For a moment, the memory of the sex we enjoyed that night popped into my head. I quickly pushed it down. "I did my time with men who wanted me on standby. I am not doing a shitty long-distance relationship at my stage of life. So I told him very sweetly that he should go, have his big Irish adventure, and that I would be absolutely fine without him."

"You dumped him."

"I set us both free," she corrected. "But yes. He's gone."

She let her gaze travel lazily around the pub, taking in the thinning crowd, the worn tables, the men hunched over their pints, the flashing lights of the fruit machine reflected in the lenses of her glasses.

"So, now," she said, with a faint curl of her lip, "I am technically back on the market. God help me."

"No one in here catching your eye?" I asked.

"Urgh." She gave me a look that made it clear what she thought of that question. "Please. I'd rather be celibate forever."

She hesitated then, the bravado slipping just enough for me to see something more serious underneath.

"There's something I want to talk to you about," she said. "Properly.

Not here, not with Dean pretending not to listen. This isn't the place."

"All right," I said. "Do you want to talk outside?"

"Finish your tragic little pool night," Kate said. "Then walk me home.

We'll talk on the way."

She said it lightly, but the set of her mouth told me it wasn't a casual chat she had in mind.

After losing yet another game, I made my excuses to leave, promising to see everyone next week. Mina reminded me to tell Millie what I said, and Dean gave me a nudge in the toilers, saying that Sarah and him were game for another 'night out' if Millie and I fancied it.

Then Kate and I left the pub together, the silent air outside a slap of cold after the warmth and noise inside. My breath smoked in front of me when I spoke.

"So, what's up? What's so bad you needed privacy?"

Kate shoved her hands into her coat pockets, shoulders hunching a little against the wind. For once, she looked less like the sharpest person in the room and more like someone who'd just had the rug pulled out from under her.

"You know that blog of Millie's?" she said. "The other one. The one where she calls you Mr Stag."

I hesitated. "Yeah. Her Sinner Minnie persona."

"I've been reading it." She shot me a quick, sideways look.
"Obviously."

"Obviously."

"She's not as anonymous as she thinks," Kate went on. "It's very sweet, actually. She thinks she's being terribly mysterious and really she's just... Demure Millie, but with a hard-on."

Despite myself, I smiled. "It's her way of dealing with everything.

Words on a page, letting her feelings spill out."

"I know." Kate's mouth twitched. "That's part of why I feel like a terrible person every time I look her in the eye. Because of... what we did."

"We were trying to... fix something," I said. It sounded weak, even to me.

"I was trying to fix something by fucking you behind her back?"

Kate corrected quietly. "At the time, it made sense in my head. Now, every time she tells me how grateful she is that I 'talked you round', I want the pavement to open up and swallow me."

I didn't trust myself to answer that.

She exhaled slowly. "Anyway. The point is, dumping Ryan has...

clarified things for me. Reading Millie's stuff, watching what you two are doing. I've realised I don't just want a boyfriend. I want what you have. Or some version of it."

"An open thing," I said.

"Yes." She didn't flinch. "A proper relationship — affection, support, someone to text me at lunchtime and ask how my day's going —

and the freedom to fuck other people too. And for him to fuck other people.

All above board. No sneaking around, no guilt hangovers, no pretending we're monogamous when we're not built that way."

"Why are you telling me this? You could talk to Millie," I said. "You know she'd get it. She's your best friend."

Something in her face tightened. "That's the weird part," she said.

"As much as I know she loves what she's doing with you, I can't bring myself to tell her I want something similar. Not after... us. It feels like rubbing her nose in it. 'Hey, by the way, I fucked your husband to fix your marriage. And now I want my own Jamie.' No, that's not going to work."

We walked in silence for a few steps.

"You're beautiful," I said finally. It came out matter-of-fact rather than flirtatious. "Sexy, clever, scary as hell when you want to be. You could have any bloke you wanted."

"Could I?" She sounded genuinely doubtful. "Any bloke, maybe. Any bloke who'd happily watch me go off with other men and not fall apart over it? Different question."

"How you'd find that," I admitted, "I don't know. Is there a filter for 'emotionally literate, ethically non-monogamous' on Tinder?"

She laughed, briefly. "Unfortunately, no. I don't want some axe murderer off a website, anyway." She hesitated again, then said, almost offhand, "I'm so horny at the moment I've even thought about Ian."

"Your ex-husband?"

She nodded. "He pops into my DMs every few months, you know.

'Hope you're well,' 'You looked nice in that photo,' 'We should catch up for a drink sometime.' He'd cheat on his wife with me in a heartbeat."

"And you're tempted?"

"He's got a big cock," she said bluntly. "And he knows what to do with it. But he's also still an arsehole, and I'm not sure the first bit can-cels out the second."

"Probably not," I said.

She looked up at me then, expression sharpening.

"So here's my question," she said. "If you and Millie start going to sex clubs, meeting other men, whatever it is you're doing... and you happen to come across someone who might be boyfriend material.

Someone fun in bed, open-minded, not a complete psychopath. Would you introduce us?"

"You want me to... find you a man?" I turned to look at her, expecting her to be ready to retort, but instead her expression was..

Vulnerable. Something I'd not seen often with Kate.

We'd reached her street. It was quiet. No traffic, no one walking around this late on a midweek night. Kate was quiet, seemingly deep in thought.

"I'll keep an eye out," I said. "If we ever meet anyone who's good enough for my wife's amazing best friend, I'll... let you know."

"Thank you," she replied, finding a wry grin. "You're officially my talent scout."

We walked a few more steps in silence. The only sound was the beat of our footsteps and the rustle of the increasingly stiff, cold wind in the bare branches of the trees lining her street.

"That's not the only reason I wanted to talk to you," Kate said finally.

The way she said it made the hairs on the back of my neck lift.

"Okay."

She took a deeper breath, exhaling slowly again, steam curling in the dark. "I've... messed up," she said. "Badly. And I need to tell you before it bites us all on the ass."

"What did you do?"

"The other week. Christmas time," she began. "My sister came down from Sheffield, Tony, her husband in tow. There's been some sort of cri-sis back home, so we got the, 'we're moving back here, isn't that great, blah blah' speech. Mum's over the moon with it. Me not so much."

"Right. And?" I prompted her to continue. I remembered Millie mentioning it in passing that Kate was one of three siblings.

"She's always been a wildcard," Kate said, as if reading my thoughts. "Middle-child syndrome with an extra serving of drama poured on top. Anyway, I was making an effort. Trying to be nice. We got drunk. Stupid drunk. And she started asking about my love life, why I wasn't settling down, what was going on with Ryan."

My stomach tightened. "And what's so bad about that?"

"I was drunk," Kate repeated, grimacing. She took her glasses off, cleaned them on her dress "I ended up telling her about you and Millie.

At first I was vague. 'They've opened things up,' that sort of thing. But she kept pushing. And I'm an idiot when I've got wine and an audience.

I told her about Millie. About the hotwife thing. About you watching.."

A dull roar started in my ears. "And about... you and me?"

Kate's jaw tightened. "Yes," she said. "I told her I'd slept with you.

That it was a mix of me being horny and stupid and trying to get you to see sense and go back to Millie. I don't know what I was thinking, Jamie. I'm supposed to be clever, but I've really fucked up."

"Why?"

We started walking again because standing still on the corner of her road talking about this felt too exposed.

"She turned up again the other day," Kate went on. "Out of the blue.

She's settled here now, in their new house, new job, but she needed a bit of cash to 'tide them over.' When I told her no, she smiled that hor-rible little smile of hers and reminded me what she knew. About you, about me, about Millie. She'd looked her up, found the blogs I mentioned, both of them and said it would be a shame if your sweet little trad wife found out her best friend had been screwing her husband behind her back the whole time."

"But that's not true." My chest went cold. "It was one time."

"Well, you and I know that," Kate replied through gritted teeth, visibly annoyed even as she recounted the tale. "But she could say anything. Anyway, I gave her some money to get rid of her and it worked, but if I know my sister, she's not going to stop there. She never does.

She's probably already come up with three different ways to blow our lives up if it gets her what she wants."

"Does she know Millie's real name?" I asked. "Our address?"

"She knows enough," Kate said quietly. "She's found all the socials.

She knows where you work. She knows more than I ever meant her to."

"Jesus, Kate."

"I know," she said. "I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. This is my mess, and I promise you, it'll be me she comes to. She's not going to approach you, or Millie. It'll be used as leverage against me. Even so, I don't want you caught up in all of this, but it involves you and Millie, and it's not going away until we sort it."

"What are you saying we should do?"

She was quiet for a moment. "We're going to have to tell her," she said eventually. "Millie. About... us. Because if my sister goes nuclear before we do, it'll be ten times worse. She'll make it sound like an affair.

Like we were sneaking around for months. She'll twist it. That's what she does."

The thought of Millie hearing it from anyone else made my stomach flip. So did the thought of her hearing it from me.

"I know Millie's into the open relationship thing," Kate said, voice low. "Obviously, she let you fuck Mina, and the foursome with Sarah.

But this? This was before all that. It was me taking advantage of you at a low point. When Millie was down. No matter how we frame it, it's going to hurt her."

"So we either pull the plaster off ourselves," I said, "or wait for your sister to rip it off in public."

"Pretty much," Kate said. "And knowing her, she's already working on the most dramatic way to do it."

We were outside her front door. She stopped and turned to face me.

"Do you want to come in?" she asked.

The question was casual, but the look in her eyes wasn't. "Just for half an hour. I'm not going to keep you. I just... I don't know. I need some company that isn't me, a glass of wine and a terrible series on Netflix."

"I should get back," I said automatically. "Millie's at home. She'll be waiting."

My phone chimed in my pocket. Loud, in the silence of her front porch. Saved by the bell. That would be Millie, asking what time I was home.

"Is that her?" Kate asked, pushing a lock of dark hair behind her ear, her green eyes still earnest.

I checked my phone. I expected it to be my wife: Tell me when you're on your way home. Xxx

But it wasn't. It was from Sophia.

Are you ready for my plan? I have the perfect first step for you.

"Actually, it's a work thing." I slid my phone into my pocket. I'd deal with Sophia later. "Millie's probably asleep," I said. "She was tired.

Long day."

"Exactly," Kate said. "She's asleep. The kids are asleep. You'll be home in an hour and no one will know you were ever here. Including my sister."

"That's not the point."

She opened the door, the warmth leaking out as she leaned her shoulder against the doorframe, looking at me steadily. "Millie will never know, Jamie. Just like she'll never know about the last time."

Something cold slid under my ribs at that. It wasn't quite a threat, but it wasn't not one either.

"I'm not going to tell her," Kate went on. "I don't want to hurt her."

You know that. You're sending your wife out to sleep with other men and accepting the crumbs she throws you like Mina and Sarah. You must want more than that. And then, here I am, newly single, horny, and feeling like shit, needing some comfort."

"This is a bad idea, Kate. You know it is."

She dropped her voice. "Just come inside. We've already done it once. I need... something, Jamie. Please. Don't make me beg."

I should have said no. I knew that. It wasn't that cold, or raining. I wasn't even drunk.

Instead, I heard myself say, "Half an hour."

Her shoulders loosened. "Half an hour," she echoed, stepped back to let me in and closed the door quietly behind us. The hallway light was soft and yellow; it made the house feel smaller, more intimate, as if the outside world had been shut out with a click. As I took my coat off, she turned, watched me for a moment, sliding off her own jacket.

"You look like you're about to bolt," she said quietly. "Don't."

"But I should," I said.

"Probably," she agreed. "But please, don't. Maybe this will convince you."

She dropped to her knees, undid my belt and zipper, pulled down my shorts. My cock sprung out, already halfway hard. As soon as she wrapped her lips around it, it surged to its full size in her mouth.

After a few minutes, she pulled away, gazing at my erection. "See, you need this as much as I do." Then she stood, took my hand and pulled me down the short hallway, then upstairs into her bedroom.

This felt spontaneous, unplanned and the feeling was confirmed by the unpreparedness of the room. She hadn't made the bed, the navy duvet halfway off, a pile of clothes on a chair pretending to be a wardrobe, a faint trace of hairspray in the air. There was a glass of water on the bedside table, a book face-down, a phone charger curled like a snake.

Kate let go of my hand and turned. For a second she just stood there, looking at me, breathing a little too fast.

"No talking," she breathed softly, "Let's just do it."

"Fine by me—"

She stepped in and kissed me before I'd finished the sentence.

It was nothing like Millie's kisses. Millie could be hungry, insistent, but there was always softness underneath, always an awareness that I was the one she loved. Kate kissed like she didn't care, like she was just trying to lose herself, trying to erase Ryan and all the trouble that had come her way — everything poured into the press

of her mouth, the nip of her teeth, the way her hands slid straight under my shirt and up my back, her nails tracing my spine.

I kissed her back. There was a moment, a flicker, where I could have stepped away; instead I leaned in.

She walked me backward until my calves hit the side of the bed. One push and I sat, then she straddled my lap, dress riding up as she pulled her panties down, kicked them off across the room. For a second, I saw the lightly-haired mound of her pussy, and then she was on me, her hand guiding my stiff dick inside her wetness urgently. She settled her weight on me, her hands going back to my face, holding me still as she kissed me deeper. I felt her thighs tighten around me, the shift of her hips as she began to move, pulling me out and then in again.

"Fuck," she murmured against my mouth. "You have no idea how much I need this."

"No talking," I reminded her. My hands went to her waist, fingers finding the hem of her dress, lifting it up, over her head. As I reached around and unclasped her bra, she caught one wrist and moved my hand to her exposed breast as the garment fell away.

"No talking," she agreed. "Just sex."

Talking went out of the window. I squeezed her large, firm tits, my thumbs circling her nipples, and she sighed into my mouth as we kissed again, the sound low and relieved. Her hands rested on my shoulders, steadying herself as she began to ride me, circling her pussy around, then moving up, down, using my cock for her pleasure. She was hot and tight and very, very wet, the sounds of our sex loud in the quiet of the room. There was nothing tentative in her, no shyness—she was just using me for sex, her head tipping back, dark hair sliding over her shoulders.

I put my hands on her hips, guiding her rhythm, enjoying the sight of her nakedness, her large, heavy breasts, her dark nipples, the soft triangle of fine dark hair between her thighs, her pussy stretched around my slick shaft. I felt myself quickening, my hips bunching up to drive into her. Every thrust drove home the reality of what we were doing, the wrongness and the rightness tangled together, but I'd stopped car-ing.

She leaned forward after a while, bracing one hand by my head, the other twisting in my shirt. Her breath came in hot bursts against my cheek.

"Do me from behind," she whispered. "I need to be fucked hard."

"I can do that," I replied, before I could stop myself.

She rolled off me, drawing herself onto all fours, unashamed of her ass and pussy exposed as she spread her thighs invitingly.

But I didn't need an invitation. I got behind her and slammed my cock into her wetness, quickly finding a rhythm, driving into her fast and hard. She gasped, then moaned with delight, pushing back against me, chasing her climax. I shifted my angle, lifting one leg, timing to meet her pushes with deeper, more meaningful thrusts and a minute later, I felt her whole body react, a tremor running through her.

"I'm close," she crumpled forward, voice muffled against the pillow.

"Fuck me, Jamie. Pound my pussy hard. You can cum in me if you want.

I'm on the pill. Don't hold back."

So I didn't. I held her harder, thrust into her with more force, and she responded instantly, fingers bunching in the bed cover, her

breath breaking into fractured little gasps. The headboard knocked the wall in a steady, accusing rhythm.

Then she came. It hit quickly, without warning, her body clenching around me, a scream ripping from her throat. She pushed against me, rode it out, eyes squeezed shut, going quiet, then another sound, lower, a growl, finally breaking free from somewhere deep in her chest.

“Oh, fuck,” she whispered, voice rough. “Okay. Okay. Your turn. Fill me up.”

She didn’t just stay there, a pussy for me to fuck. She pushed back again, slamming against me. If anything, she moved faster, chasing the aftershocks, pushing me past the point where I could pretend I was still in control. The guilt and the heat tangled together until I couldn’t tell which was which, everything narrowing to the feel of her, the wet tightness of her pussy, the desire to cum inside her taking over.

I pushed in as far as I could go, and held myself there, lights dancing behind my eyes. For a few seconds there was nothing but that — the rush, the release, the feeling of my cock pulsing inside her, involuntary sounds I couldn’t quite swallow.

Then it was over. I collapsed onto the bed, drained and utterly spent.

Kate moved next to me, breathing hard, hands finding my face and kissing me tenderly. I could feel her heart pounding through her lips.

Then she turned, looked at the digital clock, the time glowing in red LEDs.

“We fucked for almost exactly half an hour,” she said eventually, voice hoarse. “Right on schedule. That was incredible, by the way.”

I slid off the bed, wincing slightly at the tightness of my back muscles — I'd lost control and really gone for it — and found the bathroom to clean myself up. The mundanity of washing my hands in her sink, water running over knuckles that had just been gripping her hips, made my stomach twist. What had I just done?

When I came back, she was propped up on one elbow, still gloriously naked, watching me.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Liar." She gave a small, tired smile. "But thank you anyway."

"For what?"

"For making me feel like I'm not a completely unlovable fuck-up,"

she said, something in her voice pulling at my heart strings. "Just for a bit."

"We're both fuck-ups," I replied softly, trying not to think about what we'd just done. Again.

I got dressed in silence. She didn't try to stop me, didn't ask for more than we'd agreed. When I pulled my zipper up, she swung her legs off the bed and reached for the duvet, wrapping it around herself like a shield.

"Hopefully, Millie's in bed when you get home, asleep," she instructed. "Take a shower. Wash me off. I'll text you tomorrow, discuss how we're going to fix the issue with my sister."

"I will," I replied. My voice sounded thin. "We'll figure something out."

"Are you okay letting yourself out? The door's on the catch. It'll lock behind you." I nodded and turned to leave, but she reached out and touched my arm. "Jamie?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm not proud of this," she said quietly. "I mean that. But I am grateful. And I promise, I won't let my bitch of a sister fuck anything up for you."

"I know," I said again. I wasn't sure I believed it entirely, but I wanted to.

I left, closing the door behind me and stepped out into the cold, trying not to think of the sex, of how I'd just let myself down. I pulled out my phone. There were still no messages from Millie, no missed calls.

Just the message from Sophia. She'd got a plan and was waiting for me to reply, asking what it was. I would, but not yet.

I texted Millie instead: On my way. Are you okay?

I stared at the screen for a few moments. No reply. The three dots didn't appear.

I slid the phone back into my pocket and started walking, the guilt settling in properly now, heavy and unavoidable, each step toward home feeling like one more line I'd crossed that I couldn't uncross.

Just Me, Myself, and I

Sultry Whispers

A blog by @SinnerMinnie

Hello, my sinful little loves.

Mr Stag was out last night with the boys. The kids were in bed, the house was quiet, and I had the whole evening to myself.

So naturally, I poured a glass of wine, slipped into something comfortable — which is to say, nothing at all — and spent a very satisfying hour in bed with my favourite person.

Me.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: there is absolutely nothing wrong with making yourself orgasm. Nothing. Not a thing. Not a whisper of shame, not a breath of guilt. It is, in my entirely unqualified but very well-practised opinion, one of the most honest, healthy, plea-surable things a woman can do for herself.

Last night, my mind went somewhere very specific. A man. Not Mr Stag. I love him dearly, but my imagination was in a different postcode entirely. This man was bigger than anyone I've ever actually been with.

Wider. Longer. The kind of cock that makes your pussy wet just from the sight of it. I lay back, fingers working slowly at first, imagining the weight of him between my thighs, the blunt, insistent pressure of him pushing against me, the slow, overwhelming stretch as he worked himself inside me, inch by careful inch.

In my head, I was spread wide, breath gone, taking every last bit of him, my back arching off the sheets, his hands holding my hips down so I couldn't squirm away even if I wanted to.

By the time I came, I was biting the pillow.

Afterwards, lying there in the warm dark, pleasantly satisfied, I thought: why do women still feel embarrassed about this? We spend so much energy performing our sexuality for other people. This — fingers, imagination, no audience, no performance — is the purest version of it.

Just you and your body, having a completely private conversation.

You are not cheating on your husband. You are not being unfaithful to your relationship. You are loving yourself, in the most literal sense.

You are reminding your body that it belongs to you first, and everyone else second.

Touch yourself, darlings. Imagine whoever you like. Let your mind go wherever it wants to go. There are no rules in your own head.

Yours, breathless and unrepentant,

Minnie x

Chapter 7

A Ghost In The Bedroom

The kitchen was quiet at this time in the morning, the only sound the cheerful chirping of birds in the privet out front. I made a hot, strong cup of coffee, got comfortable at the kitchen table, and scanned the latest news on my phone, trying very hard not to think about last night.

Millie had been fast asleep when I'd got home, the reason why she hadn't replied to my texts. Ethan and Grace were, too, little bodies tucked under duvets, bedroom doors open just enough for the landing light to seep in. I'd checked on them, bending down to press a gentle kiss to each warm forehead, then gone into the bathroom to shower, scrubbing myself hard as if I could wash away what I'd done.

When I'd finally slid into bed beside Millie, she'd shifted slightly, sighed, and tucked herself against my chest without waking. The gentle moonlight streaming through the crack in the curtains illuminated her face, and she looked so peaceful that I'd wanted to wake her, just to show her Sophia's message, to hear her say Text her, tell her we're ready.

But I didn't.

Because what if she woke wanting to make love? My cock was spent, my balls emptied inside her best friend no more than an hour before.

The weight of that kept me still, staring at the ceiling, the memory of Kate's mouth, her hands, the sharpness of her nails, the way she'd said, half an hour, no talking, cum inside me, repeating over and over in my head.

It had been a mistake. A selfish, stupid betrayal that sat like a weight in my stomach. Unable to sleep, I slid my phone out from under the pillow and texted Sophia back.

We're ready. Let me know what we do next. Jamie.

I'd hit send at 1.37 am, then thrown the phone back beneath the pillow. She hadn't replied, probably asleep, or more likely tied up with matters that didn't involve me. I'd lain there, heart thumping, listening to Millie's breathing shift in and out, until I drifted off into a broken, restless sleep.

By 6.00 am, I'd given up entirely, pushed the covers back, and gone downstairs to start the day alone.

I'd sat at the kitchen counter like this for a while, deep in thought, until Millie came downstairs, ushering Ethan into the front room and turning on the heating to warm the house up a little. I hadn't even noticed how chilly it was. Their voices filtered through into the kitchen, the usual morning chatter about homework, shoes, and the promise of an afternoon snack after school.

"You didn't usually get up this early," Millie said, stepping into the kitchen, glancing at the clock, then back at me. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep. Thought I might as well get up and do the pots. Get a head start on things, you know?" Then I added, a little too quickly. "I'm fine. Don't worry."

"Okay." She gave me a look, the kind that said she knew I was lying, but she let it go. "Ethan's got PE today, but I couldn't find his trainers last night. Do you know where they are?"

"I saw them under the stairs," I informed her, and she headed out to check, then returned, holding them up triumphantly.

"I'll drop him off at school, then head back," she said, stuffing them into his bag, "then I'll tell you my news."

I'd forgotten she'd mentioned having something to tell me yesterday.

Something amazing. "Great. Do you want a coffee?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"Yeah." She yawned, stretching her arms overhead, causing her nipples to poke through the thin pyjama top. "How was Dean? And the other guys? Good night?"

I told her everything — about how the Red Lion had wiped the floor with us, how Zack and Ollie had teased me over my poor game, how Dean had brought up Sarah and the possibility of another foursome, and how Mina had asked me to remind Millie that she exists. "And Sophia texted me. She's going to send us... some instructions, today."

"How exciting!" Millie giggled, standing on her tiptoes to plant a kiss on my lips, then scooted away to help Ethan get ready while I prepared his cereal.

An hour later, Millie returned from the school run, Ethan safely delivered to school, and the house quiet once more. Grace was still upstairs, sleeping, probably dreaming of My Little Ponies and chocolate biscuits, her two favourite things.

Millie dropped her bag on the hall floor, kicked off her shoes, and padded into the kitchen in her bare feet. She leaned against the counter, arms folded, watching me scrape the last of Ethan's breakfast into the bin.

"You don't need to do that. You should be relaxing before work," she informed me, then reached up into the cupboard for a mug. "Do you want a refill?"

"If you're making one, yeah."

She brewed a fresh coffee, filled my mug first, then poured herself one, eyeing me over the rim as she took a sip.

"So," she said, leaning on the counter. "I told you I had something amazing to tell you. I didn't get a chance before I fell asleep, but I've been excited to tell you since yesterday."

"You're not going to tell me you're pregnant again, are you?" I said, half-joking, half-wincing as the thought came unbidden into my head.

She laughed. "No. I'm not pregnant. It's nothing life-altering, not in the way that would require us to panic-plan a nursery. It's... a person."

"A person," I repeated. "But not a baby?"

"No! Do you remember Daniel?" She hesitated, then said, "From university?"

Of course I did. The big-dick ghost from Millie's past, the almost--first-fuck, the one she'd described so vividly that I'd wanked off about it a dozen times when she first told me.

"Yeah," I said. "Your other boyfriend. The one you didn't actually sleep with."

"That's the one," she nodded. She took a breath. "Well, he found me."

"He found you? Oh." My brain did a quick, internal scan. "On social media?"

"Through my Home and Heart blog," she replied, using the cute, slightly mock-biblical name she'd picked for her traditional wife

account. "He saw my reels, recognised me, and messaged. It was just a 'I'm so glad you're happy, you look lovely, I just wanted to say hi' kind of thing."

"He did?" I asked, stomach tightening. "What else did he say?"

"Not much, really," she shrugged, making her braless breasts wobble pleasantly through her thin T-shirt. "He just said he'd been watching my videos, thought it looked like I had a beautiful life, that my husband and kids seemed very loved, and that he'd just wanted to say hello. He asked if I remembered him."

"And?" I prompted.

"I told him I did," she said, eyes bright. "Of course I remembered him. Don't worry. I made it clear that I'm happy in my marriage, that I'm a responsible mother and wife, and my beautiful life isn't just a story made up for my blog."

"Good," I replied—and meant it, an odd stir of jealousy in my chest.

"I'd hate for him to think you were... available."

She smiled, the kind that said she saw right through the bravado.

"Exactly. I wanted him to know you're a good person, a good husband.

I'm not going to pretend you don't exist for the sake of a little nostalgia."

Nostalgia? Was that what Millie was feeling right now? It felt like she was being defensive, for sure. "So what are you telling me this for?" I asked, a little more gently.

She bit her lip, then looked up at me, seriousness chasing away the earlier brightness. "He told me he thinks about me often," she said,

slowly, her words chosen carefully. "I replied that I'd thought about him a few times over the years, too."

"Okay. Go on," I prompted her. "What did he say to that?"

"Nothing," she took another sip of the coffee. "I went on to tell him I was currently busy, that Grace was calling me, so I'd continue the conversation tomorrow. After I'd spoken to you and had time to think."

"I'm glad you're telling me," I smiled at her, but the question loomed large between us. What she wasn't telling me. "Time to think about what?"

"What to say to him." Millie's cheeks reddened. Her eyes were bright as she looked up at me. "Because I wanted to tell him that I'd wondered what it would have been like if we'd gone all the way at eighteen. That I'd been scared of his size, scared of it... hurting. That I was curious, even now, what he was like in bed. But I didn't want to say those things to him without talking to you first."

She let that hang between us, the memory of her describing his cock, the extra inches that I'd imagined pushing into her pussy ever since she'd told me, making me increasingly horny as she continued.

"And," her voice dropped, not wanting to wake Grace, "I wanted to tell him that I might be interested in exploring that. In real life. In person, if he's interested. If he's still the same person he was twenty years ago, and if he's single, of course."

I stared at her, the mug in my hand suddenly too hot. I put it down on the kitchen counter, not trusting myself not to drop it. "You'd go there? But he's your... ex."

"I know he is. I mean... maybe it'd be fun? Anyway, I didn't say anything to him. Not yet. Not until I'd spoken to you first." Millie looked at the mug I'd put down, eyeing me carefully, trying to weigh

up. "Jamie, I'm not suggesting I jump into bed with him. I could just test the waters first and see if he's single or available. Then tell him I'd be interested in meeting up, to see how I felt in person, then... maybe—and it's only a maybe—let the night go where it goes. I'd tell him about our situation, that anything that happened would be purely no-strings, and only with your consent and keeping you in the loop the whole time."

"Right. So you're serious about this?" I said, more a statement than a question. I really didn't feel comfortable, but I could tell she wanted it, so what was I to do? I'd just fucked her best friend. "And excited, too. I can tell."

"If I'm honest, I'm nervous," she corrected. "But also very excited. I guess I'm curious. I want to reconnect with him, see if he's the same person he was. I was scared of him then because he was too big, but I want to know if he's really as big as I remember."

"And Sophia," I said slowly. "What about her? She's got a plan, she wants to help us take it to the next level."

"I know," Millie said. "I'm not forgetting that. I'm not trying to override her plan. I'm... just... exploring. I'm telling you that Daniel is an option because I think he could be fun. I'm not going to do anything that would clash with Sophia's plan. I'm just... telling you he's here, that I'd be interested in doing something with him. If you're okay with it."

"I'm not sure I am okay with it," I said, the words difficult to say because I didn't want to disappoint her. "What if he's married and he lies, just to meet you?" I asked because the possibility had to be addressed.

"He might have been a nice guy back then, but what if he's an asshole now? What if... what if one of you gets the feels for the other? What if old emotions creep back in? That's always a possibility with exes."

She grimaced. "If he's an asshole, I'll know. If he's married, I'll know."

I'm not naïve. Jamie. I'm not the young girl who fell for him in university. I'm older and wiser. I'm not going to let myself be hurt by him. I'm not going to let him take advantage of me. I'm not going to let him fuck his marriage up, if he does have a wife. Or mine, for that matter."

I wanted to tell her that I thought she was underestimating a man's ability to lie convincingly, but that felt hypocritical, considering what I'd done last night. "Let me think about it. If I say yes, you'll tell me everything?" I asked, the jealousy and fear mixing into something sharper. "Everything he says. Everything you say to him, everything you do. You won't keep anything from me?"

"No," she replied, concern etched suddenly on her face. "Don't be silly. I mean, to be honest, he's probably married, two kids and a dog, the whole thing. But if he isn't... I'll tell you everything. I'll show you our messages. I'm not going to hide anything from you, Jamie. Our marriage is built on trust. I might be exploring a new side of me, but I'm also still the same traditional wife I always was. I'm still your Millie Grace."

"That's what scares me," I muttered, more to myself than to her.

She heard it anyway. Her eyes narrowed, picking up on the tension under the words. "You're not okay with this," she said quietly. "Not really."

"I'm..." I exhaled. "I'm not not okay. I'm just aware this isn't simple."

With Sophia, it's... cleaner. Strangers. One-offs. Controlled. This is... history. Feelings. All the things therapists charge fifty quid an hour to untangle."

A slow smile curved her full lips. "And yet," she said, "you're hard right now, just thinking about it."

"I am not," I started, then followed her gaze to the very obvious bulge in my trousers. "Okay. I am. That's not helping my argument."

She bit back a laugh, crossing the small space between us. "See?" she said, voice low. "You're jealous. You're scared. But you're also turned on. You're getting horny at the idea of me sleeping with someone I wanked off when I was eighteen. By the idea of me finally finding out if he fits in my tiny pussy."

"Millie," I warned, but it came out more like a plea than anything else.

She set her mug down, slid her hands up under my shirt, her palms warm against my stomach. "You're picturing it, aren't you?" she murmured, pressing closer. "Me on my back, knees up by my ears, him between my legs. Me trying to take that big cock, seeing if it'll go all the way in this time, not just the tip."

My breath caught. "You're going to make me late for work," I said.

"That would be a shame," she said innocently, fingers drifting lower to my zipper. "I should probably calm you down a bit before you go, then."

She kissed me, slow at first, then deeper, her tongue flicking against mine in that way that always undid me. Her hand slipped inside my shorts, fingers curling around me, and I let my head tip back against the kitchen cupboard with a quiet groan.

"Tell me you're not thinking about him," she whispered against my mouth. "Tell me you're not imagining how it would look, him pushing into me, stretching me open, while you watch. Or while you wait at home, cock aching, wondering if I'm going to bring his cum home in my pussy, back to your bed."

My hips jerked, entirely involuntary.

"That's not fair," I managed.

"Life's not fair," she said, but her tone was soft, teasing. She stroked me slowly, thumb circling the head, watching my face with a mixture of mischief and something more serious underpinning it. "I can feel how much you like it," she murmured. "Even if you're not sure you like liking it."

My hand had somehow found its way under her top, fingers brushing the underside of her breast. She shivered, then leaned back against the counter, pulling me with her, her free hand guiding mine lower, down her stomach, under the thin cotton of her shorts.

"Touch me," she breathed. "Just for a minute. Hey, maybe his dick has grown since then. Imagine it being huge, hurting me as he fucks me hard."

Two fingers slipped against her, finding her already slick. She gasped quietly, hips rocking into my hand.

"Jesus, Millie," I said.

"Say yes," she whispered, breath hitching. "To Daniel. Not today, not tonight. Just... in principle. Say you'll at least let me talk to him. See what he wants. See who he is now. Say you'll let me try to put that ghost to bed, one way or another."

She pumped my cock as she said it, perfectly timed, a sly grin on her face.

"I'll... think about it," I said, because I couldn't get anything else out.

She felt so tight and wet around my fingers.

She made a small, impatient noise and pulled down my trousers and shorts, then kissed me again, deeper, her hand working me faster now.

My fingers moved in time, finger-fucking her, feeling her open up around them, the familiar, intoxicating way her body responded.

"Fuck me," she moaned, turning, bending over the kitchen counter.

Then, somewhere upstairs, a small voice called: "Mummy?"

We both froze.

"Mummy?" Grace again, a little louder this time. "Where are you?"

Millie's forehead dropped to my shoulder. "For fuck's sake," she muttered, half laughing, half groaning.

We straightened our clothes, gathering ourselves again.

"Go to work," she sighed quietly, giving the front of my trousers a rueful pat. "You're going to be late anyway. I'll... sort myself out later."

"That's not fair," I said, trying to adjust myself without it being too obvious. "Don't leave me like this, then send me to work with visions of you masturbating."

"You have toilets at work," she replied, smiling. She stood on tiptoe, kissed me one last time, softer now. "Sort yourself out, or save it for me later, whichever you prefer. And text me when Sophia replies."

"I'll try," I nodded, straightening my tie in the mirror, trying to will my erection to go down.

"And think about Daniel. Properly. Not just with your dick."

"Mummy?" Grace called again, more insistent now.

"I'm here, sweetheart," Millie called back, raising her voice. She mouthed go at me over her shoulder, then headed for the stairs, smoothing her T-shirt down as she went.

I grabbed my mug, downed the last of the coffee, snatched my keys off the hook, and headed for the door, the echo of Millie's words — him pushing into me, stretching me open, while you watch — and the half-hard ache in my trousers following me out into the cool morning air.

A Little Something To Look Forward To

Home and Heart

A blog by @DemureMillieGrace

Dear readers,

Just a short one today, because life is busy and Sweetpea has decided that this morning is the perfect time to reorganise every single cupboard in the kitchen, one pot at a time.

But I wanted to pop in and say — I'm excited.

Mr Heart and I are going out this week. Properly out, to a beautiful bar I've never been to before, the kind of place that deserves a new dress and a decent pair of heels. It's been a while since we did something like this, just the two of us, stepping outside the lovely ordinar-iness of our everyday life and remembering that we were a couple before we were parents, and that couple still deserves a night out occasionally.

I'm also looking forward to returning to book club next week — it feels like it's been ages since I've sat around a table with good women, good wine, and something worth talking about. I've missed it more than I realised. Maybe I'll have a book to recommend to all my lovely followers.

I'm feeling a sense, at the moment, of revisiting things. Awakening parts of myself I've let go quiet for a little while, corners of my life I've left unlived. I don't think that's a bad thing — sometimes you have to let things rest before you're ready to pick them up again. But I think I'm ready.

More soon, my loves. Pray for good weather on our night out, and that Sweetpea puts my pots back in the right order.

With love and a new dress,

Millie Grace x

Chapter 8

This Is Where It Begins

The showroom was quiet when Sophia's message arrived.

Karen had just brought me a coffee I hadn't asked for, set it on the edge of my desk with a pointed look that said "you look like you need this," and disappeared back to reception without a word. I'd been staring at a fleet insurance quote for twenty minutes without reading a single line of it.

Then my phone lit up.

Hi, Jamie. Are you ready now? I'm sending the instructions. Read them properly. All of them. Then show Millie. Love, S.

I sat up straighter, pushed the quote to one side, and waited.

The first message came through almost immediately, then the second, then the third, each one arriving in clean, unhurried blocks, the way Sophia did everything — deliberate and considered, with no unnecessary words or filler.

I read them in order.

Here's what you should do. I've given this a lot of thought, as it deserves, and came to the conclusion that you should start the way Matthew and I started, before the clubs and the arrangements and the open lifestyle thing. Before all of that, there was just a bar, a Thursday night, and me walking in without my ring on. So, that's where you should begin, too.

Choose your outfits carefully. Millie wears something that says she's available. Not cheap. Not obvious. But a man across a room should

look at her and think: she's worth talking to. A little black dress, good heels, cleavage, hair down. No wedding ring. Jamie, you dress like a man who goes out alone sometimes and isn't unhappy about it. A good shirt, jeans or smart trousers, clothes to make you blend in. You don't want any attention. Oh, and no ring either.

You arrive separately. Stagger it by at least five minutes. Millie goes in first. She finds a spot at the bar or a small table with sightlines to the whole room. She orders a drink, and then she waits. She doesn't look for you. She doesn't check her phone every thirty seconds. She is a woman on a night out, enjoying being out.

Then you arrive. You find a position where you can see her without being obviously close. You grab a soft drink — you're driving later. You watch. That's your only job for the first hour. Watch.

Men will approach her. Some will be time-wasters, but some won't.

She talks to them if she wants to. She lets them buy her a drink if she wants to. She laughs at their jokes if they're funny, and doesn't if they're not. She is herself, except single. She has no husband in the corner, she's here for a good time and maybe some fun afterwards. She trusts her own judgement.

After an hour, perhaps two if you're not used to this yet, you move on to the club. I've got the perfect place in mind. I'll give you details after this. I've already spoken to the management. Give my name, and you'll be taken through to the quieter section upstairs — still a dancefloor, still a bar, but less noise, better lighting, and most importantly, the right sort of men. Men who are looking for some fun with a hot lady, rather than men who queued in the cold to get drunk and finger some girl in the toilets.

It's the same rules in the club. You're strangers. You don't dance together. You don't sit at the same table. You watch from a distance while men hit on her, while they ask her to dance, while they kiss

her and maybe more. You will feel things, jealousy, worry, possessiveness. That's the point. Feel them. Don't act on them.

If she finds someone she likes — and I mean properly likes, not just finds tolerable — she will text you one word: going. That means she's leaving with him. You say nothing except: okay. You do not follow her out within her line of sight. You wait five minutes, then you go to your car.

She will drop you a pin from her phone when she gets to where she's going, either their place or a hotel room, let Millie decide. Ideally, a hotel.

The right sort of man will know she's worth the price of a room. You drive to wherever she is, park nearby, and wait.

She will text you when she's inside. She will tell you what's happening, as much or as little as she wants. If she sends a photo, you look at it, and you do not reply with anything that might give the game away or make her concerned about you. If she asks, "Are you okay?" you say yes because you are. You're sitting in a car a hundred metres away, and your wife is doing something she's wanted to do for years, and you gave her that. That's something to be proud of.

She will either stay the night or she won't. If she stays over, you'll go home and wait for her. If not, she'll pretend to order a taxi. You'll give her ten minutes, then pretend to be that taxi. You don't ask questions in the car. You just bring her home. When you're home, either that night or in the morning, when she returns, that's when you ask questions. That's when she tells you everything that she did. And it has to be everything. No secrets.

One more thing. If at any point either of you wants to stop — if Millie texts stop, you collect her and take her home. If you text her to stop, she comes to you, and that is the end of the night — that is

allowed. No judgement. And if you don't like this idea, you tell me. We simply try again when you're ready.

But I don't think you'll do that. This is the ultimate thrill. A one-night stand with a complete stranger. This is where it begins.

Thursday is the best night for this. Do it this week, before you have time to talk yourself out of it. The bar is called The Copper Room, on Whiteladies Road. You know it, I imagine. Eight o'clock. Millie first. The club is called Underground, a basement venue by Chapman's Plaza.

Maybe you know it. It's an exclusive club. No riff-raff. The entrance fee is high, but worth it. You'll be fine.

Love, S.

I sat back in my chair.

The fleet quote was still on the desk, the coffee Karen had brought me had gone cold, and somewhere on the sales floor, I could hear Cal-lum enthusiastically over-explaining a hybrid drivetrain to a man who clearly just wanted to know if it was faster than his neighbour's.

I read the messages again, from the beginning.

Then I picked up my phone and forwarded the whole thread to Millie.

Her reply came back in under a minute.

Oh my God.

Then: I read it again. Twice. Still oh my God.

Then: Call me.

I checked the clock. Eleven forty. The fleet meeting was at noon.

I can't. Not yet. I've got a meeting at twelve, and my head is all over the place. I need to get my shirt together, then I'll call after. One o'clock.

Three dots appeared, then: JAMIE. ARGH.

I know. I'm sorry. One o'clock. I promise.

A pause. Then a single emoji — the one with the wide eyes — and nothing else.

I put the phone face down, picked up the cold coffee, drank it anyway, and went to talk to a man about company cars.

The meeting ran until half one. I called Millie from the car park, engine off, the afternoon cold, grey and still outside the windscreen.

She picked up on the first ring.

"Right," she said, no preamble. "Thursday."

"Thursday," I confirmed. "No time for us to change our minds."

"Matthew said that once. We know where he got it from now."

"Yeah."

The line went quiet for a moment, then: "So I go in alone, find a spot, and wait for men to talk to me."

"That's what she said."

Another pause. "And you'll be there? Across the room?"

"Watching," I said. "The whole time."

"Okay." Her voice was quieter now, the fizz of earlier settling into something more serious. "I can do that. I think I can do that. In

fact, the more I think about it, the more I like it. I think."

"We don't have to do this," I said, for the third or fourth time in as many days. "You've got your thing with Daniel. We can pursue that option if you prefer."

"I know," she said. "Or we could do both. But Sophia... she's got experience in this. I think—no... I know—this is what I want to do."

"Then let's do it."

"Let's do it."

That evening, we sat at the kitchen table with the phone between us and read Sophia's instructions again, out loud this time, taking turns.

The kids were in bed. We sat at the kitchen table, empty plates pushed aside, sitting so close we were touching.

"She's very good at this," Millie said, when we'd gone through it for the third time.

"As you said earlier," I said, "She's got experience in this."

"Her and Matthew," she corrected. "I don't know if I want us to turn out like them. Their relationship is... kind of unbalanced. I don't want to end up with you in one of those cock cage things."

"That will never happen," I chuckled. "Trust me."

She set the phone down, both hands around her mug, thinking.

"We'll need a babysitter," she said. "I need to text Andie tonight."

"Perfect. Hopefully she's free."

"It's midweek, she'll be available. And if she asks what we're doing?"

Millie looked up. "Do we tell her? She might not approve of me having a one-night stand. It's kind of risky."

"We could tell her it's just a date night," I suggested.

"A last-minute date night?" Millie sighed. "She'll probably see right through that."

Even as she spoke, she reached for her phone and typed the message. The reply came back almost immediately: Of course! I'll always take any excuse. to spend time with Ethan and Grace.

There was no questioning the 'date night.' Millie held up the screen so I could read the message.

"All sorted," she smiled. "Roll on Thursday."

"Roll on Thursday," I agreed.

But first, she needed a new dress.

She sent me the first photo from a changing room somewhere at the local shopping mall at ten past eleven. A black dress, fitted, halterneck.

She was looking at herself in the mirror rather than the camera, which was kind of a turn on, for some reason.

This one? she wrote.

Yes, I sent back immediately.

You didn't even think about it.

Didn't need to.

But it wasn't the one. Three more photos followed over the next hour. Two dresses she dismissed immediately after she'd asked me if

I liked them, without even waiting for an answer. Then a final one — jet black, cut lower than the first, stopping mid-thigh. In this one, she was facing the camera, one eyebrow slightly raised, biting her lip, her expression deliberately provocative.

That's the one, I wrote. Don't look for anything else.

I wasn't planning to, she replied. I just wanted you to see it.

I stared at the photo, imagining it already, Millie in a bar alone, men chatting her up. I felt my cock stiffen in my pants, not a good thing for a man who was supposed to be following up with a client about a part-exchange valuation anytime now. I put my phone in my pocket and tried very hard to think about something else.

The rest of my work day passed without incident. On the way home, I stopped at the chemist. Stood in front of the 'sexual health' shelf for slightly too long, aware that the teenage boy restocking the adjacent display had noticed and was very carefully not making eye contact. I picked up three boxes of condoms, wondering what sizes I should buy.

We had no idea who she'd be meeting. How the hell did this work? I considered texting Sophia, but thought that would make me look like an idiot. I put one box back, picked up a different one, then just decided to buy all three. I paid for them along with a box of paracetamol and a bottle of shampoo, putting them on top of the condoms at the bottom of a carrier bag.

Millie was in the kitchen when I got home, wearing just a tight vest and jeans, the black dress hanging on the back of the utility room door, still in its bag.

She looked at my carrier bag. I looked at the dress. Then she looked at my carrier bag again.

“Condoms,” I explained. “I didn’t know what size, so I got three boxes.”

She laughed — properly, head back, the sound filling the kitchen — and I put the bag down on the counter and laughed too, the kind you do when tension has been building for so long that something small becomes the release valve.

“I’ll just take the regular-sized ones,” she said, taking the bag and looking inside. “We’ll save the rest for another time.”

“Just in case,” I agreed, feeling foolish but in a good way, glad that I’d made her laugh and relaxed the atmosphere.

“Exactly.” She set the bag aside, then turned to face me, resting her hands on the counter. The laughter had faded into something more thoughtful. “Are you okay?” she said. “Really okay. Not just for my benefit.”

“Really,” I said. And I was. Underneath the guilt of Kate, underneath the complicated prospective tangles of Daniel and Sophia — I was. “I’m nervous,” I added. “I won’t pretend I’m not. But I’m in. I want to do this.

The thought of you and some new guy... It’s kind of hot.”

She crossed the kitchen and put her arms around my waist, her cheek against my chest, the way she’d been doing since we were young.

“It is hot,” she agreed. “And I love you for letting me try this.”

That night, by some unspoken agreement, we didn’t talk about it.

Ethan and Grace

We lay in the dark, close but not quite pressed together. I stared at the ceiling. Millie stared at the ceiling. Neither of us mentioned that the other was obviously awake.

It was Millie who broke first.

"I've never done a one-night stand," she said quietly, into the dark.

"I know."

"There was Daniel. Then you." She shifted slightly, turning onto her side to face me. "Even with you, when we first started dating. Before tonight, I never even thought about... letting someone have me and then walking away."

"And now you might."

"And now I might," she said. "And it turns me on. But..."

I turned my head to look at her, the faint light from the gap in the curtains just enough to make out her face. "But you're scared?" I asked.

"A bit." She was quiet for a second. "What if no one pays any attention to me? What if we get ourselves all amped up for this, and it falls flat?"

"Millie."

"I mean it. What if I walk in, and I stand there, and men just... look past me? What if the dress doesn't work and I'm just some woman at a bar, on her own, slowly nursing a gin while the night passes by? What if they look at me and think 'she looks like a desperate psycho' or something?"

"That is not going to happen," I said. "You were outside the pub last year in a jumper and jeans, and Dean nearly drove into a bollard."

She laughed softly. "That's different. Dean is barely toilet-trained."

"The principle stands."

She was quiet again, but the quality of the silence had changed. She was thinking, the way she always did when she wasn't quite ready to say the thing she actually wanted to say.

"What if someone just wants to... do it quickly?" she whispered into the darkness above us. "Like, not take me home. What if he wants to find somewhere dark and just... tries to finger me right there? Or in a corner somewhere, the toilets, the back of his car in the car park."

The images exploded into my mind with a force I hadn't anticipated.

My jaw tightened, and my dick twitched.

"Does that... is that something you'd—"

"I don't know," she replied softly, and the honesty in her voice made my pulse spike. "Maybe. If it felt right. If I wanted him enough. I don't know... I've never done this before." She paused. "Would it bother you?"

If it was something risky, like that. Somewhere I might be seen"

"I've never done this before either," I said, my voice a little rough. "I don't know. Maybe we just go with whatever feels right at the time?"

"I guess." She shifted closer, the warmth of her body touching mine.

"Or what if they want me to stay? Not just for the night. What if he asks to see me again?"

"You say no."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. This isn't a date, Millie. It's not the beginning of something. That's the whole point."

"But what if he's really good?" she said, and I could hear the smile now, the light coming back into her voice. "What if he's so good I want to see him again? What if he does things you've never done, and I lie there afterwards thinking, I need that again, I can't just have that once?"

"Then we talk about it," I said. "The three of us. Me, you, Sophia."

"And what if he's terrible?" she said, the smile turning wicked.

"What if I get him home and he's got a tiny cock and he's absolutely hopeless in bed and hesomeonehes in thirty seconds and then wants to cuddle?"

"Then you text me and I'll have the engine running outside in minutes."

She laughed again, and this time her hand found mine under the duvet. Then, a moment later, she let go, sliding it down my body instead.

"Millie," I said, the word coming out unsteady.

"I can't sleep," she said simply, her fingers curling around me, already finding me half hard from the last five minutes of conversation.

"And I need to know you still want me. Before I go and let someone else want me."

"I want you," I said. "Constantly. It's embarrassing how much."

"Show me then," she said.

I turned over, pulling her close, and she tilted her face up to mine, the kiss slow at first, then building into more, her hand stroking me to full hardness expertly beneath the sheets. I slid my own hand between her thighs and found her pussy already wet in a way that told me she'd been thinking about this—and getting excited by it—just as much as I had.

“You’re already—” I started.

“I know,” she said. “I’m turned on by this. More than I expected to be.”

“About what specifically?”

“About men wanting me,” she breathed, rocking her hips against my fingers. “About sitting at the bar in that dress and knowing you’re watching. About a man I’ve never met buying me a drink and looking at me like he’s mentally undressing me, like he wants to fuck me.”

I stroked her clit, and she gasped, fingers gripping me tighter.

“I like the thought of dancing with someone,” she went on, her voice dropping, losing its edges. “You watching them put their hands on my hips. On my ass. Pulling him tighter to me, feeling his hard cock pressing against me, while there are people all around us. Knowing I’m going to let him take me home.”

“And then?”

“And then whatever he wants,” she said, the words trembling now.

“Within reason. Anything within reason. I want to feel like a different person. Like I’m not anyone’s wife or anyone’s mum or anyone’s anything. Just... me. Millie. And a man who wants to make me his.”

I pushed two fingers inside her, the soft downy hair of her pussy against my palm, and she swallowed a moan, turning her face into the pillow.

"What if he's huge?" I said, the words out before I could stop them.

"What if he's got a massive cock, and you freak out like you did with Daniel?"

She lifted her head from the pillow, her eyes darker than before.

"I've had some bigger cocks now," she said, watching my face as she said it. "If it's big, I'll still let him fuck me. The bigger the better."

The sound I made was not dignified.

"You like that," she said, reading me.

"I know," I moaned, her hand pumping me faster. "Keep talking."

She rolled onto her back and pulled me over her, her fingers letting go of my cock and sliding into my hair instead, and said, very quietly against my mouth: "What if they fuck me so hard that my pussy feels different the next day? What if I get into your car with their cum all over me?"

That was the end of the conversation.

I rammed my cock into her. Hard. Millie wrapped her legs around me and dug her heels in and said 'don't stop' with a conviction that left no room for ambiguity, and I didn't stop. I pounded her, driven with need, with excitement at the thought that another man might be doing this tomorrow night. That some stranger was out there tonight, un-knowing that in twenty-four hours, he'd be balls deep in my traditional wife.

I didn't know if Millie was thinking the same, but she fucked me back with the same level of abandon, her hips moving to meet mine, her nails pressing into my ass almost painfully. Neither of us stopped, not until we moved to all fours, her reaching beneath her legs, rubbing her clit as I fucked her until she came. Not until I'd pumped my cum inside her, not until we collapsed on the bed, covered in a sheen of sweat, breathing hard like we'd done the hardest gym session ever.

Afterwards, the room silent, her head on my chest, her fingers doing their usual absent tracing across my ribs.

"You really want me to do this?" she said again, into the quiet.

"Only if it's what you want to," I said.

"I do," she whispered. "I just wanted to make sure."

I was quiet for a moment. "Matthew isn't in charge now. Sophia isn't in charge. This is about what we want, as a couple. She's just a source of ideas, that's all."

"We're in charge," Millie agreed. "If I find someone I like, I'm going to fuck them."

"Then you come home and tell me every detail, and we enjoy it together."

She considered that. "Together," she murmured sleepily.

She fell asleep about twenty minutes later, satisfied and settled, her head on my chest, her dark hair fanned out around her face.

I lay awake a while longer, Sophia's words bouncing around in my head.

Thursday night. The Copper Room. Eight o'clock.

I closed my eyes.

People Finding People

Home and Heart

A Blog By @DemureMillieGrace

One of the things I genuinely didn't expect when I started writing this little corner of the internet was the connections it would bring.

This week has been rather lovely in that regard. An old friend got back in touch, someone from a long time ago, lost to the ordinary drift of life and then suddenly here they are again, in my inbox, as if no time has passed at all. It's a strange and warm feeling, that. Catching up.

Remembering who you were to each other. I'd forgotten how much I'd missed that particular friendship, and having it back — even just as an online conversation for now — feels like finding something you'd stopped expecting to find.

But that wasn't the only lovely surprise. A reader reached out too. A follower of the blog who'd been quietly reading for a while finally said hello, and honestly, what a hello it was. We've exchanged a few messages now, and there's something about them that I just immediately clicked with. You know how it is when you meet someone, even virtu-ally, and the conversation just flows? Like that.

I do love hearing from people. I mean that sincerely. If you're reading this and you've ever thought about saying hello — please

do. You might make my week.

More soon. Life is full at the moment, in all the best ways.

Millie Grace x

Chapter 9

The Copper Room

The next day passed the way days do when my mind was somewhere else entirely — in a blur of phone calls answered on autopilot, emails sent without quite remembering their contents, quotes approved without too much deliberation. At some point, Karen appeared in my doorway, looked at me for a long moment, and said, “You’re absolutely not here today, are you?” and I’d said, “Suffering with a headache. I’m fine,” and she’d narrowed her eyes as if she knew I was lying, then left me to it.

By five o’clock, I was in my car, my nerves already in shreds as I headed home. We’d checked we were both fine with the plan for tonight. We got ready together, music on full blast to distract ourselves. Ethan and Grace even came upstairs to dance with us, telling us that their mummy and daddy looked very beautiful and handsome tonight, giggling and helping us to keep our focus, until Andie arrived to babysit. Then they were all over their auntie, who surprisingly didn’t question us too heavily on our last-minute night out.

“No Shaun?” I’d questioned, and Millie’s pretty sister had shaken her head. He was working, but she could manage babysitting duties just fine on her own. Millie told her we’d be late, that we were planning to try out a new club, and that the spare room was made up if she wanted to stay over.

We drove to Whiteladies Road together, parked in the multistorey car park, and walked down toward the bar side by side in comfortable silence. Comfortable but loaded with anticipation... and nervousness.

We’d talked about this so much over the past forty-eight hours, and now that the moment itself had finally arrived, words seemed beside

the point.

Thursday night was busier downtown than I expected it to be, couples heading to restaurants, a group of women in heels sharing a joke outside a wine bar, the distant thump of bass from somewhere further up the road.

Millie walked beside me, coat open because she'd decided at the last minute that the dress was too good to hide. She was right. The dress was short and black, fitted every curve perfectly, its neckline low enough to show her cleavage beautifully, accentuated by the push-up bra she'd bought especially for tonight.

Her dark hair was loose against her bare shoulders, and her makeup was darker than she usually wore it, dramatic around the eyes, a deep berry on her lips. She looked stunning, but she was still Millie. My Millie.

I kept glancing at her.

"Stop it," she said, eyes forward, fighting a smile.

"I can't help it," I said. "You look so fucking—"

"Don't," she said. "You'll jinx it. If you keep telling me how sexy I look right now, I'm going to feel terrible if no one chats me up."

We walked a few more steps. The bar was visible ahead, multi-coloured lights spilling through its frontage onto the pavement, and we stopped on the corner, just out of sight of the entrance.

She turned to face me, and I could see it then, the nerves she'd been suppressing all evening, the slightly too-fast quality of her breathing, the way her fingers found the clasp of her clutch bag and opened and closed it, fidgeting with it as we stood there.

"Rings," I said.

"Oh, yes," she giggled — a small, relieved sound — and we both slid them from our fingers at the same moment. She held hers between two fingers for a second, looking at it in the pale glow of the streetlamp above us, then dropped it into the clutch and clicked it shut.

I pocketed mine.

She straightened, smoothing the dress once more over her hips.

"How do I look?" she said. "Honestly."

"Single," I replied with a grin. "And someone I'd approach, if I was brave enough."

She held my gaze for a moment, then nodded, determination settling in her expression, along with a twinkle of excitement in her dark eyes.

"Right," she whispered, her breath clouding in the air. "I'll see you in ten minutes. Don't leave me on my own too long."

"I won't," I promised. "Ten minutes."

She leaned up and kissed me, quick and light, but deliberate enough to make me wipe my mouth with my thumb, in case she'd left a trace of lipstick on my mouth.

"I'll find where you are," I said, going through the instructions one more time together. "Then stay where I can watch you. From somewhere across the room. Not too close. And remember, don't make it obvious that you know me."

"I'll only look at you once," she agreed. "Just so I know where you are, then I'll try to pretend you're just another guy."

"This is going to be fun," I told her, trying to convince myself that watching men hit on her wasn't going to be the hardest thing I'd done yet.

She turned, coat falling off one shoulder as she walked, high heels steady on the pavement, and crossed the last stretch toward the bar without hesitating. The door opened, swallowed her in those swirling multi-coloured lights, and closed again.

I stood on the corner in the winter cold and watched the space where she'd been. Then I checked my watch, made a note of when the ten minutes would be up, and leaned against the wall to wait.

It was easy to see where the Copper Room got its name from. Inside, it was warm, low-lit, the walls panelled in dark wood and panels of beat-en copper. It wasn't too loud, which I was grateful for. It would be even more interesting tonight if I could catch a glimpse of conversation between Millie and any suitors.

I rounded a corner into the main bar area and spotted Millie before I'd taken three steps inside.

She'd found a spot at the far end of the bar, sitting with her legs crossed on a stool at the corner where the bar curved, one elbow resting on the surface, a glass of something pale in front of her. She wasn't wearing her coat—she must have stored it in the cloakroom—and was half-turned toward the room, not obviously scanning it, but taking in her surroundings and paying attention to the clientele on the dancefloor.

She hadn't seen me come in. Or if she had, she gave no sign of it.

I ordered a Diet Coke, then found a position near the opposite wall, close enough to a high table that I looked like I was waiting for someone. Then I got comfortable, leaning on the dark wooden surface, glancing at my phone while occasionally looking across at my wife.

The first man approached her within ten minutes.

He was in his mid-forties, wearing a decent suit, and that sort of air of someone who worked in finance or insurance. He leaned on the bar next to her at an angle that announced his interest without being too in-her-face. I watched him say something, then saw Millie smile, a polite smile, not the warm smile she gave her friends. She replied. He laughed. He gestured toward her glass, and she glanced at it, considered his offer, then nodded.

He ordered her a drink. His hand found her lower back as he leaned across to catch the barman's attention, and he didn't move it afterwards. Millie didn't flinch. She didn't lean into him, but didn't lean away either. I felt a strange surge of pride as I watched her sitting there, letting a stranger touch her, then say something into her ear, which made her smile politely again.

My hand tightened around my glass. Jealousy, arousal, the instinct to head over and tell him she was mine.

Feel the emotions, Sophia had told me, but don't act on them.

This wasn't the guy. I could see it in the set of Millie's shoulders, the polite angle of her body. They talked for ten minutes or so, then he read the room accurately enough to touch her arm in farewell and move on.

Millie watched him go, took a sip of the drink he'd bought, said nothing, but glanced my way, offering me a small, shy smile that told me she'd known I was watching.

Then the next man arrived. Or I should say, men.

Four of them, early twenties at the most, all of them handsome in that kind of way that comes with being young, confident and carefree.

They came in loud, turning heads across the room, and then settled at the bar a few yards down from Millie. By the time they'd ordered a round of drinks from the pretty but flustered young barmaid, one of them had noticed my wife.

He said something to his friends first — I saw the not-subtle elbow nudge — and then detached himself from the group and positioned himself beside her with a grin that was probably very effective on a normal Thursday night.

Millie turned to look at him.

Even from across the room, I could see the slight recalibration in her posture. The adjustment of a woman who has just clocked that the man talking to her is genuinely attractive and is deciding what to do about it.

She smiled at whatever he said. The real smile this time.

His friends watched from their spot, elbowing each other, the whole pantomime of young men egging each other on. One called something across. Millie laughed, glancing at them, and the first one said something that made her roll her eyes in a way that was clearly amused rather than irritated.

Within five minutes, all four of them were around her.

I watched my wife hold court with four men who were probably, at a minimum, five years younger than her, all of them angled toward her like sun-hungry plants near a window. She was laughing properly now, her hand gesturing as she talked, her cheeks flushed, but also entirely at ease. One of them, taller and broader than the others, with the kind of blond hair and square jaw that belonged on the front of a magazine, rested a hand around her waist as he leaned in to say something. She tilted her head to listen, close enough that his mouth was near her ear.

She didn't move his hand. She actually leaned into him, their bodies touching. Fuck. I felt my dick starting to stir with excitement. Then he stepped back, talking to his friends, and I saw Millie finish her drink, then make an excuse, heading towards the bathroom.

As soon as she disappeared out of sight, my phone buzzed.

Four young handsome boys! I feel like I've won something. Is that terrible?

I typed back: No. You look incredible, so I'm not surprised they're interested. How's the one who was talking to you just now?

He's very pretty and very aware of it, she replied. He asked if he could buy me a drink. Then his friend asked if he could buy me a drink. I said yes to both. Don't judge me.

I'm not judging you, I wrote. I'm enjoying watching you at work.

A pause. Then: I'm not doing anything. I'm just sitting here. But it's good that you're enjoying it.

The pretty one stayed closest to her as the group shifted and rearranged, his hand migrating from the bar beside her to her waist, or sometimes around her shoulders, boxing her from his friends in a way that was confident without being aggressive. She was talking to one of the others, but I could see her awareness of him in her body language, the way she occasionally turned back to include him, the slight electricity of two people who have already decided something without saying it out loud.

Then, after she finished her next drink, he kissed her.

It wasn't tentative, far from it. He just leaned into her during a gap in the conversation, said something quietly, and she lifted her face to his. Then he kissed her—properly—one hand around the back of her

head, making out with my wife right there at the bar, in front of his friends and half the room.

She didn't pull away. Millie kissed him back, shifting forward on the stool towards him.

I put my glass—the Diet Coke I'd been nursing since walking in—down on the table very carefully, because my hand was not entirely steady.

It lasted perhaps ten seconds. When they broke apart, she was smiling, colour high in her cheeks, and he was grinning in the way of a man who has just got away with something brilliant. One of his friends slow-clapped from the bar, the other grinned. I guessed he was usually the first one to pull a girl every time they went out. Millie laughed and wig-gled her finger at him, chastising him, the gesture automatic, almost shy, at odds with everything she'd just done.

Then she slid her phone from her clutch bag and texted me again.

My phone buzzed, and I got it out of my pocket, trying not to make it obvious, turning away so no one could see me look at the screen.

Did you see that? He kissed me when I wasn't expecting it. Are you okay?

I stared at the question. I was many things, very few of them straightforwardly okay, but underneath all of them was something hot and insistent that had nothing to do with anger.

Yes, I wrote. Don't apologise. I'm fine. Keeping an eye on you.

He's a very good kisser, she replied. His name is Josh. He's 20 and absolutely gorgeous. I can't believe he's just kissed me.

I bet he wants to do more than kiss you, I typed, pausing for a second before hitting send.

There was a longer pause from Millie. I glanced over my shoulder to see that the four lads had given her some space while she messaged.

Then, finally, she replied: I'm sure he does, but he's not the one.

They're too young.

I thought she might say that. I replied: It feels kind of naughty to see you with a younger man.

The reply was immediate: I know, but I think I'd rather try someone more experienced. They asked me to go to the next bar with them, but I'm going to tell them that I'm waiting for someone.

I watched as she slid her phone back into the clutch bag, then said something to Josh. He looked disappointed in a way that was almost flattering to witness. He looked at his buddies, who all shrugged, and then, with a light kiss on my wife's cheek, the group left the Copper Room.

The bar settled back into its quieter state without them. Millie turned back to her drink, composed, unhurried, and I watched her breathe for a moment, just breathe, shoulders dropping slightly, the performance of the last hour unwinding.

She was alone for a little longer this time, perhaps a full half-hour, enough time for Millie to need to order herself a drink, while I got a Coke refill, and for me to start feeling concerned, until the next man spotted her alone and walked over.

He came from the other end of the bar, not rushing, not performing.

Tall and slim, mixed-race, close-cropped hair, a dark shirt open at the collar. Somewhere in his mid-thirties, I guessed. He was with a friend, but he came to see Millie alone, his younger male companion heading to talk to a group of pretty young things at the bar.

The newcomer didn't lean in or crowd Millie's space. He simply set his drink down one place from hers and glanced at her once, a direct, lingering look to get her attention, then looked away.

But not before Millie noticed.

I watched, feeling an altogether new kind of thrill as she picked up her glass, took a sip, and after a moment she moved closer, turning very slightly toward him. He turned toward her at almost the same instant, and they both caught it and smiled, the slightly embarrassed smile of two people who've just been obvious in front of each other.

He said something. I wish I could hear what it was, but her eyes widened, and she laughed. Not the polite laugh of the first guy, not the genuine one of the young men, but something in between, something that surprised her. Something cheeky... maybe even rude?

He offered his hand, the gesture formal enough to be slightly ironic.

She shook it, still smiling. They settled into conversation with the ease of people who have no idea yet how far it will go, elbows on the bar, bodies angling gradually inward, a mutual attraction clear for all to see.

He was good at this. There was no performance, no obvious gestures, just a focused, unhurried attention that I could see affecting Millie from across the room. At one point, he said something that made her put her hand on his forearm without thinking, the automatic touch of a woman who has forgotten that the man opposite her is a stranger.

They grew closer, enjoying another drink together. At some point, his hand found the small of her back. Not immediately, he earned it first, let the conversation build to it, so that when it arrived, it felt natural, rather than an opening move. She didn't shift away. Her chin tilted up slightly as she replied to whatever he'd just said, close enough now that the room would have read them as together.

But just as their faces drew so close I thought they'd kiss, Millie finished her drink and excused herself to head to the bathroom again. As it did before, my phone buzzed.

His name is Mitch. He's rather forward. He told me he'd love to fuck me, and I admit, I got a little wet. But he's not the one. He's too... full on.

I exhaled, for some reason both relieved and disappointed at the same time.

That's a shame, I typed. He looks like he knows what to do in bed, if you get what I mean.

Oh, I'm sure he absolutely does, she replied. But have you seen the time? Shouldn't we be moving on to the club?

I checked the time. It was almost eleven. Shit. Where had the time gone?

Whenever you're ready. You go first. I'll follow in five.

I watched her emerge from the toilets, sliding the phone back in her clutch, then saying something to Mitch that made him smile slowly, a look of resignation. She finished her drink, touched his arm once, brief and final, and then said her goodbyes with the easy grace of a woman who has somewhere better to be, collecting her coat from the cloakroom as she left.

She walked to the door without so much as a glance in my direction.

I waited for my five minutes, left my latest drink unfinished, and followed.

Underground—the club Sophia had recommended—was around the corner and down a narrow side street, announced by nothing more than a brushed steel door and a man approximately twice as wide as me. Outside was a velvet rope, one side of which was a queue of revellers, men in tight shirts and women shivering in skimpy dresses, none of whom was Millie. The other side of the barricade was marked V.I.P., so I headed straight towards the door, where the suitably intimidating bouncer looked at me, then at the door and grunted, “Name?”

“I’m a guest of Sophia Darbold’s,” I replied, and he pushed open the door without another word, not even asking for my name.

Inside, the music was deeper and louder, the bass a physical thing you felt in your chest. I walked down a narrow staircase and through another door into the darkened club itself. It wasn’t large, a long bar along one wall, a dancefloor that was more of a clearing, booths along the back, and a roped-off area to a second, raised-up section where the lighting was a degree brighter and the crowd much thinner.

A young woman in black with dyed-blue hair appeared at my elbow. “Jamie, is it? Mrs Darbold has reserved a table for you in the V.I.P. area.”

I followed through the roped off barricade and up a small set of steps to the elevated area, and the first thing I saw when I reached the top was Millie.

She was at the bar with her back half-turned, the coat discarded again, her bare shoulders and upper back looking sexy in the low light, talking to the good-looking dark-skinned barmaid who looked like she was preparing some sort of cocktail. I watched from the booth the waitress had shown me to before taking my order—a

single whisky and coke, something to take the edge off—and I tried to get comfortable for the rest of the night ahead.

The waitress brought my drink at the same time the bartender slid a tall glass of multi-coloured liquid, garnished with a slice of lemon and a cherry, into Millie's hand. She was alone for approximately ninety seconds before a man appeared beside her, this time closer to our age, dressed smartly, and sent a smile and a hello her way.

She smiled back, and they began talking. Again, I was too far away to hear, and even if I was closer, the heavy music in here wouldn't have allowed me to catch anything. Within minutes, his hand found her elbow as he made a point, then her wrist, then settled at her waist as they drifted together away from the bar, onto the edge of the dancefloor, placing their drinks on a table nearby to dance.

I watched, my cock hardening again as his hands settled at her hips and she let him pull her close, let him move with her, and soon they were dancing, enjoying the music.

But he wasn't the one. After two songs, Millie said something to him and then returned to the table, collecting her drink and moving back to the bar. Her eyes finally found mine across the hazy room, dry ice turning the coloured lights into beams that swung across the room. She smiled, then looked away, as if she had no idea who I was.

She was handling this better than I expected. She seemed to be enjoying herself. I certainly was.

The next man materialised from the far end of the bar, older, sixties perhaps, but well-turned out, silver-haired, dark-skinned, built like someone who had been athletic once and hadn't entirely let it go. He was dressed better than anyone else in the room, in a charcoal suit with no tie, unhurried in every movement. He didn't approach her with any particular urgency. He simply ended up beside her, ordered his drink, and made some observation that made her turn toward him. Whatever it was, it worked.

They talked for ten minutes at the bar, then he offered his hand and led her to the dancefloor with an old-fashioned courtesy that was so at odds with the rest of the room it was almost funny. He danced well, not young-man dancing, nothing showy, just a steady, confident lead that Millie followed easily. His hands stayed at her waist, respectful, but his eyes didn't leave her face, and she held his gaze with an openness that made my stomach tighten.

They danced one song, then a second. When the third started, he said something, she replied, and they parted with a mutual nod that looked like mutual respect. He kissed her hand before releasing it. Actually kissed her hand.

Millie came back to the bar looking slightly flushed.

She'd barely collected her drink before the two younger men appeared.

There was no preamble with them; they were mid-twenties, clean-cut, both good-looking, and I could see straightaway that Millie was attracted to them both. One took position beside her at the bar; the other drifted behind her with the studied casualness of a manoeuvre they had clearly performed before. Within two minutes, they had her sand-wiched between them, one talking in her ear from the front, the other's hands settling at her hips from behind.

I sat up straighter in the booth.

I watched Millie's expression, not frightened, not even particularly uncomfortable, but working out where this was going and whether she wanted to go there. The one behind pressed closer, his mouth near her ear now. The one in front was grinning, saying something I obviously couldn't hear, his hand at her waist.

She looked flustered but was laughing, clearly out of her comfort zone but still enjoying herself. Her cheeks were pink, her drink held carefully in front of her like a small shield as they danced together,

and then — I could see the exact moment she decided — something in her face changed. She said something to the one in front that made him blink. Then she turned her head and said something to the one behind.

He stepped back, hands raised in mock surrender, laughing but definitely retreating. The one in front said something else, trying to recover it, but she'd already turned back to the bar, dismissing him so pleasantly and so completely that he almost didn't notice it had happened until he was already walking away.

She drew her phone out while finishing her drink and ordering another. My phone pinged.

They were cute and wanted me. But two at once is ambitious for a first try at this thing.

I smiled. You handled it well, or it looked like that from here.

Thanks. I'm horny now, though. I could feel his cock through his trousers.

Before I could reply, a new man appeared at her shoulder, maybe in his early thirties, open-collared shirt, tall and broad. He leaned on the bar beside her and said something that made her raise an eyebrow, amused rather than annoyed, then slide her phone back into her bag. I sipped my drink, watching as they talked. Within minutes, he had her at ease, his hand finding her knee where she'd perched on the bar stool, his fingers resting there with the air of someone testing what he could get away with.

She let him.

His hand moved higher, sliding to mid-thigh, unhurried, watching her face. She held his gaze and said something. He grinned. Then his other hand came up, and he hooked a finger gently into the neckline

of her dress, tugging it forward with slow, deliberate cheek, just a fraction, just enough to improve the view.

I put my drink down.

Millie looked down at his finger, then back up at him, one corner of her mouth lifted. She let him look — a beat, two beats — then reached up and moved his hand away with the unhurried finality of a woman who had decided that was enough of that. She said something. He laughed, shook his head as if he couldn't quite believe his luck had run out, then pushed off from the bar and dissolved back into the crowd.

Millie straightened her dress, took a long sip of her drink, and let out a breath I could almost feel from thirty feet away. Her phone came out again.

My phone: Did you see that?

Every second of it.

I nearly let him, she replied. He was very sure of himself. I almost rewarded it.

Why didn't you?

A pause. Because he wasn't the one either. I know I'm being picky, but I'm not going to fuck someone unless I genuinely fancy them and want them. That's what Sophia said, right?

He arrived fifteen minutes later.

No grand entrance, no obvious move. He simply appeared beside her at the bar, tall, dark-haired, well-built, somewhere around our age.

He ordered his drink and glanced at her once, a direct look, a sincere smile, and then looked away. The same opening the guy had used at the Copper Room, except this one felt less practised and more genuine. He wasn't running a play. He'd just looked, because she was there and worth looking at.

Millie turned toward him.

Once again, she started talking to a man she'd only just met.

Within minutes, I could see it, the quality of her attention, different from every other conversation she'd had tonight. Less tension, more focus. She wasn't playing a role, or deflecting or deciding anything. She was just there, listening, responding, the slight lean of her body toward him telling me what I needed to know.

His mouth found her ear. She tilted her head to listen, eyes closing briefly, then they got up and walked to the dancefloor. I watched them dance for three songs, the contact between them growing incrementally, the way these things do when two people are testing the waters. At some point, she kissed him — or he kissed her, it was hard to tell from across the room who moved first — and this one was longer than Josh's had been, deeper, her fingers on his lower back in a way that was possessive rather than passive.

When they broke apart, she was breathing differently. I could tell even from here. I watched from the booth, my glass sweating in my hand, or was it my palm that was sweating? Either way, the whisky was long gone.

They spoke, then kissed again, his hands on her backside, pulling her in, and she let him, her arms going around his neck, the kiss going on longer than was strictly dancefloor-appropriate.

When they finally broke apart again, she said something against his mouth, and he smiled — slow, satisfied — and took her hand and led her off the dancefloor toward the booths along the back wall, the

darker ones, where the lighting was so dim that you could barely tell if anyone was sitting in them or not.

They slid in together. His arm went around her immediately, her body turning into his, and within seconds they were kissing again, deeper this time, his free hand moving across her collarbone, her shoulder, down to the neckline of the dress.

I gripped my empty glass.

The arousal I felt was extraordinary, watching my wife in a darkened booth with a stranger's hands on her, the way she leaned into him, the occasional glimpse of her face when they broke for air, eyes half-closed, lips swollen, the look of a woman entirely absorbed in a single moment. My cock was now so hard that getting out of the booth was impossible.

I thought about texting her, then decided against it. I needed a drink.

In fact, I needed a cold shower, but that wasn't an option. I turned, hoping to catch the eye of a waitress for a fresh Coke, but a voice startled me.

"You look lonely."

I turned.

She'd appeared from nowhere — or from the next booth along, more likely — and was now sliding beside me without asking. She was blonde, petite and good-looking, maybe late-twenties, a glass of red wine in her hand and a smile that suggested she was comfortable chatting to random strangers in clubs.

"I'm fine," I replied, not wanting to be rude but trying to be subtly dismissive. "I'm meeting someone."

"Are you?" She glanced around the room with theatrical scepticism.

"They're taking their time. Have you seen the time?"

It was late, she had a point. "They'll be here shortly."

She settled further into the seat rather than less, her shoulder touching mine. "I'm Elia," she said. "Why don't I keep you company until your... friend turns up?"

"Jamie," I replied with my name, because it seemed rude not to.

"And I'm really—"

"Just have a drink with me," she interrupted me, flagging down a passing waitress with the confidence of someone who rarely heard no.

"One drink. If your friend appears, I'll disappear, I promise."

She was funny, as it turned out. Sharp and self-aware and openly, cheerfully predatory in a way that, under different circumstances, might have been interesting. She talked about her work, asked about mine, topped up my glass from the bottle of red that she'd ordered, and kept finding reasons to lean closer than was strictly necessary, even for a room this loud.

I kept glancing over her shoulder toward the booths.

Millie and her new friend were still there, still occupied with each other, the booth shadowed enough that I could make out shape and movement more than detail.

Elia said something I half-caught, and I turned back to her, nodded, tried to look present.

She put her hand on my knee.

"Why don't you tell me what's really on your mind?" she suggested, not unkindly. "I'm a good listener."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I really am meeting someone. It's not you — you're great. Genuinely. It's just bad timing."

She looked at me for a moment, then at the room, then back at me with a slightly knowing expression. "Whoever she is," she murmured, "she's a lucky girl." Before I could stop her, she leaned forward, planting a soft kiss on my lips. Then she smiled, picked up her glass and bottle, patted my knee once, and stood. "Your loss, Jamie."

"You're probably right," I agreed.

She laughed, shook her head, and walked away.

I turned immediately back to the booths.

They were empty.

I scanned the rest of the booths. Had I forgotten which one it was?

Nope. The booth where Millie and the stranger had been sitting was va-cant, glasses left on the table, her clutch bag gone.

I stood up. Shit.

I quickly checked my phone, but it showed nothing. No messages, no missed calls, the screen blank. Where were they?

I moved along the back wall, scanning the room, the dancefloor, the bar. The dry ice was thicker now, obscuring the far side of the room, the lights dancing in beams that occasionally dazzled my eyes, pausing me from time to time. I circled the upper floor once, checking faces, checking corners, trying to look like a man casually looking for a friend rather than a husband who had temporarily mislaid his wife and her companion.

Then I found them.

They were standing, pressed against the wall in a shadowed area so dark I almost walked past them. His back was towards me, Millie's face just visible over his shoulder, her eyes closed, head tilted back slightly, her fingers gripping the front of his shirt.

His hand was on her breast, feeling through the fabric of her dress.

Her body arched very slightly into his palm as he cupped her through the fabric, his thumb moving in a way that made her bite her lip. Her clutch bag had migrated to the floor beside her heel.

I stopped.

Three metres away, a couple were laughing about something. Someone walked past me with a tray of drinks. The music thumped on.

His other hand moved to the hem of her dress, fingers finding the bare skin of her thigh, sliding upward with a slow deliberateness that made my breath catch. Millie's breath visibly changed, too, her chin lifting, her chest heaving.

His hand went under the dress.

Her head fell back against the wall.

I was so hard it was almost painful. I was standing in the middle of a nightclub at half past midnight, watching a stranger touch my wife's pussy through her panties, and I felt something that I couldn't have named if I'd tried. It was a tangle of arousal, jealousy, pride and possessiveness, raging inside of me all at once.

Did he have his fingers in her? Had he pushed her panties to one side? It was too dark to tell, but then — gradually, unhurriedly — she put her own hand over his and stilled it and said something

quietly into his ear. He pulled back, and even from where I stood, I could see the effort it took to let go of her. She said something else, touched his face briefly, then picked up her clutch from the floor and slipped out of the alcove in the direction of the toilets without looking back.

I counted to thirty, then followed the same route from a distance, stopping outside the door marked Ladies in brushed-steel lettering.

My phone buzzed.

Did you enjoy watching him finger me? I saw you. It was so hard not to tell you to come over and join us.

Yes, I saw. I'm so fucking horny. Is he the one?

Yes. His name is Tom. He works in property development, and he's staying at the Marriott on College Road because he's working out of town. He wants me to come back with him. I've told him to wait at the bar for five minutes while I powder my nose.

I stared at the screen. My pulse was throbbing in my temple. This was happening. This was really happening.

Are you sure? I typed, because I had to ask.

I'm completely sure, she replied immediately. I need sex so bad. I want him. Please say you want this, too.

I leaned against the wall outside the ladies' room door, the bass so heavy it felt like the floor was moving through my feet.

Yes, I typed. I want you to fuck him. Make sure you ping me the location.

I will, but it's the Marriott Hotel on College Road. I'll text you the room number when I'm there. Just in case. After we leave, follow in

ten minutes.

Don't make it obvious.

I won't, I wrote back. I'll park right outside.

I love you, she sent.

I love you too, I replied, and meant it so completely it almost brought tears to my eyes. Were we really doing this? I know that if I told her to stop, she'd stop. We could have changed our minds, but we didn't. The door opened, and she walked out, flashing me a coy smile, then she was gone, heading back to the darkened corner.

I watched her take Tom's hand and lead him toward the staircase.

She didn't look back. Heels steady, hair loose, black dress and bare shoulders, she collected her coat, her ring-free fingers entwined with a stranger's, and then she was gone.

Next Steps (Finally)

Sultry Whispers

A Blog By Sinner Minnie

So, we've talked a lot on here about the theory of things. The conversations Mr Stag and I have had, how difficult it is to turn curiosity into action, the way you think you understand what you want right up until you have the chance to get it.

All of that has led us to consider our next steps in the hotwife lifestyle. And we realised we needed some guidance. From someone with experience. And luckily for us — and for you — we found that person.

Her advice wasn't what I expected. What she suggested was scary.

But also thrilling.

She basically told us to stop making it so complicated. Stop with the plans, the rules, the safety nets, and just... do it. Go out. Meet someone.

Fuck him. Come home.

I mean, when she put it like that.

She said Mr Stag shouldn't be in the room. Shouldn't even be watching. He should be nearby, close enough that I feel safe, but that's it. No involvement. No eye contact from a chair in the corner. Just me, on my own, with a man I've chosen, doing whatever we decide to do.

I'm not going to lie to you, when she first said that, I went a bit quiet.

It felt like a lot. It is a lot.

But then about thirty seconds later, I realised I was actually really, really turned on by the idea. Like, really turned on. Not that I'll let Mr Stag see how much.

So, that's what we're going to do. I'm going to find someone good-looking, confident, and if there's any fairness in this world, well-hung, and I'm going to have a proper one-night stand while Mr Stag waits for me outside like a very patient, very turned-on husband.

I want a man who knows what he's doing. I want to come home with my legs like jelly, a sore pussy and a very big smile on my face. I don't think that's too much to ask.

More details when I have them. If this goes well, I think I know what I want to do next.

Watch this space. It might get a bit exciting around here very soon.

Sinner Minnie

Chapter 10

Room 412

I gave her five minutes, then walked back through the club, down the stairs, past the doorman who didn't acknowledge me, and out into the winter night.

The cold hit, and I shivered, pulling the collar of my shirt tighter. I stood on the pavement for a moment, the bass still faintly audible through the steel door behind me, the street quieter now, the only people remaining mostly drunk, wandering aimlessly or standing in the queue for a taxi. Millie and her new friend weren't there. They must have got a cab already. I set off to the multistorey.

My footsteps echoed on the concrete ramps, each level emptier and quieter than the last. Our car was on the third floor, parked next to a pillar, exactly as we'd left it, over four hours ago. Four hours. It felt like several days had passed since we'd stood on the pavement outside and she'd dropped her ring into the clutch bag and kissed me and walked away without looking back.

I sat in the driver's seat for a moment before starting the engine. The car smelled faintly of her perfume. I put both hands on the wheel and stared at the concrete wall in front of me, trying to find something that resembled composure.

What was Millie doing right now? She was probably at the hotel by now. It wasn't far away. How far had they taken things?

I couldn't bear to think about it. I started the engine, followed the ramps down, paid the machine at the barrier, and pulled out onto the empty road.

I entered the Marriott on College Road into the satnav. Twelve minutes away. I tried to push the mental image of Millie naked with Tom, in a hotel room, making out, doing more, like she had with Matthew.

I found the hotel, an impressive-looking place atop a hill. The views from the upper floors were probably awesome. I found a space on the street directly opposite the hotel entrance, cut the engine, and sat there, waiting for Millie to get in touch.

I checked my phone after a few minutes. Nothing.

The lobby was lit up through the glass frontage, bright LED lights, a dark-skinned receptionist behind the desk, and a man in a suit waiting for the lift. Ordinary early hours hotel business, entirely different to what was happening in my life right now.

I didn't know which room they were in. I looked at the upper floors anyway, wondering which rectangle of light or dark might be theirs. It was a useless exercise. I did it anyway.

My phone pinged. Finally. I opened it, the light illuminating the car interior.

We're in room 412. The views are amazing.

I knew it.

He's getting drinks from the minibar. He really is very good-looking.

I'm so horny and excited. Tell me you're outside.

I smiled despite everything. I'm outside. Parked right opposite.

I looked up at the windows again, hoping to see her looking out. But I didn't.

I told him I'm texting the babysitter. Actually, I should message Andie.

I totally forgot.

Yes, you should, I typed.

Okay, I have to go.

I typed okay, but she didn't reply. That was the last message. They were starting.... Starting whatever they were doing. Were they kissing?

Naked? Was she sucking his cock?

I sat in the quiet, my cock throbbing at the thought. Maybe I should wank off, something to ease the tension, but no. That wasn't a good idea. I was in public, but I knew I'd probably feel even more anxious afterwards.

The hotel lobby rotated through a small cast of characters: a porter crossing the car park with a luggage trolley, a cab pulling away from the entrance with an old couple inside, two women in coats sharing a cigarette near the doors. I watched all of it without seeing any of it.

Half an hour passed. I was tired, but there was no way I could let myself take a nap, even if my hyperactive mind let me. They'd be fucking by now, surely. This was torture.

Ping.

I dropped my phone between my legs in my haste to open the message.

Fuck. I scrabbled around, found it, retrieved it from beneath the seat.

Are you okay, the message read, Still there?

Very much here, I immediately sent back. Are you having a good time?

Yes, she replied, he's got a nice cock.

Have you done it? I had to ask. I had to know.

But all I got was silence again. I looked at the phone. Looked up at the hotel. There was just one window on the fourth floor with a light on.

Were they in there?

Ping.

This time it was a photo. I couldn't open it fast enough.

But it was just a picture of her dress, on the floor beside the bed.

Black fabric puddled on pale carpet, one heel visible at the edge of the frame. Then I saw her underwear too, also black, on top of the dress, almost invisible against it. That was all she sent. She was teasing me.

I set the phone face down on the passenger seat and pressed the heel of my hand flat against my sternum and held it there, trying to slow my heartbeat. It didn't work.

Don't tease me, I typed, when I trusted my thumbs again. Have you fucked yet?

Yeah, she replied. I'll tell you in the car. I can't type it right now.

Take your time, I wrote back.

Okay, she replied, and then she was gone again.

I reclined the seat slightly and closed my eyes. My cock was so hard that I undid my jeans button and pulled my zipper down a little. No. I needed to save it for Millie.

Ten minutes later, my phone buzzed again, but this time it was a message from Andie.

Hey, is everything okay? Millie's not replying to my messages. Just wanted to check in before I go to sleep xx.

I typed back quickly: Everything's fine, sorry, her phone died at the restaurant. We're on our way home now, won't be long. Go to sleep, you're a star.

The reply came back with a simple thumbs up and a sleeping emoji.

I exhaled.

I looked back at the hotel.

Ping.

I've just had my brains completely and thoroughly fucked out.

I stared at the screen.

Fucked twice. He's asleep, she continued. Time for me to make my es-cape, I think.

Are you okay? I typed.

I am absolutely wonderful, she replied, and I could hear the drunk in it even through text, the slightly too-emphatic spacing, the lack of her usual precise punctuation. I am drunk and I have been very very thoroughly seen to and I am sitting in a hotel bathroom in my bra and knick-ers texting my husband and I think this might be the best Thursday of my entire life.

Tell me one thing, I typed. Just one. Something you did.

A pause. Then, He held my wrists above my head and wouldn't let me move and I nearly lost my mind. That's one thing. There are several other things. I'll tell you all of them. I need the car please.

Call me, I typed.

Thirty seconds later, my phone rang. Millie's name on the screen. I couldn't wait to hear her voice.

I answered. "Jamie's Cars, how can I help?"

She laughed, a mixture of relief and amusement. "Hi. Yes. I need a —I need a taxi, please, from the Marriott on College Road. For Millie."

"Of course, madam," I said. "I'm actually right around the corner, only a minute away."

"Oh, that's good," she said, the smile audible, and underneath it the obvious fact that she was performing for the other person in the hotel room. "Thank you so much."

"My absolute pleasure," I said. "I'll be at the front doors when you're ready."

"I'll just be a minute," she said. "I need to finish getting ready."

I started the engine and slowly rolled the car towards the hotel's double doors.

She came through the lobby doors a few minutes later, dress and coat on, shoes in her hand, hair loose, make-up smeared, lipstick long gone.

She saw the car and made her way to me with quick, bare-footed steps, not seeming to care about the cold tarmac under her feet.

She got into the passenger seat, and I pulled away before she'd even fastened the seat belt, not wanting any eyes on us.

For a moment, neither of us said anything. The city moved past, the early morning roads empty, the streetlights strobing across her face. I could feel her beside me, warm, alive, buzzing with a contagious excitement that filled the whole car.

"Hi," she said finally, with a lopsided grin and a giggle. "I did it. I had a one-night stand."

"Hi," I replied, my heart thudding in my chest again. "You did it. I can't wait to get you home so you can tell me all about it."

Another silence. Then she said, "Pull over."

"We're barely a mile from—"

"Jamie." Her hand was on my thigh. Higher, she found my zipper, still undone. "Pull over."

I pulled over into the nearest layby.

I'd barely got the handbrake on before she was on me, the seatbelt unclaspd, climbing across the centre console, her mouth on mine with a hunger that tasted like gin. I kissed her back, my hands finding her hips, hauling her into my lap, pulling the lever to lower my seat.

"Not here," I said against her mouth. "Please, I'm so fucking horny, I'll just cum straight away."

"I don't care," she breathed. "He was so good. He went down on me, I sucked his cock, then turned me over and fucked me like—" She broke off, her breath gone, my hands moving under her coat, finding the hem of the dress and lifting it. "He had a nice cock, Jamie. Not massive, but—"

“How big?”

She showed me with her hands, and I made a sound that wasn't quite a word.

“He was girthy and rock-hard,” she said, voice dropping, her hands pushing my shorts down. I could feel the heat of her pussy through her panties when she settled back down. “I came on his tongue, then on his fingers before he even—”

“Millie. I'm so fucking horny. I don't even know how to—”

“It's okay,” she murmured. “I know. I can tell. If you cum, it doesn't matter. I just need to tell you what I did.”

“Okay.” I groaned as she pulled her panties to one side and guided me into her. Her pussy was soaking wet, loose, well-fucked. She took me all the way inside, and it took everything I had not to blow my load inside her right there and then.

She told me. She told me everything, in the dark of the car on a side street layby, her voice low and breathless and entirely honest, the words falling out of her against my neck while she rode my cock in the driver's seat. She came before I did, moaning loudly, messier and faster than she ever had in bed, her wetness exploding around my cock, one hand braced against the dashboard, the other fisted in my shirt.

He'd been a gentleman, getting her a drink first, asking her if she did this often. When she told him—truthfully—that this was her first time, that she was married, but looking for sex, with her husband's permission, he'd simply nodded then undressed her.

He went down on her until she orgasmed on his tongue. Then he'd stripped, shoved his cock down her throat when she didn't object, before bending her over on the bed and fucking her hard and rough. The way she told him to. Until he came in the condom.

They'd talked for a little while. He got more drinks, and she took the opportunity to text me and send me the photo. Then he'd kissed her, and the sex had started again. His ability to get hard again was impressive. He wasn't as erect as the first time, but she didn't care because he made up for it with energy, fucking her nonstop in the missionary position until she climaxed again, then pulling her on top, telling her to ride him while playing with her tits.

Which she did, and she enjoyed every fucking second of it, until he told her he was going to cum again. Then she got off, pulled the condom off his cock and sucked him until he finished. She even swallowed his load.

"Can you taste him?" she murmured, sliding her tongue into my mouth and slamming her pussy down onto me hard. That was all it took. I wrapped my arms around her, held onto me, tongues entwined, the saltiness of him evident and filled her with my cum.

Afterwards, she sat in my lap with her forehead against mine, both of us breathing too fast, the windows thoroughly fogged.

"That was—" she started.

"Yeah," I agreed.

"We should probably actually go home now," she said.

"Probably," I said, neither of us moving. "If I still have the feeling in my legs."

She laughed, the real Millie laugh, the head-tipped-back one, and pressed her mouth to my cheek, my jaw, the corner of my mouth, my neck. "I fucking love you so much," she whispered. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For letting me do this. For waiting for me," she replied softly. "It must have been torture."

"Of the best kind," I nodded.

We untangled and reorganised ourselves with the particular lack of dignity that front-seat encounters demand, and I pulled back out onto the empty road, heading for home.

The post-nut clarity hit hard by the time we got in. I was worrying that the next conversation might be one of regret, but we didn't talk right away. The house was quiet. Andie had left the kitchen light on and a note on the counter. The kids were angels. No trouble at all. Hope you had a good night. X

The front room and kitchen were tidy, the washing up was done, glasses, cups and plates stacked neatly on the drainer.

I took two of the mugs and put the kettle on. A coffee would probably be good for Millie, a hot drink to sober her up just a little before we headed up to bed. She sat at the kitchen table, shoes still in her hand, coat finally off, looking at the room with the particular expression of someone returning from a long way away.

"What a night," Millie finally said, her voice quiet so as not to wake Andie or the kids as I handed her the steaming cup of black coffee.

"Probably the most nerve-wracking night of my life," I confessed, sitting opposite with a stronger drink than hers, a half-full tumbler of whisky. "But one I'd do again in an instant."

"Oh, we'll be doing that again," Millie reassured me. "If you enjoyed it as much as you said you did. Was it hot? Watching me flirt with those guys in the club?"

"Incredibly so," I admitted. I didn't tell her about the woman—Elia—who had hit on me. This was about Millie, not me. "Sophia was right.

This was an... eye-opener for me."

"Me too," Millie sighed, taking a sip of her coffee, then giggling over the rim at me. I couldn't help but laugh back, relieved that she'd enjoyed it still, now that she'd had a little time to reflect on what we'd done tonight.

Outside, somewhere in the front garden, the first bird of the morning had started up, a single, cheerful, entirely unironic note in the dark.

"Time for bed?" Millie said.

"Bedtime," I agreed.

She stood, took my hand, and led me toward the stairs, and I followed her up through the quiet house, past the children's doors, the guest room where Andie was sleeping, into our bedroom and the ordinary life that we'd built together.

Except we weren't ordinary any more. Millie was a fully-fledged hotwife now. She'd been fucked by a random stranger that she'd never met before tonight. She'd taken off her wedding ring, flirted and teased a handful of men, then let one of them fuck her in a hotel room. Twice.

She'd cum on his cock. She'd swallowed his cum. Then fucked me while telling me all the sordid details.

And I loved every fucking second of it.

No, we weren't ordinary any more. We were far from it. We were still Millie and Jamie, but we were something new, too.

And most exciting of all, we were only just getting started.

Epilogue

Andie stayed long enough for a second coffee, which meant long enough to assess the situation thoroughly and file it away for later use.

"You look terrible," she said to Millie, with the cheerful directness that only sisters can use around each other.

"Thank you," Millie said, from the sofa, wrapped in a blanket, both hands around a mug. "I feel terrible."

"A nice restaurant," Andie said, looking between the two of us.

"That's all you said. A nice restaurant and a couple of drinks."

"It turned into more than a couple," I said.

"Clearly." She looked at Millie again. "Anyway, I enjoyed looking after the kids. I love being Auntie Andie."

"And you took Ethan to school," Millie said. "You're an actual saint. I mean it. Come here."

Andie submitted to being hugged, patted Millie's head with the energy of someone hugging a very sorry golden retriever, and then stood up and pulled her coat on.

"I'll get it out of you eventually," she said, pointing at her sister.

"Whatever it is you're not telling me."

"We're not—" Millie started.

"You're both doing the face," Andie said, running a hand through her long blonde hair. "You've been doing it since I got here. I don't know

what this particular face means yet, but I will." She picked up her bag.

"Call me later, let me know what you're up to. Drink plenty of water. Eat some of that toast I made you before it goes cold."

She kissed Millie on the top of the head, gave me a look that was more knowing than I was entirely comfortable with, and let herself out.

We listened to her car pull away.

Millie lowered herself carefully back into the sofa cushions. "She absolutely knows something."

"She knows nothing," I said. "She suspects everything. There's a difference."

Millie smiled and closed her eyes. I sat down beside her, and she leaned into me lovingly, her head against my shoulder, the blanket pulled up around her chin.

We sat quietly for a minute. I thought she'd dozed off until she spoke softly.

"About last night."

"Yeah," I sighed, "Last night was... something. Are you okay?"

"I'm hungover and my feet hurt and I feel absolutely wonderful," she said. "Which is a strange combination, but there it is."

I laughed. She tilted her face up toward me, and I kissed her, gently, but more than just a morning kiss. She made a small sound and kissed me back, putting her hand to the back of my head, and for a moment, I thought we were going to fuck again, right there on the sofa.

But we didn't. "I've no doubt Sophia will be in touch today," she said when we broke apart. "To ask how it went. Tell her it went well, and thank her from me."

"I'll tell her," I replied. "I have no idea what she'll have planned for us next."

"I look forward to finding out." Millie pulled the blanket tighter.

"Actually, speaking of that, I've got a couple of things to tell you. I kept meaning to yesterday, and then everything sort of took over."

"Go on."

She looked at her mug. "Daniel's been in touch again. We've been chatting a little bit. Nothing significant, just catching up. Getting reac-quainted." A pause. "He's single."

I looked at her.

"I wanted to be straight with you about it," she said. "I don't know if it'll go anywhere. Maybe it's nothing, maybe he just wants to be friends."

But I'd like to keep talking to him and see where it goes, and I didn't want to do that without saying so first."

I thought about it for a moment. The honest answer was that it made me feel uneasy, but even so, it also didn't feel threatening. Daniel was history, known history, which was in some ways easier than the un-known quantity of a stranger in a hotel room. At least I knew who he was.

"Okay. Keep talking to him," I said. "Just keep talking to me, too."

"Always." She nodded, "There's something else."

"Not another ex-boyfriend?"

"No. I don't have other ex-boyfriends," she giggled. "It seems I've been a bit careless with the blogs lately, posting similar things on both of them around the same time, basically the same thoughts from two different perspectives. I never thought anyone would notice. I mean, the two blogs should have entirely different audiences."

"And someone's noticed?" I asked carefully.

"Yes, a couple of people." She had the grace to look slightly sheepish.

"Anyway, one guy in particular got in touch through my Sinner Minnie blog and pointed it out. He asked if we were the same person, and we somehow got talking." She glanced up at me. "I've deleted a few of the overlapping posts so nobody else can follow the same trail, so hopefully no one else notices."

"So, who is this guy? You said you got talking?"

"That's the thing. He seems nice. Normal. He introduced himself properly, wasn't creepy about it, didn't make it weird. His name's Jordan, and he lives just the other side of town. He's married, they're both a similar age to us."

"He lives nearby?"

"He says he even knows someone who knows me. I don't know who."

Anyway, he read about where we were at the start of our hotwife journey, and he got in touch because he's just joined a lifestyle group. An actual organised one, swingers, whatever you want to call them. He says they're quite a decent crowd, normal people, friendly, sociable, based on the other side of the city. And I thought it might be worth a conversation. He suggested coffee, the three of us, four if he brings his wife.

No pressure, just to talk about whether it's something we'd be interested in exploring."

I was quiet for a moment.

A swinging group. A real one, with structure and people who know what they're doing. A whole world that we knew existed, but which we'd so far only ever circled from the outside.

"What do you think?" I asked.

Millie looked at me over the rim of her mug, and there it was again, that particular expression she'd worn on the pavement outside the bar last night, just before she'd walked away without looking back. Curious, nervous, but also quietly certain.

"I think," she said, "that we've come this far. Why don't we at least meet up and see what they have to offer?"

I had to be at work in forty minutes. I looked at my wife on the sofa, in her blanket, with her coffee, her hangover, and her two pieces of news, and felt the future arranging itself for the first time in a long time.

"Coffee," I said. "Just a coffee. We go together, we listen to what he has to say, and we don't commit to anything."

Millie smiled. "Just a coffee," she agreed.

But we both knew that's how it always started.

Afterword

So. Here we are.

I'll be honest, when I sat down to write this book I wasn't entirely sure where Millie and Jamie were going next. What I did know was that their story wasn't finished. Sophia, Daniel, Kate. Millie's hunger to explore this new side of herself and her Sinner Minnie blog. There's plenty still to come for them.

This series is fully planned out, and book two takes a turn you might not be expecting. The Hotwife Diaries #2: Racy Daisy shifts the focus to Jordan and Daisy, familiar faces if you've spent any time with the Husband's Guide series, as Daisy steps further into their own lifestyle journey. Their story is wilder, funnier, and considerably more chaotic than Millie and Jamie's. But don't worry, our original pair haven't gone anywhere. Their story weaves through Daisy's in ways that will hopefully surprise you and they'll be back fully in book #3 (I don't want to give too much away!)

Two couples. One lifestyle. And plenty of complications.

Thank you for reading. The messages and feedback along the way through my Patreon and Medium posts genuinely mean everything, so please keep them coming. Feel free to leave a review on Amazon, as always.

And watch out for Daisy. She's going to be a lot of fun.

Paul

About the Author

Paul Garland is an author of erotic novels and short stories, guaranteed to keep you turning the lust-filled pages until the early hours of the night. He lives with his wife and two children in a small house in the suburbs of Sheffield, England along with a lazy green

budgerigar, an African Grey parrot that curses and a tubby tabby cat which would love to eat either. (Preferably the vulgar-tongued parrot.) He has been writing since the turn of the millennium but only turned to the erotica genre in 2018 with his Cerulean Erotica Presents series and No Angels series of books which rapidly gained him a following. In 2020, he began 'The Cuckold Collection,' a brand new collection of cuck-old-themed books and two new series of shorter stories: The No Angels Stories, The Sexy Season Stories and The Cerulean Archives. 2022 began two series, Holiday Hotwives and A Size Queen Story and 2023 introduced a new series, Improper Investigations and the return to the Cerulean Archives with I Found A Box Of Photos Of My Wife... And Her Ex. 2024 saw the My Wife series and the I Know Who You Did Last Summer series reach huge success. 2025 introduced us to his best selling Trad Wife series, the follow up Modern Husband, and his sci-fi erotica series, Cheat Codes.

2026 brings the return of the Detective Hotwife, a new superhero hotwife erotica and the climax of the Holiday Hotwives books, along with his highly anticipated and biggest series to date, The Hotwife Diaries.

My Website: <http://www.paulgarland.net>

All my links in one place: <https://allmylinks.com/eroticapaul> My Medium Page (exclusive stories):

<https://medium.com/@belgarionten>

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/paulgarland> Twitter: <https://twitter.com/eroticapaul>

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