

THE PROMOTION

AMANDA

WRIGHTER

A tale of one woman's
descent into the world
of swinging and the
dark side of wife
swapping...

CHAPTER
AN EBOOK SERIAL

THE PROMOTION

A STORY OF SWINGING & INDECENCY

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER:

CONTENT AND LITERARY DESCRIPTIONS DISCUSSED WITHIN THIS WORK OF FICTION ARE NOT INTENDED TO REPRESENT REAL PEOPLE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM, EITHER LIVING OR DEAD. NEITHER THE AUTHOR NOR THE PUBLISHER INTEND FOR READERS TO ASSUME OTHERWISE, NOR DO THEY WISH TO PROMOTE OR IN ANY WAY INTEND TO LEGITIMIZE THE FICTITIOUS ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS DESCRIBED WITHIN THE WORK. THIS STORY IS A FICTIONAL DEPICTION OF DARK SEXUAL DESIRES AND AS SUCH, CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DEPRAVED SEXUAL ACTS, PRESENTED AS A NECESSITY, TO INVOLVE AND INFORM THE READER OF THE ACTIONS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS. NO PROMOTION OF THESE BEHAVIORS IS INTENDED AND READERS SHOULD BE AWARE THAT THE ACTS AS THEY ARE PRESENTED AND DESCRIBED HERE WOULD BE ILLEGAL IN REAL LIFE AND SHOULD NEVER BE MIMICKED OR REINACTED.

IN SIMPLER TERMS, JUST BECAUSE YOU READ IT DOES NOT MAKE IT RIGHT. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE SOME SERIOUSLY JACKED UP, MENTAL WHACK-JOBS WHO ARE NOT ONLY DEMENTED BUT REALLY SHOULD JUST BE TOOK OUT AND SHOT IF THEY WERE IN FACT, REAL PEOPLE. THIS STORY IS WRITTEN AS A FORM OF HORRIFIC FICTION AND NOT INTENDED TO DIGNIFY THE ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS OR TO INTENTIONALLY TITILLATE OR SEXUALLY GRATIFY THE READER.

COPYRIGHT © 2010

CHAPTER 2

I leaned over Lizzie's massive breasts, and carefully picked one of them up in my hand. It was sticky and dripping with Dan's goo. And I didn't care. I leaned down and licked her boob from top to bottom, slurping up all of the cum as I went. I kept a careful watch on Lizzie's face as I did this. Her face never registered anything other than shock. I would imagine this was how Dan's face looked, too...but I wasn't really concerned enough to look.

I had no idea what was going to happen between Dan and I when we left tonight, so I figured I might as well do anything and everything I can. I doubted that I would ever get another opportunity like this again.

Without thinking about it, I jumped up to my feet and reached down with my hands to heft one of Lizzie's legs up in the air. She didn't try to stop me. I slid myself down in between her legs and dove my face straight down into her crotch. Lizzie let a surprised gasp escape her lips. In the same moment, she reached down with her pudgy hands and spread her pussy lips wide so that I had easier access to her protruding clit.

I didn't have a clue what to do. I had never had one single lesbian thought in my entire life, nor did I have the desire to try to pleasure a woman...yet here I was. I must have been doing something right as my tongue poked and prodded her enormous clit, because she was having a hard time sitting still. Somehow, her squirming and thrusting only made it more exciting for me, because I knew that she was enjoying it.

I had all but forgotten my audience at this point, but apparently the men were watching intently. My ass was up in the air for all to see as I continued to concentrate on Lizzie, and Jerry sought to take advantage of this.

I never broke my rhythm when I felt Jerry jab his gigantic cock into my slick hole. Jerry was much bigger than Dan, and I could immediately feel the difference. He had my cunt stretched wide, and I was enjoying every second of it. He grabbed hold of my hips with his hands and pumped me with everything he had. I was beginning to lose focus of what I was doing as Jerry pounded harder and harder.

Apparently, Lizzie wasn't finished with me. She roughly grabbed the top of my head with one hand and forced me down. She thrust her hips violently up and down in sync with my tongue. She was obviously on the brink of an orgasm. I was in total shock when Lizzie tensed up under me. I could literally feel the orgasm shoot through her body. She gushed liquid all over my face as she continued to grind her clit against my tongue. Then, she went totally limp beneath me. I was almost worried for a second, until I caught a glimpse of her face. She looked completely

blissed out. She was panting and laughing at the same time.

"Well...that was definitely...different," she stated.

"I've never done anything like that before. I hope I did okay," I replied.

"You did a fantastic job. So much so that we might need to replace the couch cushions."

Jerry was determined to have my full attention, so he yanked me almost completely upright, grabbing hold of my breasts instead of my hips. He never once stopped pounding me. I hated to admit that I was quite impressed with his sexual skills. He was a million times better than Dan.

Jerry jumped up off of the edge of the couch and yanked me with him. He pulled me over to the wall and slammed me up against it. I was a bit confused at first, but then he grabbed my left leg and hoisted it up. He wasted no time finding my dripping wet hole with his massive cock, and proceeded to slide it in. He was completely pressed against me, forcing me to flatten up against the wall as he plunged his dick deeper and deeper into me.

I had never tried this specific sexual position, or anything even remotely close to it. Dan wasn't that creative. Jerry knew exactly what he was doing, and it...felt...awesome. I had never been so sexually aroused in my entire existence. It was like Jerry was probing me in places that I didn't even know I had. My body was responding pleasantly. I didn't ever want it to end. Luckily for me, Jerry wasn't a minuteman. I wasn't sure how long we fucked, but it was quite a while. Jerry would swap legs occasionally, but he never stopped. I wanted to grip him closer, but it was physically impossible.

Finally, I felt him begin to tense up, and I thought for sure that he was almost done. I was completely wrong. He pulled out and took my hand, leading me back to the couch. He flopped down on the couch, motioning for me to get on top. I was thrilled. I couldn't remember the last time I had gotten a chance to ride a dick. I wasted no time straddling him.

While I began to bounce on Jerry's stiff rod, I glanced over at Lizzie and Dan, half expecting them to be watching us. They were not. Dan was resting on the couch, with his eyes closed, head leaned back, while Lizzie was squatted down between his legs. She was really working his dick with her mouth and hands, and he seemed to be enjoying it immensely. I had to give it to her...for a chunky person she seemed pretty limber.

I was surprised at myself. I really thought seeing someone do that to Dan would send me into a fit of jealous rage, but I honestly couldn't care less. What the hell happened to me tonight?

I brought my attention back to Jerry, who was helping me out by thrusting his cock upwards every time I would bounce down on him, and it was an incredible feeling. That pattern went on for at least another half an hour. I kept waiting for pain or tenderness to hit me, considering I wasn't used to so much sex, but it never did. I stayed so lubed up that I

didn't have to worry about it. I would probably be sore tomorrow, but I didn't give a shit at the moment. I was grinding on Jerry's cock with as much force as I could manage, and he was about to lose it. I didn't know how much longer he was going to last, so I made the most of every single second.

Jerry splurged inside of me without any warning. I had felt him tense up a little, but there were no other signs that he was so close. I could feel the immense amounts of cum being deposited inside of me as his dick pulsed with each release. It was not an unpleasant sensation. I could feel the goo sliding out of my twat and down my thighs. I reached down and slid my hand down my leg, enjoying the warmth and feeling of it. Then, I pulled my hand back up and began to rub on my clit. It was so wet and slippery from both of our secretions that I very nearly gave myself an instantaneous orgasm. I caught myself, though, and stopped rubbing. I wasn't ready to orgasm just yet.

Jerry seemed quite content to let me sit on top of him and rub one out while he watched. Surprisingly, I never felt his dick go limp inside of me. It was still rigid. He reached up with one hand and started to twist and pinch gently on one of my nipples. I started to rub harder on my clit, and my eyes slid closed as I began to moan. I didn't care how vocal I got, because for some reason, moaning and screaming out loud just made it that much more enjoyable.

I began rocking slowly back and forth on Jerry's dick again, since it was still hard as a rock inside of me. It felt like my crotch was on fire, and not in a bad way. I knew once I finally reached climax, I was going to experience the best orgasm I had ever had.

"Don't stop fucking that dick," Jerry whispered roughly to me. That turned me on in a strange way. "Yeah, fuck that cock with your tight little pussy...harder...fuck it harder. I want to fill you up with my cum again," Jerry said, a little louder now.

He reached back with his free hand and slapped my ass, hard. That almost sent me over the edge into orgasm land, but I held onto it. I still wasn't ready.

"Oh, I can feel how tight your juicy little cunt is...mmmm....you're almost there, aren't you? I want to feel you orgasm on top of me...I want to feel it," Jerry exclaimed as he began thrusting again.

How could he still be horny? Dan would have already passed out from exertion by this point, but Jerry was still going strong. I wasn't complaining about it. I started to bounce on him again, a little more forcefully this time. I was really ramming it up in there as far as it would go.

I couldn't stop myself any longer, without going crazy. I rubbed frantically against my clit as I slammed up and down on Jerry's dick, while he continued to twist my nipple between his fingers. And then...there it was. I didn't know what I was feeling. Other orgasms were pale compared to this one. I don't even know if it could be classified as

an orgasm. It was more like an out of body experience. It felt like my eyeballs were going to pop right out of my head. I couldn't contain the squeal that escaped out of me, and I didn't want to. I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs. This was the absolute best and longest orgasm I had ever experienced. It could have been minutes or hours...I wasn't sure how long it lasted. I never stopped rubbing, even when it became almost painful.

Finally, my body began to loosen up and go limp as the orgasm subsided. I was done...physically, mentally, emotionally. I was completely drained. I figured Jerry would be too, but when he realized that I had stopped rocking on top of him, he pushed me back onto the couch and climbed on top of me. I was astounded! How could he possibly still be going? I almost told him to stop, but I didn't have the energy.

The sensations coursing through my pussy were unbelievable. It felt like my vaginal walls had tightened up during the orgasm, and now Jerry's dick felt ten times bigger than it had a minute ago. I quickly wrapped my legs around his waist, helping him get in deeper inside of me.

Jerry leaned his face down and began kissing me. It was an intense and powerful kiss. His tongue probed inside of my mouth as he tightly gripped my hair with his hand, mashing our faces together. I was soon gasping for air as I greedily kissed him back. He finally broke free and we were both panting.

It wasn't but a few minutes later that he suddenly pulled his dick out and began yanking on it. He had it poised over my stomach when he finally began to cum again. His spooge was hot and juicy as he spurted it all over my stomach and chest. Usually, this grossed me out, but not tonight. I quickly began to stroke my breasts, rubbing his hot goo all over them. When he was finally done, he collapsed back onto the couch, slumping over. He looked at me with a wide grin.

"Well, I think I'm done for the night. I don't usually get two in one night...that was great. I don't think I've ever felt someone so tight! That was...remarkable, to say the least. How was it for you," he asked.

"I'm not quite sure what to say. I've never had such a powerful orgasm in my life. I didn't want it to end," I explained. "No disrespect to my husband, but that was the best sex I think I've ever had," I confessed.

Jerry seemed elated. I was worried momentarily that Dan would be hurt by my words, but he was still occupied with Lizzie and probably hadn't even heard me.

I was relaxing on the couch, not wanting to move, when I heard Dan's infamous groan. He must be about ready to explode. He sounded like a walrus when he ejaculated. I had a hard time keeping a straight face the first few months we were married when we would have sex. Apparently, Lizzie didn't mind the animal noises that Dan made. She just began to suck harder and faster on his penis in response.

It was all over very quickly, which was typical Dan. He was probably

even more turned on by the fact that Lizzie was swallowing his cum instead of making him shoot off on her. She gobbled it all up like it was something delicious.

When he was done, Lizzie got up and sat on the couch beside him, plainly pleased with her work, and with Dan's reaction. Jerry was nice enough to have gone and gotten me a towel to clean myself off with. I was starting to feel sticky as his goo started to dry on me. I gladly wiped myself off, and handed the towel back to him.

"Thanks, Jerry...for everything. I never imagined how great this night would be. I have to admit that I wasn't very excited about the idea at first, but I'm really glad I gave it a try," I admitted.

"I told you! We were a bit apprehensive at first, too...but we wouldn't trade it for anything now."

I looked over at Dan, to see his reaction, and he was staring back at me. I couldn't read the expression on his face. I'm sure I would know his opinion soon enough.

"Are you ready to go," Dan asked me suddenly.

"Um, well...I guess so. Are you...finished?" I asked. He hadn't done much of anything with Lizzie except titty fuck her and get a blowjob. Surely she would want something more.

"Yes. I don't think I could handle any more tonight," he replied. Something was off with him, but I couldn't quite place it.

"What about Lizzie? I mean...you didn't...well, you know..." I mumbled.

"Oh, I'm fine, honey. I don't need anything else...you took care of me earlier. I couldn't be more satisfied right now," Lizzie explained as she smiled at me.

I felt a blush color my cheeks as I remembered what I had done to her earlier. I had completely forgotten about it. I was pretty sure that Jerry's massive dick had something to do with my memory loss.

"Oh, well...okay, then. I guess we should go, Dan. I mean, if we're all done here. I don't really know what to do now," I said, looking up at Jerry.

"You can do whatever you'd like. That's the beauty of it all. You come here, have some fun, and leave when you're done. Simple as that," Jerry said, smiling warmly at me.

"Good, then. We should be on our way, Trish. I've got to get up early for work tomorrow, and I'm sure it's probably getting pretty late..." Dan said.

"Don't worry about it, Dan. You can come in after lunch. Sleep in...get some rest. You deserve a bit of down time," Jerry offered.

"Thank you, sir. That's very kind of you," Dan stated. I couldn't quite figure out what it was, but something was wrong with him. Apparently Jerry didn't notice.

"Excellent! I'll see you at work tomorrow afternoon. I might even go in a bit late, myself. We'll talk about the promotion tomorrow, okay?" Jerry said.

"That sounds great. I appreciate it. Trish?" Dan was now focused on

me again. I was still naked on the couch. I really didn't want to move, but apparently he was in a hurry now.

I got up off of the couch and started getting dressed. I was definitely going to need a shower when I got home. I was starting to feel crusty.

When I was dressed and ready, Dan grabbed my hand and tugged me towards the door. Jerry and Lizzie were also dressed and presentable as they walked us to the front door. I could hear other couples in the house still, but nobody was visible. I was grateful for that. I didn't know how much more I could handle tonight.

"Thank you both for a wonderful evening. And, if you decide you'd like to come back, please feel free to do so," Lizzie said. She sounded sincere.

"Well, I think you've given us something to think about," I exclaimed with a chuckle. Dan didn't seem to be in the mood for small talk. He already had the front door open.

"I'll see you tomorrow at work, sir. Thank you," Dan muttered. He turned around and walked out of the house, headed straight for the car. Neither Jerry nor Lizzie seemed to notice Dan's suddenly foul mood.

Jerry was eyeing me as I waved and left. Lizzie seemed a bit dazed as she stared after me. Huh...wonder what that was about? I hurried to catch up with Dan, but he was speed walking and reached the car in record time. He had the doors unlocked and was already inside before I could get to the passenger side door.

Dan was already backing out and racing away before I could get my seat belt on. Why in the hell was he in such a hurry now? I wanted to ask him what his problem was, but I wasn't sure I wanted to know the answer. So, I sat quietly in my seat and stared out the window. I pretended not to notice when he occasionally glanced over at me.

We made it home much quicker than I expected. Dan hadn't said one single word to me the whole way. I quickly got out of the car and went to wait at the front door. Dan unlocked the deadbolt and stalked into the house without looking at me. I was pretty certain by this point that he was mad at me. What the fuck?

He stomped up the stairs and went into the bedroom, but I didn't follow him. I didn't know why he was in such a funky mood, but I tried to stay clear of him when he was like this. Instead, I went into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of wine and sat down at the kitchen table.

As I sat at the table sipping my wine, I thought about all of the events of the night. It didn't seem real to me. I still couldn't believe that I had done all that with Jerry, of all people. I was quite sure at some point I would feel disgusted and repulsed by what I had done, but it hadn't hit me yet. Maybe in the morning...

I was completely wrapped up in my own thoughts when Dan stormed into the kitchen. It would appear that he had gone upstairs to take a shower. He was dressed in his favorite robe, hair wet and combed back. He didn't say anything to me as he poured himself a glass of wine. He

swigged the whole glass in one gulp, which was out of character for him.

He poured himself another glass, and then turned to glare at me. I just stared back at him, unsure what he wanted from me. He was waiting for me to say something, but I just continued to stare him down. The minutes passed, and neither one of us looked away. I wasn't really in the mood to play his games tonight. I was about to get up and walk out of the kitchen. Another minute passed, and still nothing. So, I got up, finished my wine, and slammed the glass down on the table. When I turned to leave the room, he grabbed the top of my arm to stop me.

"Where in the hell are you going?" he demanded.

"I'm going to take a shower and go to bed," I retorted as I shook his hand off of me.

"I think we need to talk first."

"Well, I don't really agree with that. I want to go clean up, if you don't mind."

I walked out of the room without looking back. I didn't really care what his problem was. All of the shit that had happened tonight was because of HIM. So, if he didn't like it...well, that seemed like a personal problem to me.

I stripped down in the bathroom and eagerly stepped into the shower. After ten minutes of scrubbing and lathering, I felt clean again. After I was done drying off, I went to my closet to get something to wear to bed. Of course, Dan was perched on the edge of the bed, waiting on me. It looked like the vein in his forehead was about to pop. I walked past him and stepped into the closet. It had been a while since I had worn any lingerie to bed, but suddenly that's what I felt like putting on tonight. I chose a simple black lace gown and quickly pulled it on.

Dan's eyes popped wide when I came out of the closet and walked towards the bed.

"What the hell are you wearing that for?" he shouted.

"What?" I asked, startled.

"Oh, I get it...did the boss man make you feel all good? Now you pull out something to wear to bed besides sweats. How nice," he scoffed.

"What's it to you?" I shot back.

"I heard what you said to him. I can't believe you, Trish."

"What are you talking about?"

"You told that fat bastard that was the best sex you'd ever had. What the fuck is wrong with you? I was *right there*. Don't you think that might have offended me just a little?" he yelled.

"I was just being honest, Dan. And don't you dare put any of this off on me. It was *your* idea, remember?"

"Fuck you! You are such a fucking bitch, Trish! It wasn't like I had to twist your arm much, was it? You practically sucked the guy's dick right off!" he blurted.

"I knew it! I knew you were going to find some fucking way to pin this all on me. I'm not going to take the blame for this one. It was your great

idea. You said that I owed you, and that I had to do this for you. So, I did. I can't help it if you have a problem with it now. You should have thought about that before you asked me to hump your boss!" I shrieked.

"Hah! Fucking Jerry was your idea. And I know why you did it! You just wanted me to get stuck with that fat whore wife of his. I'm not stupid..."

"Well, you sure didn't seem to be too upset when you were fucking the shit out of her tits."

"Oh, I wouldn't talk! I wasn't the one buried up in the bitch's cunt..."

"You know what, Dan? Just get the hell out! Just get out right now. I don't want to talk about this anymore. Be mad at yourself if you want to be angry with someone. I did what you asked, because you guilted me into it. So deal with it."

"Fine!" he bellowed. He grabbed his pillow and stomped out of the room.

Usually, I felt bad when Dan and I fought, but not tonight. I wasn't going to apologize for anything. What the hell did he expect? He knew exactly what he was asking of me. I can't help that Jerry knows how to fuck a woman. It's not my fault! I guess Dan was expecting me to get with some nasty old fuck while he was paired up with some hot bitch with big, firm tits. Oh well...it still wasn't really my problem.

I heard Dan slamming doors downstairs in the kitchen. Probably going for something stronger than wine. That didn't seem like such a bad idea. I would have to sneak down there and get something. I also realized that I was starving. Guess I worked up an appetite tonight.

When it was all quiet downstairs, I got up and headed for the stairs. I was hoping to get in and out of the kitchen undetected, so I could avoid another fight. It didn't seem that I was going to make that happen, though. When I got to the kitchen, Dan was sitting at the table, drinking a big glass of scotch. He glared murderously at me, but I tried my best to ignore him. I wasn't going to ask him for the scotch, so I opted instead for a bottle of water. While I had the fridge open, I poked around looking for something to eat.

I discovered last night's chicken pasta, and decided to heat that up. Dan never made a peep as he watched me dump the noodles onto a plate and put it in the microwave. I patiently waited for my food to heat up, never taking my eyes off of the microwave. When it was done, I grabbed the plate of food, a fork from the dish drain, and my bottle of water. I headed back up the stairs, planning on eating alone in the bedroom. Dan didn't try to stop me.

I settled into the bed and flipped on the television, not really paying attention to what I was watching. I ate everything on my plate and drained my water in less than five minutes. I was suddenly exhausted and ready for bed. I sunk down into the bed and curled up into a ball. I kept playing everything from tonight over and over again in my head. It still seemed surreal to me. When I was about ready to doze off, I heard a

creak on the stairs that woke me up. I waited for Dan to come into the bedroom, but he didn't appear immediately. I didn't have enough gumption to sit up in the bed or call out to him. After a moment, I saw him step into the doorway. He didn't say anything...he just stared at me. I didn't move in the bed, pretending to already be asleep. He probably wanted to fight again, and I wasn't in the right frame of mind right now to argue with him.

I wasn't sure how long he stood there, staring. I eventually fell asleep, and before I knew it, I was waking up to the sun shining in the bedroom window. I usually got woke up by Dan's alarm clock long before the sun came up.

I groggily sat up in bed and looked around for Dan. The memories from last night came back to me at once. I was trying to figure out if maybe I had just had a really vivid dream, or if that all really happened. It didn't take me long to figure it out, though. When I went to get out of the bed, I could feel the soreness I had been expecting.

I got up and stretched, feeling hung over. I hadn't felt this way since college. I must have had more to drink than I thought last night. I headed downstairs to start the coffee, wondering idly where Dan was.

He was nowhere to be found, so I assumed that he had left for work early, even though he was told to take the morning off. What a fucking brown-noser. I put the coffee on and went back upstairs to get ready for the day. I kept waiting for the reality of last night to hit me, but it never quite sunk in. Or maybe I just didn't really give a shit about it. That was kind of scary.

Once I was dressed and decent, I grabbed a cup of coffee and my gym bag before heading out the door. When I went out to get in my car, I stopped dead in my tracks. Dan's car was parked in the usual spot, and that stunned me. He wasn't at home, but his car was here. So...where the hell was he?

I went to peek in the car, to make sure that he hadn't slept in the backseat or something. The car was empty. Huh...strange. I went back into the house and dialed Dan's cell phone, but it went straight to voicemail. That was also weird. Dan *never* had his cell turned off. Wouldn't want to miss a call from the boss.

Against my better judgment, I called Dan's work. I tried my best to avoid calling up there when I could, but I didn't know how else to get in touch with him. He must really be mad at me. I dialed his direct extension, but after a few rings, his voicemail picked up. I didn't bother to leave him a message. I hung up, and then dialed the main line, not really sure why I was so bothered by not being able to get in touch with him. When the secretary picked up, I asked for Jerry. After two rings, Jerry answered.

"Jerry Reed," he said.

"Um...hi, Jerry. It's Trish," I replied.

"Oh, hey Trish. This is quite a surprise. What can I do for you?" he

asked.

"Well, I was wondering if you'd spoken to Dan this morning. I guess he left for work earlier and I can't get him at his desk or on his cell. But, his car is at home...so I'm a little worried," I explained.

"Uh...well, I haven't seen him or spoken to him this morning, but Mindy did."

"Oh, really?" What the fuck was he talking to Jerry's secretary for? I never liked Mindy. She was too young and perky...and a little too friendly. I guess when Jerry turned down her advances she started in on all the other men in the office.

"Well, Mindy left the office about an hour ago to get Dan. She said that he had called her and told her that he was having car troubles this morning. She was supposed to go pick him up and bring him in. But, I haven't heard from her since," Jerry muttered. "Trish? Are you still there?" he asked after a moment.

"Yes. Thank you for the information, Jerry. I appreciate your help," I responded.

"I'll...have Dan call you when they make it back in, if you want," he offered.

"No, that's okay. I'm sure he'll call me later on."

"Okay. Oh, and I know this may not be the best time to mention this...but Lizzie told me to tell you that you are welcome at our home anytime you'd like. I know you haven't really made a decision on anything, but the offer is there, regardless."

"Thanks, Jerry. I appreciate it," I babbled. I was too distracted to pay him much attention, but I didn't want to be rude...especially after all that happened between us last night. "I...had a really good time last night. Thanks for everything. I have to go," I murmured.

"Goodbye, Trish."

After I hung up the phone, I sat at the kitchen table, unsure of what to do next. I had no idea where Dan was, but I was sure I knew what he was doing. I was astonished...I didn't know what to think. Would Dan really cheat on me? Was he really that upset about last night? It was his choice, so why was he so pissed at me? He practically forced me to do it, so he didn't really have the right to get mad at me over it.

After sitting and thinking for a while, I was even more pissed than before. That fucking slut had come to *my* house and picked up *my* husband this morning. I was sure she knew exactly what was going on when she left the office. I couldn't wrap my mind around it. I just really couldn't believe that Dan had called her, knowing what would happen. What was he thinking?

For the rest of the day, I paced around the house, fuming. I repeatedly tried Dan's cell to no avail. After about the tenth or so time that I called, I started leaving messages. They got nastier and nastier each time I left a new message. I tried his office extension, too, but never got through. I was beginning to wonder if he even bothered to go to work at all, or if he

was holed up in some trashy motel room with that tramp.

I was almost tempted to drive up to his office building and go see for myself, but I stopped myself. The last thing I wanted to do was make a scene. If he was even there, that is. I stopped pacing just long enough to throw dinner together, and it helped me to calm down. Maybe I was overreacting. Maybe he *did* have car trouble this morning. Had I even bothered to check to see if his car would start? Obviously he wouldn't want to leave me without a car, and he was too cheap to call a cab. Of course little miss Mindy would jump on the opportunity to get out of the office and pick Dan up. He probably hadn't even asked her, specifically. I'm sure I was just being silly and over-sensitive. I just needed to calm down and think straight. And when Dan came home, I'm sure he would have a perfectly good explanation about what happened. As far as I knew, he hated Mindy about as much as I did. He had always thought she was kind of trashy.

By the time dinner was done, I had convinced myself that I had jumped to conclusions this morning. Dan was just still mad at me and giving me the silent treatment because I made him sleep on the couch last night. That was normal for him. I almost felt bad for leaving rude messages on his cell all day long. I made a mental note to apologize for that when he got home. I was also going to listen to what he had to say about last night. Otherwise, we would just keep fighting.

I was completely calm by the time I heard a car pull up outside. I went to peek out the window in the living room, and spotted Dan getting out of an unfamiliar car. However, I did notice that it was a man driving, and not Mindy. I smiled and chuckled to myself. I was definitely overreacting this morning. I hoped that Dan hadn't bothered to check his voicemail today. Maybe I could erase the messages later tonight...

When Dan walked in the front door, I went to greet him. I could tell right away, though, that he was still mad at me. I pecked his cheek and gave him a hug, anyway. He didn't really respond to me as he sat his briefcase down by the door.

"How was your day at work," I asked.

"Fine," he replied coolly.

"Well, dinner's ready, if you're hungry," I offered.

"Okay," he said without much enthusiasm.

I followed behind him as he walked to the kitchen. I was trying to think of a way to break the ice. I wanted to get the arguing out of the way. I decided to just jump right in.

"Dan, I'm sorry about last night. I shouldn't have kicked you out. I feel bad about that," I blurted.

I waited, but he didn't respond. He grabbed his plate and walked past me, towards the kitchen table. Okay...so he was really, really mad at me. I tried not to get aggravated with him. He set his plate down and hung his suit jacket on the back of the seat before sitting down. I sat beside him, and reached out to touch his arm. At least he didn't try to push me

away...yet.

"Won't you talk to me, please? I've been worried about you all day. I noticed your car was here and I couldn't reach you on your cell or at work..." I waited, but he didn't look up from his plate. "Look, I know you're still mad at me, obviously. I'm truly sorry about last night. I know you were hurt and I shouldn't have gotten mad and shut down like that. I want to talk about it. I want to know what's really bothering you. Dan, I only did that...last night...because you asked me to. I don't understand why you are so angry over something that was your decision. Please tell me...because I can't figure it out," I pleaded. A hint of anger was audible in my words, but I was hoping that he hadn't picked up on that.

Finally, he looked up at me. I could tell that it was going to be a long night. His gaze was unfriendly as he stared at me. I waited for him to speak. I had already apologized more than once, and that was all I was going to give him. It was already more than he deserved considering that the whole fiasco was his fault.

A few minutes passed as we stared each other down. I raised one eyebrow at him, waiting. At last, he spoke.

"I know that last night was my fault. I shouldn't have asked you to do that. I regret that decision, more than you'll ever know. But...I didn't expect that you would be so...willing. That's the part that bothered me the most, Trish. It was like you were having the time of your life last night. I've never seen you act like that. Then...you told him that he was the best that you'd ever had. What the hell am I supposed to think? How the fuck do you think that made me feel?" he exclaimed.

Shit. This was going to be a fun night, for sure. He wasn't going to let this go easily. Dammit to hell...

"Dan, I don't know what you want me to say here. I can't take it back, and I can't just keep apologizing, because that doesn't seem to be helping. I'm sorry for what I said. I wish I could take it back, but I can't," I replied.

"Did you mean it?" he mumbled.

"Did I mean what?"

"Did you mean it when you told him that he was the best you'd had?"

Fuck, fuck, fuck. This conversation was headed in a bad direction, and I didn't know how to stop it. Me and my big mouth!

"Honey...I...I'm sorry. I wish I could fix this and--"

"Answer the damn question!" he yelled.

My anger flared. I couldn't help it. I was sitting here, trying to apologize to this man over something that was out of my control and he was clearly not interested in fixing anything. He was only concerned about whose dick was bigger and better.

"What do you want me to say, Dan? That I was just saying it to make Jerry feel good? Well, I can't! Because it was the truth! I can't help it, and I'm not going to take it back. It's not my fucking fault!" I screamed. I instantly regretted the words once I said them. I should have lied. I

should have told him that I was just being polite to Jerry, and he would have believed me. I was just being nice to his boss...that was all. I was trying to help him get his promotion. I should have told him that Jerry was disgusting and horrible, and that I didn't enjoy myself at all. But, I didn't and now I couldn't take the words back.

Dan just stared at me, mouth hanging open. Evidently that was not what he was expecting me to say to him. He was probably hoping that I would tell him that he was the biggest and the best.

"I can't believe it...I can't believe you just said that! All these years, I've heard you bitch over and over about how disgusting Jerry is. And now you tell me that he's better than me in bed. You're pathetic!"

"You know what? You can just go fuck yourself, Dan! At least Jerry didn't jump on me for three minutes and then fall asleep. At least he gave a crap about me and about what I wanted! You never have! I will not apologize for it anymore! I have tried and tried to be accepting and understanding, but I don't know what you want from me! You have always put everyone and everything ahead of me, and I'm tired of being last on your list. I slept with your boss last night, to make you happy! I also did it because you held that affair over my head. I've apologized a million times for that, too! You act like you're so fucking perfect!" I shrieked at him.

Man, it felt good to get all of that off of my chest. Fuck it...the words were out now. I waited for the wrath to come down on my head, but he just looked at me. I couldn't quite place his expression. He almost looked sad. What the fuck?

"Trish...I know that I haven't been the best husband. You don't have to tell me that. I am truly sorry for what I asked of you last night, and I wish I could go back and change it. It wasn't right...no matter the reason or the outcome. I'm sorry that I've let work get in the way of our marriage. I never meant to make you feel like you don't come first. And, I suppose I deserve everything that you said to me. But, even with everything I've done, I can at least say that I've never cheated on you. I'm not counting last night, of course. I would never go behind your back and hurt you that way. I know that kind of pain, and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. I feel horrible that I used the affair as an excuse to justify last night. It makes me sick to think of what I did...what we did. That's why I didn't...actually...have sex with Lizzie last night. I just couldn't do that to you. And I'm sorry that I've made you feel bad about sleeping with Jerry. I asked you to do it for me, and you did. I promise I'll never bring it up again. I just don't want to lose you..."

I didn't know what to say. I was totally confused by his words. I was certain that he was going to scream and yell at me for hours, but instead...he apologized. To me! He was looking at me, waiting for a response, but I couldn't make myself speak. I was too stunned to remember how to make my mouth move. Eventually, I came to my senses and took his hand in mine.

"I don't how to respond to that. I feel horrible for yelling at you now," I whispered.

"You don't have to say anything. We both have regrets, but I want to just move past all of this and put it behind us, okay? Let's just forget it ever happened. Can you do that? For us?" he asked.

"Of course. I would do anything for you, and you know that," I replied.

"Okay, then. I think I'm going to go take a shower...clear my head a little. I'm kind of drained. I didn't sleep well last night," he said as he got up from the table.

"Okay. I'll give you your space," I said.

"Thanks, honey. It's all going to be okay. I think maybe I'll take tomorrow off...I need a break from work," he remarked.

"Oh, that reminds me...you never did tell me what was wrong with the car. I was a little worried when I noticed it parked outside," I mentioned.

"Uh...yeah. I forgot about it. I guess it's the battery or something. It just wouldn't crank, and I didn't want to wake you up to drive me to work. I'll check it out in a little while...see if I can get it started," he answered. He turned and walked out of the room, heading to the stairs.

It was just as I had thought. He didn't want to bother me this morning to take him to work. Or maybe he was still mad and didn't want to have to ask me for a favor. That was more likely.

As I cleaned up the dishes, I thought about everything that Dan had said. I felt bad for yelling at him and saying what I said. I hadn't realized that he didn't sleep with Lizzie because he didn't want to hurt me. I felt like a total idiot now. I could just kick myself in the ass. Well, I would do what he wanted. He wanted to move past all of it, so I would. I would never bring it up again. I could do that much for him.

So why did I feel a twinge of regret? Regret that I would never get to be with Jerry again? That didn't seem right. I didn't know what to make of my feelings, so I tried to smother them.

I finished cleaning the kitchen in record time, and went to read a book in the living room. I was going to try to be good and not pester Dan. He wanted some alone time, so I would give him that. Before I could get settled, I remembered all of those mean voicemails that I had left for Dan. He was already dealing with enough right now, and I didn't want to add to that. I quickly got up and headed for the kitchen. I paused momentarily at the foot of the stairs, listening. I heard the shower running, so I was certain that he would be occupied for a few more minutes. It would give me enough time to erase the messages.

I found his jacket on the back of the chair where he had left it, and swiftly checked the pockets. I immediately found his phone in his right pocket, where he always kept it. I turned the power on and waited impatiently. When it was powered up, I dialed the proper number to get to his voicemail, and punched in his code to get access. I was surprised when I heard the number of voicemails he had. I hadn't remembered leaving that many. Of course, he probably had a ton of work calls that he

missed all day. I would be careful not to delete anything important. I pressed in the prompt that allowed me to listen to the unheard message, and cringed when the first one started to play.

I was glad that I got to these before Dan had a chance to hear them. They were horrible! And this was just the first one. I promptly hit the button to delete the message, and went to the next one. Six deleted messages later, I got to a work call for Dan, so I hit the save button and went ahead to the next. A few more nasty messages of mine deleted...

I was beginning to worry that I would never get through all of the messages, but finally I got to the last one. I was prepared to hit the delete button as soon as the message started to play, but I paused. This wasn't a message from me, but it was a woman's voice I heard. I waited, expecting it to be another work call for Dan, but for some reason, I felt apprehensive. I listened to the entire message, and then hit the button to repeat the message. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Surely I was mistaken. I repeated the message again, and about halfway through, I flung the phone down on the table, disgusted.

I stood in the kitchen, bewildered. I didn't really know how much time passed, but I eventually heard Dan thumping around upstairs. I forced my legs to move, and went to sit in the living room. I didn't know what to do. What was I going to say? How was I even going to bring it up? I knew he would be angry with me for snooping around on his phone, but I was only trying to spare him from more of my hostility. I just sat in my chair, waiting for him to come back downstairs. A million thoughts were running through my head. Each thought had a different emotion. Anger, sadness, shock, horror. I wasn't sure which one was the strongest. I was leaning towards anger...

It was starting to get dark, and Dan still hadn't come out of the bedroom. Overwhelming grief was starting to cloud my thoughts. I wanted to get up and run from the house, but I couldn't. I didn't move from my chair. I felt like I was paralyzed.

Dan finally sauntered down the stairs, looking totally refreshed and relaxed. Isn't that nice...I'm glad he had a nice time upstairs. Jerk off.

"Hey, you. What are you doing?" he asked. I wanted to punch him right in his face.

"I'm sitting in this chair," I stated.

"Okay...what's wrong?"

"A lot of things. Which would you like to discuss first?" I said acidly.

"I'm not following you...what are you talking about?"

"Hmmm...let's see...maybe the fact that you are a LYING, CHEATING, BASTARD!" I screamed.

Dan's face immediately went blank, and he backed away from me.

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," he mumbled. He turned and went into the kitchen.

Walking away...the first sign of guilt. He was such a fucking jerk! I couldn't believe it. He wasn't trying to defend himself or anything! And the

look on his face. He knew that I knew, and he just didn't give a damn. If he thinks for one second that he is going to get away with this, he is sadly mistaken. I followed him into the kitchen, and he was grabbing his suit jacket and cell phone. He was about to bolt. No fucking way. He wasn't going without a fight.

"So, how was it? Was she worth it?" I barked.

"Trish, I don't have a clue what you're referring to," he stated. He didn't turn to look at me as he walked towards the garage door. I crossed the room and grabbed him by the arm, forcing him to turn and face me.

"You know exactly what I'm fucking talking about, you asshole! I was deleting my voicemails off of your phone and happened to run across a message for you from a certain someone named Mindy. It seems that she had a great time with you today. She couldn't say enough about how amazing you were and that she couldn't wait to get you alone in the hotel room tomorrow. There were other things...about what she plans on doing to you, but I figured I'd let that stay a surprise. I wouldn't want to ruin your fun."

"I'm sure it was someone playing a joke on me at the office. Besides, we wouldn't have this problem if you had stayed off of my phone. You have no business checking my messages."

"I was trying to get rid of the messages I left for you today because I felt bad about how rude they were. For one second I almost believed you. That's what sickens me the most...that you were fucking around on me behind my back and had the nerve to tell me that you would never cause me that kind of pain. You are the worst kind of bastard. You use my guilt from a mistake I made years ago to force me to do something I didn't want to do, then when I did...you get pissed and hold it over my head and use that as an excuse to cheat on me."

"You can keep yelling at me after I leave...because I'm not going to sit here and listen to this shit," he exclaimed. He stormed out of the house and went straight to his car. After he had the door open and got in, I realized what was wrong with this picture.

"Oh, it's a good thing that your car is miraculously working again, isn't it? Wow! It must have just been a fluke this morning!"

He slammed his door and started the car up with no problems. Then he threw it in reverse and hit the gas. He was racing down the street in no time.

I stomped back into the house and banged the door shut behind me. I was so fucking pissed that I was literally seeing red. None of this was making sense right now. Why did he bother making that speech to me...telling me that he would never cheat on me and cause me that kind of pain? What was the point of it? I had already apologized for last night. Not to mention he had already cheated on me, so what exactly was his motivation behind it? And for that matter, why in the hell did he leave his car here at the house this morning? Why didn't he just meet the bimbo at a hotel? Did he want to get caught? Was last night all a set up? To see if

I would go through with it? Then he could feel free to cheat on me without a guilty conscience...or has he been cheating on me already?

I didn't have answers to any of my questions. Now he was gone, to go to her, I'm sure, and I was stuck in this big empty house. I didn't know what to do. I didn't have anyone to call and talk to about this. Or did I?

As soon as the thought popped into my head, it was a crushing need more than anything else. I needed to talk to him, needed to see him, needed to be with him. He already told me I was welcome, so I guess I would find out. Dan wasn't the only one who was going to have some fun tonight.

I raced up the stairs and got dressed to go see Jerry. I didn't think about what I was doing...I just did it. Before I could stop myself, I was in my car and speeding towards his house. I was almost giddy. It was a great feeling, considering that an hour ago I was consumed with grief and heartache. It seemed silly now. I tried not to think about anything as I made my way to Jerry's house, but I couldn't keep everything out. The thought was there, demanding my attention. The thought that I wasn't really upset over Dan. I didn't really care about him cheating on me, or that he walked out on me, or that I didn't know when, or if, he was coming back. All I cared about was Jerry. I pushed the thought away, not wanting to wonder how everything was going to end up. I wanted to focus on the present, not the future. I would deal with it soon enough, but for now I just wanted to do something spontaneous without worrying about the ramifications.

I turned into Jerry's drive and slammed the car to a stop in front of his house. I gave myself a quick glance in the mirror to make sure I was decent, and then I got out and walked up to the front door. I was nervous when I rang the doorbell, but I took a deep breath and steadied myself.

I shouldn't have been surprised when the door opened and Lizzie was on the other side. There was a bit of shock on her face, but it was quickly replaced with a warm grin. It seemed genuine to me.

"Trish? It's good to see you again. What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I'm not really sure, Lizzie. I hate to intrude, but I didn't know where else to go," I explained.

Worry crossed her face and she stepped aside to let me in.

"Well, come on in. Can I get you something to drink?" she offered.

"Yes, actually...that would be great. I think a drink would help me tremendously." I sighed with relief. At least she wasn't telling me to get the fuck out, so that was a good sign.

She motioned for me to sit on the couch when she passed it. I sat down and tried to relax. She was back in no time, drinks in hand. Apparently she intended to drink with me.

"Here you are, dear. There's plenty more where that came from, so don't be shy if you want some more. Now, what is wrong? I can tell that it's something serious, by the look on your face," she commented.

"Um...well, it's Dan. I think that maybe Jerry knows what's going on with him. I spoke with him earlier this morning," I told her.

"Oh, really? Well, Jerry just stepped out for a minute, but he should be back shortly. If you feel more comfortable speaking with him, then I won't pry."

"No, it's not that...I just wanted to ask his opinion on the matter...to see if maybe it was all in my head," I whispered. "I think Dan is having an affair. Well, I'm certain that he is. With Mindy."

"Mindy? Are you sure?" Lizzie gasped.

"Jerry told me that Mindy went to pick Dan up for work because he was having car trouble, but they were gone for a long time. There wasn't anything wrong with the car. Then I discovered a pretty incriminating voicemail message from her on Dan's phone," I admitted.

"I just don't believe that!"

"Well, Dan was pretty upset...about last night. We had a pretty big fight last night and he slept on the couch. When I got up this morning, he was gone, but his car was still at the house. That's when I called Jerry. I tried to tell myself that it was the truth, but after that voicemail, I couldn't deny it anymore. When I confronted Dan, he just left. I didn't know where else to go," I whimpered as tears began to fill my eyes. I didn't know why I was crying. I didn't think it was because of Dan...

Lizzie reached over and gave me a big hug. She patted my back and smoothed my hair while trying to reassure me.

"It will be okay, honey. I'm so sorry if Jerry and I caused all of this to happen. I was worried that something like this would happen, but Jerry was sure that it would be okay," she murmured.

"No, it's not your fault at all. I really think Dan was just using last night as an excuse so he wouldn't feel so bad about cheating on me. To be honest, I'm not sure if today was the first time that he's cheated. I don't know him at all, it seems."

"Well, you can stay here as long as you need to. I told Jerry that you were welcome anytime, and I meant that. I know what you're going through, hon. Jerry is my second husband...my first husband was a cheating bastard, and I finally got up the courage to leave him. That was when I met Jerry. I know a lot of people don't understand the attraction, but it goes a lot deeper than what's on the surface. He's a good man...he treats me like a queen. He's more than I deserve. I know it seems devastating now, but it will all work out for the best."

"That's the strangest part of all of it. I don't know that I'm really all that upset over losing him, if that's what is happening. I don't quite know how to explain it."

"You might have known that this was coming for a while. Or, you might have been hoping for this to happen. Not the cheating part, of course. But, maybe somewhere in the back of your mind, you were ready to move on, and just didn't know how. It was the same for me," she said.

"Thanks, Lizzie. You don't know how good it feels to get all of this off

of my chest. You've been so very kind to me, and I truly appreciate it," I remarked.

"Any time, hon. I'm going to go give Jerry a call and see where he is, and let him know you're here. Just make yourself at home, and I'll be back in a minute."

After she left the room, I slumped back onto the couch. I couldn't believe how much better I felt. I came here, intending to see Jerry, but it was Lizzie that I needed. I needed a woman to talk to, someone that understood where I was coming from. I felt horrible for ever thinking badly of her. I closed my eyes and tried to relax. I didn't know where this night was going, and for once, I didn't care. I would follow it wherever it took me.

It wasn't long before Lizzie reappeared. She sat down beside me on the couch once again. I noticed a full bottle of whiskey in her hands. I was grateful for that. It would help numb me some. She smiled at me while she refilled my glass.

"Jerry should be home in about an hour. He was thrilled to hear that you were visiting. I do believe that you made quite an impression on him last night," she said with a smile.

I couldn't understand how she could sit there and calmly talk about her husband sleeping with another woman.

"Lizzie, how do you do it? I don't understand how you can stand to share your husband with other women. Don't you get jealous?" I asked. I hoped that I hadn't offended her with my questions, but I was so curious.

"You're not the first one to ask me that," she chuckled. "It was hard at first, but I saw how happy it made Jerry. And it wasn't like he was the only one that was having the fun. I've had some great experiences, too. I know it seems impossible, but it brought us closer together. I was extremely jealous at first, but I knew that he loved me and I was the one that he went to bed with at night. It didn't change anything about our relationship...it's just sex. But, some people aren't so open to the idea. I've seen plenty of people have trouble with the concept. It's not for everyone."

"Evidently Dan was one of those people," I mumbled.

Lizzie didn't say anything...she just pulled my hand into hers and held it. We sat together on the couch for a long while, not feeling a need to speak. I must have had at least six or seven refills on my drink, and I was beginning to feel it now. I was completely relaxed. Lizzie was keeping up with me, and before I knew it, we had finished the whole bottle of whiskey. I wasn't normally a heavy drinker, but I wasn't really being normal lately.

I suddenly remembered that I hadn't eaten anything all day, and I was too occupied with Dan to eat dinner. Empty stomach plus alcohol is not a good equation. I broke into a sweat and let out a low moan.

"What's wrong?" Lizzie asked, concerned.

"I haven't eaten anything today, and all of the alcohol is making me

feel queasy," I whispered.

"Oh, why didn't you say something? Come on, let's get you something before you get completely sick!" Lizzie said as she pulled me up off of the couch.

I stumbled behind her as she led me into the kitchen. She pushed me down into a barstool at their breakfast bar and dashed to the nearest cabinet. She returned with a large bag of pretzels in her hand.

"Here...eat these. They should help your stomach. When you start feeling better, I'll make you something more solid."

"Thanks, Lizzie," I said as I began nibbling on a pretzel. I wasn't used to someone taking care of me. I was nice.

She came to sit beside me while I continued to eat. I started feeling better almost immediately. After a few minutes, I felt perfectly fine.

Apparently Lizzie noticed...she hopped up and got me a glass of water.

"Here you go. Give me a few minutes and I'll whip you up something," she said.

"No...don't worry about it! I don't want to trouble you more than I already have. I've been enough trouble already!" I exclaimed.

"Nonsense!! You haven't been any trouble. I get lonely in the house all day by myself. I enjoy having someone to take care of! Jerry is always gone...I hardly get to cook anymore. I don't mind, really," she said with a smile.

"Wow...you are spoiling me so much! I might just move in," I teased.

"I'm sure you would be a fun addition to the house," she giggled.

I wasn't really sure if she was teasing or not. I decided to let it go and instead I watched her while she cooked. She seemed to be pretty skilled in the kitchen.

"Did you have professional training? For cooking?" I asked.

"Not at all. I've just picked up things over the years. I've had a lot of free time," she admitted.

I'm not sure if it was the alcohol, or the fact that this woman was taking care of me like family, but I suddenly felt the overwhelming urge to give her a hug. She seemed like she was sad and lonely, and that upset me. I got up and crossed the room to her, and wrapped my arms around her in a friendly hug. She stiffened with shock at my touch. She had obviously not expected me to do that. She stopped what she was doing to turn around and return my hug.

I wasn't really sure how it happened. One minute, I was giving a friend a hug. The next minute, we were embracing in a way that was much more than friendly. One thing led to the next, and suddenly the food was forgotten. I don't know how, but we ended up in living room again, on the couch. I never really figured myself to want the company of another woman, but something about *this* woman was different. She understood me...understood my pain. She could relate to me, and she wanted to help me. She honestly cared about me. I can't say that I ever got that from Dan. He always seemed like he could care less. I was just a

hole to fuck and someone to cook and clean for him. That pretty much summed up our marriage. But with Lizzie, it was something completely different. She had no reason to reach out to me, other than the fact that she was a genuinely nice person who cared.

Apparently this turned me on in some odd, unfamiliar way. And Lizzie didn't seem to be unwilling. We started out gently, with a few kisses and a few light touches. After a few minutes, it turned into something more urgent. Things started moving fast.

Lizzie paused in the middle of a passionate kiss, and jumped up off of the couch. She yanked me up and pulled me towards the stairs. I didn't bother to ask her where we were going. I followed her into what I assumed was the master bedroom. She pushed me down on the bed and started to unbutton my shirt. I had completely forgotten that when I got dressed earlier, I had put on some skimpy white lingerie under my clothes. I was hoping that maybe Jerry would bed me to make me feel better, so I wanted to have something sexy on. It didn't quite turn out that way, but I didn't regret it. Lizzie's eyes popped open wide as she yanked my pants off and saw what I was wearing. This seemed to send a spark through her and then she was all over me. She pulled my panties down and reached over to the bedside table. She pulled out a huge dildo that had to be at least a foot long. She had a wicked glint in her eyes as she straddled me.

"Do you mind?" she asked me breathlessly.

"No!" I replied. I was willing to do anything this woman wanted me to.

She scooted down between my legs and buried her face in my pussy. I was immediately on edge with desire. I wanted her to do anything and everything to me...and she clearly intended to, which pleased me. After she got me good and wet with her tongue, she slid the gigantic dildo into my hole. It felt amazing. It was so much different than having sex with a man. Sure, the penetration felt better with a man, but a woman knows what a woman wants. Lizzie knew exactly what to do to me to turn me on. She knew how to please me like no man could.

She thrust the dildo in and out of me with rapid bursts. She used her free hand to rub on my clit, which was pulsating with every touch. She leaned over me occasionally so that I could fondle and suck on her gigantic breasts, and this seemed to delight her. Her nipples felt so good in my mouth. She must have thought so too.

It wasn't long before I was on the brink of an orgasm. She noticed my body tense up, and she yanked the dildo out of me and stopped rubbing my clit. I wasn't sure what she was up to, until she leaned down and began licking me. I've never had a woman go down on me before, and I can honestly say that it is a million times better than a man. No offense to Jerry, because he did great, but Lizzie was softer and more gentle with me. She knew exactly where to lick and probe with her tongue to send me into a frenzy. She pushed two of her chubby fingers into my cunt and began jabbing them in and out while she continued to suck and lick on

my clit.

It only took a minute. I couldn't hold it in anymore. The desire was too intense. I grabbed the pillow behind my head and gripped it with everything I had. The orgasm rocked through me and tightened every muscle in my body. I could feel my juices leaking out of me in waves, and this seemed to excite Lizzie. She didn't let up as the orgasm began to end. As soon as the first one was over, I felt another one right behind it. When I had a double orgasm with Jerry it was almost painful. This time, however, it was just pure pleasure. I didn't even want to ruin the moment with screams or moans. I bit down hard on my lip and curled my toes as the second wave washed over me.

When the second orgasm faded, I let out a big gust of air. I hadn't realized that I had been holding my breath. Lizzie smirked up at me, her face dripping wet. I smiled back, eager to know what she had in store for me next.

At that moment, I heard the front door open and close. Then Jerry's voice drifted up the stairs.

"Lizzie? I'm back!" he shouted.

I was suddenly worried about what Jerry would think about me being in bed with his wife. Surely this would upset him. I struggled to sit up in the bed, but Lizzie put her hand on my shoulder and forced me back down.

"Up here, Jerry!" She shouted back.

I couldn't read the expression on her face, but she didn't look nervous. This helped to ease some of my anxiety, but not all of it. I was still apprehensive as I heard Jerry climbing the stairs. I guess I would know soon enough what he thought.

I was holding my breath again as Jerry stepped through the bedroom door and caught sight of Lizzie and me on the bed. I suddenly had butterflies in my stomach when he looked at me.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**