

A close-up photograph of a person's lips, which are painted a vibrant red. The lips are slightly parted, and the texture of the skin and the gloss of the lipstick are clearly visible. The background is a soft, out-of-focus yellowish-white.

# **THE SHARING OF CARLENE**

By  
Laran  
Mithras

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Each of us should please our neighbors for their good, to build them up.

Romans 15:2

# CHAPTER 1

Carlene looked up at the ceiling.

*What the hell is he doing up there?*

Their son had moved on to college the month before. The one bedroom upstairs had been converted into a guest bedroom.

The creaks told her he was standing by the window.

Was her husband sad?

She had been married to Jim since junior college. They had one child and she elected to have no more.

*Snip.*

Sometimes she regretted it. Most of the time, she didn't.

She put her book down and wandered upstairs.

*Maybe he needs a hug. Or maybe he found a stash of porn.*

Her light frame did nothing to alert him. He was standing at the dormer window, leaning over.

*What's he looking at?*

Their son Tim had hated lace, so he had hung a black blanket over the dormer. They had removed it when they had refurnished the room.

“What's out there?” she said.

Jim stood straight up and gasped. He blinked rapidly. “Oh, uh, nothing, I just...”

She arched an eyebrow. She was good at it. Moving around him, she looked out through the lace. The backyard was the view, and the high fence. But he had been looking left. She looked, and saw it.

Their neighbors, Russel and his young girlfriend Alicia, had a very private back-yard, as did most on the block. But theirs was the only house that had no windows near them on a second story, except for this one, and it wasn't facing them.

Alicia was there, laying out in the sun. Her little bikini hid little. Her cherry-dyed hair was tawdry.

“You've been looking at her?” *What was wrong with me? Did I not please him?*

“No, I uh, well...”

“Is that what you were doing up here last weekend?”

He held up his hands. “Alright. You caught me.” His voice took on that honest-tone he used when he hid nothing.

She looked at him, curious. She knew he loved her. Their bond was happy and comfortable. He stood tall, his eyes glowing down into hers. His short black hair was combed back and his half smile was mischievous and sly.

*Darn you, don't go all cute on me. I'm trying to be mad.* “What's got you up here looking at her? Isn't she too young for you? Or am I getting too old?”

He waved a hand at the window. “Oh, she's fun to watch. And no, you're not too old.”

She sighed. She knew he was telling the truth as he saw it. “Well, then, what's so special about her? I can run around in a bikini if that's what you want.”

“Yeah?” His smile was dirty.

She slapped his arm.

“You didn't answer me,” she said.

“Hmm, let's say she's fun to look at but things get really fun when Russel comes out.”

“Oh?”

He nodded.

She reached a hand out and touched him through his shorts. He was half hard. “You're not up here jacking off while you're looking at her, are you?”

“No. I just watch them.”

“You better not be.” He was hardening. She unbuttoned and unzipped him.

“Oh, getting naughty are we?”

*Stop with the sexy or I'll bite off your dick.* “Well... we don't want you all teased, do we?”

He grinned, closing his eyes.

She pressed herself against him while she slowly moved her hand. “I hope you're not going to tell me you've gone gay or something and you're jacking yourself to Russel?”

He snorted and had to wipe his nose. “No, it's what they do together that's pretty hot.”

“And you like watching them?”

“Free porno.”

She slapped his arm again with her other hand.

He chuckled.

“So what do they do?”

“After she sunbathes a while, he comes out. She'll strip down when he does. He'll lay there and watch her. Eventually he pulls off his shorts and masturbates while looking at her.”

“No way.” Their neighbor? He was bald.

“Way.”

“No. Way.”

“You think he wouldn't?”

“He's bald.”

“He's our age, why wouldn't he jack to his girlfriend?”

“That sounds filthy.”

His dick was fully erect.

“And he does have some hair on his head.”

“I'm not into bald men.”

“Mine is--”

“It is not.” *It better not. I don't know that I can handle a bald husband.*

“She's given him a blowjob the last few times I watched.”

“No way.”

“Why is that so hard to believe?”

She laughed. “I don't know. He really strokes his dick to her?”

“Mm hmm. He might be out there now.”

She stepped to the window again. And Russel was indeed out there, laying on the lounge. Alicia was stripping.

*She's so pretty. She has hips and boobs and a pretty face – everything I don't have.*

Jim stood next to her, peeking through.

She gripped his cock and started stroking again. “So he starts jacking you say, huh?”

“Yep. Pretty soon now.”

“I wanna see.” She felt naughty, dirty, and in danger of being caught. Her heart thudded as she stroked her husband's dick. Outside, Russel pulled off his shorts and began fondling himself.

She gasped. She was looking at another man's dick. “They can't see us?”

“Not through the lace.” Jim reached a hand down and rubbed the front of her jeans.

*Oh no, that's dangerous.* But she felt her hips squirm, her body betraying her.

She watched Russel stroke his cock to full erection. She was stroking Jim faster.

“You like that?” he said.

“What?”

“You like how his cock looks?”

“No, of course not.” But her eyes were glued to Russel's hand on his dick.

“You don't think it looks good?”

“I like yours.”

“I know you do, but you're panting looking at him.”

And she was. It felt so very naughty to be stroking her husband while watching Russel. Their neighbor had a very nice-looking dick. Not as long as her husband's, but very fat with a large head.

Her husband unbuttoned her jeans.

*Oh no.*

He reached his hand down and slid his fingers over her clit. Shivers ran through her and she gasped louder.

Below them, Alicia walked over to Russel and knelt down. She gripped his erection and took over.

Jim moaned. "Her hand looks so nice on his cock."

She shivered, watching. Her folds parted easily for her husband's probing fingers.

"Ooo, you're nice and wet."

"You're teasing me."

"You're not wet looking at his cock?"

*Of course I am.* "No, because you're playing with me."

"You wouldn't want to be down there stroking him?"

She groaned before she could stop herself. The wave of orgasm had come close. She felt a little dizzy. "I have your dick, silly. And he's bald."

"Do you think his dick feels different because he doesn't have much hair?"

She gasped, shaking - the dreaded orgasm ready to betray her.

"There she goes."

She forced her eyes open. Alicia was bent over Russel, giving him oral sex, but her hair blocked everything.

"You've been watching this?" she said. Her breathing was coming faster. *Darn his fingers.*

"Yeah, it's been fun."

She had to admit, she was having a lot of fun.

"You want to watch again tomorrow?" he said.

The orgasm broadsided her, stunned her, crashing into her over and over again. By the time she regained her senses, she was leaning against the dormer wall for support, her body shaking uncontrollably.

Later that night, they made love. He kissed her and stroked her hair. It was good; it was always good with Jim. But her mind kept wandering to what they had watched together earlier upstairs.

Was tomorrow suddenly looking sexier?



## CHAPTER 2

Carlene looked in the mirror. She was not a pretty woman. Her nose was too sharp, her chin was too bony, her lips were almost razor thin. Her blonde hair hung straight and did nothing. Topping off her nerdy looks were thick-framed glasses. The black frames could have taken a step out of time back to the fifties and sixties

Her blue eyes didn't show very well from between squinted lids.

*At least my teeth are nice.* Problem was, no one gave her a chance to smile. People would look at her with a look of horror, as if thinking to themselves, "What's her problem?"

Then they would look at the rest of her. No boobs at all. No hips, even after birthing Timothy. Stick legs.

*Yucko. Just yucko. Why are all the other women so blessed while I got the shaft?* Sometimes she thought maybe God had been making women in the line of females and when it came to her He had run out of clay. Or dirt. Or dust. The angels probably shook their heads as they packaged her up and shipped her anyway.

At least women with big noses had something worth noticing. A little bit of make-up brought out the eyes and gave the whole face a wonderful appearance. She couldn't do anything with her face.

*Except wear a mask.*

She changed the subject in her mind, from depressing herself to Jim. Had he been different over the last month? She didn't think so. He seemed even more attentive. Had that been because he was afraid she would feel the emptiness of their nest with Timothy gone? Or had that been because he had been watching the neighbors?

Breakfast was scrambled eggs. Jim cooked.

He was a stay at home something or other, but on a pension after twenty years working for the Customs Service. He didn't need to work, so he cooked.

She worked for BRC Construction Corp building hotels across America. She worked in the local office, secretary to the head of the division.

“Do they do that every day?” she said.

He knew what she meant. “The girl sunbathes every day. Sometimes nude. He works.”

“Oh, right. Sheetmetal or something like that?”

“I believe, yes.”

She took a bite of eggs and eyed him.

He twinkled an eye back at her.

*Jerk.*

“And you aren't touching yourself while you watch her alone?”

“No, and I don't watch her every day. Kinda boring.”

*Uh huh. Sure.* “Hmm.”

“But I try to watch them together.”

“Weekends.”

“Yep.” A smile.

She was torn, knowing he was being truthful, but having a hard time believing he wasn't up there stroking his dick to the pretty young redhead next door.

She finished her eggs. “Remember first weekend of next month--”

“Your manager's convention, Yes, I remember.”

“You could come, you know. You're invited.”

He grunted, looking disinterested. He hated them.

“It's Las Vegas.”

He shook his head. “I was never much into the whole Vegas thing.”

She smirked. “Great. You get to have fun peeking at the redhead while I get to run around being chased by Eric.”

“Hmm?” He gave her an odd look.

Her boss was a handsome man, with silvered duck-back hair. He rubber-stamped her bid approvals and checked her out at every opportunity. But she couldn't take him serious. It was more an annoyance. Who thought she was good-looking? “Oh, he's a joker, I guess. He's always hinting at things and brushing up against me.”

“Is he now? How come you never told me this?”

*Uh oh. Was he mad?* She wasn't keeping secrets from him. “Well, because I don't think he's serious.”

They settled into the living room – he with the newspaper and she with a magazine.

But he was holding the paper, not looking at it. “So your boss has been flirting with you?”

Was she in trouble? “I wouldn't call it that. I think he's just humoring me.”

Jim was wearing a small smile, looking at her as if he knew her every thought.

*Stop it, darn you.*

“No one thinks I'm pretty--” she said.

“Don't start this again--”

“But I'm not and who would want to flirt with me?”

“I would.”

She threw a pillow at him. “That's because you're married to me.”

“You don't give yourself any credit.” He drew his eyebrows down.

“Shouldn't the show be starting?”

He laughed.

“What?” She was confused.

“Yeah, Alicia gets out there around ten.”

“Well, it's a quarter after.”

“Russel doesn't get out there until eleven.”

She squinted at him. “You don't think you're missing anything?”

“Not really. She might be playing with herself, but--”

“She does?”

“Sometimes.”

“And you're not jacking your dick--”

“Nope. I watched a couple times, but, eh.”

She continued looking at him with suspicion, but she could tell he was telling the truth.

“You watched that little girl finger her pussy without me?”

“Oh? I hadn't figured you wanted to watch--”

“That's not what I meant.”

“Are you anxious to find out if she is?”

“What if Russel is already out there?” She didn't want to miss... A thrill ran through her, forbidden, filthy. She didn't want to miss him stroking his dick. That wasn't cheating, was it?

“He won't be. But I could finger you while she fingers herself.”

She squirmed in the chair. *Why did that sound good?* No way could she admit it. “We'll wait then. I don't need to watch you get all hard over the redhead.”

An evil smile came over his face. “You don't want me stroking my cock while she fingers herself?”

*Ooh how very wicked.* A heat flushed through her and was gone. “No.”

He snapped his paper open. “Just as well, hard to see anything anyway.”

So he wanted to be closer? The thought bugged her. Was he dismissing it as it sounded or was he hinting? She put on a sexy voice. “So you wouldn't want to be up close, watching her fingers--”

His cheek twitched as if considering. “No, not really. Like I said, I rather like seeing them together.”

*Huh. Well.* “What is it about them together that's more exciting than watching her?”

“Because they're doing things together. I like seeing the two enjoying each other rather than just masturbating alone.”

That sounded as deep as the Jim she knew. Layers like an onion, deep and mysterious. He had even talked little about his government job, saying, “Don't ask.”

“Let's go up,” she said. “They might be out early.”

“Want some rum for entertainment?” He winked.

*Can he really read my mind?* “Sure.”

She headed up the stairs while he went and got the drinks.

Was she ignoring something that she would regret later? Was Jim really happy with her? Or was he watching the neighbors because she was so plain? Was he dissatisfied? Maybe she should put a stop to this, set her foot down and lay down the law. But she wanted to see and watch, too. Was she dissatisfied with Jim?

*No way.*

He completed her – made her whole. She couldn't imagine being without him. He had never cheated, never wandered. She would catch his eye scoping on some floozy every once in a while, but his love for her never wavered. Nothing grew stale in their marriage between them.

She tiptoed over to the window and peeked out.

*Why am I trying to be quiet?*

Alicia was there and so was Russel.

*He's early.*

Both were still dressed and just laying in the sun.

She grabbed a cushion from the small love seat and set it in the dormer. Sitting on it with her back to the wall, she could almost look straight out.

“Getting comfy?” Jim said. He set down two glasses filled with ice and dark rum.

“They're already out there.”

“They are? That's unusual.” He looked at his watch and shook his head. Then he leaned over and peeked out. “Maybe he's wanting more sun today.”

“They haven't done anything.”

“Maybe they won't.”

She felt disappointed. “That's not fair.”

“You want me to go tell them to get the show going?”

She slapped his arm. “You don't think they know you've been watching them?”

“Never seen them look up here. And being a dormer with a bad angle, I don't think they're worried.”

The house on the other side of the neighbors was one-story. The house they watched from had no windows on the second floor facing Russel's yard.

Down below, Alicia began removing her bikini. But instead of giving a little show to Russel, she dove into the pool.

Jim hadn't wanted a pool. Sometimes she missed swimming. But the expense for a pool just to be used three or four times a year made no sense. They had paid off their house, instead. Next door, they even had a jacuzzi built into the pool.

Russel removed his shorts and followed her in.

“Aw,” she said. “I can't see anything if they're in the pool.”

Jim chuckled.

“Well, there goes Alicia's butt.”

He laughed louder.

She took the glass he offered and took a sip. They usually drank late in the day, if at all. But it was Sunday and no work. Who cared? The burn tickled down her throat.

The neighbors swam and played for several minutes and then Russel got out.

Carlene could see his penis dangling and waving. It felt so naughty looking at him and it with her husband standing right next to her.

“Let's get you out of your shorts.” He was already tugging at her button.

“Okay.” She helped him and went back to looking at Russel's dick.

Alicia climbed out of the pool and he gripped his cock, beginning to play.

“Mmm,” she said.

Her husband reached down and ran some fingers through her trimmed bush. Tingles ran through her and she grew hot inside.

Jim removed his own shorts and knelt next to her. He stroked himself until she replaced his hand. He went back to fingering her.

It felt good having his cock in her hand. It felt better having it in her hand and stroking while she watched Russel.

“Does that look nice?” Jim said.

“Yes,” she gasped.

“What do you like about it?”

“Watching him masturbate I guess.” Her breathing was ragged. She took a swig of rum to calm herself.

“Do you like the way his cock looks?”

“It's kinda big.” A wave of sensation and threat of pleasure pushed forward, and receded.

“Big? Him? He's smaller than me.”

“I mean, it's all fat.” She squirmed on his fingers. Her hips gave a buck. She stroked him harder. “I think she's playing with herself.”

Jim leaned forward and looked. “Yep.”

Russel leaned back on the lounge, his legs on either side and stroked his fat cock. His hand slid slowly up and down his shaft like he was fucking his hand.

“Ohhh...” she said.

“You like that?” He was panting, too.

*What do I say? Should I admit I was having fun looking at another man's dick?* “I don't know.”

“What if I liked it?”

“What? You like looking at his dick?”

He coughed and burst out laughing, his eyes squeezed shut. Catching his breath, he said, “No, you twit, I meant that I like you looking at it.”

*Whew, so I'm safe?* “Uhh...” She watched Russel's hand, his shaft erect and straining. “Unh...”

Jim's fingers moved in and out of her.

“Look at him jack himself,” her husband panted.

“Unh... Unh...Ahh!” The wave of orgasm crashed over her, pulling her muscles, twisting and coiling, and electrifying all her hairs. Her toes quivered and curled. She tried to keep her eyes on Russel's cock but her head was swimming.

She held onto her husband's erection and started stroking again. Leaning over, she took the engorged head into her mouth. She tasted his skin, his leakage. She drew in and sucked, her tongue remaining soft. She stroked the shaft.

She didn't suck long before he tensed up. Sucking harder, she felt him squirt his load into her mouth. She swallowed the hot spurts as fast as she could. He was trembling, his hips thrust forward.

“Wow,” he said. “That was a surprise.”

She gave him a smile.



## CHAPTER 3

Carlene so hated Mondays.

*They're all dreary.*

But never slow. The first day of the week was filled with panic, mayhem, frantic phone calls, anger and stress.

Everyone had an emergency out in the field that needed immediate attention. Sub-contractors were late or hadn't delivered or hadn't even shown up. Delivery men were standing around due to the delay.

Monday was hell.

*Hell will be filled with endless Mondays.*

But for her position, she simply pored over bids and fished out the lowest three in each area of bid and bundled them for Eric, her boss.

*I wonder if Alicia is giving my husband a show?*

She frowned. She would have to tell him not to watch her. She didn't want the young red-head taking him from her. Luring him away like some sly animal for some hot wild sex.

*No way.*

Had they been wrong to peek on the neighbors? It wasn't breaking any laws. Was it bad? A sin? She couldn't pin a sin to it. Was liking watching Russel coveting? Nope. She shook her head.

"Carlene," said Eric. He was leaning over her desk, his eyes angled down her white blouse.

Shocked that she didn't hear his approach, she gripped her blouse shut before she realized what she was doing. *I don't need men leering at me because I have a flat chest.* Knowing him, as all men, he would brag that he had checked out his secretary's nipples because nipples was all she had.

“I need a copy of the fence contract for the Long Beach job faxed to Number Fourteen.”

She nodded and got up. The first day of the week was typical for petty little crises that required a blizzard of faxes, notes, mailed notices and more paperwork.

She opened the top file cabinet drawer and felt his eyes on her. She was wearing khaki slacks. *There's nothing to see. Your ass is shapelier than mine.*

She fingered through the files and pulled the current Long Beach folder. She put it on her desk and thumbed to the fencing tab.

Suddenly, he was there, his chest brushing the back of her shoulder. He inhaled. But she was used to this. “Make sure you get the other side faxed, too.”

She nodded. She knew what she was doing and he knew it, too. He was just making an excuse to stand close. She scooted sideways and glanced at him as she headed to the fax.

He was handsome and very sure of himself. His face and form were slightly thick. His face had a gray shadow but had that electric-shaver smoothness that looked taut and silky. His face was tanned from being out in the sun while touring construction sites.

*My Jim is more handsome and fit.*

But Eric oozed confidence and magnetism. He had bedded every woman who had passed through the offices, or so the rumor went. How he got away with it was beyond her. But she was beyond his reach. He had gotten every woman but her. She had held out for eleven years.

Women he bedded tended to move on after he was done with them. Letting him get her would not be good for her job security. But she didn't want him anyway. She had Jim.

Eric was married and his wife was a shrew. She looked down her nose at Carlene and gave her the dirtiest looks. She probably thought her and Eric were carrying on some huge affair.

Little did his wife know the affairs were all other women.

“Your husband coming this year?” Eric said.

To Las Vegas.

“No.” She was shaking her head not looking at him. “He just hates those things.”

Eric grunted. It was a happy sound.

She glanced at him as she pulled the phone log.

He was grinning, hands behind his back, looking pleased.

*No, not this year, either. I'm not going to your hotel room and blowing you.*

“At least your wife likes to go,” she said.

He pursed his lips. He didn't want to talk about his wife. “She'll gamble. She loves the slots.”

She dialed the fax number and he made his escape.

*Wife talk works every time. Drives him away like a waterhose on a bad dog.*

She wished Jim wanted to go so that Eric wouldn't bother her. But he couldn't stand waiting around for the meetings to be done for the nighttime partying. Two days of droning, dreary, and dreadful reports, projections and speeches. Two nights trying to unwind and relax in the banquet hall.

*Jim will be home, stroking his dick to that red head with her tits and ass.*

That made her mad.

Picking up the phone, she punched in their home number. A glance at the clock told her he might already be getting a show.

She sighed on the first ring.

She put her fist on her hip on the second.

*Drop your dick and answer the phone.*

She growled on the third ring as the answering machine picked up.

Was he stroking right now? Looking at her tits? Looking at her ass? Watching her finger herself?

Beep.

“Jim, I don't want you upstairs without me, okay? Just don't. I'll talk to you later.” She slammed the handset down.

Was he cumming? Stroking his shaft madly while his seed shot all over the place? Looking at Alicia?

She plopped down into her chair.

She so hated Mondays.

She entered to the smells of dinner. Heaving a sigh of relief, she dropped her purse on the couch.

“Hi, hon.” His voice was relaxing. He handed her a small glass of rum.

*He always knows just what I need.* “You got my message?” she said.

He stopped from turning. "Oh, yes."

"How come you didn't pick up?"

*Was he blushing? The bastard had been up there. He had been jacking his dick.*

He gave her a sly smile. "I went to the bookstore."

*What's he smiling about?*

"Bookstore? You?"

"Yes, I bought you something. Us something."

"You weren't up there--"

He was shaking his head. "Nope."

She squinted. But she knew he was telling the truth.

She felt relief, disappointment and a loss for words. Finally she managed to say, "Oh."

"Try not to fall over in excitement." He looked hurt.

"Oh, no, it's not that." *What was she supposed to say?* "Just a hard Monday."

"You say that every week."

"Well, it's true."

They sat at the kitchen table to two bowls of stew.

"So what did you buy?" she said.

He looked at her over his bowl. "Later."

*Don't you wink at me.*

"Later?"

"For bed."

"Oh." Now she was curious.

Carlene looked shocked. "A vibrator?"

"And a few different vibrating dildos."

"That thing looks huge."

He moved the switch. A big ball at the end hummed.

Her orgasm, coming within seconds of the vibrator's touch to her pussy, was enormous, prolonged, painful and electrically pleasurable.

\* \* \*

She had fidgeted all week. The tension, the release, the anticipation of Saturday, all combining to make her a nervous wreck.

Would the neighbors be out there? She had been looking forward to it, though she had said nothing to Jim. They hadn't talked about it after she shook her finger telling him not to be looking at Alicia.

But she wanted to see Russel's dick again while she stroked her husband. *That was fun.*

She was pouring two glasses of rum when he came into the kitchen.

"Oh, you're wanting to go see a show?"

She gave him a smile. "Sure, since I'm home now."

He chuckled.

"You don't need to be staring at Alicia all week."

"No complaints here."

"Let's go then." She gave him a glass.

The attic bedroom was warm. She pulled off her shorts and t-shirt, becoming completely naked.

Jim soon wore only a smile.

*You lech.*

She sat on the cushion and looked through the lace. No one was out there yet. It was partly cloudy, but the sun was still shining. *I hope they come out.*

"Nothing?" Jim said.

"Not yet." She took a sip of her rum.

"You been thinking about this all week?"

*How does he know? Does he read my mind?* "No, why do you ask?"

He gave her an eyebrow.

"I was busy all week. I don't have time to think about the neighbors."

"But you have enough time to think about calling me every day telling me not to peek at the girl."

"It wasn't every day."

"Every day."

*Had it been every day?* She guessed it had. "Well, this is for us." She took another sip, not sure what to say.

"That's fine with me," he said. "I'm glad you want to do this."

"Really? Why?"

"It's sexy playing with you while you watch them. I didn't know you would like it."

“Well, it's fun, I guess. There's Alicia.”

He leaned over and looked.

She took hold of his cock and massaged it.

“You're a naughty woman doing that.”

She grinned.

“And there's Russel. He's out early again.”

Jim put a couple of fingers to her clit.

She spread her legs out wider.

“Eh, swimming again,” she said. She watched them strip nude and wade in from the shallow end. She pouted when Russel's package went underwater.

He pressed a finger deep. “Do you like me fingering you when you see his cock?”

She moaned and squirmed. “Yes, it's fun. Does it make you mad?”

“Mad? What? No.”

“But I'm looking at another man's dick.”

“Mmm, super-sexy.”

“You think so?”

He nodded. His dick was fully erect. “You can look at his cock all you want.”

*Really? That's weird.* But she felt good about that. “But I'm only supposed to look at your dick.”

“You can look at his, too.”

She moaned on his fingers. “Isn't that a little too filthy?”

“No, it was a nice surprise that you liked it.”

*As if I wouldn't have? Why, because I'm ugly?* “You really want me looking at another man's dick?”

He moaned and thrust his hips. His erection was throbbing. “Yes.”

A thrill ran up her spine from his fingers embedded in her.

Down below, the neighbors were kissing in the water.

“I hope they don't play in the pool,” she said.

“They haven't yet, that I've seen.”

Alicia got out first, and laid out on her towel. Her pussy was exposed.

Jim looked at her laying there. He thrust his hips slowly.

*Fucking her in his mind?* Heat spread through her and her hand began to shake. She stroked him slowly, in time with his thrusting.

He moaned and pulled his face away from the lace.

“Too much for you?”

He chuckled. “She's fun to look at.”

*There he goes again. He hates my boobs.* “Because she has tits?”

“They're still small.”

“But they're all perky and round.”

“Not just her boobs, no. She's pretty.”

She grunted.

“She lays out in the nude, what's not to like about that? I wish you would.”

“My boney frame?”

“Is beautiful.”

She gave him an eye.

Russel climbed out of the water. His pubic hair was all wet around his fat shaft. Water dripped from him and Carlene gasped.

Her husband plunged his fingers in and she felt his cock twitch in her hand. Was it twitching for Alicia or that I was looking at the neighbor's dick?

Jim pulled on her. “Get up and kneel down.” He pointed to the cushion. “All fours to the window.”

She sipped her rum and felt the slow onset of the buzz. She got up and knelt down on her hands and knees.

“Spread your knees.”

*You dirty man.*

His fingers found her hole from behind.

“But you won't be able to see.”

“Describe it to me.”

“He laid down.”

“How?”

“On his back, and leaning on an elbow.”

His fingers slowly pushed in. She quivered and began panting. This was very nasty.

“Are you looking at his cock?”

She gasped, and said, “Yes.”

“Has he touched it yet?”

“No.” She squirmed on his fingers. She kept her gaze on Russel's dick. “He grabbed it.”

“He's starting to stroke it?”

“Yes.” She watched the neighbor pull on his dick until it began to swell and grow. “Mmm.”

“You like seeing him play with it?” His fingers probed deeper.

“Unh, yes.”

“Would you like to be down there stroking it for him?”

Jolts shot through her and her knees turned to water. She gasped, loudly, and thrust back against his fingers.

“You would, wouldn't you. You want to feel that fat cock in your hand?”

She moaned, shaking harder, ripples of sexual pleasure threatening her control and balance.

“Do you want to feel his cock in your hand?”

She was panting. Visions of that fat shaft in her hand, the buzz of the rum, and the probing of her husband's fingers had her gritting her teeth. She was trying to hold on. The orgasm that hovered was twisting, becoming more threatening.

“Do you want to feel his cock in your hand?”

“Unh... yes. Yes.”

Jim exhaled in pent-up lust. It was shaky and excited. “Yes, feel his cock in your hand.”

“Mmm.”

He withdrew his fingers and suddenly she felt the head of his dick probe her quivering hole.

She felt the ache and emptiness, the need. She moaned in desperation, wanting it in.

He did not linger. Grabbing her hips he pushed in and filled her.

She shook with lust, squirming as he buried himself deep.

Down below Russel was stroking his shaft up and down.

“What's he doing?” Jim said.

“Masturbating.”

“Do you like it?” He started fucking her.

“Yes.” She began whimpering, her shaking threatening to collapse her.

“Feel his cock in your hand. Feel it as you stroke him.”

The orgasm was coming. She couldn't stop it. “You really want me to stroke his dick?”

Jim panted, shaking also. “Yes. I want to see his cock in your hands.”

It was coming fast. “You want me to jack his shaft until he cums?”

“Oh, yeah...” He slammed his erection in deep and she felt the hot wetness spread through her. It was too much. She cried out as she felt the tension tipping. Convulsions wracked her body as she thrust back hard on her husband's shaft. Her face hit the cushion and she wailed in a quivering voice.

She had stopped squirming. Jim was the only thing that kept her somewhat on her knees. She floated on waves of bliss and release.

Carlene put her magazine down as Jim climbed into bed. Would he talk?

“You've got a look on your face,” he said.

*I swear I will beat him with this magazine.* “About earlier...”

“Hmm?” His eyebrows said he expected some disappointment.

*How do I bring this up? How embarrassing. And he's just laying there like I'm about to give a speech.* “Why would you want to see my hand on someone else's dick?”

He leaned up on an elbow. “I might. Depends. But because I think you're sexy--”

“Oh don't start lying now.”

“That's not a lie.”

She rolled her eyes.

“If I thought you were ugly, I wouldn't want to see you stroke another man.”

“What's that got to do with anything?”

“Everything. Seeing you being sexy with another man would be the ultimate turn-on.”

“Says who?” Where did he get these ideas?

“Says me.”

*I dunno.* “Hmm.”

“You enjoyed yourself up there today,” he said.

“Well, that was all talk.”

“But it turned you on.”

*Of course it did. Russel has a very nice-looking dick.* “Only because you were playing with me.”

He wagged a finger at her.

*Jerk. You definitely are reading my mind, aren't you?* “Don't get all uppity--”

“Uppity? Me?”

“Yes, you. How do I know you're telling me the truth?”

“Why in the world would I lie to you?”

*Because I don't understand? And I'm afraid to admit I like watching Russel masturbate? And the thought of me stroking him made me cum?*

\* \* \*

But the very next day, she was right back upstairs, stripped and waiting.

They sipped rum together. The neighbors hadn't come out.

She wanted to send brainwaves over to the other house like some telepathic martian and tell them to come out. They would come marching out, their arms straight out, hands hanging. Eyes closed.

*What if they walked into the pool? Silly girl, stop daydreaming.*

But she wasn't sure she was ready to bring up the subject again. Surely Jim would have dropped the idea of her touching another man. How ridiculous.

Both were disappointed, having finished their drinks, that there wasn't going to be a show today.

“Maybe they're inside getting nasty,” Jim said.

She pouted.

A frustrated Carlene climbed into bed.

Her husband had other ideas. He placed that small box of toys on the nightstand and pulled out a vibrating dildo they hadn't used yet.

She giggled. Partly from relief, partly excitement. All week she had waited to see two shows. She had only gotten one. It was enough to make her want to pull out her hair. Was she going to suffer this coming week, too? And what if the neighbors decided that everything nasty they did was only indoors now?

He smiled and turned on the obscene-looking thing. It was a full cock and even had balls.

“What are you going to--”

“I'm going to play with my wife.”

He climbed into bed. Touching it to her clit, he licked her ear.

Shivers ran up and down her back and arms and hair. She squealed.

His smile said he approved. "You were mopey all day."

"Maybe it's my period coming."

He smirked.

*Jerk. Stoppit.*

"I think you missed getting the show." He rubbed the thing up and down her slit.

She gazed down at it. It was very obscene. She spread her legs.

"You missed seeing Russel's cock."

*I sure did. What a crappy Sunday.* "I guess so."

He rubbed it around her clit. "You wanted to see him stroke himself."

*Most definitely.* "Maybe." The vibrations were making her squirm.

"You wanted to imagine your hand on him."

She moaned and squirmed more.

"You wanted to imagine feeling the hot pulse of his shaft."

She gasped and moved her hips in circles. The bastard was going to make her cum with that obscene toy.

He reached over and grabbed their oil. He lubed up the head and shaft of the dildo. He touched it back to her clit. "You wanted to imagine making him cum."

"Mmm, yes." The coils tightened. The jerk knew what to say.

"You want to touch his cock."

Yes.

"You want to stroke it for him."

Yes.

"You want to feel his hard cock in your hand."

"Yes, mmm." The room was tightening around her.

He worked the dildo at her opening. "I bought this one because it looked the most like Russel's cock."

He shoved it deep into her pussy.

Her orgasm was hard, long, and exhausting.



## CHAPTER 4

Carlene so hated Mondays.

*Dreary, dreary, dreary.*

She sipped her coffee and found it only warm. She took a huge gulp.

Why was her husband being so nasty lately? Had the neighbors inspired him? Had he found it a turn-on to watch other people? Had he always been like that?

She bundled together three sheetmetal bids for the HVAC ducting at Number Fifteen. It was their latest hotel and they had run out of superintendents for this region. One had been hired from corporate and was being sent.

She finished her coffee.

Did her husband really want to see her touch Russel's dick? The idea made her fidget. Sure, the talk was all sexy and nasty, but she really did not want to touch the neighbor's manhood.

*Well, I do, but...*

She just wasn't into bald men. Even with a bit of hair around the edges, Russel was simply not her type. She liked hair. It might be fun to imagine touching him, but in reality? No way.

She dropped the bundle onto Eric's desk.

His feet were up and he was talking and yakking strange corporate stuff she did not want to hear. *He sure is handsome.*

“We'll just sit down and--”

She blocked him out. Corporate-speak did nothing for her. In fact, such talk ruined any mood she had. Everything could be accomplished by sitting down, apparently. *We'll just sit down and build this hotel.*

She smiled to herself and left the office.

Lunch for her was something of a break. She felt a little better, though her questions about her husband multiplied like viral pop-ups on a computer.

She liked to grab a small can of cashews for lunch at the grocery store every day. It was the same store they used from home. Work was only five miles away. Two off-ramps and home. Or work going the other way.

She wandered into the cool store and relished the air conditioning.

She just could not get into bald men. Never. Not happening. Even thinking about it gave her a grimace. She had been small, holding her mother's hand. They had been at the hospital for something and were leaving. Riding the elevator down, a fat, balding man had waddled in next to them. The ride down was a constant series of flatulent bursts that smelled very, very bad.

He must have had some condition. But she could remember gagging.

*Bald men, no.*

She realized she was standing near the nuts, and there was a young man next to her. He was new, a stocker, and was stocking her cashews from a box.

*Now why couldn't the neighbor look like this young man?* He was tall, had a nice head of hair, and a pleasing face. Sort of like her husband.

Then she realized they were looking at each other. She with a wistful smile and he with a curious smile.

His nameplate said "Andy."

"Oh, sorry," she said.

"No, excuse me, were you wanting something from here?" He moved without waiting for an answer.

"Uh, no. I mean, yes. Cashews."

He flashed her a smile that made her blush.

*Goodness. He's just a college kid.* She grabbed her nuts and fled.

She filed the last of her papers away for the day.

She wondered again what Andy was like. Did he have a nice dick? Was he nice? Rude? Gentle? And then her thoughts wandered to Russel. Maybe if she put a bag over his head she could see herself touching his dick.

She squirmed in her chair.

Her pussy ached – used, toyed, and exhausted. Too many days of orgasms. But the familiar ache was there inside, the hollow feel that hungered and made her hips squirm and her thighs rub together.

*Stoppit.*

Out in the broader office, the other employees were standing around talking. Eric didn't like that, but it was the end of the day. Her office was separate from them and led into Eric's office. She was his poop-shield. Any crap thrown his way went through her first.

She sighed. How she would rather just be out there, being a clerk. Calling suppliers. Arranging schedules. Running to the courthouse for permits. Chatting and laughing.

*Is this what I want to do the rest of my life?*

No, not really.

The rest of the week stretched ahead of her, but she wasn't so much looking forward to the weekend as afraid of what Jim would say. The change in him frightened her. He really wanted to see her touch another man's dick?

“Tomorrow we need to add Rod into the payroll system.”

Her boss was talking to her. “Huh? What?”

“The new super?”

*Oh.* The emergency superintendent flown in to handle Number Fifteen.  
“Oh. Sure.”

*Does Eric have a nice dick?* She looked down at his crotch without thinking. Then she blushed when she realized her mistake. *Well crap.*

She looked away quickly, as if all one motion. Scooting back her chair, she rose.

Eric was giving her a look, some of surprise and some of pleasure. A small smile was on his face.

*Don't give me that reserved sexy look.*

He stepped close, until she backed into the file cabinet. He didn't make contact with her, but she could feel his heat.

*Was his dick throbbing? Warm? Firming?*

She almost panted at the wild thoughts. She looked one way, and then the other. Where was her escape?

“Maybe we should have lunch soon,” he said.

She figured what that meant. He would take his screws out to lunch to start, and then they would end up some days down the road screwing. Her

pulse raced. *Would Jim want me to touch Eric's dick?*

His dark eyes gazed down into hers, confident, assured. Just like Jim's.

Her mouth opened in a pant.

“Don't be afraid,” he said.

*But I am. These thoughts are so new.*

He brushed her cheek with his knuckle, and then slowly dropped it down to her blouse. It passed over her nipple and she heaved a gasp. He dropped his hand down but then brought it back up. She felt the back of his finger come up between her legs and rub over her khakis. Up over her pussy and over her clit.

*Another man is touching my pussy.* Her body quivered, her overused pussy sending familiar signals. She moaned low, in pain and frustration. This was wrong. It wasn't right. Jim would be mad. She had to get away.

Before she knew it, she had grabbed her purse and fled.

Eric did not try to stop her; he let her go with a smile on his face.

Carlene ate dinner with shaking hands. Her glass rattled when she put it down. The rum did little to calm her nerves.

Jim was aware of her fear and very worried. “Just tell me what has you so shook-up.”

How could she tell him? How could she admit she had stood there while another man felt her up? She didn't want a divorce. “I don't want to talk about it.”

Jim looked hurt.

He was trying to be there for her but there was no way she could tell him what had happened or what she had thought. *Best to forget all about it.*

But the pressure built.

She downed her rum and fought back tears.

In bed, later, the dam broke. The loosening effect of the rum on her nerves and tongue and the wall against her frustration all exploded in a burst of tears. “I'm sorry, Jim--”

“Sorry for what?” His look was panicked, loving, ready for her.

“Eric touched me today and I didn't know what to do.”

“He touched you? That's all?”

“It was sexual.”

“Sexual? Eric?”

“Yes.” She sniffed, relieved at it being out and trying to clear her nose. “I told you he was flirty.”

“And this is what is making you cry?”

“Yes. I just stood there. I didn't know what to do.”

“You were afraid.” He placed a hand on her arm.

“Yes. I didn't want to hurt you.”

“Hurt me?”

“Yes, you. You're my husband and I love you.”

“Of course you do and I love you to. But why are you afraid?”

“I don't want a divorce.”

“A divorce?” He sat up. A frown plastered his face. “Why would there be a divorce?”

“Because I let another man touch me. I should have fought and screamed.”

He pulled her head into his shoulder and hugged her. “I'm not going to divorce you, silly.”

She wanted to gibber with joy, relief and fright.

“Why don't you tell me what happened?”

*Sure, but I can't tell you about Andy and daydreaming about his dick.* No way. “I was thinking about the whole weekend show thing and what you thought about me touching Russel.”

“Oh?” He sounded pleased.

“Eric came out and said something about payroll, but I was still thinking about Russel's dick.”

“This sounds good.”

*Good? Huh? I'm thinking about another man's dick and you like it?* “Uh, well, I looked down at Eric's pants and he saw it.”

Jim laughed as if at a good joke.

*Jerk, why are you laughing?* “This isn't funny.”

“Yes, it is.”

“No it isn't. I got up to leave but he cornered me against the file cabinet.”

“This sounds very good.”

“But I was scared. I didn't know what to do.”

“Did he hurt you?” His voice was suddenly serious. Low. Even dangerous.

“Hurt? What? No.”

“Hmm, okay. Go on, then.”

“He brushed my hair back with his hand and then lowered it down to my breast and brushed it on the way down.”

“Mmm, nice.” His breathing became louder.

“I thought he was just going for a quick feel to see I had nothing and it was all over. But he brought his hand back up and he ran his finger over my...”

Jim was panting.

“Are you okay?” she said. “Are you mad?”

“I’m okay and no I’m not mad. What happened next?” He reached down under the covers.

*Was he playing with himself?*

The covers moved.

He was. “Well, his finger brushed over my pussy--”

He moaned. The covers moved more.

She pulled back the cover and frowned. He was stroking his shaft. “This turns you on?”

“Mmm, yes, this sounds nasty. What else happened?”

“But I was scared. I didn’t know what to do.”

“So you let him touch you.” His hand stroked faster.

“Well, yes, but only because I was afraid.”

“Aw.” He kissed her ear. “I don’t want you to be afraid.”

“I didn’t want to end our marriage.”

“You’re not going to end anything by letting Eric touch you. What else happened? He touched your pussy?”

“Yes and then he rubbed over my clit.”

“Oh yes, did it feel good?” His hand squeezed his shaft and leakage came out of the end. He used it to stroke. His gliding hand made wet sounds.

Despite her trepidation over the whole day, her pussy clenched at the sight. He was turned on? Deciding to be bold, she said, “Yes, it did.”

“Ahh, yeah.” His hand became a blur. His erection swelled and he jetted spurts of cum into the air.

*Wow, he really does like it.*

\* \* \*

Her cycle hit and ruined her weekend. She had ducked and dodged Eric all week, afraid of what might happen. She had fielded Jim's questions with honesty; she was afraid of this new change in him.

He had spent every night telling her how much he loved her and also how much it turned him on that Eric had touched her. He told her how good it made him feel that another man admired her and found her desirable.

Throughout the week, her own lust returned – her pussy having had a break. Then Wednesday she knew her weekend was ruined. She had watched Jim masturbate twice more and then helped him on Friday as she related once again Eric's touching of her.

The pulse and jerk of his shaft in her hand during orgasm was a reminder that she would be doing nothing. Hot as it was, she pouted.

Saturday she led him upstairs and he took the dormer seat. She settled on the love seat and watched him.

“Alicia is out,” he said. He started fondling himself. His erection grew quickly.

She pouted. *Well, I guess he can stroke himself while looking at her pussy as long as I'm here.*

He stroked slow and groaned a few times. “There's Russel. She's stripping.”

She watched his hand stroke faster. It made her pussy ache. “Can you see her pussy?”

“No, not yet.”

“Is Russel jacking himself?”

“Not yet, but he's removing his shorts.”

She pouted more. She wanted to see his dick again. She wanted to see him stroke it.

“Oh yeah, there's her pussy.” His hand became a blur.

*Jerk. You get to have all the fun and I don't?* She got up, wanting to be involved. She knelt by him and took over.

“He's stroking now, looking at her pussy.” Jim panted, his hips squirming and his erection expanding.

“You can still see her pussy?”

“Yes.”

She stroked hard and fast, up and down. “Does it look nice?”

“Unh...” His erection shot forth streams of sperm.

Feeling powerful to bring a man to such a state, she settled back and smiled – one small pleasure for the weekend.



## CHAPTER 5

Carlene was so afraid of Mondays.

*Scary, scary, scary.*

*How am I going to dodge Eric this week? He had been persistent. Or should I dodge him?*

Her cycle was almost over. If she could dodge him for today, maybe then she could... Could what?

*Do I want him touching me again?* A thrill went up her spine and a hint of her ache wormed through her hole. Why did it sound fun? Because Jim would like it? Or because she would like her boss to touch her pussy? No one ever touched her pussy but Jim. No one else ever wanted to. There was always another blonde with tits hanging around that got the attention. Was she wanting it because she had never experienced the rush of attention?

She shook her head.

Out in the office, the two male clerks went running by, yelling something, papers waving in clasped hands over their heads.

Deal with it yourselves, I have enough to do. Whatever it is.

Eric came into her office from the open office area. He didn't stop, being too busy on a Monday morning, but he gave her a small wink.

She clamped her thighs together.

She stood in line at the grocery store and watched Andy bag up a customer's purchase.

He was lean, angular, and full of energy. His dark hair was brushed to the side and back.

His eyes glanced up and met hers. Then back down to what he was doing. Then back up. A smile crossed his face.

She tried not to look, feeling a blush on her face, when she paid for the nuts.

Andy held the can. "Hi, would you like this bagged?" his voice was low, silky.

"Hi, Andy." She looked at him, a stupid smile on her face.

He grinned, lopsided. "I don't know your name."

"Oh, Carlene."

"Would you like your cashews in a bag?"

She reached out. "No, That's not necessary."

"Here you go." His hand brushed hers placing the can in her hand. It was slow, deliberate, and caressing.

She trembled. Then she fled.

\* \* \*

Wednesday, her cycle was all gone. The next Monday would be her Las Vegas meeting. The good news was, Jim decided he wanted to go.

The decision came as a huge relief to her because she did not want to be with Eric alone at night drinking and relaxing. She didn't trust him. Worse, she wasn't sure she would trust herself, either.

With Jim there, he could watch out for her and keep things from happening.

At least here in the office, anything that happened was limited by those who might observe.

She wasn't worried about being touched here. Or did she really want it, actually?

Eric had given her more looks, but done nothing. They served to tease her and make her squirm in frustration and annoyance.

Jim had been understanding about her cycle, but she could see the disappointment in his face. She wanted to please him and make him happy, but it wasn't her fault she had to bleed.

Her pussy needed a good workout and she would make sure it got worked over that night.

As she was getting up to leave, Eric strode in. His eyes were glued to hers and she opened her mouth to breathe. Her heart thudded and the room

grew fuzzy.

*Why is he so magnetic?*

He cornered her against the bank of file cabinets again and leaned over her.

Trembling, she looked back at him. She panted, in fright or anticipation, she did not know.

He whispered, "Are you a naughty girl, Carlene?"

*Yes, I want to be. But I'm afraid.* "Naughty?"

"Do you like your pussy touched?" His hand came up between her legs. His fingers gently pushed up against her hole. Then they moved up and rubbed around her clit, rubbing, massaging.

She moaned low, trembling, quivering and shaking, wanting more, dreading more and not knowing what to do.

"You're going to show me your pussy in Vegas."

*No.* She bucked her hips against his hand. "My husband will be there."

"Then I will get you alone and you will show me your pussy."

*No, it's wrong. I can't.*

His fingers came up again, pressing upwards, pushing her panties and khaki slacks up her hole.

She bit back a moan and felt the delicious pressure and ache. It would feel so good to have his fingers going in, stretching her lips, filling the void...

"Yes, you want it. You will show me your pussy in Vegas."

She stroked Jim's dick erect in bed. "He touched me again today."

A smile lit up his face. "He did?"

She nodded. "And he said things."

He reached over and took a vibrator from the drawer. He turned it on and settled it onto her clit, gently stroking and circling. "Tell me."

She didn't know how she was going to with that toy on her. Her pussy was already aching to cum. "He asked if I was a naughty girl."

"And he touched you?"

She stroked his very hard erection. "Yes, he was pushing his fingers up, pushing my pants into my pussy."

He groaned and pumped his hips against her hand.

"He asked if I liked my pussy touched."

"What did you say?"

“I don't remember. He rubbed my clit, too.”

Jim moaned again and pulled the toy away. He climbed over her and rubbed his dick over her throbbing clit. “He rubbed here?”

She hummed happily. “Yes.”

“Did it feel good?”

*Should I admit it? Or pretend it was awful? I don't want to hurt him.* “I don't know.”

He moved his erection down and toyed at her hole. “And he pressed his fingers here?”

“Mmm, yes.”

“What else happened?”

“He said that he was going to make me show him my pussy in Vegas.”

Her husband groaned and pushed his manhood into her, filling her.

She clung to him as he thrust into her, gentle, deep, strong.

“Did your pussy like being touched?”

“Mmm, yes. It felt good.”

He thrust harder, deeper.

“Did you like him touching you?”

Her world spun, a pent-up and long-delayed orgasm rushing her. “Yes, I liked it. I wanted him to touch me.”

Jim tensed, thrusting, grunting in passion. “Do you want him to touch you again?”

“Yes, I liked it. I want him to. Unh...”

“Do you want to feel his fingers inside your pussy?”

“Uhn...!” Her orgasm ripped over and through her.

Jim's mouth descended on hers and they kissed, hungrily. His own seed, hot and eager, splashed her insides with heat. “I love you.” He was panting.

She gasped for breath, her orgasm receding pleasantly, leaving the explosive pain behind and allowing her body to relax. But it tingled still, thrumming and vibrating inside. She hung onto his neck. “I love you, too, Jim.”

\* \* \*

“I hope they're out again this weekend,” she said. She followed him up the stairs, iced teas in their hands.

It was hot. Not a day for rum.

“Winter won't be much fun, but maybe we'll be burned on watching them by then.”

*Why did he have to throw a wrench into reality?*

“Maybe.” She tried to keep the disappointment out of her voice.

“Three's always next summer.”

“That's a whole year from now. I'll be forty.”

“So?”

“Forty is old.”

He laughed.

She sat in the dormer on the cushion. *Why is he laughing?*

“Forty is a year older, that's all. And I turned forty two months ago.”

*Oops. I always forget we're not the same age.* “But forty-year old women don't have sex anymore.”

“What?”

“Yeah, they dry up and their bodies change--”

He rolled his eyes.

*Stop that. This bothers me.* “I'm serious.”

“I don't know what romance novels you've been reading or what your fashion magazines say, but life does not end at forty.”

How did he know she had been reading those very words?

“My cock still works just fine.”

*Well, yes, but...*

“And your pussy will still function just like it is right now.”

*Thank you, love. That's what I wanted to hear.* “You won't stop loving me?”

“What?”

“All you men want younger women.”

He glared at her. “Not all men and not this one.”

*Thank you again, my handsome husband.*

She looked out the window. “Alicia's out. Come here and I'll stroke you.”

“I don't need her.”

“Just come here.” *I like stroking you to her. Don't spoil the fun.*

He knelt by her and looked out the window.

She stroked. It felt nasty feeling his shaft harden. He was looking at Alicia and getting hard. How very nasty. A thrill ran through her pussy and

it clenched. His hardness, even over Alicia, turned her on. *In fact, how downright dirty.*

Russel was a few minutes behind his girlfriend and she stripped out of her bikini.

“Can you see her pussy?” she said. She knew he could.

“Mm, yes.” His hips pumped.

Her pussy clenched. “Does it look nice?”

“Very nice.”

“Do you like me stroking you while you look at her?”

“Mm, yes, it's fun. But I like it more when she strokes Russel.”

*I'm okay with that.*

He maneuvered her up for entry. She was kneeling on all fours, looking out the window.

“She fingering herself and he's stroking,” she said.

Jim pushed his erection into her very hungry hole.

“Mmm,” she said.

“Did you like your boss touching you?”

A quiver ran through her, but not of excitement so much as fear. *I just don't know. In some ways yes, in others, no.* “It was okay.”

“Will you let him touch you again?”

“I don't know.”

“Why not?”

“This is all rather scary.” There, the truth was out.

“Why be scared?”

“Because he's not you.”

“Is he frightening?”

“Well, no, but--”

“But you think I might be hurt?”

*Yes, you fool.* “I don't know.”

This is where his mind reading ability failed.

“Does my erection feel like I'm hurt?”

She smiled. No, it certainly didn't. “Well...”

“What's wrong?”

“I guess I wouldn't want to allow something to happen, like him touching me and then we regret it later. Like if you looked at me in a different way.”

He had stopped thrusting. His hand ran along her spine and he began moving slowly again, in and out. "If I was happy with him touching you, you would be happy, too?"

"Well, I suppose, yes."

"Good."

*What did that mean?*

His thrusts took over. "Have you touched his cock through his pants?"

A gasp tore through her and she bucked back against his hips. "No." But she wasn't going to tell him she had daydreamed about it.

"Do you want to feel his cock in your hands?"

She whimpered, driving her throbbing pussy straight back onto his expanding shaft. Then she grunted, pushing back as hard as he was thrusting.

"Or do you want to feel his cock in your pussy?"

She cried out. Fear, orgasm, and lust.



## CHAPTER 6

Carlene so very much hated the annual corporate meetings.

*Dull, dull, dull.*

The endless speeches given as reports, the back-patting, the frowns, the stern looks, the contained chuckles – she hated it all. Everyone tried to out-corporate each other, full of their own self-importance.

Her presence was required as assistant to Eric. She had moved her chair an extra foot away to discourage his hands. During a break, he had moved the chair back closer. She had simply moved it over a foot again and sat down.

He made no fuss.

She wondered what Jim was doing. He had said he would cruise the malls gazing at the sights and opulence of Las Vegas. He wasn't a gambler, so the casinos held little interest for him.

Later that afternoon, the partying would begin. There would be a dance room playing a mixture of styles. There was a large lounge with sofas, chairs and tables. A bar would be serving drinks in the lounge and their company had it all to themselves. Nametags were required to get in.

She looked over at Eric.

*So handsome.*

He was in his executive pose, though, and she barely caught herself from rolling her eyes. He was leaned over to the left side, elbow on the arm of the chair, his hand curled down under his chin. His right leg was crossed over the left, knee up. His eyes were squinted and he wore a frown. His right hand gently tapped a pen on his right knee.

*I wonder what would happen if I screamed and messed up his pose?*

She smiled.

He looked over as she did.

*Oh, fantastic. Now he thinks I'm smiling at him.* She looked away but still saw him start twirling his pen. He did that when he was happy.

She sighed. *I need to find a different job.*

“Horrid,” she said.

“It was that bad?” Jim's smile said he believed her but was teasing her.

She slapped his arm. “I should make you sit there all day in my place just so you can see how awful--”

“No. Way.”

But she couldn't do that. He probably didn't know what the symbols meant on their slides and when to push the stupid button to follow Eric's drone-ologue. But she wished she could.

Music drifted out of the lounge.

She showed her nametag with the company logo to the guard at the double doors. Another guard stood with him, watching the crowds. Her husband showed his company guest tag and they were in.

The lights were low and a soft music was playing from the speakers. Through a door to the left she saw the sparkle of even dimmer lights for the dancefloor.

But there were no dancers, yet. Dinner was served first. She noted that she was seated in between her husband and Eric.

*Great. Now I'll have to be looking one way or the other.*

“You must be Carlene's husband?” Eric appeared beside them.

“Jim.” He stuck out his hand.

Eric gripped it, hard.

Jim did not flinch.

“Good to finally meet you,” her boss said.

“Likewise. I've heard a lot about you.”

Eric glanced slyly at her. “Oh? Is that so? And here I thought she was just a valuable employee.”

She rolled her eyes and sat.

Dinner was a series of evasions, equivocations and erotic touches. Her husband and her boss seemed to be verbally sparring, in a competitive way without being rude or loud. She attempted to avoid Eric's hand but every

once in a while he would place it on her thigh and shivers would run up her spine.

With her husband sitting right next to her, no less.

*The audacity.*

She drank to calm her nerves, but soon found she was smiling and sparkly-eyed.

*Not enough food. Too much drink.*

They moved to the sofas after dinner. She sat on a cushy loveseat and expected her husband to join her. But Eric sat down next to her.

“I’ll refresh our drinks,” Jim said.

“Good man,” Eric said.

She looked wide-eyed at her husband and he gave her back a warm smile.

As he departed, Eric moved his arm to the back of the couch, around her shoulders. He shifted a little, leaning to whisper, “You still need to show me your pussy.”

Fear was nowhere to be found. She looked at him, leaning back a little. *Do you think I'm some kind of exhibit for your perverse pleasure?* “What makes you think I want to?”

He smiled.

*Stop being handsome.*

“You will find the time and you will show me. I want to see it.”

*Huh. Fat chance, mister. But maybe if you show me your cock, first.* “I don't know.”

A rum was thrust into her hand.

“Oh, thank you hon.” She searched Jim's eyes for signs of displeasure. He didn't have tendencies towards outbursts or anger, but sitting here with some other man's arm around her was cause for concern. Was he okay with it? Had he seen it and changed his mind? Was he mad at her?

She didn't want those kinds of problems. Eric might be dashing and all and sexy, but Jim was the most important person in her life.

Was he turned on?

“Your wife tells me you were in Customs?” Eric touched her shoulder with the arm he had draped around her.

*Sly bastard. Touch me in front of my husband while you chat it up like television talk show hosts.*

“Let's just say it was as boring as you can imagine.”

“Customs? I rather doubt that.” His fingertips drew lines on her shoulder.

*He has to see him stroking my shoulder.*

Jim smiled, but the grin was not humorous. “I carried a gun. It was more than just inspecting shipping containers. But enough of me. How did you become head of your division?”

“Me? Oh...” His fingers tapped on her shoulder and then went back to toying. He leaned a little closer to her as if including her in the conversation. “I was a super for a short time before they moved me up into corporate. I had the ability to schmooze, they said.”

Jim grunted understanding.

“I spent some time in Detroit and then moved out here when this opened up.”

“Detroit? I thought the town was drying up.”

“It is. But we built a few new hotels there to replace others.”

“Isn't something like half that city in ruins?”

“Yes, sort of. Large tracts of homes are abandoned. Whole blocks bulldozed. Gangs everywhere. It's pretty bad.”

“Quite a challenge.”

“It was.” His hand toyed with her arm while he chatted with her husband.

She drank her rum, not worried about being left out. In the arm of a dashing man and her husband approving – it made her feel warm. She snuggled a little closer to Eric.

In their hotel room, she shed her clothes for a bath. “What an exhausting day.”

“I had fun.”

“Seeing the sights?”

“Yes,” he said. “Especially you.”

“Me? What?”

“Letting him touch you had me hard all night.”

She laughed. “Get out.”

He winked at her from the bed where he lay back, relaxing.

After her bath, she climbed into bed next to him. “You really were hard seeing him touch me?”

“Yep, all throbbing and happy.”

She reached down and touched his underwear. He was half hard.  
“Wow.”

“You thought I wouldn't like it?”

“I didn't know.”

“But I had said--”

“I meant that maybe you might not after seeing it.” She dug under the waistband and stroked his shaft.

“Oh. No, it was fun.” His breathing deepened, becoming heavier.

Giving it full strokes, she said, “I'm relieved then.”

“Did you like him touching you?”

“I got used to it.”

“But did you like it?”

“Yes, later. The attention was nice.”

His hand reached and slipped into her panties. “Hmm, you're all wet.”

“I have your dick in my hand, silly.”

“Uh huh. I think you liked him touching you. Did you think about his cock?”

She moaned. *Yes, most definitely.* “I might have once.”

“Did you think about touching it?”

*I thought about squeezing it.* “I think I did.”

His dick was erect and warm. “I really liked it when you started leaning all over him.”

“I did not.” Had she? She didn't remember much with all the drinks.

“Your hand on his leg capped the night.”

“I touched his leg?” She had, hadn't she? She remembered staring down at Eric's crotch and the bulge there. “I'm sorry--”

“No, don't be. I like this.”



## CHAPTER 7

Tuesday's meetings were no better and Carlene wanted to cry. She just wanted the day to be over with. A nice dinner, a nice drink in hand and some attention sounded like just the thing to bring her back to life.

She glanced over at Eric and wondered what would happen if she dove on him, bowled him over and started chewing on his neck like a zombie. She sure felt like one.

By the end of the final speech, she was a mess, fidgeting in anxiety, stress and the need to get out of her chair.

Eric looked at her expectantly as everyone rose, but she almost ran for the door.

*A good bathroom break, cool water on my face and a nice little nap before dinner...*

“Carlene?” Eric called after her.

Outside the door to the conference room, she ran.

She was shaken awake by Jim sometime later.

“Honey?” he said. “It's about time for dinner.”

“Oh? Mmm. Oh. Okay.” She got up and her fingers hit her glasses as she tried to rub her eyes. She hadn't even taken them off.

*Great. Fingerprints.*

She splashed some water on her face and cleaned her glasses in the bathroom.

“Not too good a day?”

Arranging her glasses and running a brush through her hair, she said, “Oh, it was okay. Just tedious. I was so very happy to get out of there.”

“You ready?”

“Going to change. I want to get out of these slacks.” She selected a dark blue cotton blouse and a long blue skirt.

“Why don't you buy some shorter skirts?”

“Stop that. My legs are too skinny to be exposed.”

“I think they're fine.”

“Give me a break.”

Dinner was no different than the night before, except that the talk was more boisterous. Everyone was relieved to let their hair down a little and back off the attempts to impress everyone else with their best imitation of some serious corporate executive.

Eric's hand found her leg very early, almost as soon as they sat down. She didn't fend him off.

Dinner itself was a distraction as his hand rubbed up and down her thigh. She found herself squirming and moving her right leg over closer to him.

He leaned towards her and said, “You will show me your pussy tonight.”

She had leaned over to hear him. She said nothing in return but they stayed leaned towards each other.

The drinks helped her relax and her husband made sure she was kept supplied.

After dinner, they approached a big cushy chair and loveseat. Eric's arm was around her and Jim took her glass.

“I'll fill this for you, hon.”

Before she could aim for a spot on the loveseat, Eric pulled her around and down onto his lap as he sat.

She giggled. *Would Jim like seeing this? We're going to find out.* She put an arm around Eric's neck and scooted herself around on his lap to get comfortable.

He smiled at her. “Keep doing that and I will do more than make you show me your pussy.”

“Oops, sorry.”

“No, that's okay. Your husband seems like an easy-going guy.”

“He can be pretty intense.”

“He doesn't appear to be the jealous sort.”

“Well... I don't know.” She didn't, did she? But so far he hadn't.

Jim was there, holding her glass to her. “There you go. All freshened up.”

She looked up into his smile. His eye gave her a wink. *I'm sitting on another man's lap and he smiled. I guess he's okay with it.* “Thank you.”

The two men talked about Detroit.

*Why can't they talk about something interesting? Who cares about Detroit?*

During the conversation, Eric waved a hand and then dropped it down onto her leg.

Jim asked him a question about the mayor and Eric paused. He started petting her leg as if in thought - petting something to soothe it without thinking about it. It felt good.

But she wasn't much interested in the politics that caused Detroit's fall from one of the best cities in America to the worst of slums, decay, and destruction. She finished off her rum.

“Lemme get you another, dear.”

Jim was such a wonderful husband. She gave him a happy grin.

As he left, Eric moved his hand to the hem and raised it, scooting it up her leg until she stopped him. She looked around worriedly, but no one was paying attention and the lights were dimmed for privacy. She let his hand rest on her bared thigh. Then he began stroking it.

“I will be so glad to get back home tomorrow,” she said. “I hate these meetings.”

“I think I'm enjoying this one.”

*Yeah, because he couldn't find a big-titted blonde to fuck, so he's making do with the nerdy secretary.*

Jim's approach was no different than his last. But he smiled bigger and his eyes glowed. “Here you go.”

She giggled. “Thanks. It's nice to unwind after all that crap today.”

Eric had continued stroking her bare thigh.

Jim raised his glass. “She has nice skin, doesn't she?”

“Very.” His hand made slower and longer strokes.

It felt very nice. Her legs parted as if having a mind of their own.

Her husband took a gulp of his drink and tried to get comfortable in his chair.

*Getting excited, my love?*

She squirmed a little when she felt Eric's lump. It hardened faster.

Slowing his hand strokes, he moved it down her inner thigh and then began running his hand up. If he kept going, he would feel her panties.

*Surely he's going to stop, right?*

She held her breath.

Jim swirled his drink in his glass. "She likes being petted. Calms her right down."

Eric said nothing, but had been on the verge of stopping his reach. Instead he kept going. His hand came right up the inside of her thigh and touched her panties. She could feel his knuckles rub over her clit.

She gasped.

Suddenly her thighs were trembling. Her mouth was open in a pant. Her skirt covered his hand, but if anyone came by, they would know what was happening.

Eric looked over at her husband. Jim gave him back a smile.

She felt Eric's fingers move aside her panties.

*Oh my goodness. Is this happening?* She took a large gulp and set her glass down.

His fingers pressed around and found her clit. Then they found her folds.

*This is so very dirty.*

Then his fingers entered her.

She gasped again, louder.

Eric's arm began moving, pushing his hand. His fingers entered her and began playing.

She clung to his neck, her eyes closed. She parted her legs even more. His fingers felt so good. She heard the sounds of her juices as his fingers fucked her.

Eric stopped. He had a very large lump underneath her. "I might like to borrow your wife sometime." It did not come out as a suggestion.

Had he really just said that?

Jim chuckled. "I think that can be arranged."

*What? Am I hearing this right?*

"Oh really?"

"Yes, in fact, why don't we go somewhere a little more private?" Her husband had a mischievous sound in his voice.

"It can't be my room," said Eric. "The wife might come back from slots at any time."

Jim rose. "Let's go to ours."

She was almost dumped off his lap as he struggled to get them both up. Her legs didn't want to support her. Her pussy ached and her insides trembled. She leaned heavily on Eric.

Inside their room, Eric turned her and began unbuttoning her blouse. Jim unbuttoned her skirt.

Her head swam, and not just from rum. *Wow, was this really happening to me?*

Jim hooked his fingers into her panties and drew them down, exposing her to her boss.

He was unbuttoning his shirt.

*I get to see his dick? The thought drew a smile across her face. Maybe even touch it?*

Eric slid off his pants and underwear. His dick was on the smaller side, but full and had no weirdness about it. It was a nice-looking dick, she decided.

"Get your wife ready for me." He started stroking himself. "Lay on the bed and let her get on you. I want you to lick her pussy."

*Nasty.*

Jim shed his clothes and laid on the bed. She climbed over his face and aimed her own head at his erection. Her husband was very hard. His tongue on her pussy caused her to moan and grip his shaft for support.

"Lick her pussy good. I want it nice and ready for my cock."

*His cock? He's going to fuck me? Wait a minute.*

But her husband redoubled his efforts with his tongue and mouth. Her pussy was on fire. Her husband's shaft throbbed in her hand and she lowered her mouth over it.

*Wow, he's excited.*

"That's it. That's very nice." Eric must have liked it, too.

She felt Eric's hands on her hips, maneuvering her higher on her knees. This removed her pussy from her husband's mouth. She whimpered and squirmed her hips.

What touched her was not Jim's tongue. Opening her folds and sliding inside to fill her and massage that hollow ache was another man's erection.

Jim's dick in her hand twitched and swelled.

*Another man is pushing his dick into me and he can see it all and he likes it?*

The push was forceful and deliberate. Like sliding on a boot. She felt his balls press up against her clit and she moaned. It felt so good. She stroked her husband's erection rapidly, as fast as she panted.

She could hear him panting and gasping as he watched Eric's dick fuck her from just inches away.

She quivered, the dread of an orgasm tensing within her. It felt so good, so dirty, so lusty. She pushed her hips back against Eric's thrusts.

*Oh so good.*

He pulled her back harder as he rammed forward. His balls slapped against her and the bed creaked.

"Oh yeah," Jim said from underneath her.

She closed her eyes and laid her head down next to his shaft. She gripped it but her hand was still.

Eric began grunting, his thrusts deeper. He tensed, and then pulled out.

*What?*

He groaned in orgasm and a hot blast of cum hit her on the outside of her pussy.

"Oh, uh," said Jim. "You didn't have to pull out."

"No?" said Eric. His voice was a pant. He rammed his spurting erection back into her. She felt a few spurts of hotness inside of her and then he was pulling out again.

*But, I was getting close.*

She moved slowly, getting up and off her husband. Eric's cum and her own juices were dripped down onto Jim's chin and neck.

"Oops, I'm sorry," she said.

"That's alright." Her husband smiled at her. "Quite a show."

"I feel cheated out of a good cum," Eric said. "I didn't know it was okay to cum in her."

"Cut, a long time ago." Jim got up.

Eric stroked himself. "I'll give you another in a few minutes."

Her husband's smile was suddenly cheery. "Awesome."

*Maybe I'll get to cum?*

Eric was hard not too much later. He laid her back on the bed. "You sure don't have anything up top, do you?"

*Jerk.*

But he was pressing his penis back into her, filling her hole.

Jim sat in the chair and stroked his dick while he watched.

*My boss is fucking me. My husband likes it; his dick is so hard. Is this what he wanted?*

Eric's thrusts sent her swimming through her own mind, drifting, rising and falling with each thrust. The bed creaked as her pussy was fucked.

*Wow, my boss is really fucking me. This is real. It feels so very good.* "Fuck me," she said. Had she just said that?

"Yeah, fuck her. Fuck her harder," Jim said.

She looked over at him. His hand was a blur on his shaft. His mouth was open, panting. And she knew it was okay.

Eric grunted, growling with the effort of his thrusts. "Yeah, take it Carlene. Take my cock. You love it."

She moaned, his words sending her spinning.

"I'll want to fuck her again," he said, panting. He was talking to Jim, a note of command in his voice.

"Bring her home for lunch and you can have her there." There was also a note of command in her husband's voice.

Meanwhile, her orgasm built.

Eric groaned, tensing. "Yeah, getting close." His thrusts vibrated through her.

She looked over at her husband. He was leaning up, stroking hard. His erection was all swollen and red. A grimace crossed his face and she saw a spurt of his cum arc into the air. Her own orgasm followed the sight immediately. Her body convulsed and pain ripped through her. Then pleasure. Then pain. She was crying out, her body shaking in lust, pain, and satisfaction. Her pussy clamped and clenched on Eric's thrusting erection.

He yelled out, ramming home. Hotness again splashed into her. This time, more of it. The bed creaked as he jerked his hips into hers, emptying himself deep into her.

"Oh yeah," he said. "Oh yeah." He wasn't looking at her. His eyes were screwed shut.

*Am I too ugly to look at?*

She squirmed in the pleasure of the aftermath. Her body was alive, thrumming with being so well-fucked.

*I want more of this.*

Eric pulled out and went into the bathroom. He didn't linger. When he came out, he dressed. He was quiet.

Jim went into the bathroom next.

*That was it? Wham bam and no thank you?*

Straightening his tie, Eric said, "This is going to be a very nice addition to our working relationship."

*Fuck off with your corporate-speak.* She frowned at him.

"Don't worry," he said. "We'll make sure we use your home."

Then he was gone.



## CHAPTER 8

“Nothing other than looks,” she said.

“Huh. You'd think he would be a little more flirty or whatever.” Jim scratched his chin. Then he shrugged.

“He said he was taking me to lunch today. I think that means we're coming here?”

“Oh, well then. Maybe he's just trying to be secretive.”

“Maybe.”

“Have a fun day at the office.” He sipped his morning coffee.

She slapped his arm.

Friday was always more relaxing than not with all the hectic frenzy of early week screw-ups out of the way. Her coffee in hand, she began compiling and batching next weeks bids.

Eric wandered by and looked her over.

She pretended not to notice. *Was he thinking of fucking me?*

“You should wear shorter skirts.”

*Not with my legs.* “My husband thinks so, too.”

“Wear shorter skirts next week.”

*Not happening.* “I dunno.”

“You will, and that's that.”

*Why don't you wear short skirts if you like them so much?* “Is that a job requirement?”

“Don't get weird on me.” He sounded suddenly wary.

Sexual harassment was a big deal.

“I'm not being weird. It's just my legs don't look good in skirts.”

“I don't care about your legs; I want access to your pussy.”

She squirmed to the sudden heat and itch that emanated from her pussy. *Well, if he puts it that way...* “I’ll see what I can find.”

“That’s a good girl.”

Lunchtime was indeed Eric taking her home to her house. By that time, she was fairly worked up thinking about skirts. She would have to wear stockings with them; her legs were too pale. And she was sure Eric would not want full nylons if he wanted access. She would need a garter set. She would look stupid in it.

Jim was at the door, going through the mail. “Oh, hello, you two.” He looked pleased.

“Bedroom,” Eric said.

*Duh. Do you have to be so bossy?* “Lunch is only an hour, I guess. You know,” she said to Jim.

Jim waved her to lead the way.

In the bedroom, she waited for Eric to strip her. That had been fun.

“Get undressed,” he said.

She frowned. *Take the fun out of everything, why don't you?*

Jim and Eric were naked, both stroking themselves.

Her boss pushed her down onto the bed and laid her back. Then he scooted her ass to the edge. Placing his erection at her hole, he pushed.

*No fingering?*

She was a little tense and his shove forced her open uncomfortably. The headboard banged lightly against the wall.

*Ow ow ow.*

Jim was seated on the other edge of the bed, stroking and watching.

Eric groaned as he reached full penetration. Her pussy was filled with his shaft and it felt good. She started to relax. He started thrusting, moving his erection in and out of her while her husband watched. Her pussy clenched and then relaxed. The headboard banged repeatedly on the wall.

She was being fucked, right here in her own bed, by her boss.

“Yeah, that’s it, take it all, Carlene.” Eric pushed hard – spearing her with rough thrusts. “You like being fucked by my cock, don’t you?”

“It feels nice.”

The sound of the headboard gave testament to the force of their fucking.

“Better than your husband’s isn’t it?”

*No, not at all. It just feels nice.* “Um, well, it’s different.”

He pulled out and motioned her up. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he pulled her down to sit on his lap facing out. “Jim, get over here and lick your wife's pussy while I fuck it.”

*Oh wow, that sounds very dirty.*

Jim knelt down between Eric's legs. Hers were spread wide over his.

Eric shifted, leaning her back a little. His erection slid up into her, filling her. His thrusts pulled out halfway, then went back in deep.

She squirmed, circling her little hips on him.

Jim's tongue touched her clit and the whole room spun.

*Oh wow.* She moaned and it wasn't a quiet moan.

Eric panted at her, “You like that?”

“Yes.” Her head throbbed and her body thrummed with vibration. Sensations rippled through her and she felt the familiar tensing, coiling and build-up.

“You like your husband licking your pussy while I fuck it with my cock?”

“Yes, it's good.” *More.* She looked down at Jim licking her. His erection was pulsing. He slid his hand along its length.

“I will want to fuck you next week.”

“Yes, fuck me more.”

Jim moaned, the vibration coming through his tongue. It went directly through her clit and vibrated her spine.

Her boss thrust his shaft into her harder, pulling down on her hips as he thrust.

*Yes, deeper.* “Mmm, yes, fuck me deep. Fuck me hard. Fill me with your cum.” She was panting, quivering.

Jim moaned again and suddenly he was trying to shove his tongue up her pussy hole next to Eric's thrusting penis.

*Oh this is gonna be big.* She spun out of control and cried out. Everything went jelly and tension. She thought she would rip apart.

Her boss groaned out and thrust deep, his shaft swelling and then spitting its hotness up inside her.

Her husband pulled away, stroking fast. Then he was squirting ropes of his sperm at her as she laid back on Eric. Sperm hit her stomach and crotch and rolled down between her legs.

“Ugh,” said Eric. “You got your cum on me. Starting next week you'll just watch.”

*Huh? What was my husband to him? Some employee?*

“Alright,” Jim said. But he didn't sound too happy about it.

“I'm here to fuck your wife, not get hosed down with your cum.”

*No need to be rude about it.*

“Fine, fine.” Her husband raised an eyebrow.

*That's not a good sign.*

Her boss cleaned off and dressed. He eyed her. “Hurry up, we need to get back to work.”

She groaned. She just wanted to relax after the orgasm. “Okay.”

\* \* \*

Carlene finished breakfast. “I need to go to the store and get some shorter skirts.”

“Oh? Eric must have told you? I can't imagine you wanting them on your own.”

*You know me too well, don't you?* “Yes, he said he wanted easy access to my pussy.”

“Sounds delicious.”

“You men.”

“Will you be back for the show?”

“I don't think so. I'll need stockings to cover my legs and a garter set--”

“That sounds really delicious.” His smile was bright.

“Oh stop. They're going to be my work clothes.”

“Special clothes for the boss? You won't wear them for me?”

“I don't know, maybe.”

He stood and gave her a lingering kiss good-bye.

She smiled and hugged him. Did it matter to him if she had work clothes that enticed the boss? He had watched them fuck, certainly her work clothes should be no big deal.

She was happy, pleasing both Eric and Jim. At lunch she took Eric's erection. In the evening she took her husband's. Their sex was better, more passionate even.

The department store was not overly crowded. People seemed to be shopping less these days.

She found some above-the-knee gray wool skirts. She selected three and wandered amongst the others. Looking over some skirts that were mid-

thigh, she felt the thrill of danger and grabbed a black one.

She chose all black stockings and selected a couple of black garter sets from the lingerie area; those were thicker and sturdier than the flimsy things in the stocking aisle.

Satisfied, she returned home. The car clock told her she had missed the show.

*Oh well, I hope Jim got to watch.*

\* \* \*

Sunday evening, Carlene climbed into bed. Another dreary week ahead but with some very nice breaks for lunch. *How many times would Eric want to fuck me?*

She sighed. "I hate Mondays."

"Maybe you could find a different job."

"What, don't want me fucking Eric anymore?"

"I didn't say that. But it's not a good sign when you hate your job. Why not get something nicer?"

"I dunno." *Maybe I will.*

"And Eric is fine. Even if you left he could still come for lunch--"

"You're filthy."

He rolled towards her. His hand found her panties. "Don't you like it, though? His cock?"

"It's not as nice as yours."

"Still, don't you like it in your pussy?"

*Mmm yes.* "I guess so." She reached over and grabbed him. He was already hard. "What about you, though?"

"What about me?"

"It's obvious you enjoy him fucking me, but what do you like about it?"

"Hmm..." He kept fingering her. "I love seeing your pussy open up and take his shaft."

She felt warm.

"I like seeing him thrust his cock deep into you and hearing you moan." His hips thrust, fucking her hand on his shaft.

"Doesn't that make me a slut?"

"You're my slut."

\* \* \*

Monday's yelling and frantic phone calls made her want to rip out her thin hair.

She hoped Eric would say something nice about her outfit, but he had glanced at her and went on.

All work and no play.

She went into his office later and set the bids she had reviewed from the previous Friday. He was on the phone.

“Yeah, I'll need to see it... Tell you what, just come on in tomorrow to the office... Yeah... Maybe we'll go have some beers over it for lunch or something...”

*Great. There goes my day and probably my week.* She couldn't imagine him wanting any action today with typical Monday-stress.

He hung up. “Carlene, pull the file on Oceanview Sheetmetal and make me copies of the contract. They gave Rod a letter of dispute.”

Rod was their new superintendent in the area – their eighth.

“Does Rod know what to do?” Normally supers faxed on those letters.

“Oh yeah. Rod's good. He and I go way back – worked in Detroit together.”

*Detroit again.* She stifled a yawn.

“I'll take him out for some drinks tomorrow and we'll go over the dispute.”

*Wonderful. I get forgotten.*

How wrong she was and how drastic her life was about to change.



## CHAPTER 9

She did not look forward to Tuesday. But she still had to go to work.

Jim wrapped her in a hug as the coffee machine beeped. “What's wrong, my love? Why so mopey?”

*I want my coffee.* “Need coffee.”

“What else is wrong?”

*Stop that. This is where you're supposed to be insensitive and uncaring because I don't want to talk about it.* “Oh, Eric has work and stuff to do.”

“Ah, no playtime today?”

She smiled and stifled a giggle. “No, I guess not. He has some friend from Detroit who's the new super.”

His hand came up and stroked her hair. It felt so good when he did that. “I'll be here for you.”

“Oh, I know.” She kissed his lips. “I guess work just gets in the way sometimes.”

“I understand.”

And she knew he did.

Work was another office day typical of Tuesdays. But this day, Eric paid attention to her. This day, he reached his hand up her skirt a few times, teasing.

*Maybe I'll get action tomorrow. That will make Jim happy and I'll get action at night, too.*

Just before lunch, he reached his hand up her skirt as she stood next to his desk. They were reviewing the Oceanview contract. She figured he might just tease her again but his fingers stroked her pussy through her

panties. She spread her feet a little and tried to concentrate on the contract. But that was no use.

*Stick your fingers in. Throw me on the desk and fuck me. But stop teasing.*

The office door opened and she squeaked in panic.

Eric pulled his hand away and she tried to make sure her skirt was in order.

The man entering took her breath away.

He was tall, angular, muscled in the right places. His eyes were a deep brown and brooding. The bad-boy stubble looked like it was permanent. The way he moved was fluid and not stiff with hesitancy or a lack of confidence. He was brutally handsome.

Eric leaned back. "Ah, Rod. Early as usual."

"Did I interrupt anything?" His deep voice was rugged, smooth, and complemented the look in his eyes.

She tried to catch her breath. Her mouth was open.

"Nothing really. Just getting a little feel of my secretary."

*Eric just said what? She flushed red with embarrassment. What will this man think of me? Rod?*

The handsome man, more handsome than Eric in a more masculine way, gave her a wicked grin and a wink.

Her insides turned to water.

"I think she likes you. I've never seen her speechless."

She turned redder.

"I don't think I've seen her blush like this, either." He leaned back and put his feet up on the desk. "Come over here and let me introduce you to her."

*He's going to come closer? What do I do?*

Rod stepped around the desk and stood near, looking down over a sexy smile.

Such sexuality wasn't fair.

"This is Carlene. I've just recently had the pleasure of having her."

*He said what? Her eyes grew big.*

But Rod's expression did not change by much. A quirk of a smile and a slight raise of an eyebrow were all she saw.

"Is that so?" he said.

"Indeed, and with her husband in the room."

Rod chuckled. It was an easy sound, relaxed and not suggestive. “My, my.”

She was going to pass out. Her deepest secret had been revealed to this captivating man and she was about to die in shame. *He must think I'm a slut.*

“Carlene, this is Rod.”

She nodded, her mouth still open.

“Rod, lock the door.”

*Um... what?*

When the door was locked, Eric brought his feet down and leaned forward. “Unzip your pants and show her what you've got.”

Her heart thumped in her chest. *What?*

But the stunning man was unzipping, that smile not leaving his face.

*No way. This is a joke. He's not going to pull out his...*

And there it was. He was pulling out a fleshy pink knob and then more. He was longer than Eric. Maybe as big as her husband. It was beautiful.

“Touch him, Carlene.”

“Whuh? No--”

“Touch him. I want you to touch him. It's okay. We're friends.”

A twinkle in Rod's eye distracted her. He was grinning, showing nice teeth. A wink competed with the bashful tilt of his head.

“Well, I--”

“Touch him.” Command was in Eric's voice.

She stepped forward. Rod moved towards her a step also. Heart pounding, she reached out and touched the wonderful-looking penis. It was warm, spongy and sent thrills down her back.

“Stroke it.”

She looked back at Eric, her hand still on Rod's manhood.

“Stroke it.”

She gripped the shaft and began a gentle stroking motion. It hardened rapidly, filling her hand. Heat and moisture flooded her pussy. *This is so bad.*

She should feel guilty, shouldn't she? She should feel like a whore, shouldn't she? She should feel like a trashy, cheap bitch, right? But she didn't. She felt lust.

“Kneel down and suck him.”

*What?*

“I can't--” she said.

“Kneel down and suck him.”

Rod winked at her again. “Go ahead; it's okay.”

Her knees wavered at the sexuality radiating from this man whose shaft was in her hand. She fell to her knees more to keep from falling than to suck him, but she found herself leaning in as he moved forward.

The head of his penis brushed her lips and then she was opening, sliding her mouth down his shaft. The flesh tasted good. It was hard, erect, and engorged. She felt the contours of his shaft and the bulb of the head.

“Oh, yeah. She knows what to do,” Rod said. His voice was low, a murmur of wonder and satisfaction.

*He likes this?* Suddenly she realized she was fucking his erection with her mouth. Sucking, pulling, fisting his shaft as she sucked and licked the head. She could feel him twitching in her mouth. Her lips slid along his skin and she heard with satisfaction a moan of delight from him.

It didn't make her feel trashy, or cheap. It made her feel powerful.

She sucked harder, sliding faster, wanting to feel the power of her own sexuality awakening his. She felt him swell, bulging at the head.

He was panting and then said, “Oh yeah.”

His body jerked and hot spurts of his orgasm flew against the back of her throat. She swallowed and sucked reflexively. He had a very light and mellow flavor. She kept sucking.

He started chuckling and moved her off his shaft. He was in that tickly aftereffect and his penis was sensitive to the touch.

She looked up at him looking down at her. He wore a smile, relieved, surprised and very satisfied. It made her feel very warm inside.

“Thank you, sweets,” he said.

Eric cleared his throat. “Very nice, Carlene. Very, very nice. But we have some business now.”

*I'm getting dismissed?*

“Maybe tomorrow I will bring Rod along for lunch.”

*What?* Her heart thumped and skipped. Her pussy flooded with moisture and the deep ache pulsed inside her. *Does he really mean to my home? Or are they doing some lunch thing again tomorrow?*

Eric shooed her. “Be a good girl. We'll take our lunch tomorrow.”

*He's going to bring Rod? No way.* But she hoped she interpreted that insinuation right. She hoped Eric did bring him along. The thought of

opening her legs to Rod's shaft made her stumble. The ache that made her clench was strong. She wanted to feel that lovely penis in her.

The rest of the day she squirmed in her chair, wondering what that erection would feel like inside of her.

Dinner at home was a distraction. She wanted to tell Jim, but dreaded his refusal.

Her husband knew her though, and very well. "What's got you nervous?"

"That new superintendent is one of Eric's friends from Detroit."

"Oh?"

She nodded.

"And?"

She toyed with her fork.

He leaned back, a small glass of rum in his hand. "Spit it out." His voice was gentle. He was waiting, caring, ready to offer what she needed.

"Eric mentioned bringing Rod along tomorrow."

"Oh?" Raised eyebrows.

"For lunch."

"I see."

"Here, you know."

"Yes, I know exactly what you mean."

"Oh, well, I think he means to. I'm not sure."

"If that bothers you, tell him no."

She couldn't think of anything else to say. She wanted to tell him more.

Later, in bed, he shook his head at her. "Something is bugging you."

"No--"

"Stop that. I know you."

Yes, he did know her. Too well. She pouted.

"It's about Eric and the new super?" He prodded her.

She nodded.

"Well?"

She sighed. *I can't tell him I blew some stranger today.* "I touched his penis."

"You what?" He furrowed his eyebrows.

*Uh oh. Trouble.*

“I touched him. Eric told me to. I couldn't help it--”

“You touched his cock, huh?”

The anger in his voice she expected wasn't there. Instead, he seemed interested.

*I still can't tell him I sucked on some guy's erection.* “And then he told me to suck him.”

*Did I just say that?*

Jim's mouth nuzzled her ear, nibbling. Shivers ran down her spine. “Mmm. And did you?”

Her voice was a whisper. “Yes.”

“How very naughty of you.”

“But Eric made me--”

“Did you like it?”

“Yes.”

“Did he have a nice cock?”

She gasped as her pussy twitched. “Yes.”

“Good,” he said. “Then I definitely want him to come over.”

*Yay?*

“You do?” She couldn't believe her luck. Her breathing became ragged, increasing. Her heart beat faster. Her good fortune hit her with the shakes, the trembles, and the anticipation of tomorrow.

What she didn't know was how deeply she would enjoy Rod's penis, how strongly she would feel attracted to him and how far it would take her. Her life was about to be spun in directions out of her control.



## CHAPTER 10

Carlene led the two men to her front door.

Was this really what she wanted?

She felt nervous knowing Rod would soon be stripping in her bedroom.

*What if he doesn't like my figure? Would Jim approve of Rod? Is Eric going to let his friend fuck me? Or will it just be a blowjob?*

She trembled at the unknown, but knowing she was about to get naked with two very handsome men and with her husband's approval.

Jim answered the door as she reached for it with her key. He gave a smile in greeting and ushered them in.

She didn't know what to do.

Eric pointed at Rod. "This is my friend, Rod."

"I'm Jim," her husband said. He was studying the new man, his hand out for a shake.

Rod didn't let a beat pass. His hand was in Jim's and they shook. His smile was real and friendly.

Jim nodded and then shook the hand harder, returning the smile.

*Whew. He likes him, at least.*

Eric shooed his hands towards the bedroom. "Let's get to the bedroom. We have two cocks for your wife's pussy today and less than an hour to do it."

Her pussy flooded with heat.

Jim chuckled. "You should try a weekend sometime."

"Well I might, but today isn't it. Let's go."

In the bedroom, Eric and Jim stripped while Rod undressed her. She hummed in delight as his hands stroked her skin.

When he was done, Eric said, “She's not much, is she?”

Rod shook his head. “She's kind of small.”

*Gee, thanks, you two.*

“I'm going first,” Eric said.

She felt disappointed. But she was on her back and her boss thrusting his penis into her before she could say anything. He was rough, pushing hard and deep. Her ache was deliciously massaged from the inside and she gasped out.

He was leaning up on his hands, watching his own penis ram her. “Yeah, take it all, Carlene.”

She looked over to see Jim in his chair, stroking hard. Rod stood next to him, stroking his own shaft slowly.

The sight of her love and her soon-to-be lover stroking their erections pulsed several waves of pleasure through her.

“Yeah,” said Rod. “Fuck her hard.”

The headboard banged against the wall as her boss grunted above her. Her pussy was being ravaged, pounded, used. She loved it.

“Do you like my cock, Carlene?” Eric was looking down at her, thrusting with vicious stabs.

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to come back tomorrow and fuck you?”

“Yes.”

“Oh man,” said Rod.

Her husband moaned.

“Do you want me to fill your pussy with my load?”

“Yes.” *Harder, you bastard.* She could feel the hint of an orgasm beginning to lurk.

Then the bed shifted and a penis touched her mouth. She opened her eyes and saw Rod kneeling by her.

Opening her mouth, he slid his erection into it. She sucked greedily. Wanting him in her. Wondering what he would be like. Hoping he would give her the ramming she wanted – she needed.

An erection drove deep into her quivering pussy. She sucked another one in her mouth. The sensations were delicious. She could definitely get used to this.

Eric's ramming finally became more forceful.

*About time.*

She released Rod out of her mouth and looked down at the blur of his shaft in her hole.

Her husband groaned and fisted his shaft faster.

*Yes, husband. Fuck your hand while Eric fucks me. It feels so good.*

Her head flopped back when Eric drove in and growled. She felt the hot splashes inside her as he emptied his load into her. Waves approached but then receded, tantalizing and aggravating. They left her desperate for more. Something harder.

The vacant feeling when he pulled out caused her to pout.

But just as quick as Eric pulled off and blew out a breath, Rod was climbing between her legs.

She grinned like a schoolgirl and opened her legs wider. *Now I'm going to get a proper fucking.*

Rod touched his erection to her hole. But he didn't insert it. He used his hand to guide it and ran it up and down her hole, over her clit and around it in maddening play.

The ache within her grew, becoming insistent. She panted. She pushed her hips up at him, trying to capture the head. "Fuck me. Please."

"You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, please." Her hips were gyrating in lust, aggravation and annoyance.

"You want me to fuck you deep?"

She groaned, shaking.

"You want me to shoot sperm deep into your womb?"

"Yes." Her gasp was loud. "Fill me. Shoot me full."

His answer was the insertion of his shaft. But it was slow. She panted, she gasped, and she squirmed.

*Ram it, dammit!*

"Please," she said.

He kept the penetration slow.

*How maddening.*

But the empty feeling was being filled and she moaned out in relief and lust as she felt his erection fill her. He was longer than Eric and about the same size as her husband. Jim was always slow and gentle because he knew he was bigger.

Finally he was in. Then she felt him push a little more for that extra penetration. The head of his penis nudged ever so deeper into her hungry

hole. She moaned in delight, an itch getting scratched that her husband knew of and attended.

Then he was pulling out. He kept it slow and she was disappointed at first, but his motions were similar to Jim's – slow, loving, deep. She moaned low, long and without rational thought. Rod's thrusts were delicious – as delicious as his penis. They were tender and deep. The fit was perfect. He knew how far to push, how deep to go, and how slow to pull out.

Her body twisted and writhed under him. He was leaned up on his elbows, looking down into her eyes. Coils of tension twisted inside her, turning, building, pulsing.

He sank in deep and rubbed the bone of his crotch against her clit.

She saw stars.

She clawed his shoulders, pulling on him.

“You want me to fill you with my cum while your hubbie watches?”

She groaned.

Jim groaned.

“Yes,” she said. But it was more of a senseless mumble.

“You want my cum?”

“Yes.” She pulled on his shoulders.

He sank in, over and over, deeper each time, pulling out less and less.

“Oh yeah, oh yeah.”

“Fill me,” she gasped. Her world was spinning.

He looked over to her husband. “Are you sure you want me filling your wife?”

Jim moaned. His erection was red, bulging, close. “Yes, do it.”

“Ah, yeah,” he said. He thrust deep. “It's coming.” He pushed in and held it. Then he pushed harder, slowly gaining a little extra depth.

She groaned as her orgasm washed over her. He was deep inside her, his erection throbbing, expanding.

Rod gave a twist to his hips and rubbed his pubic bone against her clit.

She cried out, convulsing.

He pushed still harder, slow but forceful and his erection swelled deep inside her, touching places only her husband had reached before. He grunted and she felt hot jets of his seed flood her womb. He was as deep as he could go, his penis far up inside her, squirting his sperm hot, hard and healthy.

She rode waves of pleasure, turning and falling, grunting and moaning. Her pussy experienced a deep pleasure and satisfaction, a thrill and warmth not just from his scalding seed shot deep into her with enough force to give her triplets, but with the pleasure of a truly passionate fucking.

*Oh, I definitely want more of that.*

“Oh, yeah,” Rod said. He was panting. “That was good.”

*He liked fucking me?* She moaned, happy.

But all too soon he had pulled out.

Eric clapped his hands together. “Time to go.”

*Good grief, what is this? Some sports game? Hut hut hut?* Wasn't he the boss? He could just simply stay and she could have penis in her pussy all day long.

But it was not to be.

Back at work, she reveled in the tingles of pleasure and the memories of the day. She also felt disappointment.

Later she really felt disappointed.

“You did good today,” Eric said. “I'll be over again Friday.”

“With Rod?”

“No.”

That was the first disappointment.

He gave her a corporate smile. “I'll have a surprise for you.”

“A surprise?”

“Mmm hmm. Friday, we'll do anal.”

*What?* “What?”

“Anal. We'll maximize our relationship when I lay claim to your asshole.”

*Freak.* “I don't think so.” *Maximize?*

“Oh yes, you will. You'll love it.”

*Great, my boss is an idiot who believes a woman's clit is in her anus.*

“No, I don't think so.”

“Yes,” he said. He stressed his words. “You will.”

*Fuck off, ass-fucker.* “No, I won't.” She stood there, fists on hips.

He wiggled his fingers as if brushing away a fly. “Yes you will, if you want more of my cock.”

That was the second disappointment.

“No, and I guess that means you get no more of me.” *Did I just really say that?*

He dropped his feet down off the desk. “You’ll be begging, crawling in here on your hands and knees, pleading for my cock.” His head twitched, jerking on his neck in self-assurance and arrogance.

*I don't think so. Go find a little boy to ass-fuck you pervert.* She shrugged and left his office.

She answered the office line. “BRC, Eric’s office.” She didn’t need to recite the full corporate name or Eric’s full name and title. Calls were answered first by the receptionist and then forwarded.

“Hey.” Studly voice.

“Rod?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, hi. You need Eric?”

“No, I have his direct line. I wanted to thank you for today.”

She felt warmth flood her, and not just her pussy.

*What a nice thing to say.*

“I think you were the most pleasurable part of the day,” she blurted out.

“Oh? I’m flattered, thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Is there a repeat performance?” *Did I just say that? I really need a drink.*

A laugh on the other end. “Oh, well, I don’t work that close to go to your home.”

He was right. He worked the opposite direction.

“Maybe if you came here...” His voice held promise.

A thrill the size of a jumbo jet tore through her. An immediate ache developed in her pussy. “Here where?”

“The construction site. The super’s trailer is kinda big and I have my own office.”

Thrills ran through her. *He was as interested in me as I in him?* She ran through the distance in her head. Four miles. Closer than home. She might even be able to spend a few more minutes with him. *What would Jim think?*

“How about tomorrow?”

“I would look forward to it.” His voice was all sexy and velvet, with a liberal dash of rugged.

Later that night, in bed, she toyed with Jim's penis.

“What did you like about today?” she said.

“All of it.” He was mostly hard and gaining length as she fondled.

*How do I get him to talk?* “What did you like most?”

“I liked it when your boss was ramming you and the new guy--”

“Rod.”

“Rod, that's right. I liked it when he stuck his cock in your mouth and you sucked. That was all kinds of sexy.”

“You liked Rod?”

“He seemed like an alright guy.”

He was holding something back. She could tell.

“You like Eric better?” she said.

“He's okay.”

Something was wrong. He didn't use terms like this normally.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing's wrong,” he said. He stroked her hair. “I'm glad you're having fun.”

“Are you having fun?”

“Oh yeah, did you see me jack myself while you got fucked?”

“Yes.”

“I loved seeing their cocks in you.”

She could tell he did. His penis was throbbing at full attention. “But why?”

He leaned up, thrusting his erection into her grip. “I don't know. I guess I love you and think you're sexy. I like seeing you have fun and enjoy sex.”

“Even with some other guy?”

“Especially with some other guy. I love watching you move and listening to you moan.”

“I don't love them—”

“I know. You're having sexual fun. What's wrong with that?”

“So you liked me being fucked by my boss?”

He moaned. “Yes.”

“And you liked me being fucked by Rod?”

He moaned louder, his erection swelling. “Yes.”

*Aha.* He was more excited over Rod than Eric. Or was it that there were two men? “Did you like Rod fucking me better than Eric?”

He moaned, almost out of control. "Yes, I don't mean to disappoint you."

So he had been worried she was fixated on her boss. "No, you don't. Not at all. So you liked Rod fucking me today?"

He thrust his hips harder, fucking her hand. Then he climbed on her. He thrust into her hard, deep. "Yes. I liked him better. I want to see his cock in you. I want him to fill you with cum and then I want to make love to you and feel his cum all over my cock inside you."

She stroked his shoulders and face.

Jim made love to her, thrusting hard, but only as hard as intimate lovers do when they know their limits.

"If I didn't have Eric over anymore, would you be mad?"

He stopped thrusting. "I thought you were having fun."

"I was--"

"Did something happen?" He began moving in her again.

"Well, he said he wanted to do anal next time."

"Anal?" A note of disbelief was in his voice. "Why doesn't he go get some little boy--"

"That's what I said. Or that's what I thought. I was too much a coward to say it."

"And you plan to go through with this?" His eyebrow said he really questioned her.

They had never done anal. They had never wanted to try. They had no interest in that.

"No, actually I don't."

"Hmmp." But he sounded unsure.

"If I was with only Rod--"

His thrust was suddenly very deep and forceful. "That would be fine. As long as you're happy."

"You want Rod to fuck me more?"

He groaned and thrust faster. "Yes, I want him to use your pussy."

She felt the thrill of hope and also potential letdown. "What if he can't come here?"

"Huh?" His thrusts slowed.

"If I was only able to have him by going to his office at the site, would that be okay?" She bit her lip.

"Oh, that's all? Oh." Several emotions worked across his features.

He was realizing he would be left out.

“I could tell you about it at night?”

He nodded. “I suppose you told Eric anal wasn't happening?”

“Right.”

“Ah.” He began thrusting again. “Yes, you can go to his office and let him take you there. Just let me know about it later.”

She hugged him, fiercely. “Thank you.”

“Oh yeah, I want his cum all over and inside your pussy.”

His words drove her over the edge into happiness.



## CHAPTER 11

Carlene picked her can of cashews from the shelf on Thursday. She had floated through the day, unaware of much – anticipating tomorrow.

Eric had spent the previous day teasing her and promising cock, but with that look that said he hadn't given up on his plan to go anal.

She wasn't interested.

She had returned to wearing her slacks. But tomorrow she would wear her black skirt – the short one.

“Hello, Carlene.” A voice interrupted her thoughts.

*Huh?*

She looked around. It was Andy, the stocker and bagger. “Oh... Hello, Andy. How did you know my name?”

He blushed. “Oh, sorry. It displays on the register screen when you use your grocery card.”

“Oh.” She smiled, flattered that he would be curious as to her name.

His smile was big but his eyes suggested other things. He was looking her over.

*Do you like what you see or are you disappointed I have no tits?* Men were all about tits nowadays while demanding their women also look as thin as the skeletal fashion models. She had the thin part down, but was too short to be a model.

“See you tomorrow, I guess.” His grin and eyes said he looked forward to it.

A thrill ran through her that a young man would look forward to seeing her. “Oh, not tomorrow.”

The crestfallen look that replaced his pleasure was almost comical. But it made her feel bad.

“Monday probably; I have something to do for lunch tomorrow.”  
Hopefully, she would have something to do every day for lunch.

Andy nodded, his eyes wandering as if trying to figure out what he would do until Monday. “Oh, okay then.”

*How sweet. I think he likes me.*

It made her feel special.

\* \* \*

Carlene slid on her stockings and attached the garter straps.

“Today's the day, huh?” Jim said.

She blushed. “Yes.”

“I wish he worked closer.”

“Oh, yeah, me too.” But she didn't really. She wanted Rod alone, not with her boss and husband watching. Performing for an audience would have gotten old. Hopefully, her husband would understand.

“Looking forward to a show tomorrow?” He winked.

“Oh, for sure.” A rum in one hand, her husband's cock in the other – she felt the thrill of the last time she had stroked him while he looked at Alicia's pussy. Maybe she would get him to cum again while he looked at her. She grew a wicked grin on her face.

He wrapped her in a hug. “Come home today full of cum.”

She giggled. *What a nasty man.*

He kissed her. “I'll make sure you get a nice repeat tonight in bed.”

“Mmm.” She laid her head on his shoulder and felt his warmth. “I'm already looking forward to it.”

Work was not fun. In fact, she hated it. Eric scowled at her all morning.

*Fuck off.*

A few times he walked up and expectantly looked down his nose at her.

She rolled her eyes each time.

Then he started acting all arrogant and flippant – as if he was just fine and dandy withholding sex. He assumed she would not be able to resist the promise of his cock.

She had to admit, she missed it. But he was rude, demanding, and except for providing a solid fucking, otherwise dull.

It was with a sense of escape that she got into her car at lunch and drove away. Today, she drove in the opposite direction from the grocery store and home. This time she drove herself to a man to be fucked.

Her hands shook on the wheel and she had to tell herself a few times to keep going. Part of her wanted to turn back. More of her wanted to have more of Rod's penis.

She promised herself to try to remember as much as possible to tell Jim when they were in bed later that night.

The construction site was sprawling and the super's trailer was almost the size of a double-wide-trailer people used for homes.

*Wow.*

But the inside was dusty and stacked with papers. The front desks were empty, though showing signs of recent activity. The coffeemaker was still lit and black brew sat in the glass container. Hardhats hung haphazardly on pegs beside the door.

“Ah, you came.” Rod was there, in the doorway to the back office. His smile said he was pleased.

She checked his left hand again. She had checked it Monday after she had blown him. No ring. Not even a liar's ring. His hands were tanned all even. *I don't want some crazy wife after me.*

She had not been concerned with Eric's wife. His past was so well-known that even his wife expected him to be bad. But if Rod had been married? There was no way any woman would let him out of her sight or allow him to be bad.

“Of course I did, silly.”

He tossed his head. “Back here, sweets.”

She felt good he had a nickname for her.

His back office was very nice. Cleaner than the front. A vinyl couch with an old sixties look was where he pointed.

*Does he want me to sit? Strip? Throw my legs open and chatter like a schoolgirl?*

He was unbuttoning his shirt.

*Strip then. Okay.* She began removing her clothes. Off came her skirt and panties.

He stopped her from removing more. She stood in front of him in her stockings and blouse. His grin said he approved. He sat her on the couch and scooted her forward.

She was laying, her head up against the backrest. She could see her pussy, open, waiting. She could see him standing between her legs, his hand on his penis, stroking.

She quivered. Was she sure about this? Suddenly she missed Jim. He would have been a comfort sitting in a chair watching. Her pussy had other ideas and began leaking moisture.

“Oh, yeah,” Rod said. His breathing was almost a pant as he stroked himself fully erect. Then he knelt down and placed the head of his penis against her pussy.

She opened her mouth, but suppressed the gasp.

He pushed and his beautiful shaft began disappearing inside her, filling her as it went.

He gazed into her eyes. “Does your hubbie know you're here?” He was still pushing, his shaft sliding in.

“Yes.” It was a gasp.

“He was okay with it?” He was in.

She squirmed on his erection. “Yes, he said to come home full of cum.”

Rod groaned and immediately moved his hips. His shaft pumped in and out of her all the way in and all the way out.

She groaned with him and panted in between as sensations filled her. Delicious tension radiated up her stomach and the heat in her pussy flared.

“He wants me to cum in your pussy?”

“Yes.”

He leaned over, to her side and put one foot on the ground for leverage. Then he drove in harder. At this angle, his erection was sliding deep and deeper. She was being filled and fucked.

She gasped, her hips fucking him back. “Oh, yes. Oh, yes.” She was getting what she wanted. It had been worth the wait.

His thrusts pushed the couch until it was banging loudly against the wall.

The pleasure and the tensing pain took control. He was fucking her into a frenzy of conflicting sensations of lust and pleasure. It felt so good. It hurt so good. His penis was a big shaft of sex making her moan and whimper.

Her pussy lips were swollen, sensitive, and pleased by the sliding of his shaft.

His eyes were closed, concentrating. He panted, "That's nice of him to let me cum in your pussy. Are you on the pill?"

*Huh? Hadn't Eric said anything?*

"Uh, no--"

She got no farther.

He groaned loudly and pushed in as deep as he could. Then he began pumping hard and deep. His hips drove his cock all the way in, filling her. "Oh yeah, I'm going to fill your married pussy with my seed."

*Huh? Her thoughts swam between pleasure and confusion. Did he think I could get pregnant?*

He was driving deep, touching her depths and filling them where Eric could never reach. Only her husband could reach that deep. He reached a hand down and toyed with her clit. His rugged hands were a shock. They felt rough to the touch but were enough to send her over the edge.

She wailed out as her insides exploded in pulsing crashes of pain and pleasure.

"Yes," he said. He drove hard, holding it in and pressing deeper. "I'm going to flood your married pussy with my sperm."

Tears leaked from her eyes as the torrents of pain and pleasure peaked. He rammed his erection deep and she felt the hot spurts of his load.

His loud groans mingled with her wails as they both came, hard.

*Wow. Forget Eric. I need more of this.*

She walked into the house, her pussy still thrumming from the fucking just a few hours before. She smelled dinner.

"Well," Jim said. He handed her a small drink. "How did it go?"

She blushed. "It went, I guess."

"Everything okay?"

He was concerned about her before bothering with details. He was the comfort she would always know.

She nodded. "He seemed to want to talk about me being married."

"Oh? Was he not wanting--"

"No, no, not that. Not like that. I think he got off on it."

"Ohhh." Jim looked down at his glass. "Maybe he has a fetish for married women. Dinner will be up in a minute."

“You're not mad?”

“Mad? Why?”

“Because I went there and we didn't come here.”

“Mad? No. Disappointed? Sort of.” He flashed a smile. “But I'm going to want to hear all about it tonight.”

Her pussy took a thrusting penis for the second time today.

“Does that feel good?” he said.

“Oh yes.” She squirmed under him, getting comfortable.

“Did his cock feel good today?”

She giggled. “Yes.”

He moaned and pumped faster.

“I think he thinks I can get pregnant.”

“Did you tell him you can't?”

“No. He kept saying things like filling my married pussy with his sperm.”

Jim chuckled. His thrusts didn't stop. “Mmm, maybe don't tell him.”

“Isn't that dishonest?”

“Who cares? Maybe that's the only reason he gets off.”

That hurt a little. Men could be so insensitive in their logic and reasoning.

“So just let him think--”

“Sure, why not? If it makes him more excitable or whatever.”

*He has a point.*

“Okay.”

“Tell him to fuck your married pussy and fill it over and over.” His groans said he was very close.

She would do it Tuesday when she went back. Rod had seemed to like talking about it, why not participate?

Their orgasm was feverish, both of them talking about Rod cumming in her.

“Hurry up,” she called downstairs. “The show is starting.”

“Yeah, yeah. I spilled and had to wipe it up.” He handed her a small rum.

She removed his shorts and pushed him to sit in the window like she would.

“Is Russel out there yet?” But he was looking out and could see for himself as he asked it.

“No, just Alicia.” She poured oil on her hand and went to work on his penis. When he didn't immediately harden, she asked, “Does she look good?”

“Yeah, but she's just laying there in her bikini.”

She leaned over. Alicia was laying face down. “Does her ass look good in her bikini?”

His penis firmed. “Uh huh.”

She smiled getting the fleshy reaction. She stroked slower, more like slow fucking. “Tell me when Russel gets out there.”

A few minutes later Russel appeared.

“There he is,” he said.

“Tell me when Alicia strips.”

“Okay.”

She kept a slow stroke. His erection was hard, throbbing and felt so very nice in her hands. It also felt good orchestrating his excitement. Maybe she would be good at it after all with Rod.

“She's stripping.”

She stroked a little faster.

His eyes were glued outside. “They're going into the pool, now.”

She slowed her stroking. He wouldn't be able to see Alicia's naked body under the water.

His finger found her nakedness and toyed with her labia. “Want to trade places so you can see Russel's cock?”

“Not yet.” She didn't intend to at all. She enjoyed the sensations of his fingers and thought about Rod. Her hips began squirming.

“They're getting out. They're laying out to sun.”

She leaned over and grabbed the binoculars she had stashed earlier. “Here. See if you can get a good view and describe it.”

He looked at her and raised his eyebrows in surprise. But the smile told her he approved. Adjusting the binoculars with two hands, he perched them with one and went back to fingering her.

“He's sort of playing with his cock.”

“What's Alicia doing?”

“Laying back on her towel.”

“Can you see her pussy?” She stroked a little faster.

“Yes.”

“What does it look like?”

“Trimmed hair. Wow, she has big lips.”

“Does it look good?”

“It's huge.”

“Her pussy?”

“Yes.”

She stroked faster. “Does it look nice?”

Jim gasped. “Yes.”

“Do you think your cock would fit in there?” Her motion imitated fucking.

He moaned, his eyes still on the sight next door. “Oh yeah, right in.”

She started at the tip and slid her hand down slowly.

He was panting, his penis throbbing in her hand.

“Is that good?” she said.

“Ummm, yeah. Good.”

She leaned close to his ear. “Fuck her, Jim. Ram your cock into Alicia's pussy.” Her hand went fast then, gripping hard.

He panted harder, faster. “Unnh, yes.”

“Fuck her young pussy and make her scream.” Her hand was a blur, his erection bulging, swelling.

“Deep?” He was gasping.

“Deeper, harder. Fuck her. Fuck her good and hard.”

He tensed and cried out. She felt his erection pulse and saw the sperm shoot out of the head.

“That's it Jim, fill her up. Fill up that big, young pussy.” She milked his spewing erection until he sagged back.

She felt triumphant. Jim was always in control. The feeling was heady, vibrant.

*I could get used to this.*

She didn't know she would be good at control. And she didn't know it would turn on her in a very vicious way.



## CHAPTER 12

Carlene so hated Mondays.

*Eric, stress, and no Rod.*

She would be seeing him tomorrow. It would be her second time in his trailer and she already wanted it more than anything else.

Did Rod think about her all weekend? She had thought about Rod but also had fun with her husband. Jim had been surprised that she wanted to assume a little control and force him to think about Alicia.

She had been forced to admit later she did it for fun, not that she really wanted him to fuck the young neighbor.

“Carlene,” Eric barked. “I’m going to need...”

She tuned him out while noting what he needed. She ignored his looks. She could tell he was pissed at the whole anal situation; she didn't care.

*Rod will be filling me from now on, boss. You're fired. No more pussy for you.* It felt good to think it. She wished she could say it.

Placing what he needed on his desk, she turned to go.

He reached a hand out and began fondling her little ass through her slacks.

Without looking, she slapped the folder back behind her against his wrist. The hand went away.

*Like swatting a bad dog.*

He gave her a series of orders over the next hour he could have done himself.

*Was he making it uncomfortable for me here so I quit?* She didn't care. If she had Rod, she could work here with the worst Eric threw at her.

Still, she was aggravated by the time lunch came around. She charged out of the office in escape. With no Rod and the rest of the day ahead of her to deal with Eric, she felt frustrated.

The cool of the grocery store caressed her face.

Shoppers lingered in the frozen foods aisle, some of them just sticking their heads in the doors rather than shopping.

Her office was air conditioned, as was her car. The only heat she felt was getting from her car to inside the store. She knew many of the people living here had no air conditioning, despite the heat of the climate.

Idiots.

She grabbed her small can of cashews.

After paying, she saw Andy. He was coming in from helping an elderly lady out with her groceries.

“Hi, Andy.”

“Oh, hi, Carlene.” his look was bashful, but he looked her over.

Would he really want to see her naked? Did he really think someone so much older than him was attractive? Did he even think she had sex? Would he ever suspect that tomorrow she would be getting her pussy reamed on her lunch-hour?

She tried to keep her voice calm and cool. “So what do you do on your lunch-hours?”

*Was that control enough? How far could she go?*

He shrugged. “I live right over there.” He pointed. Across the street was an apartment complex.

She placed a hand on her hip. “Oh? You need to show me sometime.”

“Oh well,” he said with a sheepish grin. “It's not much. Barely any furniture. It's mainly a place to crash in between work and college.”

She was looking intently into his eyes. Then she slowly let her gaze fall down his chest, stomach and then stop on his crotch. She knew he was watching. Was the bulge there growing? She wasn't sure. She raised her gaze slowly back to his eyes.

He was blushing furiously.

The problem was, she was too.

*I need to work on this control thing. I'm still shy around people I don't know. I'll probably never get the hang of it anyway. Just around my husband.*

“I still think we should arrange a lunch and have you show me.”

“Oh. I can take my lunches at any time.” He blushed harder, redder. His bulge was definitely bigger in his pants.

*Kids. Constant hard-ons.*

Is this where control came in? Should she ask him? Or tell him? Would it work? What if he laughed at her? She didn't know.

She stood there, not knowing what to do, but growing uncomfortable by the second. *Well, he's just a kid anyway.* She started to move to the side to go around him and leave.

“We could go now,” he said. He sounded nervous.

Had she really had that much effect on him? Or was he just a desperate kid?

Aggravated from not knowing, angered over Eric, and agitated over tomorrow's meeting with Rod, she said, “Now, then. Let's go.”

He nodded, sweat on his brow. “Joan, taking my lunch.” He called to someone over his shoulder at the service desk.

“Right.” A woman called back.

He was still blushing as he led her out.

*Am I really doing this? Following some kid to his apartment? What's going to happen there? Will he show me his latest console game or something? Or were his looks sexual?*

They walked across the street at the light and into the complex. He lived upstairs. Inside, the apartment was sparse and cool. The window air conditioning unit hummed and blew cool air.

He had a table and two chairs that looked like they came from a breakfast diner. He had a couch and a TV. She could see the bedroom beyond – there was no bed. He slept on a sleeping bag with a blanket.

“This is it.” He waved his arms.

She looked at him, not knowing what to say. Then she noticed his bulge. It was very prominent. It wasn't large, but it was very hard and pressing against his pants. “That looks uncomfortable.”

He chuckled. “Well, maybe I should get out of them.”

She gave him a smile. How far would he go? “Yes, maybe you should.”

He nodded and it was as if the dam had burst. He was shrugging out of his clothes like a student would at gym. Then he was standing before her, his penis stretched out and erect.

She was gazing at it, looking at his manhood, not wanting to breathe or move. It was on the small side, but well-formed.

“Aren't you going to get undressed?” he said.

She reached up and began unbuttoning her blouse. “I'm a married woman, you know.”

“Oh, that's okay.” He said it as if he could overlook it. Like it was a bad thing.

She stripped naked and he looked her over. He had a smile on his face and he began stroking his penis. Despite herself, her pussy flushed with heat and need at the sight.

“So, uh,” he said. “Where do you want it? In your ass? Or in your cunt?”

“Not in my ass and I don't like the word 'cunt.’”

“Oh, I'm sorry, Carlene. I didn't know. It's just a word we use--”

She waved him silent. “Pussy is fine and that's where you can put your erection.”

“I don't have any condoms--”

“You don't need any.”

His face lit up. “Wow, cool.”

He grabbed her shoulders and pushed her down with him to the floor. His erection was bobbing to his heartbeat and he moved it to her right away.

She laid back and parted her legs.

He gripped her hips and with one shove sank his young penis into her. He hit the root of his pelvis and pulled back. Satisfied it was lubed right, he began humping her with energetic motions.

She looked up at him. His eyes were screwed shut and his mouth open. His hips rose and fell on her like he was doing push-ups. But his plunging penis felt good and she began fucking him back.

Then he spoke. “Aw, shit, yeah. You have a fucking wonderful cu--... I mean, pussy.”

She found herself gasping. His motions were strong, rapid and constant. He seemed tireless. “You like it?”

“Yes, this is superb pussy.”

She blushed. But his eyes were closed. *That's the nicest thing anyone has said aside from my husband.* “How long have you wanted to fuck me?”

“Oh man, since I first saw you. You had that look about you.”

*Huh?* “Oh? A look? What kind of look?”

“The whole nerdy thing with your glasses and all.”

*Nerdy?*

“I figured you never got sex and must be desperate. Boy could I read you.”

She needed to steer the conversation away from that before she either burst out laughing or threw him off her. His thrusting felt good, if robotic and passionless. “So are you going to satisfy my desperate pussy?”

“Yeah, it feels good in there. Have you fucked much? You feel snug.”

She didn't know whether to thank him or slap him. She closed her eyes and luxuriated in the feel of the ceaseless and tireless fucking.

He pulled out and flipped her over. He gripped her hips roughly and rammed it into her doggie style. “Oh yeah. Shit yeah.”

Her face was mashed into the carpet. But it felt so good, so wrong, and so nasty. Had it been so easy to end up here, on some kid's apartment floor, fucking him? It had been only a few minutes ago that they had been talking in a grocery store. She moaned as his unceasing pumping hit the right spots. Her moans grew in volume and length. “Do you like fucking my married pussy?”

“Shit yeah. I own it now. I'll let you come over whenever you need a good fucking.”

“Every day?”

“Every day? Wow, you must really be desperate. When was the last time anyone like, fucked you?”

There was no way she was going to come over every day. She couldn't even imagine herself coming back. As good as it felt. She gasped and groaned into the carpet.

He groaned and she felt his hot spurts of sperm in her pussy. It felt good, warm and sexy.

He pulled out. Before she could regret the brevity of the event, he was pulling her up and pushing her back on the arm of the couch. His penis was still erect. He stroked it a few times - drops of sperm dripping out - and shoved it back into her.

*He doesn't need a rest?*

His penis was at full erection inside of her. But this time he thrust harder. He panted with exertion, fucking her as hard as he could. Her gasps turned into moans.

The mashing of their pubic bones rubbed her aroused clit and sent pulses of tingles all through her body. She moaned and gasped for breath in between moans. She couldn't seem to catch her breath.

Over and over he rammed her. The sloshing sounds that filled the room were dirty and suggestive. He was going for a second cum. Not unheard of to her, but with no rest she was almost impressed.

Her head was crooked against the couch, reminiscent of her entanglement with Rod on Friday. She moaned out loudly at the memory and it spurred Andy on to fuck her harder.

“You like my big cock?”

*Big? Did he really think his penis was big?* “Oh, yeah, it's nice.”

“I bet you've never had it this deep, have you?”

*Kid...*

Sweat was on his brow. He was panting and his limbs were quivering. “Oh yeah. Shit yeah. Shit, shit, shit...”

She gasped when he gripped her hair. He was looking at her, finally. His eyes feverish with effort. She tried to say, “Do you like fucking my pussy?” But it came out in shuddering gasps.

“Oh yeah. Oh yeah. It's wetter than I imagined.”

It felt good. It felt nice. His penis worked her pussy like a machine. She felt the pleasure driving up inside of her, slowly. Slower than Rod or her husband Jim. But the kid was pounding her nonstop and she could feel an orgasm approaching. She felt his small balls slap against her ass. “How old are you, Andy?”

“Oh, unh, I'm pretty old. Unh unh, I'm nineteen.” Grabbing her up, he pulled out and sat on the couch. Then he twisted her around and pulled her down onto his erection.

She was riding him, his hips thrusting his erection up into her pussy.

“Shit yeah,” he said. “Your pussy is awesome for an older woman.”

“Do you like it?” She drove her hips down onto his.

“Shit yeah, this is nice. Too bad you weren't younger.”

*Younger? What was wrong with my age?*

She felt him thrust in deep and groan. Then she felt hot spurts fill her again. She hummed happily, close to orgasm, but not there yet. Still, he had given her an energetic and satisfying fucking.

He pushed her up and off. He was panting. His penis was still erect. “One more go.”

*What? He must be kidding.*

“I coulda done more if I hadn't jacked myself this morning.”

He pushed her down on all fours and entered his wet erection into her sopping pussy from behind. She cried out in pain and pleasure. If she thought he had rammed hard before, he rammed even harder this time. He pulled viciously on her hips. She would bruise from his grip. Then he slapped her ass. It hurt. His balls, hanging looser now, slapped against her clit.

*Ah, there you go.* She let her head hang as her moans turned to low wails. Andy's erection was pounding her pussy into submission. What was Jim doing? What was Rod doing? Would her husband understand what was happening? Would he get over being mad that she had done this without his approval? Maybe she shouldn't tell him she had been fucked repeatedly by a young kid? Maybe it was better if she told him nothing.

The penis pounding her felt so good that she began to feel dizzy, tense, and pleased. It was coming.

“Fuck me, Andy. Fuck me hard.” Her cries were almost whimpers.

“Oh yeah, you love my cock.” He slapped her ass again, hard.

She moaned in pain and frustration. The slaps seemed to cause the orgasm to recede a little. Her pussy began to feel numb, abused, and worked over. *I can't tell my husband a young cock fucked me full of cum. Was the room spinning?*

His hips slammed into hers from behind, his penis spearing into her over and over. The slaps of their flesh echoed with her cries and his grunts.

She mumbled something, but she didn't know what. Her orgasm blocked out all sense – except for the thrusting penis in her quivering pussy. Then she heard a breathless voice and realized it was hers. “Yes, fuck my pussy. Fuck me with your young cock. Fill me up.”

“Fuck yeah,” he said. “Shit.” He was grunting with each thrust. It was almost bestial.

She cried out, wailing loud in relief as her orgasm tipped her over and sent her tumbling like a tumbleweed in the wind.

His hand gripped her hair and yanked back hard. Her neck and head bent up as he slammed his erection as far into her as he could manage. She gasped, her pussy convulsing, milking his erection.

Hot spurts splashed into her again.

*Three times, wow.*

He collapsed on her, pushing her down to lay face down on the carpet. His penis was still in her, sending spurts out here and there.

Her pussy had been thoroughly fucked and abused.  
It felt so very good.

“I think maybe not tonight,” she said to Jim. She didn't want him to see the bruises. “It was a rough day.” And one she would not repeat.

Little did she know, events were going to bring them together again.



## Chapter 13

Carlene entered the super's trailer. The hum of the window air conditioning reminded her of Andy's apartment from yesterday.

She was sore and felt used. But she wasn't going to miss seeing Rod.

"Hey, sweets." His voice thrummed along her nerves and even tingled her hair follicles.

She looked up into those smoky eyes. *What a sexy man.*

"Back for more, eh?" The twinkle in his eye was playful.

She reached out and stroked the bulge in his jeans. "I need you to fuck me."

His smile broadened.

"I want your cum in me when I go home to my husband."

"Oh, yeah." He was suddenly stripping out of his clothes.

Was she doing it right? She wasn't sure.

He reached up her skirt. She hadn't worn panties. His moan as his fingers found her wetness sent shivers down her spine. She wanted to melt into him. When he maneuvered her to the couch, she spread her legs for his impressive erection.

"Do you want me to slide my cock into your married pussy?"

"No," she said.

He stopped and cocked his head at her.

"No, I want you to fuck my married pussy. I want you to fuck me deep and hard--"

He slid it in with a desperation that caused him to shake as with a fever.

"Yes, fuck me, Rod. Fuck me and send me home to my husband."

His thrusts became hard. The couch was already sliding and scraping against the wall.

She was sore, but it felt good and it felt even better knowing she had the power in her words to turn him on even more. "Is it okay that I'm married?"

He groaned and pumped deeper.

"Yes, fuck me. Fuck me deep. I want your seed deep in my womb."

He tensed and growled out. He shoved and pushed, his erection sliding deeper. It swelled and she felt the hot spurts in her. Hot, wet, and juicy. Then he was chuckling, shaking his head. He pulled out.

"That was too fast," she said. "I want more."

He nodded, his grin his answer.

She sat next to him, toying with him. He had a beautiful penis and Jim liked her playing with it. "My husband likes you doing me."

His penis twitched and began to harden.

She climbed over him and straddled him. She used her left hand with the wedding ring to stroke him. She made sure he had a good view of it. She even spread her fingers over the head, running the band along his helmet. In seconds, he was throbbing and ready to go. She lifted and placed his erection at her entrance. Then she sat down on him, his shaft filling her completely.

"Ah, yeah. Your pussy is fantastic."

She rode slowly up and then back down. She sighed in relief. "This is so wonderful."

"You like my cock in your pussy?"

She giggled and gasped, trying to laugh and trying to breathe. "Oh yes. I want more."

He grunted and thrust up into her. "Your pussy needs my cock?"

*Yes. It does.* But she didn't answer. She was afraid to answer.

"And your husband likes you riding my cock?"

She gasped and thrust her hips frantically on him, sudden waves of orgasm rolling towards her. "Yes, he does."

"I'll do my best to keep you satisfied." He thrust up harder.

"I wore a wedding dress for Jim, but I want your cock in me."

He groaned louder, pulling down on her hips.

"I want your cum in me, too."

The couch was squeaking as his thrusts grew forceful and fast.

"I want your cum deep in my womb."

His eyes opened wide and he lifted her, rising off the couch. He removed her from his shaft and got her down on all fours. He plunged back into her from behind. She was so wet with juices that he slid all the way in. Their crotches ground together, circling.

“Fuck me deep; give me as much seed as deep as you can.” She was grunting.

He was grunting louder.

He grabbed her shoulders and shoved his shaft as deep as it would go and held it there.

It felt delicious.

Then she felt the hot spurts of his seed far inside her.

Carlene settled into the chair with care. She was sore.

“You okay, honey?” Jim peeked out of the kitchen.

She chuckled. “Oh, very okay.”

He echoed her chuckle. “Tell me about it later, huh? Dinner is almost up.”

“Of course.”

His head disappeared and she tried to find a good position and angle on the seat. She wondered if Rod was feeling the same way. What was he doing now? She knew his address from the files. Maybe she should surprise him on the weekend.

Jim sat after placing dinner. “You look wore out.” The sparkle in his eye said he suggested sexually.

“Mmm, yes.” She blew out a breath. “You were right about his marriage-thing.”

“Oh?”

“I drove him nuts with it. He filled my pussy twice.”

A big smile spread across his features. “Wow.”

She was already looking forward to going back tomorrow. “Eric wants to know if you're coming to the Halloween bash--”

“Normally I'd say no. But maybe if I did go, it might put off Rod. Even though I was there his first time with you.” He tapped a finger on his glass.

She wondered what a party would be like with Rod all to herself.

“I think I'll stay home. Maybe you can invite him back here afterward?”

She shrugged. But she felt better. She didn't want to hurt his feelings if she was hanging all over her sexy lover all night.

Later in bed, she told him about her visit to his trailer. He was hard in an instant, kissing her ear and stroking her pussy with his fingers.

Sore as she was, he was gentle and it felt good.

“Both times I told him I wanted his seed deep, he came.”

“Did it feel good?”

“Well, yes.” She giggled.

“Did it feel good when he came in you?”

“Yes, very hot.”

“Do you like him cumming in you?”

*I love it.* “Yes, very much.”

Jim groaned and shifted around on the bed. His head attacked her pussy and she gasped as his tongue found her clit.

*Wait, Jim. There might still be some of our cum in there.* The room started spinning, tensing.

His tongue ran up and down her used hole and circled her engorged clit.

*And there might be some cum in there from yesterday when the kid you don't know about gave me three loads.* But his wet kisses on her pussy and his frantic tongue on her clit had her losing consciousness. A buzzing filled her ears and a tingling vibration shook her nerves. *Oh crap, this is going to be a screamer.*

She gripped his head and pulled, trying to hang on as she screamed out in relief.

\* \* \*

Carlene sat on the couch toying with Rod's spent penis. She had another two loads in her.

*Will I ever recover?*

She wiggled his limpness. “I was thinking maybe I could come over on a weekend or something, spend more time. You know.”

“Not a good idea, sweets. I'm just sharing a room with a family. Once this job is done I'll head back East again.”

She deflated.

“Ah, don't be sad. I didn't need an apartment or anything to myself.”

“Oh, not that. You going back East is sad.”

He shrugged but also nodded. “Yeah, I'll miss you, too. But maybe I'll get called back out here from time to time.”

*I wanted more than that.* Would he really miss her? How would she manage without being able to get a good dose of his penis? The job was at least three months from being done and she already felt loss. She needed him; she didn't want him to go. "What if I transferred?"

"You'd follow me back East?"

*You bet your sexiness I would.* "Maybe. Would you want me?"

"Would I want you to? Yes, I suppose that would be ideal."

That wasn't what she had asked. She had asked if he had wanted her, not if he wanted her to transfer. She remained silent.

"Would Jim come with you?" His voice sounded odd.

What would he want to hear? If she said no, would that ruin his marriage-thing? If she said yes, would that ruin any romance? "Well, he's pensioned."

"So he can pick up and go--"

"Wherever and whenever."

Rod nodded, appearing satisfied.

She wondered if she was just a fetish for him. Or did he feel about her like she felt about him? She wanted more. "Did you get the invite to the Halloween bash?"

"I did. Will you be there?" His eyes smoked.

"I will. What about you?"

"Sure thing, sweets."

"Got any requests for a costume?" She smiled at him.

"How about a wedding outfit?"

*How did I know that was coming?* "Sounds kinky."

"Short little white dress, stockings, garters, small veil." His penis started to harden.

"Oh goodness." She blushed. But her hand started stroking him. "You really want me to?"

"Yes. Maybe you can wear something like that here sometime."

"I'm not going to wear a wedding dress to work."

"Maybe you can have it on under a coat or something. Or bring it and change."

That sounded very dirty. She resolved to find something even if they were still two months from the bash. "So you want to fuck me in a wedding dress?"

He growled in lust and pushed her back down onto the couch. "Yes."

“You want to fuck Jim's bride?”

His thrust caught her by surprise and she gasped at the sudden invasion. Her pussy was filled with Rod's throbbing penis. His thrusts were deep and frantic.

She grabbed onto his butt and pulled. She loved the feel of his muscles working in his butt cheeks as he drove his erection into her pussy. She closed her eyes and drifted, panting, gasping.

“Get something to wear and bring it here.”

“Okay. Are you going to plant your seed in me a third time?”

He grunted, thrusting.

“Plant it. Plant your seed deep. Plant your seed in my womb.”

He cried out, shaking, spurts of his cum squirting into her.

She squeezed the muscles in her pussy and milked his spurting erection, drawing his sperm deep into her.

Carlene said, “Ouch.”

“Sorry, honey.” Jim looked sad. He pulled his fingers away.

“No, I'm sorry. I'm just so sore.” Eight loads in three days, and four of her own orgasms. She was wore out. “Lemme take care of things.”

He laid back as she applied a little oil. “Three loads today, eh?”

She rolled her eyes and blushed. “Yes. The married talk gets him going.” Her hand stroked his erection.

“That's awesome. I'm glad we found someone like that.”

“He even wants me to get a wedding costume for the Halloween bash.”

Jim chuckled. “I like this guy.”

She slapped his arm. “He even wants me to wear it to his trailer.”

“Sounds like fun.”

She slapped his arm again.

“What?” He looked indignant. “What's wrong with making him all hot for you? If he likes all the marriage stuff, feed it to him.”

*Why does he have to make sense?* “I guess so.”

“You seem a little glum.”

She kept stroking. “He said when the job was done he was going back East.”

“Ah. Shame.”

*Insensitive jerk.*

“Maybe we could transfer out there.”

“Oh? He means enough to you to pick up and move?”

Yes. “I don't know. He's nice and maybe a change of scenery would be good.”

He raised an eyebrow.

He knew her too well.

“Fine,” she said. “Yes, I want him fucking me and I would miss it.”

His shaft swelled and twitched. “Yeah?”

She stroked his shaft with slow fucking motions. “Yes. And I want him fucking me in a wedding costume.”

He groaned, his hips humping with the stroke of her hand. She marveled that such words could mean so much.

She knew him, too, and raised an eyebrow. *A new facet to my onion of a husband? He also has a marriage-thing?* “I want him to fuck me and fill me with his load while I wear a wedding dress meant for you.”

She smiled in satisfaction as his sperm shot into the air.

What she didn't know was that the wedding costume was going to bring her intense anguish and suffering.



## CHAPTER 14

“How does this look?” Carlene said. She was hooking the garters just beneath the lace hem of the wedding costume. It wasn't really a wedding gown, but a Halloween costume designed to appear as a sexy bride. It was a short single piece zip-up with lace at the neck and short hem. White lace gloves, a short veil, and garters finished the set she bought. She had spent a little more buying some better stockings. The ones with the costume were cheap. She went and bought nicer lace.

The bash was three weeks away.

“Fantastic.” Jim was stroking himself.

“You're impossible.”

“What? I like it.” He waved his erection in her direction.

She strolled over to him, swaying what hips she had. She gripped him and slowly squeezed, then slid her hand along the shaft. “This outfit is for Rod, dear. He's going to fuck me brainless in it.”

Jim moaned.

She knew what he liked now. She knew what he wanted. Two months of constant sex with Rod had shown her some very interesting sides of her husband. And about herself.

He liked her bossy, but not dominating. He wanted her dirty, but sweet. He wanted her trashy, but choosy. And he wanted her pussy filled with other men's cum. But not just any man – only ones who he approved. He had told her one day that if he cut her off from what they were doing, he expected her to understand and agree.

While seemingly submissive, he was actually dominant in what he wanted. But he let her take the reins and play the part.

She stroked slower. "Don't worry, though. I'll come home and let you see his cum dripping out of me." She knew it would be enough, and it was. She angled his erection to the side as it pulsed and shot his sperm out.

He was grinning.

She chuckled. "You men."

He winked.

"Okay, help me out of this. I'll take it tomorrow to work and wear it for Rod."

"My pleasure."

His fingers were warm and gentle on her skin.

What would Rod think? She figured he would like it. But what would he think of her? She wanted to impress him. She wanted him to be overcome with her. She wanted him to want her, and not just for sex. She thought of him constantly.

Over the last few weeks, she had slowly shifted her sexual routine so that on days she did Rod, she only handled her husband. She claimed to be too sore. She still enjoyed sex with her husband, but she looked forward to being with Rod. She had told Jim a few times that she wanted to save sex for Rod the next day; that she didn't want to be wore out and sore.

When he had raised an eyebrow at her, she had said she might have to cut back on Rod if she wasn't allowed to recuperate. He had backed off and left her alone then.

But she really looked forward to Rod being on her, in her, and filling her. She relished the feel of his muscles and his sexy eyes. She wanted his penis. She wanted him. He hadn't told her he loved her; not yet, anyway.

*But he will.*

\* \* \*

"Okay," she said. "You can turn around."

Rod turned and his eyes blazed with hunger.

*Wow, what a sexy look.*

"You like?" She spun once.

"Oh, yeah." He started shrugging out of his clothes.

She lifted the hem of her dress and showed him her trimmed bush. "No panties."

He growled.

It sent shivers down her spine. Her own lust awakened, flooding her with heat and moisture. She stepped to him and gripped his penis. "My husband wants you to fuck me in my wedding dress."

He growled louder and turned her, bending her over the desk. Her dress was pulled up and his warm shaft entered her roughly.

She bit back a whimper as he set up a hard pace. "Yes, violate my pussy."

Gripping her shoulders, he pulled with each thrust.

She moaned loud with each deep thrust. She enjoyed this, but she wanted to see him, to see him above her. To touch his face.

"Your husband wants me to fill your pussy?"

"Yes. Every day. He wants your cum dripping out of me."

Their gasps and moans took over talking. He thrust deep and hard, as was his style. Her pussy opened for him, accepting him, taking him as deep as he could go. They worked together in lust, comfortable with each other, knowing what the other wanted.

She grunted and moaned. The desk was skidding along the floor with the force of his thrusts. "Yes, fuck me deep. Shoot your whole load in me. Impregnate me."

He roared out and pushed hard against her. His penis slid in just so much more and she felt the satisfying spurts of his seed deep inside. He grunted, thrusting against her with each squirt. Then he collapsed over her, panting, his seed seeping out of her.

He got off and stood.

She reached over and picked up her cell phone. Motioning him, she took a picture of her cum-filled pussy with his penis at the entrance. Jim would want to see it later.

"I'll be wearing this at the bash."

"I'm looking forward to it." His grin was devious.

"Jim offered you could come back with me to our house afterward."

He nodded.

She draped her arms around his neck. "I want to spend more time with you."

He pulled his head back slightly, as if to see her. But she knew. He didn't kiss. It wasn't something he did. He had never kissed her.

\* \* \*

Carlene peeked out the window.

“Nothing?” Jim said.

“Nope, nothing.”

It was the second weekend without a show. The weather was cooler – an unusual cold snap covering the nation.

“What happened to global warming?” she said.

Jim snorted. “Scientists long before the nineties knew we were entering another ice age.”

She didn't answer.

“And they were right.” He thumped back down the stairs.

She fingered the lace of the curtain. What was Rod doing? Was he thinking of her? Was he excited about next Friday and the Halloween bash? Was he going to come home with her and spend the weekend? She had prepped Jim about the eventuality. Her husband would sleep up here in the guest bedroom while she and Rod took the master bedroom.

Her pussy tingled and thrummed with pleasure at the thought of a whole weekend making love to Rod.

She did not see the tragedy that approached.



## CHAPTER 15

“Are you sure I look okay?” She smoothed down her wedding costume.

“Carlene, my love, you look wonderful.” Jim arranged her little veil.

“My dress isn't too short?”

He rolled his eyes.

*Insensitive jerk. Couldn't he tell I was nervous?*

He sighed and rubbed her shoulders. “There's no need to be nervous.”

*Jerk, how dare you read my mind.*

“Have fun and bring your toy home.”

*He's not a toy. He's Rod and I care deeply about him.*

“I could come if you want,” he said.

That was new. “You can't. The invitations had to be confirmed two weeks ago.” It was the truth.

He pursed his lips and nodded. “Just try to relax and have fun. It's just a stupid party.”

She knew he hated corporate parties. The Halloween bash brought together BRC employees and the contractors in a booze-filled extravaganza of low lights, costumes and music too loud to facilitate chatter. She figured it was BRC's message saying, “Hey, come celebrate with us, but we really don't want to hear you.” She had no doubt about it.

“One?” he said.

She nodded. “It shuts down at one. Lights go out and they shoo you out like you're vermin in a pantry.”

“Okay, I'll see you sometime before two then.”

She knew he wasn't pressing. He was so sweet.

But she would be ready at any time to leave the party and go with Rod wherever - his home, a motel, someplace out of state; she didn't care. *I might not be back tonight at all. I want him to have my pussy. I want him to have me.*

She pecked him on the cheek.

The lights were moving and colored. The music was loud. Too loud. People shouted to be heard.

“Coat?” the young door attendant shouted.

She handed him her coat and purse – all valuables and money removed, of course.

Her name tag was handed to her and she pinned it to her wedding costume. Around her were several people in various states of costume – some demure and some absolutely scandalous. She immediately felt better.

She wandered into the hall and noise.

All about her were hundreds of party-goers somehow connected to the BRC Construction Corp. She recognized none of them.

*It's the party of my company and I'm a stranger here.*

Costumes and faces danced around her, mingled, and shouted to be heard. Faces leaned into ears.

Why couldn't they turn down the music just a little?

She waved to one of the guys from her office.

A hand gripped her arm and she turned, expecting Rod there. It was Eric, dressed as a pirate. The look on her face must have told him he wasn't welcome to touch her.

“I'm going to have you, tonight,” he said. He had to talk loud and near her ear.

“No, you're not.”

“Your little ass is going to buck on my--”

“No it is not. Where's Rod?”

“Rod? At home.”

“What?”

“Home.”

“He said he was coming.” She jerked her arm out of his grip.

“He never comes to these things; he hates them.”

“He told me he was coming.”

“And you believed him?” He leaned back and laughed, though she didn't hear it too well.

“He promised.”

He shook his head. “I see you're wearing his favorite costume.”

She blushed. “He'll come.”

“No, he won't. Tonight you're wearing that for me.”

“No, I'm not.”

He gripped her arm again. “I'm going to stretch your little asshole open and make you scream. You'll love it.”

She tried to jerk her arm out of his grip, but his fingers were a vice. “Let go, Eric.”

“Is there some kind of problem here?” Some man in a ridiculous pink triangular wig and overalls was leaning between them.

“Shove off, asshole,” Eric said.

“Let go!” Her shout attracted some attention.

Wig stepped closer to Eric and said, “Do you want me to break your fingers taking them off of her or are you going to let her go?”

Her boss suddenly released her, his fingers splayed as if to show he wasn't touching her any more. He scowled at Wig and wandered into the crowd.

“Are you okay, Carlene?”

“What?” She didn't recognize Wig. *This isn't Rod.*

“Why don't you come sit down and I'll get you a drink. You're shaking.”

She looked at his name tag. It said “RRT Sheetmetal.” One of the contractors, then. Had she met him before? “Okay.”

He led her to a couch unused at the moment. “What are you doing here, anyway?” he said.

“What do you mean? I work for BRC.”

“You do? Really? Huh. What do you drink?”

“Rum, thanks.”

“I'll be right back.”

She looked around as Wig headed to the bar. She couldn't see anyone Rod's height who might be him.

Then Eric was filling her vision.

“Go away.”

“Why not just come with me and get it over with?”

“I'm not going anywhere with you. I'm waiting for Rod.”

“I told you, Rod doesn't come to these things. He was stringing you along.”

“I don't believe you.” But tears threatened her eyes.

“My cock wants to pop your asshole.”

“Go pop some guy's asshole, asshole.”

“What?” He leaned down and gripped her arm.

It hurt. Was he drunk?

“You're not getting anything from me.”

“I'm getting your ass.”

“Go find a guy then. I'm not into it.”

His sneer turned angry. “Don't make me drag you out of here--”

Her slap caused looks.

Eric straightened abruptly and his hand raised to deliver a backhand.

“Do it and I will make sure your arm is broken and permanently maimed.” Wig was there.

Eric froze and looked around. People were looking. He brought his hand down and straightened his costume. He gave her a look that promised he wasn't done with her, but he left.

Wig handed her the rum. She gulped and tried to stop shaking.

“Aw, Carlene.” He sat next to her. “Where's your husband. Jim, wasn't it?”

How did he know her husband? “He's at home. Do I know you?”

“Yeah, oh.” He looked up at his wig. He removed the silly glasses and the pink wig.

It was Russel, her next-door neighbor. “Russel?”

He laughed and nodded.

“I didn't recognize you under all that hair. What are you supposed to be, anyway? A punk-nerd-farmer?”

He laughed harder and shrugged. “Hell if I know. I just throw stuff on and come get free drinks.”

She looked again at his nametag. “RRT Sheetmetal, oh. Oh. You're RRT Sheetmetal? You?”

“Yeah, why so surprised?”

“I see your bids across my desk all the time, but Oceanview always outbids you.”

“You see the bids?” He raised his eyebrows.

“See them? I select them.”

“Well, I wouldn't mind more than a couple contracts a year--”

“Oh, don't worry, you'll win the next bids I come across. Consider it done.”

“I take it asshole isn't someone you can just brush off?”

“He's my boss.”

Russel whistled. Then he took a drink.

“I was going to meet someone here; do you mind if I sit with you until he comes?”

“He? Not Jim?” His eyebrows climbed his forehead.

She blushed. “Well, he's just a friend and Jim knew he would be escorting me tonight. He hates these things.”

He nodded.

*Whew.*

“Sure, I'll sit here with you. I was just here for the drinks anyway.”

“Just drinks?”

“Well, and to pass out and be a nuisance.”

She giggled. “Where's Alicia?”

He rolled his eyes. “Dancing.” He waved a hand off towards the dancefloor.

“You don't dance?”

“Bah, not like she does. All that twerking business isn't for me.”

“Twerking?”

“Yeah, you know, where the woman backs up and bounces her ass up and down some guy's crotch.”

“You let her do that?”

“I don't think I could stop her. But we're not all that serious.”

*Serious enough to masturbate in the backyard...* But she couldn't tell him that.

“She seems young.”

His look was as wry as his tone. “Thanks.”

She laughed. “I'm sorry. I didn't mean you were old.”

“Oh, yeah, I know. She's rather young for me. It won't last. We just sort of fell in together after the accident.”

“Accident?”

“Yeah, that's how we met. Little fender-bender. Nothing much. But I was nice to her and she was coming off a bad relationship.”

“Uh oh, you're a--”

“Rebound, yes. I've treated her very well, but I know our days are numbered.”

“Oh, I'm so sorry.”

He snorted and took a drink. “Balls, what for? We're not serious about each other and never have been. It's just been sort of sex, you know?”

She blushed, remembering blowjobs and him stroking his fat shaft. She shook her head to clear that memory. She looked around, still, trying to find Rod.

He pointed at her empty glass. “Want me to freshen that up?”

“Please, and thank you for stepping in with my boss.”

“Aw, no worries, luv. I'll be right back.”

She saw Eric watching. She gave him a scowl.

People moved around her and someone tried to take Russel's spot. She put her hand down and shook her head.

Still no Rod. Was Eric right? Eric might lie to her, but would Rod? And why? Did he really think he needed to lie to her to avoid the bash? All he had to do was say so. Surely something must have come up and Eric was trying to take advantage. It was Friday night; she would have to wait til Monday to find out.

She would go Sunday and replace her stockings.

“Here you are.” Russel handed her a glass filled to the brim with rum.

“Wow.”

“Had to bribe the bartender.”

“Yeah, usually they serve watered down pittances. Thanks.”

“Oh, no problem.”

“You don't want to be out there mingling and dancing?”

“Bah, no. Like I said, I came for the drinks. Besides, here I am drinking and with a fine lady.”

She giggled. *Fine lady? If he only knew.* But then her laughter died in her. *If he only knew what a whore I'd been.*

She quickly sipped her rum. Where had that thought come from? She hadn't taken money for sex. She had even only had sex with men approved by her husband. But had she been a whore for Rod? Doing anything to have him? What if Eric was right and Rod had lied to her? What if Rod had no feelings for her beyond ramming his erection into her? Was she just fulfilling his fantasy? Isn't that what whores did? But she was also fulfilling her husband's fantasy. That didn't make one a whore.

Tears threatened again. Had she used sex to lure Rod? Lure him where? She already had a husband. An ache for Rod's penis developed in her pussy and she squirmed. She still did not see him.

She saw Eric out there, watching.

“He's not likely to back off, eh?” Russel said.

She sighed, though he couldn't hear it. “No.”

“Well then, I'll just sit here and cock-block him.”

“Huh?”

“Cock-block, you know, stop him--”

“Oh. Yes.” She covered her mouth. Had Russel heard Eric demanding anal? She didn't think so.

Russel leaned over. “So there's this worker on the third floor of a project.”

She raised an eyebrow at him.

“And he needs a handsaw. Closest one is a floor below him near another worker. So he decides to use sign language to the second floor worker.”

She sipped her rum and looked at him. *At least he put that silly wig back on.*

“He points to his eye, then his knee and makes a sawing motion with his hand. I need a handsaw. See?”

She nodded.

“The other worker on the second floor nods and then drops his pants. He starts masturbating.”

*Like you do?*

“So the worker runs down waving his arms. 'What are you doing? I signed that I needed a handsaw.' The other worker says, 'I know, I was trying to show you I was coming.'”

She had been taking a sip. She gagged as she snorted with a swallow of rum. Then she began coughing.

“Uh oh,” he said. “Never tell a joke to someone drinking.”

She started laughing, punctuated by coughs. Finally she giggled, too much rum in too short a time. But Russel was being nice to her and saving her from the anal ravages of Mister Ass-Pirate.

Still looking for Rod, she drank faster. But the more she drank, the less she looked.

Russel's jokes kept her company until Alicia drove them both home.



## CHAPTER 16

Carlene woke to a splitting headache Saturday morning. “Uhhnnn...”

“Want a rum?” Jim said.

Her stomach heaved at the thought and she gagged.

His chuckle, rude as it was, wasn't intended to be mean.

She rubbed her temple. “I guess I drank too much last night.”

“Anything I can get you other than water?”

“No, that would be great.”

He returned a moment later and handed her a glass. He sat on the bed next to her. “Alicia carried you in last night. What happened to Rod?”

She felt the pang of disappointment. “I don't know. Called away, maybe.”

“Huh.”

“Yeah, who knows.”

“What happened? You usually don't drink so much.”

“Eric was bothering me for anal.”

His brows drew down. “I think he and I will be having a little talk.”

*That would be wonderful, dear. Please do so as soon as possible.* “Don't lose me my job.”

“So you held him off, eh?”

“No, Russel did.”

“Russel, really? I'll have to thank him.”

“He was nice. Told me jokes all night.”

“Did he give you a show?”

She tried to slap his arm.

\* \* \*

Sunday she felt quite a bit better. She was anticipating tomorrow and the phone call to Rod that would explain the missed date on Friday night.

*It will all be cleared up.*

She had hoped to spend the whole weekend with his penis buried in her pussy, but she would have to settle for more trailer sex on Tuesday.

She pulled into the parking lot at the department store. She needed new lace stockings and some kitchen towels.

Jim had thanked Russel the previous day while she moaned in bed from the hangover. Then he had hopped in Alicia's car and they had fetched hers left at the bash.

*Had Alicia pulled over somewhere and given Jim a handjob? A blowjob? The slut.*

A wind blew the mugginess around a little and promised a humid rain later. The interior of the store was cool and well-lit. She went straight to the lingerie section and spent time picking out more stockings. All the while, she thought of Rod and how many meetings with him she could cram in this coming week.

Walking towards the register, she realized she had forgotten the kitchen towels. Making her way to that section, she was pleased to see a pregnant woman waddling heavily by the bath towels. She was small, like Carlene, but about ready to burst, it looked like.

The woman saw her and they shared a smile.

She recalled how she had carried her son and the joy it brought, despite the discomfort. It always made her feel warm and happy to see another woman on her way into motherhood. Too many nowadays avoided marriage and children.

She gave a glance to the woman. She wore a wedding ring.

*Good for her.*

She turned to go and paused at the intersection of the aisles. Throwing one last, admiring glance at the pregnant woman she saw what must have been her husband approach and hug her from behind.

She froze.

When his head pulled back from kissing the woman's ear she saw it was Rod. Her Rod. He wore a wedding ring on his tanned hand.

Her stomach heaved. A clammy chill fell from her head down to her feet. Her armpits heated and moistened.

*I'm going to be sick.*

She ran before he could turn his head and see her.

Clutching her stockings and towels to her chest, she hurried to the front. Tears bubbled out of her eyes. She began blubbering.

*I can't stand in line and pay for these. I have to get out of here.*

She dropped the things onto a display and broke into a run. The faster she ran, the faster her tears ran down her cheeks. Her nose was running.

People were looking.

She burst out of the doors past others coming in. She ran out in front of a honking car and darted up her parking aisle.

Suddenly hands were grabbing her.

“Carlene?”

*Rod?* She wanted to scream. She drew breath. Panic flooded her. She reared back to launch her best slap of rage.

Through her tears she saw not Rod. She almost collapsed with relief. The tears flowed faster.

It was Russel and Alicia.

She draped against him and wept.

He smoothed her hair and held her.

Carlene laid against her husband.

Jim held her, stroking her hair.

*Like Russel did earlier.*

“Are you sure you don't want to talk about it?” he said.

“I will; I just need to think for a while.”

She felt him nod.

“Give me a few days.”

“Days?”

“Yes.”

\* \* \*

Carlene really hated Mondays.

She needed a vacation. Time away from work. Time away from Eric. Time away from Rod.

How had she come to this point? When had she been swept away? She felt as if her life had eroded around her and there was little left to stand on.

What did she know? She knew Eric was married and a lecher. She had no interest in him, fun though it might have been for a few visits. She knew now Rod was married. No wonder he claimed he had no phone number. No wonder he never came over on the weekends. No wonder he didn't show up at the bash. No wonder he had never kissed her. But he had kissed his wife in the department store.

He loved his wife and he was lying to Carlene.

She didn't like being lied to. She didn't want it. No matter how good a penis felt. She didn't want to be treated that way.

"Eric's office." She answered the phone.

"Hey." Revolting voice.

*Great. What do I say? Cuss him out? Tell him off? Hang up?* "Hi."

"Got your wedding outfit with you?"

It was his way of inviting her for a lunch-screw.

She sighed. "No. Kinda busy today."

"Okay, sweets. Tomorrow then."

*Yeah right. Not happening.* But her body shook. Whether it shook in anger or fear or lustful memory, she wasn't sure. What she did know was that Rod had seen the last of her.

\* \* \*

"Two?" the hostess said.

Jim nodded.

Carlene let him guide her to the table. They didn't often go out to restaurants. But he had wanted steak and steak sounded good. This was to be their opportunity to talk.

"Your waiter will be with you shortly," the young blonde said. She handed them menus.

She knew what she wanted.

"You know what you want, right?" He grinned.

She nodded. She always got a ribeye when they went out. "I've been thinking a lot over the last couple of days."

"I can tell." He was reading the menu, not looking at her. But he was listening intently. She knew him.

“Eric was fun for a time or two. But he didn't treat me like you do.”

He looked up over the menu. “So you noticed.”

“Like I wouldn't?”

“I didn't want to spoil your fun if you were having it.”

Too thoughtful. He should have said something. “I always listen to you.”

He grunted. “And with Rod?”

He knew her too well. Just too damned well. She fought an urge to throw her napkin in his face just to be unpredictable. No, with Rod, she would not have listened. “That's the problem. I think I expected too much out of him. That's not going to happen again.”

“Rod completely or just your expectations?” He went back to reading the menu list.

“Completely.”

His eyebrows rose, but he didn't look at her.

“He's married, I found out. Wife looking about three seconds from giving birth to quintuplets. I don't want to be used and lied to.”

“I don't want that either.”

“So you're not mad?”

“Hell no. I could tell you were getting carried away with him.”

“Why didn't you say anything?”

“Because you needed to see it for yourself.”

“Well, no more games for me. Like I said, I don't want to be used and lied to.”

“If Rod hadn't played games with you?”

“Well, I guess then we might still be doing things. But it would be different.”

“Oh? How?”

“I don't want to be without you anymore. This was all a part of your desire, too.”

He grunted.

“I love you, Jim. That must always be my very first priority.”

He nodded.

“If you can't be there then all this ends. Well, it's ended anyway.”

“Good evening, I'm Andy your waiter for tonight. Oh, hello, Carlene.”

She looked up into the eyes of the nineteen year old grocery stocker.  
“Andy?”

Jim looked up, then went back to his menu.

She gave Andy a meaningful look, glanced at Jim, then shook her head.

Andy gave a short nod. "Yeah, I moonlight as a waiter for some extra cash. You know."

Jim looked up. "You two know each other?"

She slid her menu towards Andy. "He works at the grocery store."

Her husband smiled at her.

They gave their orders and Andy left.

"First name basis, huh?" Jim winked at her.

She blushed, deep. "Well, uh, he wears a nametag and he's seen my name on the register screen."

"How nice of him to know it and remember."

"Oh, well, I suppose." *His penis hammered me like a machine and blew three loads into me that you might have tasted one night. Other than that, yes, he's nice.*

"He must be nice if you're blushing."

She giggled, very nervous. She didn't know what to say and her blush deepened.

"I bet someone like him wouldn't play games with you."

She grew hot with embarrassment.

Jim chuckled.

Dinner was good and Andy was polite.

Paying the bill, Jim said, "I'm going to use the restroom. You want to wait here or the waiting lounge?"

"I'll wait in the lounge." She got up with him and they headed towards the front. He veered to the restrooms and she went into the lounge.

A few other couples were there, waiting now that the hour was getting later. She perched on a stool and waited.

A man started to wander over to her and she made a show of fixing her hair, her wedding ring prominently displayed. *Just go away.*

Jim came in, grinning. "Okay, let's go."

"What are you grinning about?"

"Let's just go home, okay? I have a surprise for you."

*Uh oh. What was he up to?*

Jim answered the knock on their door.

She heard it shut.

“Jim? Who was it?”

There was no answer.

Curious, she got out of bed. She plodded out in her t-shirt.

Two men were grinning at her in the living room.

She squeaked.

But they weren't both men. Jim stood there next to Andy and both were smiling at her – Jim with a devious twist and Andy with a lusting one.

“What?” She didn't know what to say.

“I asked him if he wanted to party a little with you. He liked the idea.”

*Uhhh...*

Her husband winked. “Andy is going to make sure you have a little fun after such an awful week.”

*Well crap. It's not like he hadn't already.* “Okay.” Her voice was small, timid.

Jim approached her and hugged her. His kiss on her lips was gentle. “Relax and have fun. Forget about the others.”

“Are you sure?”

He blinked. “Me? Sure. Are you okay?”

She nodded.

He stepped back.

Andy was already stripping. His penis was already hard.

Jim nodded at her.

She stepped forward and up to the nineteen year old boy.

Andy gave her a smile.

She reached out and gripped his erection. He closed his eyes. She moved her hand on it, stroking, feeling its hardness, its warmth and its pulsing beat.

“Ah, yeah, Carlene.”

He grabbed her and pushed her down on her knees.

She saw her husband pull off his pants and sit in the chair.

Andy guided her head to his penis.

Adjusting her grip, she stroked him and slid her lips over his erection.

Jim sighed happily.

She sucked on Andy's penis and stroked the shaft.

His head was back, his eyes closed. His hand pulled on her head.

Jim was in the chair beginning to play with himself. His penis was standing up.

After a moment of oral play, Andy lifted her and pushed her down onto the couch. He got between her legs and rammed his erection into her.

She moaned out in discomfort and relief. Her pussy was a mix of lust and nerves.

Andy rammed his young hips into hers, driving his pulsing erection into her. Once again, he pumped like a machine. His eyes were closed, his mouth open and a look of concentration on his face.

She watched his small butt rise and fall between her legs. Finally, she relaxed and closed her eyes. She felt the pleasure of the act and moved her hips in counterpoint to the young man's thrusts.

Jim moaned happily.

She opened her eyes and looked over at him. He was stroking a very erect penis. His hand smoothly slid up and down his bulging shaft. She realized how much she had missed seeing that – how much she had missed seeing his pleasure when another man's cock was sliding into her pussy.

She moaned in lust.

Jim moaned right after.

Andy panted. “Shit yeah.”

The slaps of his hips against hers filled the living room. Then he was groaning and squirting hot seed into her.

She gasped in excitement and no sooner than he was done thrusting the last squirt into her, he was pulling her up. He moved her to the floor and made her get on all fours. Then he rammed himself into her from behind.

“Yeah, fuck her good,” Jim said.

She laid her head on the floor as he hammered her from behind. The slaps of his hips against her were louder, harder.

She moaned.

Andy was panting – moving like a spring. Coiling, uncoiling, never tiring. His small balls slapped her clit and she felt the surging sensations with each thrust.

“Yes, Andy, fuck me.” She murmured into the carpet. “Fill me up.”

Jim's hand was a blur on his shaft. The sight drove her close to orgasm.

Andy pushed hard and it drove her face along the carpet. He grunted and was squirting more seed into her hot pussy.

He pulled out, laid her over on her side and got behind her.

Jim moved over to the couch, just a few feet away.

Andy entered her pussy again from behind.

She lifted her leg and placed her foot flat on the ground to open up and accommodate him. She knew this would also give her husband a great view of her pussy getting fucked by Andy's erection.

The kid was slower this time, moving with a purpose but not feverish. After she felt his penis harden fully, he pulled out and laid her on her back. He lifted her legs and placed them on his shoulders. Then he dove into her, his penis slamming in.

It felt good.

He still didn't look at her, but drove himself down into her pussy with as much effort and force as he could.

"Yeah," said Jim. "Nice."

She groaned louder, waves of orgasm approaching and receding, but coming stronger and closer.

"Shit yeah," Andy said.

She knew that meant he was close. She looked over at her husband. His eyes were half closed and he was stroking his cock while watching her fuck the young kid. She was about to take his third load and her husband loved it.

She felt the room twist and spin. She cried out, tensing, convulsing, quivering and cumming.

Andy slammed down into her harder. Everything on her shook with the impacts. His penis speared her over and over and then she felt the hot squirts inside her. Her pussy thrummed, drinking all of Andy's sperm.

"Ahhh, shit, yeah."

Jim had cum. His head was laid back on the couch, resting. His smile made her feel good.

Andy was up in a flash and dressing.

Nothing was said.

She shared a look with her husband. Jim raised an eyebrow.

At the door, a panting Andy said, "Yeah, like, I wasn't, you know, wanting to get involved with, like, old people." Then he was out the door.

She looked at Jim.

Jim looked at her.

They broke out laughing.



## CHAPTER 17

Carlene handed Eric the bids.

He had been well-behaved. Her husband had come to see him privately.

Later, Jim had told her that Eric seemed apologetic over the Halloween bash event. He had claimed he was drunk. Jim had mentioned that he had cell-phone pictures of Eric's first coupling with Carlene. Those might play well in any divorce proceedings Eric's wife might have.

Eric had gotten the message.

Still, though her work had relatively returned to normal, there was that nagging desire to change jobs.

On the plus side, she was giving to Eric now the first RRT Sheetmetal recommendation. She knew he would sign it and Russel, their neighbor, would have a nice, lucrative job for the next month or two.

On the negative side, Rod had called three more times. It had hurt the first time before she talked to her husband. It hurt less the second time. By the final call, she was bored with the idea of him. It was a relief to get off the phone and forget about his games.

He had hurt her. But she had allowed herself to be hurt. She had fallen for him even to the point of wanting to be with him and not her husband. She had never stopped loving Jim. No, not ever. But the lust and thrill of Rod had overwhelmed her sensibility. That would never happen again.

She had done nothing except be the good wife since Andy's hilarious exit. Whenever the subject came up, they both just shook their heads.

She was pleased her husband liked seeing her pleased. But if it came with games and bullshit and lies, it wasn't anywhere near worth it. If the

only person who could respect her as a woman was her husband, then all of his ideas of other men were over.

He knew that and understood.

*Which is why I love him.*

\* \* \*

Carlene answered the knock on the door.

“Hi, Carlene.” Russel's smile was bright.

“Oh, hi. You want to come in?”

“Sure, sure.”

“Hi, Russel,” Jim said. He shook the man's hand. “What brings you over here?”

She shut the door against the cold night air. December was chilly, even here.

“Ah, well, I wanted to thank your lovely wife for that contract.”

She smiled, big. “Oh, that was nothing.”

“Nonsense. This puts my crew to work and gives me a nice Christmas bonus. Thank you.”

She lowered her head, embarrassed. “You're welcome.”

She decided he didn't really look all that bad. He wasn't completely bald. It was the typical hat-wearing baldness. Hair all over except on top. Russel kept what remained of his hair close-shaved.

He sighed. “I also wanted to invite you two over for my annual Christmas party. It's nothing big. Just some family members.”

“Oh well--” Jim started to say in rejection.

Russel cocked his head. “Alicia left me and it would be wonderful to have some friends around.”

“She left you?” She was stunned.

“It had to happen. It was with some college kid who works at the grocery store on Seaview.”

She laughed.

Both men raised an eyebrow at her.

She elbowed her husband. “Andy, dear.”

Jim snorted.

She said, “She's not trading up, believe me.”

Russel looked as if he was trying to figure that one out.

“We'd love to come,” she said.

“Are you sure?” He was looking at Jim.

Her husband pursed his lips and nodded firmly. “Of course. We didn't know you needed a little support. We'll be there.”

“I mean, if you'd rather not--”

*How sweet. He was more concerned with our feelings than his own.*

“No, no. We just don't like to impose. We wouldn't want to be invited because someone felt obligated--”

“I don't feel obligated. I feel grateful to have such fine neighbors.”

“Then we'll come,” said Jim.

Russel clapped his hands together. “Excellent.”

“Should we bring anything?” her husband said.

“I know she likes rum. I'll have some there for her.”

She chuckled.

“But you?” Russel said to Jim.

“Rum, also. We can bring some.”

“Get out.”

“No, really.”

“I'm not poor, you know.” His smile was wry.

“Alright, alright. But if we show up with a gift, don't throw us out.”

Russel's smile broadened and he wrapped Jim in a quick hug. Then he gave one to her. “Tuesday night.”

\* \* \*

Russel had a turn-out that impressed her.

A few cousins showed up and also a few aunts and uncles. His father was there, but remained in a chair, nodding as if listening to something.

His daughter, from a marriage long ago, breezed through and left presents. She didn't stay.

Jim lugged in a case of aged scotch. Russel's eyes went wide.

“My, my,” he said. “That's a very impressive label.”

Jim nodded. “Merry Christmas, neighbor. We hope you enjoy it.”

“Will I? I will have to share this with you. Such is best only when shared with friends.”

His family was of Italian and English ancestry. The mix was amusing.

She watched some Italian aunt stroll up to Jim and pinch his cheek. “My, what a handsome man. This must be one of Evelyn's? Where has she been keeping him?”

Russel rolled his eyes and pulled her hand away. “No, auntie, this is a friend.”

“My daughter is looking--”

“Auntie, he's married.”

“Oh. Well. Why didn't you say so?”

“I did, auntie.”

“How awful of you to embarrass your poor aunt like that--”

Russel steered her away. “You'll be fine, auntie.”

Jim pointed. “There's a nice loveseat and table.”

She grunted assent.

“We can stack up some drinks there.”

She elbowed him. “Be nice, Jim.”

“I am. I don't want to be obtrusive.”

“Huh?”

“I don't want to get in the way of him and his family.”

“Oh. Well, of course.”

They sat.

Jim pointed again. “Uh oh.”

She followed his finger. He was pointing at a doorway. *What was wrong with it?*

Then she saw it. *Oh.* She laughed to herself. There was a sprig of mistletoe taped over the doorway.

She slapped his arm. “Don't be waiting around for auntie under there.”

He snickered.

She slapped him again. “Stop that. She was nice.”

“Yeah, she was, but I'm not going to be caught under there like a fly in a spider's web to be giving her smoochies.”

She giggled. Hard.

Gifts were handed out and Russel brought them one with a grin. He had been having drinks.

“What is it?” she said.

Jim elbowed her. “Dummy, you're supposed to open it, not ask what it is. It's a gift.”

Russel chortled and went back to handing out gifts.

Inside was a box of ornate crystal candle holders, hand-painted with gold leaf. Perfect for their bare dining table. Perfect match to their décor.

She smiled happily. It wasn't a gift to be thrown in the attic or regifted to some unsuspecting relative. This was going straight onto their dining table.

*Had he really seen that just from standing in our entry?* She was amazed.

There was a frenzy of discarded paper scattered around the living room. It warmed her to see so many happy people.

The uncles seemed to have something they did, passing their gifts to the other uncles to look over. Then they began haggling. Gifts were handed back and forth and traded. But only the uncles did it. Gifts were waved, hands were waved and voices were raised in barter.

She drained the last of her first drink. “Guess I need another.” She got up. Jim wasn't finished with his yet.

She went into the kitchen and found the bottle of rum. It was a good label – not cheap. She poured her glass full. One of the uncles was in there pouring a couple glasses of wine.

“This will put hair on your chest,” he said.

*Great. Just what I need. Please give me a gallon.* “Oh really? Then maybe it's not for me.”

The uncle laughed heartily.

She went out and ran into Russell.

“Ah, good, you found the rum.”

“Yes. Someone wanted to put hair on my chest in there.”

He laughed. But then he got a twinkle in his eye. He pointed up.

She saw the sprig of mistletoe hanging there.

Panicked, she looked over at Jim. He was laughing silently, slapping his knee and shaking his head at the ease with which she had been trapped.

*Jerk.*

Russel looked at her expectantly, but softly.

She leaned forward a little and closed her eyes.

She was wrapped in a gentle hug with one arm. The other held his own glass. His lips met hers, but they were soft, not puckered and prudish. His smell was clean and light.

Not of her own volition, she relaxed and melted into his embrace. His tongue probed gently out and she met it with her own. Her head swam and

the room did a few spins to confuse her.

She gasped when he pulled away. Opening her eyes, she saw an aunt squeezing past, nodding and clapping her hands.

*Dirty old people.*

She blushed. That had been a very pleasant and soft kiss.

“What a wonderful Christmas present,” he murmured.

She blushed harder. “It was nice,” she said. She made her way back to Jim and settled down.

“Enjoying yourself?” he said.

She giggled. “It's just mistletoe.”

He wagged his eyebrows at her. “Alicia was a fool to leave him.”

“No doubt. And for Andy?”

“Seriously.” He sipped the last of his drink.

Christmas music played on the stereo system and she snuggled back into the loveseat. The harmony was soothing. The atmosphere was friendly. Russel's family was adorable. She hummed to the music with a joy in her heart she had not felt in a long time.

An aunt came and sat by Jim. “You're Evelyn's son, right?”

“No, I--”

I remember seeing you standing outside Buckingham--”

“I've never been to England.”

“--and you were so sharp in your uniform.”

“I've never worn a uniform.”

“What?”

“I was never in the service.”

“Oh, I thought all the guards for the queen were in the army.”

“I was never a guard for the queen.”

Carlene snorted. “Jim, be nice.”

He gave her an exasperated look.

“I have a picture of me standing next to you in your red hat and black uniform.” Auntie slurred her words a little.

Russel passed. “Auntie, leave poor Jim alone.”

“Or was it a black hat and red uniform?”

“I think they wear red,” Jim said.

“I have a picture in my purse. I'll go find it.”

“Yes, of course.” Jim sounded relieved.

He nudged her a while later.

“Hmm?”

A few of the aunts and uncles had left, taking Russel's father with them.

“Look, Russel just went to fetch himself a drink.”

“Yes?”

“Well, go trap him like he trapped you.”

She laughed. “You jerk.”

“What?”

“I'm not going to mash on him in front of his relatives.”

“I don't know. Auntie was applauding you two earlier.”

“Isn't that her passed out under the coffee table?”

“Blue hair, yep. I'm glad she passed out before she could find that picture.”

An uncle leaned over from the chair he was sitting in. His voice was slurred, but conspiratorial. A British accent wavered there. “Listen to your bloke. Russel could use a nosh again.” His head indicated the kitchen.

“Huh? A nosh? Is that some kind of drink?” She was perplexed.

Jim whispered. “It's a kiss, dear.”

“Oh.” She blushed. “You men.”

He nudged her. “Go on, before you miss the trap.”

She giggled. She was feeling good. Almost numb. She scurried over to the doorway and peeked into the kitchen. He was putting away glasses from a recent dishwasher run.

*Aw, poor guy.*

She entered the kitchen. “Can I help?”

“Ah, no, that's okay.”

“Nonsense.”

“You don't know where anything goes.”

An uncle entered. “I'll need help pulling Lucia from under the table in a few minutes.”

Russel nodded, a huge grin on his face. “She always ends up under the coffee table passed out.”

She said, “Every year?”

The uncle grunted and nodded.

“Every year,” Russel said. “Always looking for her purse.”

She giggled. She saw an open cabinet and glasses. She grabbed a few from the dishwasher and helped.

The uncle poured a half glass of wine. He waved it at her. "You should try this. It'll put hair on your chest."

"Yes, the other uncle told me that."

He nodded as if business had been concluded to his satisfaction. "You look like a fine young woman."

Russel scowled. "Uncle..."

"You look like you could use a couple really good rolls in the hay, eh?"

"Uncle." Firmer.

Uncle didn't look at him. He winked at her. "Well, well, time to gather up and go I suppose."

They finished putting the glasses away.

"Thanks for the help."

She waved his thanks away. "It's not a bother. With Alicia not here I'm sure things are busier for you."

He dropped his eyes and his shoulders slumped, ever so slightly.

She touched his shoulder. "Oh, I'm sorry. That was cruel."

"Cruel? Huh? Nah."

"No, it was. We're all having fun and I have to go and remind you of her."

He imitated her wave. "Bah, no."

She followed him out the door. Then she tugged on his arm.

He looked back and she pointed up at the mistletoe.

"Oh, well now," he said.

She gave him a bright smile.

"There you go," the British uncle said from across the room. "Give him a good one."

They both laughed. She settled into his arms and tried to be serious for a kiss. Kissing was hard when you were grinning. Holding each other for a moment to calm their smiles, she could feel him pressed against her.

She remembered his fat penis and his hand stroking it while Jim fingered her. She instantly grew hot and moisture flooded her pussy. She blushed.

Then they were kissing. Just a light kiss. Light thrills drifted down her spine and her knees wobbled a little.

A British growl of approval from the uncle drifted to them. "That's it lad, go for a good grab while you're at it."

She felt his hand slide down and cup her ass, pulling her in.

*Oh my, he's touching my butt in front of everyone.*

She pressed in, kissing harder, blushing deeper.

Uncle called out. "Now you've got it."

She heard Jim chuckle.

She felt Russel's bulge become a little more prominent. She giggled, pulling her head back. She was still pressed against him in a hug. "Umm--"

"Sorry, I seem to be getting excited. Your kisses are so nice." He lifted a hand and brushed back her hair off her ear.

Tingles and chills raced down her neck and along her arms.

"Kiss her again, you fool." Uncle was exasperated.

Suddenly his hands were at her back and head, pulling her back in.

Her head swam as their lips met again. His tongue probed in, gentle, hungry. She kissed him back, the room swimming. She tried to hold onto him with her hands and tongue.

His hands drifted up and down her back and over her butt - pulling her in gently when he cupped her ass. She squirmed her hips when he did, relishing the feel of his hardness rubbing against her pelvic bone and clit. One hand came up and tangled in her hair.

She drifted, floating, tingling to the kiss. She wasn't sure how long it went on. She met his tongue with hers, kissed back harder when he did and lightened when he did. When they broke the kiss, she gasped for breath, leaning heavily against him.

The room was cheering.

Russel gripped her head in both hands with care. He planted a light kiss on her lips. "That was wonderful, thank you."

The British uncle was laughing, slapping Jim on the back and patting his shoulder. Her husband was nodding and grinning.

She knew she was blushing. She said to Russel, "Oh, sure. I mean, your kisses are very nice. I enjoyed them." *No one else except my husband kisses me like that. Eric never kissed me and neither did Rod nor Andy.* She leaned up and gave him a quick peck in return for his peck.

British uncle laughed. He said to Jim, "I don't believe they're bloody well done yet."

One of the Italian uncles had grabbed both of Lucia's feet and was trying to pull her from under the table.

Jim got to his feet to save the poor woman the embarrassment of being dragged like a sack of grain. He motioned to the table and bent to lift. The

uncle got the idea and helped.

Table aside, Jim leaned down and reached under her arms to pull her upright. She was a little on the heavy side and his hands had trouble finding purchase. They ended up cupping her ample boobs.

“Someone better get some mistletoe over here. His hands are all over Lucia's boobs,” Uncle said.

Lucia giggled as if being tickled but her eyes remained closed. “I knew he was one of Evelyn's.”

“If you squeeze more than once, I think I'll be mad,” Uncle said.

Jim was flushed a deep red.

*He's mortified. Ha. Serves him right.*

Auntie started to slip and he bent down quickly so as not to drop her.

The British uncle said, “He's looking down her top, now. This is getting better by the second.”

Jim laughed, turning redder. He lifted, and his hands shifted with the lift, once again cupping her breasts.

“Uh, oh,” said Uncle. “I think he likes it.”

“You're in trouble now,” said British uncle. “She'll be eloping with a younger bloke.”

Jim finally managed to transfer control over to the Italian uncle.

Uncle staggered a little. “Eh, maybe I should have let the young man carry her, even if he was pawing her boobs.”

“I wasn't--” Jim said.

A British aunt was fanning herself. “If I collapse in a faint, will he help me up, too?”

“Gah, she's eaten too many of those bourbon balls.” British uncle gained his feet. “Let's go, Evelyn.”

Jim stood by her.

Carlene leaned over as if to whisper but said loud enough for everyone to hear, “Honey, did you have to feel up Lucia's breasts in front of everyone?”

That drew laughter from the whole family.

He returned to that satisfying deep red flush. “Oh, you need a spanking.”

Lucia tittered. “He spans, too? Oooo.” Her squeal of delight caused more laughter.

“I think you better practice your spanking there, mate,” said British uncle to Italian uncle.

Italian uncle gave a flip of his head and an exaggerated eyeroll.

“Will he be here next year?” Lucia said.

Russel was rubbing his head, laughing, but looking nervously at her and Jim.

*Was he worried about something?*

Russel began shooing his relatives out.

She and Jim moved about, cleaning up their own area and putting the coffee table back into place. It was near midnight.

“Oh, no no, you two don't have to do that.” Russel was waving his hands.

“Oh, it's nothing,” Jim said. “We helped make the mess; we'll help clean it up.”

“Ah well, then, thanks. I hope my relatives didn't shock you.”

“Shock?” she said. “They were hilarious.”

He laughed, nervously, but in relief. “Ah, okay. Some people are a little reserved.”

“Oh we were fine. I just hope your relatives didn't mind my husband feeling up your aunt's--”

“I wasn't feeling them up.”

“I saw several squeezes there.”

“You really need a spanking.”

She placed her hands on her hips and tilted them, as if to say, “I dare you.”

Jim shook his finger at her.

Russel's laugh was much more relieved.

“I'm surprised,” she said, “that you didn't reach your hands up their skirts.”

“Bah.” Jim reached for her.

She saw that look in his eyes. Fierce. Playful. *Uh oh*. She squealed and dodged his grab.

“Russel, help me get her.”

She screamed in panic. She was going to get tickled. Or spanked. The thought was terrifying.

She dodged a grinning Russel and backed into her husband. He gripped her arms.

“Grab her feet or she'll kick.”

She squealed, caught. “No no, I'm sorry.”

Jim's grin said she wasn't getting off without a spanking. She blushed.  
*I'm going to get spanked in front of Russel? How embarrassing.*

She laughed, gasped, tried to scream all at once. “Please--”

“Shush you. Get what you deserve.”

They manhandled her over to the couch.

*Oh no!* She struggled, kicking her legs in Russel's grip and trying to unfasten her arms from her husband's. She was dizzy, laughing, trying to breathe, and trying to escape.

The couch got closer.

“Let's get her down,” Jim said.

She struggled harder.

She was dragged down and ended up with her face in her husband's lap as he had control of her upper body. She lay face down, her hips in Russel's lap.

“You'll have to be the one that spanks her,” Jim said to Russel.

“Oh, lucky me.” He pulled up her skirt.

She squealed in panic.

But he used her movement to raise her skirt all the way up. Her panties were exposed.

“What an adorable little ass,” he said.

She hadn't thought she could blush any deeper, but she did.

The first slap was light.

She still screamed.

*Jerks. Let me up.*

The second slap stung.

“Give her some more,” Jim said.

Four more slaps rained down, hard, but not too hard. Playful hard.

She writhed around on Russel's lap, her butt-cheeks stinging. She felt him harden underneath her.

He shifted a little, bringing his lump more in line with her clit.

*Mmm, that feels good.* She found herself grinding her clit down onto his hardness.

“I always rub a little in case I spanked too hard,” her husband said.

“Ah, yeah.”

Russel's warm hand rested on her butt-cheek and began a slow rub.

It felt nice.

“Give it a rub all over; she likes that.”

“Okay,” Russel said. His voice was almost a pant. His fingers trailed gently over her butt, rubbing, circling. When they circled lower, toward the area between her legs, she couldn't stop herself from opening her legs for his fingers.

She wanted him to touch her.

His fingers teased nearby.

Her hips pumped up and down, pressing repeatedly against Russel's very hard bulge.

“Yeah,” said Jim. “She likes that.”

His fingers dipped down and pressed gently at her panty-covered hole.

She moaned.

Then they dipped lower and rubbed over her clit.

She groaned, too loud.

“That's a mighty fine job you did spanking her. But maybe I should get her home.”

Russel's hand withdrew and straightened her skirt.

*Jim is going to pay. Teasing jerk.*

She would have to wait until she got home before she was satisfied. But she felt better about it being her husband toying with her.



## CHAPTER 18

Carlene laid in bed the next evening. "So you invited him over for New Year's?"

"I did." He put down his book. "Nine o'clock."

"Did you two plan that spanking?"

"No. Did you like it?"

She laughed softly. "It was a surprise. I was so embarrassed."

"Why be? Everyone enjoyed it."

"He sure did. He was all erect under me."

"Did you like it?"

Yes. "I sort of used his bulge to rub my clit."

"Very nice." He reached his hand down and toyed with her panties.

"Could you feel it when you kissed him?"

She moaned, her hips giving an involuntary heave.

"Oh, you enjoyed the kisses, huh?"

She reached over and fondled him. "Yes, they were nice. He was so gentle and caring."

"Mmm, good. I'm glad you enjoyed them."

"None of the others ever kissed me."

"Others?"

"Eric, Rod, or Andy."

"No?" He appeared lost in thought.

"Nope."

"Shame."

"They didn't seem to care. But Russel seemed to be focused on me and what pleased me."

“Hmmp, Who woulda thought?”

“At least in kissing anyway. I don't know how to read the spanking.”

“He touched you... here?”

She let out a groan. “Yes.”

“You liked it?”

“I was almost out of control.”

“Aw, I shouldn't have stopped it then.”

“No, Jim, I'm glad you did.”

“Why?”

“I've had three men who couldn't seem to be bothered with me as a person or who I was, what I wanted, what I felt. Only you treat me that deeply.”

“But you said Russel's kisses were--”

“But those were just kisses.”

“Kissing is usually a good indication of what a man feels.”

“Hmm,” she said. “If he had moved my panties aside and fucked me right there on the couch with my head in your lap, would you have been happy?”

He moaned deep, his penis expanding. “Yes. Well, no. Only if you were.”

She wasn't sure about how or why, but somehow, that felt right.

\* \* \*

Carlene answered the door. “Hi, Russel.”

He entered into the space she vacated. His smile was open and went all the way to his eyes, crinkling them in pleasure.

He leaned in and gave her a quick kiss on the lips.

“I didn't lay a mistletoe trap for you.” She pointed to the empty doorframe overhead.

He reached a hand to her cheek and smoothed back her hair.

Chills ran down her spine.

“I just thought a kiss to greet you felt right.”

“I can draw a picture,” Jim said, “of mistletoe and tape it up over all our doorframes.”

She giggled and Russel laughed.

Jim nodded, smiling. He shook Russel's hand. "Why don't we just pretend there's mistletoe over every doorframe so you both don't break down in laughter over my scribblings?"

"Deal." Russel nodded. He turned to her and winked. "Yes?"

She blushed, rolling her eyes. "Okay, deal, then."

"Ah, then we're under this door and you must get kissed." He grabbed her in a gentle hug, old fashioned style, twisting and bending her down for a kiss. It was fast, but just long enough to be sensuous.

"There you go," Jim said. "Off on the right track."

They moved into the living room. A New Years music CD was playing and the gas fireplace hissing as it put forth a comfortable heat and flickering light.

Russel stood by the fire, warming himself, after the short trek through the December cold from his house to theirs.

Jim poured him a scotch and handed it to him.

"Thanks, friend."

"More where that came from. Don't be shy."

"My crew wishes to extend their thanks as well for a working Christmas season."

Jim tilted his head. "They don't like Christmas-time off?"

Russel shook his head. "Not at all. They still spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with their families, but this allows them to work and provide a happier Christmas."

"Ah."

"In construction, you are unemployed until the next job."

"Stressful?" Jim said.

"Sometimes, yes. There is still work here and there, but mostly just one-day repair jobs. A contract for a project means we're employed for months."

"I can see where that would help."

"If Carlene continues to help on my bids, we won't have to rely on quickie repair jobs. Pound for pound, we charge more for repair work, but the work isn't consistent. We can't control the rate or flow of repair requests."

She lifted her glass and studied it intently. Then she waved a hand an inch over it, around in circles. In a monotone voice she said, "Yes, yes, it is clearer now. I foresee you winning all of the bids for the foreseeable future."

Jim snickered.

Russel smiled a big smile of relief. "I promise not to pad my bid. I wouldn't want you to get in trouble--"

"I didn't think you would. Don't worry about it; my position is very safe."

"Ah, good then." He waved his glass towards the dining room table. "You liked my gift?"

She went and stood by him, by the fire. Looking up into his eyes, she said, "Very much so. Thank you."

A pleased look so bald and blatant crossed his features. It made her heart melt.

"I hope I matched your style--"

"Perfectly."

"I know everyone has their own style and taste."

She touched his arm. "It was perfect."

Jim nodded. "It was, thank you."

"I want to save that fine scotch whisky you gave me for summer. Maybe you two could come swim on the weekends."

Thrills went through her like an electric current. *Will you masturbate while looking at me?* "Oh, we would absolutely love to."

Jim smiled so big she thought his teeth would fall out of his head.

She thought of both men masturbating to her and she had to shift her hips to try squirming for some kind of stimulation to her clit.

"I need more drink," she said.

"That was fast," said Jim.

"The ice takes up a lot of room." She showed him her glass. It was still filled with blocky ice cubes.

He nodded. There was less ice in his glass.

She went to the kitchen and refilled.

Russel joined her a few seconds later with an empty glass.

"You drank yours that fast?" she said.

"On purpose." He jiggled the ice around.

"Oh?"

"Mmm, your husband seems very loose around me? Suggestive, maybe?"

She raised her eyebrows. "It's obvious?"

He nodded. "Most men might take to fists over a mistletoe kiss."

“Jim is protective of me.”

“Should I be worried he might explode or something?”

“No.”

His eyebrows drew down. “I wouldn't want to overstep--”

“You're not overstepping anything.”

He nodded slowly. But he did not look all too convinced.

“Look, test it. Kiss me out there. He's fine.”

“By the fire?”

“By the fire.” She smiled.

“Alright, then. But I really don't want to--”

She shook her head. “He likes it when I'm treated well.”

“Well, I hope I treat you well, then.”

She gave him a bright smile. “You do, actually.”

“He wasn't mad over the spanking thing?”

“No, he liked it.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, 'oh.’”

He laughed.

“I'm going out to the fire.” Her eyes suggested he follow.

He did after pouring himself another scotch.

Surprising her, Russel set his drink on the small mantle and wrapped her in a loose hug. Then he started moving.

*Oh, he's dancing.* His moving sort of matched the music, but it was slow.

Jim sat on the couch facing the fire, nodding and smiling.

“I'm nothing of a dancer.”

“You seem to be moving okay,” Russel said.

“Don't expect me to break out and do disco or something.”

He laughed. Then he patted her head and smoothed her hair, bringing her head to his chest. “You're doing fine.”

His hand was gentle and felt wonderful, sending shivers down her back. She tilted her face to his and their mouths met. Their lips caressed each other's. Their tongues wrestled lightly in a kiss that grew in heat and passion.

Soon they were standing still, their mouths consuming them. Her pussy felt as if on fire and she felt his hardness pressed against her.

She glanced over to Jim. He was settled back, drink in one hand, watching. He gave her a slow nod and a single wink.

She knew what he meant. "Go with it as far as you want. As far as you are comfortable."

The song ended and another started. Not something very danceable. She grabbed her drink from the mantle next to Russel's. He took his.

"Let's sit," he said.

She started to sit, but Russel pulled her over and she plopped down onto his lap.

He took a look at Jim and so did she. He was grinning from ear to ear and raised his glass.

*Could I really go for a bald man? He's treating me better than all the others combined and moreso.* She felt peaceful.

"She's behaving this time, at least," Jim said.

"Does she need regular spankings?"

Jim chuckled with mirth. "Sometimes. She's a naughty one."

"Ah, well, I would be glad to help when she needs a good spanking."

*Jerks. Just like men to conspire to take advantage.* She leaned down to shut Russel up by kissing him. Their tongues wrestled and massaged each other's. His kiss probed deep. She melted into his lap and embrace, kissing back as passionately as she felt.

Jim took a drink. "I'm glad you decided to treat our guest with some decency."

She giggled – sort of breathless, sort of turned on. Here she sat, perched on another man's lap. She had come full circle. First her boss who had treated her very poorly. Now Russel. Was it a completion or a continuation? Was she moving into something different or sliding back into something she would rather avoid?

But she couldn't deny their neighbor was as gentle with her as her own husband. He was attentive, considerate, and wanted to hear what she felt and wanted.

He valued her. The others had used her.

She leaned over suddenly and gave Jim a quick but fierce hug. Then she gave one to Russel.

They made her feel like a woman. A desirable woman. One worth their attentions. She didn't feel like a sperm-dump or a toy for someone else's fantasies.

Russel's hand roamed over her shoulder and arm. Stroking her and making her feel warm. She laid her head back against the couch and purred happily. His hand went a little farther and petted her leg.

She opened her eyes when she felt lips. Jim was leaning close, kissing her neck. She felt Russel's bulge harden underneath her. Then she felt his lips on the other side of her neck.

She was unprepared for the electric thrills that coursed down her chest and arms. *Wow.*

Jim said, "There's a slow one for dancing."

"Ah, yes. A very nice one," said Russel. He moved her up and they stood. He cuddled her in a soft embrace and they swayed to the wordless music. His hands stroked her shoulders and hair.

She sighed happily.

Jim embraced her from behind, his hands on her hips, his lips on her neck.

She felt the warmth of the two men sandwiching her, comforting her. She wanted to collapse and melt away into a puddle.

Then her husband pulled away.

Russel lowered her and she knew he wanted her to go to the floor. He gently sat her down and then laid her back in front of the fireplace.

She closed her eyes, listening to the hollow hiss of the gasline and relaxed as Russel's hands began moving over her. Her skin hummed where he stroked, vibrating with a gentle tingle of satisfaction. He stroked his hand up her legs. Up her stomach, and over her breasts. Jolts of thrill pulsed through her when his hand rubbed over her nipples. Then his hand was stroking up her neck and cupping her cheek.

She opened her eyes and saw his mouth descending to hers.

Their kiss was slow, soft and very sexual.

She moaned into his mouth.

She felt a tug at her waist. Jim was there, unfastening her belt to her slacks.

*You are so very naughty, husband.*

She lifted her hips and let him remove her slacks. He didn't remove her panties.

Russel's hand began exploring at the invitation. His fingers roamed softly down her pelvic bone, down to the cleft of her hole. When his fingers

passed over her clit, she groaned. Her hips moved on their own. He circled his fingers, pressing lightly.

It felt very nice. Teasing, comforting, and pleasurable.

Then he did what she wanted and slid his hand down her panties.

Yesss.

His fingers rubbed over her excited clit. They dipped down and stroked her swollen lips.

She started to moan but his mouth was on hers again, kissing hungrily. She felt waves of tension begin roaming through her.

He pulled back and began removing her blouse.

She leaned up a little and helped him.

Then he slid off her panties. When she was naked, he gazed at her. "What a beautiful woman."

She blushed.

He laid his hand back on her pussy and stroked.

She spread her legs.

Then he did something she didn't expect and would never have expected. He scooted down and got between her legs. His smiling face descended until his tongue met her clit.

She gasped out at the sudden electric thrill. His tongue was warm, soft, and wet. It drove her waves of tension higher as his tongue circled and flicked over it. Then he licked all along her pussy lips, sending warmth where he licked, and coolness where his tongue left. It was enough to make her quiver with lust.

Jim got up and knelt down by her head. He leaned over and gave her his kiss that said he loved her. She felt as if she was launched into the air and floating. A tongue on her pussy and being kissed at the same time was nothing she had ever experienced.

The waves came closer, higher. Her breathing began to become ragged, her heart thumping madly.

"I think she's ready," Jim said.

She could hear the smile of pride in his voice.

He got up and removed his pants, then sat back down on the couch.

Russel stood and removed his clothes.

Her eyes were waiting, watching, wanting to see that fat penis up close. And then it was there, hanging slightly, already engorged and fat, starting to harden into a full erection.

She panted.

Russel was all grin and soft eyes. He looked over her admiringly and knelt down between her legs. He gave one last long lick to her pussy and then moved up.

She moaned at the tease and her hips were rocking in need. The ache was desperate. The desire was hot inside of her. She felt her pussy leak with moisture and readiness.

She felt his penis rub against her starving pussy.

*Yes. Inside.*

He pushed a little and the head parted her lips.

She groaned out in uncontrolled lust.

He pushed a little more, his fat shaft stretching her lips wide open. Then he pulled back and rubbed the head around, lubing them both up.

She looked down. His penis was in his hand, a long drip of precum already leaking from it. The drip hung in a single clear line from his penis to her pussy.

Jim moaned. He was slowly stroking himself, watching Russel get her ready. Watching Russel touch his erection to her pussy. Watching Russel slide his shaft into her pussy. He was watching his wife take the neighbor and he was happy.

Russel pushed a little harder and she stretched a little more. "You feel very tight," he said. "Let me know if it hurts."

No one other than her husband had ever cared. They had just rammed it in. "Okay," she said.

It felt uncomfortable, but she wanted him inside. She wanted her pussy filled. She wanted that vacant hole satisfied. She wanted him to drive that ache out and replace it with pleasure.

It took him a minute, but she finally relaxed and his penis was sliding into her easier, faster. And then she was filled.

She sighed happily.

His mouth came down on hers, his erection not moving. They kissed, deep, their mouths fucking each other in place of their crotches. But when he moved, pulling out and then sliding back in, she broke the kiss. It was too much.

She clung to his neck and humped her hips to his slow thrusts. Her moans when he thrust in competed with the hollow hiss of the fireplace.

The music had stopped. She could hear Jim panting on the couch. She heard Russel's lusty breathing. She heard her own moans.

Russel brushed her lips with his, but they didn't kiss. "I don't think I have ever had a more wonderful present."

His erection drove in slowly, all the way.

Tears came to her eyes. A happiness at his words swirled through her thoughts.

He leaned up and looked down at their union. He moved his penis slowly, in and out. She looked down with him, watching as she felt the sweet pressure.

Jim groaned. "What a beautiful sight." His hand stroked his shaft up and down. "What an absolutely beautiful sight."

"Does it feel okay?" Russel said.

"Mmm, yes," she said. "Very okay. It feels wonderful."

He groaned, quickening his thrusts.

She felt her pussy lips being pushed inward and then pulled back out. Then she felt him expand, pushing deeper.

*Already? I need more.*

Russel's shaft began jerking in her, sending out splashes of hot cum. She was surprised when his grunts kept coming and so did the splashes. No man she had ever been with had cum so much. She was flooded.

He pulled out, panting, then leaned down and kissed her – soft, short, and sweet.

Her husband said, "Let's get her to the bedroom."

*More?*

They helped her up and gobs of sperm ran down her leg, creating a hot and then cold trail of lust.

Placing her on the bed, they both climbed in. Her husband got between her legs and slowly inserted his beautiful shaft. He slid in easily, and deep.

She purred and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Russel lay next to her, toying with his penis and occasionally reaching to rub one of her nipples.

She took Jim's thrusts with gasps. His erection pounded into her, sending more of Russel's cum leaking out of her. She was getting very close. Tension mounted uncontrollably. She started to gasp.

Jim was too excited. He sank in and added his own thrusting squirts of cum inside her pussy.

She pouted.

But Russel wasn't done. He sat with his back against the headboard and pulled her over to him. He pulled her onto his lap. Rubbing his penis over her wet hole, he struggled to get it in.

Jim knelt by her and reached down to spread her pussy open for Russel's probing shaft. His fingers pulled her lips open and allowed the large head of Russel's manhood to find her hole and push in.

She moaned happily.

But Jim wasn't done; he knew her. His fingers toyed with her clit as she rode up and down on Russel's shaft. He ran his fingers down and massaged her pussy lips as they hungrily consumed the penis in her. She gasped. She quivered. Her husband's fingers continued to massaged her pussy and clit as she rode Russel's cock deep and hard.

It was enough. It was too much. It was nothing she could contain or control. She bucked hard, her pussy clamping down on Russel's erection. Pulses of relief and even more tension, painful and stunning, ran up her pussy all the way to the top of her head. She rode the waves, swept along blissfully.

“She sure is sexy,” Russel panted. He thrust harder.

She collapsed against him and let him work her pussy. She drifted, feeling the relief and contentment, relishing the buzzing satisfaction and energy that tingled along her limbs.

He took her head in both hands as his thrusts up into her grew frantic. Panting, he pulled her head down into a kiss.

His penis went deep.

She moaned, her mouth experiencing passion and her quivering pussy feeling his spurts of sperm. Russel filled her again, and kissed her into a sleep on his chest.

It was the beginning of something new – something happy. Carlene had the attention of two caring men. Her joy deepened and her satisfaction in life was enriched. Russel didn't replace her husband; he fit right in. The three of them together found comfort with each other.

What they didn't expect was the change in their dynamics when Alicia was to return a few months later...