

a HotWife Novella

**Watching
and
Wishing**

LARAN MITHRAS



a HotWife Novella

**Watching
and
Wishing**

LARAN MITHRAS

Watching and Wishing

By

Laran Mithras

Cover Photo by www.Shutterstock.com

Watching and Wishing is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2017 - All Rights Reserved

A wife who keeps secrets from her husband could be missing out on the grandest of adventures.

CHAPTER 1

Skye's focus riveted on the TV set. A shirtless hunk was on the beach in some pointless commercial. Her eyes followed his movement and dropped down to his trunks.

The scene cut away.

She whispered, "Damn it." I wanted to see. Staying at home had been her idea. Her husband's high-paying graphics design work for the newspaper in print and online had offered her the opportunity. She had hated being a hotel maid.

She thought she could get a lot of reading done, relax with life and enjoy the opportunities afforded by free time. Paint? Quilt? Walk in the park? Talk with friends?

Instead of the blossoming of her inner snowflake, she had wilted inwards. She read. She watched TV. She licked her lips whenever a hunky man appeared on the screen. I can look. I can feel with my eyes. I can enjoy these daytime diversions until my husband comes home. What harm was there in looking at men? Her love for Austen was stronger than when they had married.

Why not look? Why not watch what was freely available on TV? Why not...

She changed the channel, hunting for a man. Unfortunately, all of the regular channels showed the new metrosexual kind of man – effeminate, weak, wimpy. Why isn't there a hunk channel? She hit the music channels and kept flipping. Male announcers looking like little boys wearing lipstick flashed by.

She almost tossed the remote. Instead she began hitting menu buttons. She navigated to Sports and Fitness and selected Fitness Workouts. On Demand. Why not? We're paying for it.

She found a very satisfying trio of men doing a mixture of exercises and aerobics on a beach somewhere. She hit mute and marveled. Muscular male bodies moved fluidly, mesmerizing her with their masculinity. These were no lispy males who could pass as girls.

Her hand moved and slid down over her shorts, pressing her clit in passage. She spread her legs and gasped at the exquisite excitement of rubbing herself while three men smiled at her. She almost felt as if she were the one putting on the show. I'm alone. Why not?

She slid down her shorts and kicked them off. Then she removed her panties. She realized she was holding her legs closed because three men were looking her way on TV. How silly. She spread them slowly, as if worried the men might shut the TV off to avoid the display. They did not.

Their smiles were the same as before and she widened her knees out and ran her hand down over her pussy. Trembling fingers moved up and over her clit and moved in little circles to spread the warmth there. They look so handsome, masculine. Would they rub themselves on me? She dipped her fingers and pressed inwards. Nice, hard muscles.

The idea of three muscular men in close proximity made her moan. Would they feel good? Would they be hard? Her eyes slipped from their chests to their crotches. One of the three had a more noticeable bulge. Is he circumcised? Satisfying?

The three turned in unison, showing their backs and moving sideways. They twisted their upper torsos counter to their moves, back muscles bunching and flexing. Look at those cute butts. Wow.

The heat became a flame and she moved her fingers with more purpose. Her husband had a nice build to him, but he wasn't a body builder. Happy that he looked like a real man, she found herself titillated by these gods of masculinity on TV. She wanted to feel their arms around her, their powerful hips moving against hers...

Her eyes closed as the flame expanded rapidly. Her fingers swirled around her clit as she gasped faster and rose higher. Oh yes, so good. Satisfying men and cock. Trembling tendrils of tension exploded outward as a wave of heat burst deep. She grunted, lifting her hips off the couch in offering to the smiling hunks on TV. She moaned loudly as her orgasm rocked through her – until she collapsed panting back on the couch. Her hands roamed down around her pussy and back up, smoothing out the quivers. You were very good, boys. I think I've found a new hobby.

It was Friday, though. Austen would be home for the weekend and his presence meant she couldn't just diddle on the couch when she wanted to. But that was okay; she would make sure she availed herself of his love and intimacy. Then on Monday... Maybe she would put batteries in that bullet vibrator.

~ ~ ~

Austen's foot slipped off the brake. His BMW moved forward alarmingly. The metal pillar loomed in front of his bumper. He slapped his foot back onto the brake and shoved. The front dipped down in a chirp of tires and his bumper made a metallic sound against the pillar.

"Fuck..." He backed the car away a few inches. He got out and checked the front bumper. The molding on the bumper was scuffed. He wiped at it with no difference in outcome. Straightening, he sighed. "The perils of parking in an apartment complex."

"Pardon?" The small voice drew his attention.

"Oh, hi." The woman was dressed in some kind of scrubs and amazingly cute. "You're... A level, right?"

She nodded. "Hayleigh."

He waved, not wanting to shake her hand. He remembered she was married to a musclehead. "Austen, 21B." He pointed to his car. "Too tired to pay attention parking. I bumped the pole."

Her pretty face lit up in understanding. "Oh... I know, why do they have to put poles in here? Do they really think people are going to hit the back wall?"

He chuckled. "Drunk? Sure."

"Are you drunk?" She didn't look like she believed it. Her curly blonde hair was held back in a short ponytail.

"Uh, no." He started walking towards the complex feeling stiff around her. Her boyfriend or husband could wring me in two with one hand...

"Shirt and tie, BMW. You a lawyer?"

He laughed. "Oh god, kill me now before I ever get so dull. No, I'm a graphics designer. You a... nurse?"

"Dental assistant."

He walked through the gate with her. "Good job?"

She rolled her eyes. "I hate it."

He almost stumbled backwards. "Really?" How can such a pretty girl hate her job?

She sighed. "Clean toilets, get bitched out by the dentist for not knowing what he wants when he wants it, mop floors..."

"Oh, I didn't know. Sorry to hear that."

She shrugged. "The pay is good."

They were at the intersection. She would go one way, he the other. He said, "Nice meeting you, Hayleigh."

She didn't answer except to give a little wave and a smaller smile. She turned and walked along the lower walkway.

He watched for about two seconds, figuring she had already dismissed him in her mind. What a cute little ass. He forced himself to turn to the stairs and look away. He had a sexy woman upstairs and didn't need to be looking at some other woman's ass.

He unlocked the door to the welcoming smell of home cooking. He shut the door and locked it, the noise loud enough for her to hear. He went into the kitchen and lifted the lid on the crock pot. The aroma made his mouth water.

Skye's voice was matter of fact. "It's done."

"Hello to you, too." He pulled her into a hug and kissed her lips.

She hummed happily. There was a paperback in her hand around his neck.

"Anything good?"

"I thought you liked stew."

"No, the book."

"Oh, just some thriller. It's about a woman coming out of a coma seeing things she shouldn't."

He grunted. "It could be about a dental assistant."

"Huh?"

He gave her a half-smile. "That gal we thought was a nurse is a dental assistant. The blonde?"

She nodded slowly. "Oh. Why would that be a better book?"

"She said she hates being one."

"Huh, really. So you two got some friendship going on?"

"No, just spoke to her in the carport. I think if her boyfriend saw me talking to her he'd break me in half just looking at me."

She giggled. "He's not that big. And you're not small."

"Lemme get outta my tie." He yanked at it.

"Gonna tie me up?"

He blew out a breath. "Maybe tomorrow." He was tired. Sex didn't sound all too appealing with all his muscles aching and protesting. Saturday sex is good.

She pouted. "Oh." Eyes downcast, she twisted a little side to side, then pursed

her lips. "Okay."

~ ~ ~

Skye was hoping they would make love. She had enjoyed herself that afternoon watching the fitness workout, but felt she wanted to top it off with the real thing. However, she knew Austen always felt beat after a week of leaning over his computer screen. Maybe I'll just watch TV tonight and see if anything interesting is on. Something with men in it.

She watched her husband head to the bedroom. He would try to wash away his weariness in the bathroom, so she had enough time to serve up the dinner.

At least he looked better when he came out.

She handed him a bowl and they sat on the couch.

He said, "You read all day?"

"Nah, watched some TV."

He shook his head. "Soap operas? Game shows?"

She laughed, feeling tickled imagining doing so. "Um, no. Actually, I watched a fitness program." Ooo, the dangerous truth!

"You? You don't need it."

"I don't know. If I'm sitting around all the time, I might need it."

"The stew is great. Like usual." He listened for a moment to the Weather Channel. "Hotter."

The weather didn't matter to her, but they watched the channel when they ate; it was peaceful. She really didn't care if it was going to be hot, cold or what. It could blizzard or melt for all she cared. The apartment had heat and air

conditioning.

She put their bowls away with the efficiency she had learned as a maid: move fast; be thorough; and stay at it. She sat only a couple minutes after cleaning up from dinner.

He was smiling at her. "You don't waste time."

She blew upwards as if to blow hair out of her eyes. "I hated being a maid."

"Serves you well, though. You're in and out. I'm sort of getting that way with layout. Half the time, I don't even see the words in the ads when I arrange columns."

"You're getting faster?"

His look told her he wasn't enthusiastic about it. "In a mind-numbing way."

Yes, me too. She was nodding. "Right. Exactly."

He shook his head. "Does being a wage-slave require uninteresting work?"

"What would you rather—"

He held out his arms. "I don't know, fly around like Superman, throw some buses around, and save the world. You know, something fun and fulfilling."

She giggled. "Throw some buses around?"

He threw up a hand. "Sure, why not."

Her giggles turned to laughter. "That's why I love you; always thinking strange things."

CHAPTER 2

Austen tossed over onto his other side. He reached out and felt the empty side of her bed. Huh? He checked the clock: 11:41 p.m. He swiveled his head around. There was a faint light coming from the bedroom door. Left, ajar, he could see flickering. She's still watching TV?

He swung his feet out and rubbed at his eyes. She probably fell asleep. He stood and sipped from his water glass to wet his throat. He pulled open the door and stopped. From where he was, he could see her wrapped in a blanket on the couch. She was watching an aerobics program, eyes wide open.

He was about to call out to her when he noticed the blanket move midway down her body. Then it moved again. His eyebrows climbed as he blinked away the fuzziness of sleep. Does she have an itch or is she really playing with herself under there like I think?

Her hand moved some more under the blanket.

He pulled back, moving the door more closed in case she looked over. The blanket was definitely hiding her playing with herself, there was no doubt in Austen's mind now. What's this? She masturbates in secret? At night? How come she never told me?

Her head was cocked at a funny angle that looked uncomfortable. However, she stayed like that for several minutes.

He shook his head, wondering how her neck could stand it. But she looked entranced with the three figures dancing on the screen. He considered the dancers: two women and one man. The man was bare-chested and muscular. I can't imagine she'd be diddling over the women, would she?

Whatever pleasure she was getting, her hand wasn't constantly moving. More like just toying.

He smiled, amused. This is the woman who laughed at men who played with

themselves? Called them little kids with new toys? Obsessed with their own dicks? He covered his mouth. How cute.

However, he knew that to go out there or call to her might not be the best time for it. He went back to bed, feeling a bit aroused in his boxers. She wasn't frigid, but she had some pretty severe sexual lines that couldn't be moved. Masturbating had been one of them: only for losers.

She wasn't a loser.

How can I bring this up to her? He went back to sleep trying to think of ways.

~ ~ ~

Skye went to bed around midnight. She had spent almost two hours lightly playing with herself and watching men dance or work out. Doing so made her feel more in tune with herself. She felt less embarrassed and more confident. She knew getting into bed that she would be doing that again.

As she lay there listening to Austen's heavier breathing, she felt more attracted to him for his masculinity. She felt more attracted to all men, even. But only the muscled ones. As if they all existed to send shivers up her spine and heat down her pussy.

What could she watch tomorrow? Or the next day? Maybe she could get her husband to give her a good workout in bed and satisfy her until Monday. She remembered the bullet vibrator in the dresser. He had bought it for her – for them – as a wedding night gift. He had ideas of teasing her with it and she had pretty much stomped that idea down.

It sat in the drawer, still with the same batteries from their wedding night. Five years old. Would they still work? But I have some more AAs in the kitchen drawer... Flashes of muscled men moving flickered across her consciousness. She wanted to reach out and run her hands down those muscles.

~ ~ ~

Austen stripped off his clothes and stood by the bed. Saturday morning, just before noon, was always a great time for sex. He hadn't been able to think of a way to approach her about masturbating. Bringing it up over breakfast didn't seem right. Bringing it up while drinking coffee and watching cartoons didn't, either.

She was on the other side of the bed, pulling off her weekend t-shirt. The close mounds of her breasts came into view. They were on the larger size around, but flatter to her chest, bulging out just enough to look sexy.

He grabbed his dick and started stroking. Maybe this will ease us into the conversation.

She gave him a funny look. "What are you doing?" She shook her head.

"Looking at your boobs."

"And playing with yourself like a ten year old?"

He let go of his cock, frowning. "I just... liked what I saw."

She rolled her eyes and climbed into bed. "You coming or are you going to stand there and pout?"

"I'm not pouting."

She laughed. "Like hell. Your lower lip is sticking out."

Austen chuckled. "Fine..."

~ ~ ~

Skye watched him get into bed. She had been surprised to see him handling himself, and inside her warred two feelings: one was her previous aversion to masturbation; the other was her delight at seeing him do it. I can't tell him about any of this; he'll think I've gone crazy.

She welcomed his head between her legs. His tongue lashed out like a whip, punishing her pussy with overwhelming sensations. She groaned happily and closed her eyes. Yes, lick me. I need it.

She drifted on pleasurable pillows of air, his tongue driving her along with purpose and determination. He was always an attentive lover and a good husband. Satisfaction flittered and filtered through her, relaxing her yearning with completeness. She had seen some handsome men the previous night – their muscles well-formed, their trunks well-filled, and their figure and features well-framed. She wondered what their tongues might feel like...

Heat turned to fire and spread rapidly, burning up her back and down her legs. Her thighs began to tremble with the force of the fire. Searing and lifting her, the orgasm that rushed over her pussy and spread throughout her body was an exquisite explosion of ecstasy and relief. She cried out several times, overcome by the tingles from the top of her head down to her toes. She panted as he crawled up over her.

He said, "That was fast."

She smiled from that all-over satisfaction. "You're good at it." She spread herself open to welcome him. She wanted to feel his hardness, his erect symbol of masculine lust. It pushed at her lips and opened them, pressing against her inner hole. The stiffness pushed and entered, stretching her open the way she needed.

~ ~ ~

Austen settled on her, kissing her. What a beautiful woman, and all mine. He thrust in all the way and relished the sensation of her heat enveloping his need. His stiffness speared her solid and he flexed uncontrollably inside her. Joined at

the hips and lips, he moved inside her slowly, mainly keeping it deep. He made love to her gently, cherishing the feel of her skin and warmth beneath him. Her bold nose and strong chin pressed against his face. Her beautiful eyes were glazed and half-lidded with the stupor of sexual satisfaction.

He moved his hips fluidly, pumping a little faster with longer strokes in and out. She panted lightly after the kissing and her breaths brushed across his face. He brought one hand up and stroked her hair, reveling in her allure. She was everything to him.

He felt his excitement growing and spreading. I wonder what it would take to get her to admit she was playing with herself? Just ask her? He pondered that for a moment. In a marriage such as theirs, trust and honesty should be what drove them. Well, why not? It can't hurt.

He ventured, "So... I stood there and handled myself looking at you. Do you ever play with yourself?"

She tensed dramatically under him, her pussy clamping against his dick like a vaginal vise. "No, of course not. Don't be silly."

Her squeeze ignited his orgasm. He gasped, pushing in even as the disappointment rushed his head. His cock erupted, sending his cum into her. Why is it hard for you to admit it? Ashamed? He groaned and panted, both with relief and dejection.

Her eyes were bright and sharp, maybe touched with panic. But they slowly softened and her body relaxed.

He felt he had failed somehow, that he had missed something. But what? Had he gone about something wrong?

CHAPTER 3

Kenton tossed his last paper into the darkness. Newspaper delivery wasn't a fantastic job, but it paid the rent while his wife Hayleigh brought in the real bucks. That left him with much of the day to work on his physique. He hit the gas pedal on his Jeep and headed home. He ran a hand through his hair and felt the heat already. Going to be a hot day.

Kent, as he was known, had grown up through school a wimp. Pushed around, frail and fearful, he had entered his senior year with a mission: to put an end to the bullying. He bought his own weight set, long since sold to another, and began struggling against his body. He did heavy curls, not knowing any better. He benched as much as he could, which was little, with no clue as to what really built muscle. He learned about repetitions. He backed off the weights and worked his muscles more than he worked his cock.

It was late in the school year that he realized shoves had turned to threatening looks and then to... nothing. To this day he didn't recognize a turning point. There was no slugfest where he displayed his brawn. It was a day in February when he felt a distinct realization that other boys weren't even looking at him anymore. His mother had complained about having to jump up a size in shirts, but he liked wearing his old t-shirts; they showed off his efforts. Even now, he loved his t-shirts, refusing to buy ones that better fit his frame.

He parked his CJ-7 in the apartment carport. No day off in over four years. Seven days a week, no holidays. The last time he remembered two days off in a row, there had been a newspaper strike – years ago. But delivery wasn't too bad and he was able to handle Sunday deliveries with ease. His muscles helped and he worked less than four hours a day.

He worked his shoulders and felt the creaks from being hunched over in his Jeep reading delivery addresses. He entered the apartment and began laying items for breakfast. It was nearly the same every day and Hayleigh never complained: scrambled eggs with chicken and a small bowl of oatmeal sweetened only with raisins.

Her voice behind him was soothing. "Good morning."

Kent twisted, slipping one arm around her waist. "Hey." He planted a wet kiss on her lips.

"I still think you should get your molars pulled."

He made a face. "Nah. My teeth are fine."

"But then you'd have room to floss."

It was an old discussion. He said gently and persistently, "I keep my teeth clean just fine."

She pouted and that was the typical end of the teeth discussion.

He kissed her goodbye after breakfast, taking a deep breath of her feminine scent. She was a sexy creature with strange kinks. He had done things for her he never imagined doing when he was younger.

He frowned at the weight bench. Working out in the house would make it stuffy, even with air conditioning. He slid open the patio door and stepped out. The patio was tiny, but easily big enough for the weight bench. He folded the two lawn chairs and set them against the fence. He slid the bench out and moved the weights.

Working out here he had privacy from anyone walking by. The fence was high enough to block the entire first floor views. Only the extreme ends of the far second floor apartments might see him. He didn't think lifting weights was going to be entertaining at that distance.

~ ~ ~

Skye was glad Monday came and her husband kissed her to leave for work. She loved him and all, of course, but she was anxious to see some delicious man-skin. She adored him and felt happy with all that he was, but being home alone

with nothing to do left her feeling wanton.

She could read another alpha-male billionaire book, or even leap into the new alpha-male trillionaire category, but they were basically all the same: the man was devastatingly handsome and refused all women. Then he meets a woman who doesn't like him and resents his money. Uh huh, sure. Big fights, break-ups, throw in a kidnapping. Bleh, I'd rather watch men exercise.

She eagerly sat on the couch and grabbed up the remote. She hit the morning fitness channels first, and settled on one that was just ending. She huffed in aggravation. Guess I'll grab my vibrator before the next one starts.

The bullet was a tangled mess in her drawer. How do cords get so tangled? I've never touched it! She struggled with it, then pulled it over to the window to see better. She raised the blinds and began picking at the amazing collection of knots in the cord. How ridiculous.

After unknitting it all, she thumbed the power wheel. The bullet wriggled to life in her hand, but then slowed and died. She heaved a deep sigh and looked out the window, wondering if anyone had seen her playing with a vibrator.

Across the common area on the second floor, big Roberta was looking out of her window. But she was looking elsewhere and very still.

Curious, Skye followed her gaze. Almost immediately, she caught movement. A man was down there in his back patio lifting weights. Ohh, naughty Roberta. She put down the bullet and pressed her face against the window to see better. It was very awkward. Climbing up to sit in the sill relieved the angle and pressure on her neck. The man was in great shape, if a little pale. All the muscle-nuts on TV had perfect tans.

Despite his pale skin color, his shape was fantastic. She watched, rapt, as he shifted in and out of different weight repetitions. He rose suddenly and went inside.

Skye pouted. She was about to get down when he came back out leading a boy, maybe twenty years old. Small and lanky, he was dressed in shorts and t-shirt. The man was just in shorts. She settled back against the sill, watching. Wish I had some binoculars.

The two talked for a bit. It seemed like the older one was telling the younger man about weight lifting. He pointed and the boy laid back on the bench. He scooted as the older man pointed, then gave a look of approval. The weightlifter began removing weights from the barbell, talking all the while. Finally, he came around to the side and made a vigorous pushing motion.

The boy lifted the barbell and lowered it to his chest. The man nodded. Slowly, the young guy raised the bar. Older man showed him a vigorous motion and gestured.

The boy began heaving, his face turning red. The barbell went up and down a few times, then started to tilt sideways. Older man caught it and rested the bar on the rack. He motioned the boy off.

Skye thought she recognized him from the laundry room, but she had never gotten his name. I wonder what day he does his laundry? When did I see him?

The man rested easily on the bench, then lifted the barbell. He effortlessly worked the bar up and down with very sharp and fast moves. She could see his bulge sticking up in his shorts and she licked her lips. Oh, this is good.

He got up and the two talked for a bit. Older man gestured with his hand as if detailing something. Suddenly, he smiled. She could see his white teeth from where she sat. She figured it unlikely he could see her. Outside glare against angled glass hid much of what went on inside and he had not looked up her way once. Neither towards Roberta's window.

The boy shocked her with a jolt as he knelt down quickly and grabbed at the older man's shorts. The man laughed and shook his head, but boy wasn't taking no for an answer. His fist gripped the shorts and yanked. For a brief second, Skye caught a glimpse of black pubic hair and a thick shaft. The man looked annoyed, embarrassed, and amused all at once. He grabbed up his shorts and motioned inside.

Boy went in and so did the man.

He's gay? Him? I swear I saw a wedding ring on his finger.

CHAPTER 4

Kent shut the door behind Justin. He shook his head. The kid was one of the locals fresh out of high school that Hayleigh had corralled for her kinkiness. The kid was all bug-eyed around him and wanted to be just like the strong man with the big dick. His wife had thought the kid cute.

He adjusted his shorts and went back outside. Not sure if he could get a strenuous workout in, he picked up some smaller hand weights for a little bit of resistance training instead.

The fresh air felt good and he felt movement was better and freer outdoors. I'm definitely lifting out here. Much nicer. He thought of Hayleigh and the kid, thought about the videos. His cock shifted and swelled a little. He set the hand weights down and closed his eyes, taking deep breaths. He leaned back a little flexing his swelling shaft. He stretched overhead and twisted. The slide of his cockhead against the material made it swell even more.

He exhaled long and forcefully, placing hands on hips. He sat, thinking to start some light benching. But his dick was starting to stand up against his shorts. He tried to shift the material, but that allowed him to harden further. He shook his head, laughing. He wanted to smack his dick.

Instead he let it out.

~ ~ ~

Skye almost fell off the sill. The man was sitting and stroking his cock. Her heart began beating so rapidly she thought the window was vibrating from it. She squinted, wanting to see closer. Why don't we have any binoculars?

His hand moved up and down a beautiful-looking shaft, though at this distance it was hard to tell anything except that it was straight and thick and as pale as the rest of him. His arm moved slowly, flexing as his wrist did most of the work.

Skye's pussy wet instantly. Why does that look so fucking hot? I've never liked this before... She began panting, wanting to see more. See it up close.

She glanced quickly over to Roberta's. The big woman had been watching him lift weights too. However, now the woman appeared to be in a tirade of outrage. Her arms were flinging in the air. Her mouth was open big and round and her head was jerking. Then she stopped, peered through the window again and began heaving her bosom up in sharp, offended moves. Her head jerked more, like a chimpanzee shaking its head. Her bosom went into super-outraged heaves and she went back to flailing her arms.

Skye snorted. She looked back to the man. He's having fun, what's your problem, old woman? Look at how good he looks doing that. She cast a disbelieving scowl at Roberta.

The big woman was holding a phone to her ear, ranting and screaming at someone.

Uh oh. She looked back and forth. Who is she calling? The manager? The police? She chewed on a nail. It was a bad habit she had broken years before, but it crept back up to her now. She waved to the man, but he wasn't even looking up; he was looking at his cock.

She leaned farther, pressing her face against the window again. "One, two three four... five." Five doors in from the corner of the building. She looked back at Roberta. The woman was pedantic in her mouth movements and talking slower. Skye knew what that meant: police. She started to bite her nail again and instead bit her lip. She didn't want the man to get in trouble. Especially if he was going to lift weights regularly. But I don't know his name.

Roberta had hung up, her beefy arms folded over huge bosom. She was staring haughtily out the window.

Skye's lips firmed. Damn you, Roberta. Couldn't you just leave him alone?

The man was now leaning back, his cock thrust straight up. His mouth was open

and he had a good pace going on his shaft.

Fuck! This looks great. It's perfect and fucking Roberta wants to ruin it! Aghh! She slid off the sill. Her bullet fell on the floor and she bent to pick it up. Her butt had fallen asleep and so had her feet. She toppled over. "Ugh..."

Lifting herself, she threw the vibrator back into the drawer. She ran for the door and slipped on her sneakers. Grabbing up her keys, she left the apartment at a run.

She felt light-headed as the air in the closed second floor hallway whooshed by her ears. She bounded down the stairs and almost ran into Henry coming up the stairs. Get out of the way!

The old man looked up at her, his daily paper tucked under his arm and his dim eyes searching her out.

She squeezed past him. Why do old men climb stairs with their arm straight out to the rail and taking up the whole stairway? She burst out the heavy door into the outdoor hall under the building. To the right, a patrol cruiser was rolling past.

She turned left and ran two steps to the common walkway. Turning right, she saw the line of patios, but with the fence as high as it was, she couldn't see the man. She didn't look for Roberta. Five. Five doors in.

Another left and into the door that was the first floor hall. She ran, feet thumping. "Two... four." She stopped at the fifth door, frozen, her fist raised to knock. She heard the echo of a radio, distant. A police radio.

She knocked suddenly, rapidly banging her knuckles against the door. Come on, hurry!

The light behind the peephole went black.

She pursed her lips in a hopeful smile.

The door cracked open. The man was looking out, his body shielded by the door. "Yes?"

She heard the squawk of a radio again. Panicked, she pushed open the door. Her

whisper was strangled. "The police are coming!"

The door hit him in the face as he jerked backwards. He stumbled backwards in surprise, his semi-erect dick flopping. He clipped the edge of the couch and fell over, narrowly missing the coffee table.

He opened his mouth.

She held up her finger and quickly shut the door, twisting the lock into place. She knelt beside him quickly. "I'm so sorry."

He was looking at her in annoyance. He arranged his shorts over his cock.

Skye was so frightened, she was blabbing. "You didn't have to cover that." She laid her hand down on his covered shaft. She bent over, her words a whisper, "The police are coming. For you." She moved her hand on his shaft a little – to soothe him.

~ ~ ~

Kent didn't know what to make of the woman. She had a gentle grip on his shorts, stroking him as if to say, "It's okay."

Her eyes were wide and wild, her whispers were frantic, and she had said the police were after her. Or him. Meth? No, her mouth has no sores. Police, what?

There was a loud knock on the door.

Her eyes, wild before, went berserk. Her hand clamped on his cock. She held her finger to her lips. She brought her head close again. She smelled good, at least. "Roberta saw you. Outside. You know." She moved her hand vigorously on his shaft. It had hardened back up. She jerked herself, a look of horror on her face as she realized what she was doing. She snatched her hand away and turned so red Kent thought she was going to burst something.

She clapped her hand over her mouth, eyes locked on his face.

There was another, louder, knock on the door.

Her eyes somewhat returned to what he thought could be normal. She made a shushing motion with her finger, then got up. She tiptoed over to the sliding glass door and slid it shut. She pulled the string and the blinds slid closed.

Kent leaned up and sat.

When not looking crazed, she was very pretty. Great figure, luscious hips and ass, and decently rounded up top. Her face had that puffy-lipped look that said she was probably a great cock-sucker. Or kisser.

She saw that he had moved and knelt by him. "Sorry..." She indicated his shorts. Her breathy whisper was more under control now, but she was shaking.

He breathed back, "What's going on again?"

"I was watching you out the window. Lifting weights. So was Roberta."

"You saw me?"

She nodded. "And then when you were playing with yourself..." She blushed again and pursed her lips. "Anyway, I saw Roberta on the phone. She was livid."

He snorted. "I didn't think anyone could see me."

"It wasn't hard. But I had to climb into the window sill to do it."

He gave her a look. "To see me..." He pointed at his shorts.

Her head moved in assent. "I didn't want you to get caught. They'll go away if you don't answer the door."

"Yeah, thanks. Guess I can't do that out there."

A fearful look crossed her face. "No, don't stop." She looked around, at the door and the blinds.

He grinned. "Oh, you want to see more?"

Her blush had been fading. It returned.

His grin spread. "More of this?" He lifted the band of his shorts.

Her eyes went wide and she looked at his exposed cock. He saw her swallow and say, "Yes."

He considered. "Well, you can. Maybe sometimes after my workouts." He stood up and slid down his shorts. He thrust his hips forward a little. His cock bobbed inches from her crossed eyes. "I could let you watch me." He gripped it and gave some strokes. He thought he was being funny, that she would reject the notion, but she didn't.

She gulped and said, "Oh, wow... I'd like that."

He kept stroking, looking at her lovely face. "We've met?" She looked familiar.

Her eyes didn't leave his cock. "No. But I've seen you in the laundry room."

Being watched by this stranger made his cock hard. "I think the police are gone..."

She wasn't paying attention; she was staring at him masturbating.

Kent decided he liked that.

CHAPTER 5

Skye watched him masturbate. Seeing this handsome stud fuck his cock with his own hand made her wet. Her pussy was twitching and putting out so much heat she thought she was going to break out in a sweat. He's really going to let me watch? And more than this once? Her heart leapt up amidst a swirl of nervous butterflies. Wow, that's so cool.

He moved over to the couch and picked up a towel slung over the back. He sat and draped the cloth over his legs. Then he rested back and resumed stroking. His eyes were locked on hers and they radiated as much heat as her pussy.

She bit her lip. What am I doing here? Austen wouldn't understand. Fuck, I don't understand. I thought only little boys were immature enough to... But the man on the couch was sexy, built, and looking good handling his shaft. It was thick and long and looked so very delicious. She got up gingerly, afraid her legs wouldn't work or her knees give out. She sat on the coffee table next to his feet.

He jacked away, watching her.

She became aware of the apartment, feeling vulnerable that she was alone with a strange man. The place was not a bachelor pad. It was not a man-cave by any means. There was a quilt on the back of the couch done in pastels. Pictures on the entertainment unit showed him and a blonde woman. The furniture was matched with a flower print. A wedding ring glinted on the man's hand.

Now she really felt out of place. She looked around wildly, expecting to see some blonde with a big butcher knife raised over her head.

His voice was curious. "What's wrong?"

"You're... married."

"Looks like you are, too."

"I'm sure your wife would be mad—"

"And your husband wouldn't? Hayleigh won't be back until five thirty."

"Oh..." She licked her lips. "My husband gets back then, too."

He kept stroking. "So what's the problem?"

She shook her head, speechless. She wiped at her eyes, suddenly self-conscious about the whole thing.

"You want to see this or not?" His tone said he would stop and it wouldn't matter to him.

Skye scratched her arm and firmed her lips. "Don't stop. I'm sorry, this is all new to me."

His smile erupted. "What, you mean you don't go bursting into people's apartments and force them to masturbate for you?"

She coughed. "No."

"You're not the Masked Masturbator Marauder?" His smile was very much reaching his eyes.

She laughed. "No. In fact, I thought masturbating was immature... a few days ago."

"But now you see the light?"

She was looking at his cock. "I guess so." She wasn't about to tell him she had played with herself while watching fitness programs.

"And am I the first you've seen..." His voice dropped low. "Do the dirty thing?"

She giggled, blushing. "Oh my gosh, stop."

"Your husband doesn't do this for you?"

"No, of course not."

He gave her a sexy eyebrow. "So what's your name? Or do I have to guess?"

She opened her mouth.

His hand forestalled her. "Let me guess. Laquisha?"

She laughed. "Uh, no."

"Betty? Milana? Mary?"

"No, I'm Skye." Her nervousness went away.

"I'm Kenton, but I prefer Kent. Pardon me if I don't shake your hand, I'm kind of busy."

She covered her face, the giggles coming harder. She tried to stifle them but that made it worse.

"Skye, huh? Beautiful name for a beautiful lady."

She looked at him to see if he was making fun of her, but his look was open and genuine. "Thank you."

"So, why doesn't your husband do this for you?"

She drew in a deep breath and let it out. "Because I've told him only little boys are obsessed with their own dicks."

He chuckled. "Well, that might be true... So you've told him he better not do this?"

Now she felt dumb. "Well, yeah."

"Did you know that if a man can't masturbate, he gets testicular cancer?"

"What?" A flash of panic jolted her. Was I really that ignorant?

He tried to hide a smile. "And then his whole dick just falls off one morning."

"What?"

His lips twitched. "You don't know until you're putting sheets in the laundry and the poor dick plops onto the floor."

She exhaled vocally and looked at the ceiling. "Stop it."

"Just teasing you." He stroked for a few seconds. "So... you tell your husband he's a bad boy if he touches his 'dirty thang' but do you touch yourself?"

Skye stiffened. "That's rather personal."

"So is sitting there salivating over me jacking my dick."

She plucked at her t-shirt. Why is he so maddeningly right? "I hadn't been touching myself. Before a couple days ago."

"No shit?"

She regarded his confused face. He was very handsome up close, with shoulder length black hair messily brushed back. His black beard was close and trimmed like a lot of body builders wore. His teeth were clean and his eyes set far enough apart with bold eyebrows that she thought his continued look might sap her of all the will just to stay upright. She stammered, "I j-just thought it was s-something kids do who can't get any..."

"Hey, at least you don't think that anymore, or you wouldn't be watching me do this." His hand had sped and he lifted his hips. He groaned and closed his eyes.

She swallowed hard and watched as his cum erupted up and out of his cock, squirting fast and far up into the air. Whoa...

~ ~ ~

Austen parked his BMW well away from the stupid post. He wondered for the zillionth time if he could find another line of work. Maybe start his own business. He got out and shut the door.

A voice startled him. "You didn't hit the post this time?"

He turned to see the pretty blonde in her scrubs. He cracked a weary smile. "Oh,

no..."

"I guess we both work nine to five, huh?"

He motioned. "I'd trade it for my own business, if I could. Being a wage slave the rest of my life isn't what I had in mind."

She giggled as they walked. "Wage slave? That's a good one. I counted it a major victory to have found the side streets take almost ten less minutes than the Expressway. I'm home faster."

Austen had wondered why he had started seeing her recently. "Life's little victories. What does your husband do?"

"Delivers papers for the Times."

Austen stopped. "No kidding? I design ads and layout for them."

Her look was interested and surprised. Her blue eyes twinkled. "Oh, that kind of graphic design, huh?"

He didn't feel it was anything to brag about, but said, "Yes."

"I bet you've never seen Kent and yet you both work for the same company." She gave a tiny incredulous laugh.

"Yeah, he's back in the printing building at what, two in the morning?"

The look on her face was dry. "Yep. Every morning. Seven days a week."

"Ouch."

"It's no big deal. I'm asleep when he does it." They were at the interior intersection of wings. "Nice talking to you again."

He gave her a wave. "You, too." Nice gal. He climbed the steps up to the second floor. Next apartment is going to be ground floor. He unlocked their door and went in. The smell of meat and cheese was in the air.

Skye bounced into the entry and kissed him. "Cheeboygie, cheeboygie."

He laughed to the old Saturday Night Live reference. "Sounds great. Maybe after dinner I'll have a nice, hot shower and jack my dick." He had planned that line after taking the whole day to come up with it. Somehow, he needed to break her ice and get her to admit she had played with herself.

But her eyes went wide, almost as if in panic, then she swallowed. "Why would you do such a thing?" Her tone hinted at disgust.

Fuck, another failure. Back to the drawing board, Smedley. He muttered, "It was a joke. Of course I'd never do that."

CHAPTER 6

Skye's days passed fast and slow and fast again. Each day had her knocking on Kent's door to get a look at his magnificently sexy body and his so very hot cock-stroking. It was definitely the highlight of her day. Then the day would drag as she kicked herself for not being brave enough to touch it. After dinner and Austen going to bed, things crept along a little faster as she stroked her clit under the blanket and watched fitness programs.

Friday came too soon. She resolved that this day, she would be brave enough to reach out and touch Kent's cock. She was nervous kissing her husband goodbye. Part of her recognized the dreary look he got when he went to work and it touched her sympathies. The other part of her just wanted him to go and be quick about it. She loved him, but she had this thing...

She knocked on Kent's door. She knocked again. And again.

"I saw him go out." The old voice from across the hall startled her. The man was peering at her, his navy blue sweater covering him even in this heat. He wore a look of stern disapproval.

Skye felt the despair. "Oh..." She walked away. Quickly.

Friday began passing with no satisfaction. She kept looking out the window. Kept searching for him throughout the day in a futile attempt at ending her frustration. I just want to see!

She was not in a good mood when Austen got home.

~ ~ ~

Austen parked his BMW carefully and got out. Hayleigh was nowhere in sight.

Not that he cared all that much, but she was nice to talk to for the twenty seconds of arrival time before splitting up. Oh well, no loss.

On his way across the driveway, her white Subaru came dusting into the parking area with a rush. A door slam brought a smile to his face.

She saw him and scowled with no less ferocity than a second before. She threw up an arm. "Mental idiots! People think they have to play road games. They don't like you changing lanes so they begin this neurotic nerd-game of passing, blocking, slowing down. Who the fuck cares? Just drive!"

He raised his eyebrows. "Careful there, you might start an incident of road rage."

She huffed, fist on hip. "Yeah, like me. I wanted to pummel my car into his repeatedly."

He chuckled. "Yep, I don't get why people feel they have some right to insure everyone around them drives a certain way."

She blew upwards, a blonde curl lifting off her forehead. "What a way to end the week."

They were at the intersection. "Well, we have the weekend ahead of us to relax and recover."

Her shoulders slumped. "Yeah, I hope so. Well, anyway, have a nice weekend."

He watched her stomp off. Goodness, some people get so worked up...

The smell of grilled cheese hit his nose. He didn't see Skye anywhere. The oven was on, keeping the sandwiches warming.

He frowned: usually she made grilled cheeses when she was in a rush or upset over something and not in the mood to cook. It wasn't an issue with him; he loved grilled cheeses. She made them very buttery and cheesy. But with her...

He found her in the bedroom, sitting up on the window sill. The bedroom windows were higher than normal and one had to hop up to sit on them. He guessed they were more made to be window shelves for knickknacks – at least, that's how others in the complex tended to use them. "What are you doing up

there?"

Her hand had been scratching her flat stomach. "Huh? Oh, hi." She dropped down. "Nothing, just looking out the window. Dinner is in the oven." She was already walking past him.

Odd behavior. He looked out the window to where she had been looking, but saw nothing. He removed his sports jacket and loosened his tie before following her.

~ ~ ~

Kent felt his wife wasn't in the greatest of moods. "Bad day?" He served up the meatloaf he had made.

She blew upward, lifting a curl. It was a habit of hers that told him she was supremely bothered. She would do it for hours as she worked through her mind the issue causing so much concern. "Bad drivers."

"Ugh. I had to suffer through the DMV today. Got there at opening and ended up being there the whole day."

"The lines were that bad?"

He felt frustrated, and it came out. "They have signs that tell you where to start. Big arrows, start here. So you stand in that line for an hour and a half behind all the other cattle. By the time I get to the window, the woman behind it decides she needs her fifteen minute break. Her replacement doesn't come for at least five minutes and she has to fiddle with everything in front of her for another five."

"Sounds like it wasn't that bad."

He held up a hand, a feigned look of excitement on his face. "But wait, there's more!"

She chewed on a mouthful of meatloaf.

"Then I finally get helped at the Start Here window. I'm told to go over there for license renewal. That line is just as long."

"Are you serious?"

"Fuckin A."

"How long were you in that line?"

"Two hours. I wanted to pick up the rope pylon and start bashing random heads with it."

"So all the way to lunch?"

He held out his arms and laughed like a maniac. "No! Even worse."

Hayleigh's brow softened from her usual wrinkle-worry when she was bothered. "You're joking."

"The flying fuck I am. When I finally get within one person of the window, it's lunch time."

She groaned in sympathy.

"So the lunchtime replacement is some lumpy guy with glasses thicker than the Great Wall of China and he's busy chewing on a rank-smelling bologna sandwich."

"Ew."

"He has to sit there and fiddle and swivel around for a good ten minutes before he helps the guy in front of me."

"Good grief."

"No wait, it gets even better!"

She laughed, low but still a laugh. "Go on."

"I'm given a form to fill out and told to go stand against the wall where they have this writing counter."

"Oh no."

"Yep, then I have to stand in line all over again to turn it in. I got there fifteen minutes before eight. There was already a long line outside. I left at 3:36."

"Wow. Maybe make an appointment next time?"

He blew out a large raspberry. "There was six rows of chairs, ten chairs in each row and almost all of them filled with appointment makers. People were snoring in the chairs."

"So you got your license renewed?"

He grunted, wanting to forget about the day. He had missed working out and also jacking off for that sultry-looking brunette from upstairs.

His wife said, "Thank God it's Friday, huh? We have the weekend to relax."

CHAPTER 7

Skye wanted to scream. Monday could not come soon enough, and when it did, the minutes dragged by.

Austen said, "Maybe I should take the day off."

She saw red. Trying to keep composed, she offered, "Is that such a good idea on a Monday?"

He gave her a considering look.

What's up with you, Austen? What's with the looks? Just go to work. She waited patiently. Or tried.

He said, "Yeah, probably not a good idea." He gave her a reluctant kiss and grabbed up his coat. "I really need to find something else to do."

She opened the door for him. "Probably not today, dear."

~ ~ ~

Austen knew something was going on. His wife had been cagey all weekend. She had spent extra time down in the laundry room and still came back looking as if someone had stolen her cupcake. He gave her a kiss and left.

He had tried to bring up the issue of playing with herself again, but had failed horribly when she reacted angrily about it, claiming that only toddlers did such stupid things. She seemed to be reversing even further into her hate of the subject.

However, he had seen her three nights in a row lying on the couch, wrapped in a

blanket, with her hand doing the obvious.

What was so hard about admitting she did it? He thought it was great. He thought it made her even sexier. But she wanted no part of talking about it, except to heap the most scorn on the topic as she could.

He didn't get it.

~ ~ ~

Skye was frustrated. Fucking, unbelievably frustrated. Why did her husband have to bring up masturbating over the weekend? Couldn't he just leave her alone? It didn't look like he suspected anything and she had easily shut him down on the topic. Best to keep him off of it and focused on other things.

She was in her shorts and tank top, pacing in the bedroom, looking out the window every time she passed. Where is he? Was he brushing me off Friday? Am I not pretty enough to sit and watch him? Does he hate me? She stopped pacing, chewing her lip in thought. Did his wife find out?

Shivers ran down her back when she looked out and saw him standing in the open sliding glass door of his apartment. He was looking up, leaning as if looking. She waved, but he did not respond.

He turned and went back inside.

Licking her lips, she hustled for the door. She slipped into her sneakers and hurried out. I hope everything is okay. Why didn't he wave?

She knocked on his door a few minutes later.

He opened right away and grinned with familiarity when he saw her. "Hey." His simple word of greeting sent more shivers running rampant through her.

He's so cute. Her pussy clamped on nothing. "Hi."

He let her in.

"You didn't see me wave?"

"Oh, you were looking a couple minutes ago?"

She nodded.

"Nah, I can't see anything through those windows. Everything is reflected."

She felt a flood of relief, but then it receded. "What happened Friday?"

A disgusted look crossed his face. "I don't want to talk about it. Endless lines at the DMV." He made a cutting motion with his hand.

The wave that had chased her fears away came back and surrounded her with bubbles of giddy ease. She felt like falling to the floor and laughing with relief. "So... I'm okay to be here?"

He looked confused. "Sure. Why wouldn't you be?"

Gawd, are things that simple to men? She tried a smile. "I just missed out on Friday, I guess. I like watching."

He grumped, "I woulda rather jacked off for ya then go through what I did."

She giggled. "I should hope so."

He focused on her with sparkling eyes and hint of smile. "You're a beautiful girl, you know?" He took off his shorts and picked up his towel.

She sat on the coffee table and ran her eyes all over the shaft she had grown so addicted to seeing.

He got himself comfortable and began pulling. He lifted his chin. "Hey."

"Hmm?"

"Maybe you'd like to do me a favor?"

"What's that?" She was eager to do anything for him.

"Show me your breasts?"

She almost laughed. "Me? My breasts?" She wanted to ask why he'd want to see them, but the look on his face was serious. He really wants to see my breasts? "I..." She swallowed. "Sure." She lifted her tank top.

His eyebrows shot up and so did his cock. "Hey... Very nice."

She looked down, worried he didn't like them. She attempted to make excuses. "They don't stick out much—"

"They're gorgeous."

She shoved her shirt down, covering them. "You think so?" She realized she had covered them and lifted her top back up. "Oops."

He jacked his cock and looked at her breasts.

Skye felt an enormous rush of heat that made her squirm on the coffee table. Tired of holding up the top, and desiring to do that extra something today, she took it off.

His smile was white and wide. "Much better. You're beautiful."

She blushed. "Thanks." She tried to open her mouth to ask, but instead just kept swallowing.

He began to look concerned. "Are you okay? You don't have to show me if it makes you uncomfortable."

There was that grace and gentlemanly attitude from him that had made her feel so respected. She smiled. "No, I was just wanting..." She lost her courage.

"What? What were you wanting?" His eyes held that twinkle that hinted he knew exactly what she wanted. But his tone didn't convey that.

She licked her lips, swallowed, and scratched her arm. Just ask! Scooting forward, she said in a shaky voice, "Can I touch it?"

He gripped his cock and angled it towards her. "This? Sure!" He sounded happy.

Not detecting any rejection from him, she reached out and gripped his shaft. The skin was very hot. His shaft was hard and flexed at her initial touch. She let out a long sigh as she moved her hand over it, feeling it and testing it.

He let out a low breath. "That feels good. You can stroke it, if you want."

Those bubbles of giddiness swirled around in her. She started jacking him, her hand shaking in excitement. Yes! How fucking awesome. She got up and sat next to him for better reach.

After a few seconds she felt her nipple touched. She let out a gasp. His rough finger moved tenderly around her areola brushing around her very hard nipple.

She quivered with desire and stroked him faster, wanting to feel his shaft and his finger. The dual tactile sensations met inside her and caused a rapid building of heat and need. His cock was magnificent and her pussy began that deep, dull ache that gnawed at her insides with greed.

He said, "Use your other hand."

"Why?" She was comfortable using her right hand. Is something wrong with my hand?

"Because I've never been jacked by a married woman before. I want to feel your ring. See it on my dick."

Oh. Uh, sure. "Okay." She got up and stepped over him. She felt his hand cup and caress her ass as she passed.

He breathed, "Fucking sexy."

That turned up the heat considerably. She felt like she was melting inside and draining out her pussy. She sat and used her left hand.

He chuckled. "Nice. That looks beautiful." His eyes were following her hand.

She wanted to giggle, but wasn't sure if she should. "Really?"

"Aw, yeah. Uber-sexy." His hard shaft in her hands flexed.

She felt it in her fingers and her pussy. She opened her mouth. "Would it be okay..."

He looked at her with expectant and hopeful eyes.

He probably thinks I want to blow him. She started again. "Could we... Can I..." She cleared her throat – it felt constricted with uncertainty. "I'd like to feel this inside. Me." Her heart was pounding and she gasped in a breath for being so forward.

He blinked. "Are you fucking serious?"

She nodded, too afraid to say anything.

"Are you... clean?"

She bobbed her head. "You?"

"Very."

They considered each other a moment, doubt twisting across both faces.

She said slowly, "Condom."

He firmed his lips. "I agree. Condom. It's good to be safe."

Waves of electric eroticism flailed through her limbs and jolted her pulse into jitters.

He got up, cock moving stiffly, and went into the bedroom.

Do I follow? She squirmed on the couch.

He came back out with a condom and wriggled it in his fingers. "Spread the towel." He pointed to the couch.

She jumped up and did what he said. Then she looked down and grabbed the button of her shorts. If I look him in the eyes, I'm going to lose nerve. Thank God he had a condom, I don't think I could do it without one and face Austen. She removed her shorts and panties.

He hummed. "Hmm, shaved. Nice."

A deep twinge and ache twisted up inside her pussy. She was standing naked with another man and it felt deviously risky.

He motioned to the couch and tore open the condom package.

She laid down on the towel.

He was already done rolling it down his shaft. It didn't roll down all the way; he was too big. He climbed over her with a hungry look glowing in his eyes.

Her thighs trembled at the touch of his skin to hers. His hips brushing against the inner flesh of her legs was hot and intimate. She felt the press of slippery plastic against her pussy. She was wet and he began filling her easily. Each inch he slid in of sheathed hardness chased away that much tension and need. She pulled on his hips and lifted hers. With the condom, it felt more like a hot dildo entering her. Not so bad. No contact with the condom.

He kept pushing until his thickness filled her, sliding deep. His muscles bunched up and he gently pressed.

She felt a change of warmth on her pussy lips: he had slid in far enough that she felt the skin of his cock at the base where the condom didn't reach. She clamped down on his hardness and wriggled to feel the fullness move inside her. She let out a long breath.

CHAPTER 8

Skye lay on her bed in her apartment, fingering her achy pussy. She recalled the feel of Kent's thickness in her and the slippery feel of the condom. She hadn't cum but he had sure filled that sheathe with his.

She moaned, pinching at her nipples with one hand and sliding her other fingers down over her angry clit. Squirming on the bed, she imagined him still in her, thrusting and moaning with masculine desire. So sexy and exciting...

She resolved to buy a box of condoms so they could continue doing it. Without him actually touching her skin on skin, they weren't actually cheating, were they? Except for the exposed base of his cock nestled firmly in between her pussy lips. It was just play. I can play and be faithful to Austen. The condom covers it all.

Her orgasm rushed in on her as she justified her fun. It pounced on her from behind, tackling her with a burst of heat. She arched her back off the bed and quivered with tension as the waves beat against her and robbed her of her desire. Slowly, she floated, coming down off the high of the orgasm with soft jerks and groans. The warm feeling that replaced it flushed her skin and she cuddled in on herself, smiling. Mmm, yummy.

She felt a vibrant excitement inside, something she felt had been lacking in her life. Her love for Austen was rich and fulfilling, but the naughtiness with Kent seemed to fill something she hadn't realized was missing. Or maybe it filled the hole left by Austen when he wasn't home.

Either way, she felt happier.

~ ~ ~

Austen arrived a few minutes later than usual. Hayleigh's car was already parked – no chatting today. He didn't miss it; he talked enough at work and then at home that adding in someone else to talk to was more a chore than a benefit. He wasn't sure how women gabbed endlessly.

He opened the door to the apartment. Grilled cheese hit him in the nostrils. Skye hit him after he shut the door. Her body impacted his, sending him reeling back into the door. She was all over him.

"Mm, hello, stranger. Why don't we eat and go get in bed?" Her hands were stroking his chest and neck.

He lifted an eyebrow. "In the mood, huh?"

She licked his chin and looked up at him with smoky eyes.

He had all the answer he needed. Minutes later, grilled cheese still struggling down his throat, he was stripped and climbing over his wife.

She was reaching for him, wiggling her fingers. "Get on. Get in."

Mindful of her late night escapades under the blanket, he said, "See something today that got you all bothered?"

She tensed, her eyes shadowing and considering. "No... I just wanted to make love to my husband."

He swallowed his disappointment, along with the last crumbs of his sandwich somewhere in there. I just want to be a part of who you are, my love. Why the exclusion? His entry was effortless. Whatever was going on with her, she was worked up over it. What was the big deal of her masturbating? Was it really such a huge crime?

~ ~ ~

Skye felt pleasure and comfort with her husband. It was good; it was always

good. His questions raised concerns, though. Would he understand everything? Could he possibly? Sometimes, things happened so outside the norm that there was little leeway in preserving normalcy.

Grocery shopping, paying the bills, laundry, cleaning, cooking – these were all normal things she had accepted to get away from being a paid maid. TV, reading books, looking out the window – these were the realities of life that paid for her choice.

Now in her life, something new had developed. Should she try to include her husband? Somehow? She didn't think she could ever tell him about what she had done earlier today, but could she somehow deflect him with the partial truth? Could she somehow bring him partially into her world, even if she could never tell him about her relationship with Kent?

She thought this might be the time to do it. She tried to sound natural, but her lips didn't want to work right. "So, do you ever masturbate when I'm not around?"

Her husband stiffened immediately, stopping his thrusting. His look was wary and guarded. His words were fast and dismissive. "No, of course not. You hate that."

She wanted to sigh, but didn't. Of course he wouldn't admit to it, even if he did; he knows I thought only toddlers would be so immature.

~ ~ ~

Austen began thrusting again. Good grief, she never lets up with hounding me about how childish it is. Always testing me. Angry, he thrust harder. It's all right for her in secret, but boy oh boy, I better not or all Hell is breaking loose.

Disgusted, he lost the desire. He pulled out. "I'm not in the mood. I'm tired." He got off the bed.

Her look was horrified.

"I'm going to take a shower."

Hours later, in bed, she clung to him, trembling. "I love you," she whispered.

His answer was wooden. "I love you." He rolled over and went to sleep.

~ ~ ~

Skye didn't sleep well. She knew that asking him about playing with himself had angered him. She felt as if her avenue to including him had hit a definite dead end. Were they so alike that they both thought – or had thought – that such behavior was juvenile? But what now when she didn't?

Or was she only making an excuse for herself? What would she think if she actually saw her husband doing it? It would be so much easier... Or would it? Was she just thinking so to excuse her activities with Kent?

She knew she would be livid if her husband and Kent's wife were doing the same thing. What if they were? What if the situation was reversed? What would she want? To be included somehow? The entire idea was one of revulsion. She could not watch her husband masturbate for some other woman. No way.

With a sinking feeling, she knew Austen could never accept that she had watched another man masturbate. Forget the fact of the pseudo sex with a condom. That her husband might do that with another woman burned her.

No, I can never tell. Ever. Ever, ever, ever.

~ ~ ~

Kent couldn't risk Skye coming over Tuesday morning. Instead, he went to her place. He brought along the new box of condoms he had picked up at the mini-

mart. He knocked on the door. I hope she approves.

She opened the door a moment later. "Oh. I was just watching out the window for you."

"I could give you my number..."

She shook her head, something flashing across her face. "No, not a good idea."

He hefted the box.

She licked her lips. "Come in."

He looked around their place. Cozy furnishings, the lingering smell of toast and eggs, and windows not facing the sun seemed to make the place welcoming. He said, "Nice."

"Thanks, I try to keep it clean."

"It looks squeaky-clean."

She laughed. "I guess that's my old work as a maid coming through."

"Nothing wrong with that."

"So... you didn't want me to come over there?" She frowned.

"Oh, uh, it might be best if you didn't. I'm not as good a cleaner as you and if she were to find hairs..."

She touched her brunette strands. "Oh..."

Kent shrugged. "She might expect to find short hairs from a guy, but not long ones."

Her grin was suggestive. "Do you often have guys over?"

Her question hit uncomfortably close to home. He lied, "No, of course not."

Her answer was drawn out. "Ohh..."

Some things are secret and she doesn't need to know. "So, you wanna..." He twisted the box.

Her hesitant smile broadened into something more positive. "Yeah, definitely."

~ ~ ~

Skye felt his hands on her breasts as she pulled on his cock. Kent was such a handsome and studly man that she couldn't get enough. She wanted to feel him all over, but her hands were locked on that masculine example of demanding desire. She was panting, feeling the need build way past her limits of control.

Her husband had shut her off the night before and she was wanting to feel a man take her and complete her. She wasn't sure how she was going to fix things with her husband, but she loved Austen. If something had gone wrong the previous night, it could be fixed. But for now, Kent was here to step in.

He pushed her back. "You're certain you're clean?"

She was twisting with desire, unable to hold still. "Yes."

He climbed over her but lowered his head to her instead of his hips. She felt his wet tongue touch and slide up her pussy, tantalizing her clit with its passage.

She groaned loud, not wanting to be teased, but not wanting to stop the swirl of sensations that swept her up the path of orgasm. She squirmed on his tongue, panting louder and faster. He's driving me nuts!

She reached for him. "Please, no more..." Her hips kept moving. Her pussy clenched repeatedly, needing to feel his hardness.

He settled back and grinned. He plucked a condom package.

She groaned and twisted, the formless thing in her demanding much more. "Kent..."

He tore the package open. "Hmm?"

"Maybe put it in. Without the condom. I'd like to know... what it feels like." Her entire body trembled with the force of needing to know.

He made a considering face for a second, then nodded. "Sure thing, babe." He tossed the condom aside and scooted forward between her legs. He grabbed his dick and jacked it.

She squirmed. "That's so hot."

"Does your husband do this?"

"No, he thinks... He thinks I think it's bad. I used to... think it was bad."

"You should tell him."

All discussion fled with the press against her pussy. The hot helmet of his cock nestled into her folds and pushed. The skin on skin contact was electric. Her pussy flushed with more fluid. Tension spread in tingling tendrils outward from her hips. Her pussy spread open and the hard shaft slid into her like a velvet rod.

She groaned loudly as his cock stretched her open and filled her. Oh, fuck yes. The stud over her began moving, sliding his erection in and out. She clutched him and pulled, moving her hips to feel him and remember him. But his moves drove her higher and insane with need. She grunted, thrusting her hips up at him lewdly.

His eyes lit up and he responded, moving faster, harder.

Oh fuck yes, what an awesome fuck! She felt his power, his muscles working, his need demanding her pussy. And her pussy took it all, wanting more. She moaned low and breathy. "More. Give it to me."

He took a deep breath and shifted to a more commanding position. Then he began driving into her, his cock forcing her pussy into submission. He pounded her, shoving her well up that path of orgasm. The bed creaked, the slap of their hips filled the bedroom, and her cries became louder as she was lifted higher.

She lost all sense of anything except the pleasure this powerful stud was

delivering. She threw her legs open and pulled harder on him. Her pussy was getting a workout like she had never had. She found her head leaning over the side of the bed as his vigorous thrusts moved her across the bed.

He was groaning too, and grunting when he wasn't groaning. His body moved so fluidly and with such force...

Skye cried out as the swelling within her tossed her over and exploded with release.

His look was surprised, then desperate. His breathing became rapid and his thrusts harder. Her head flopped over the side as her body shook through successive explosions of lust. Then his cock was flexing, pulsing, and sending hot spurts deep inside her pussy.

She felt a second of panic, but it was quickly overwhelmed by satisfaction. Her pussy had conquered his cock, forced him to satisfaction, and the evidence was within her.

CHAPTER 9

Austen knew things were happening. Things nagged at him, taunting and tormenting him at all hours of the day. Weeks had passed since he and Skye had tried to have sex. Since he had withdrawn from her on the bed and claimed he wasn't in the mood, she had withdrawn from him.

The kisses were still there, but tentative, as if searching for a passion that should be there but couldn't be found. The hugs were there, fierce and gripping, but strangely unfulfilling. He felt as if they were clinging to each other against something else.

What was she hiding? Why couldn't she even try to involve him? What had gone so wrong in a marriage that worked as easily as a well-greased machine? What wrench had suddenly dropped into the gears and clogged the happy working of their relationship? Was it the masturbation at night? She was still doing it.

He parked his BMW and purposely bumped the pole. He was fed up.

"Hey..." Even Hayleigh's greeting was desultory.

He rested his shoulder against the metal pole that held up the carport roof. "You have a bad day?"

She blew a curl upwards. "More like something else."

He grunted. "Me too."

She laughed bitterly and shook her head in denial. "Things were going so well —"

He barked a laugh. "Yeah, me too."

She kept shaking her head. "No, this is something more serious. I think Kent is..." She trailed off, glancing at him meekly.

He crossed his arms. "Doing drugs?"

She made a raspberry. "No, thank God." She looked uncomfortable and shifted her look to his eyes and away. "I think he's got someone on the side."

Austen scratched his arm. "What makes you think so?"

"No sex for like two weeks? Except for once? He's claiming he's started a new workout regimen and it's sapping his desire. It's a lame excuse."

The mist that had wetted his windshield on the way home turned into a sprinkle. But he paid it no mind. "Two weeks?" His mouth went slack with certainty. "Your husband is home all day?"

She made a face and nodded.

Suddenly, he felt hot and his collar chafed at his neck. He pulled on it. "Have you... found any evidence?"

"Not a thing. I do expect to find some hairs... maybe short ones." She looked uncomfortable. "He has guy friends over, you know?" She said it fast and looked away faster. She looked very nervous now.

Austen frowned. She's hiding something. "Don't take this wrong... but is he gay?"

Her eyes drilled into his, shamefully, but with courage. "No. But... he's bi."

Austen felt some relief, but not enough. "Do you think he's picked up a boyfriend?"

"No. He knows I know. So it's not a secret. And he knows I... don't mind." She looked very uncomfortable now. Finally, she exhaled loudly and lowered her voice. "Just between you and me? I like seeing it."

Austen made an oh-face and nodded slowly.

She turned red. "It's hot, okay?"

He held up a hand. "Nothing wrong with that." Kinky bitch.

She relaxed a bit, then shrugged. "He wouldn't hide something like that from me; he'd brag about it."

Tension refilled his shoulders. "So you think it's a woman?"

Anger colored her pretty features. Her answer was short and vehement. "Yes."

He began to feel sick.

"You look pale."

"I'm sorry, I feel pale." He stumbled away.

"Where are you going?"

"To check on something..." He left her there, knowing she wanted to talk things out with someone who would listen. But Austen felt a deadened certainty within him.

~ ~ ~

Skye dreaded him coming home. Things just weren't going right. Trying to show him she loved him produced little. At the same time, the rift in their marriage caused her to withdraw, also. She knew things were wrong, but she didn't know what to do.

He entered the apartment, and she fought back fears and tears. She wanted things to be normal – the way they were when they were close. But she had no answers.

He didn't bother saying anything. She had made a meat pasta, but he didn't even look towards the kitchen. Instead, he began looking at the couch as if trying to find a needle.

She was curled up in the recliner. "What are you looking for?"

He didn't answer. He got down on his knees and looked closer.

What the heck is he doing?

He got up and went into the bedroom.

She looked towards the kitchen, wondering why he was ignoring dinner. She held up a questioning hand to no one in the room. She decided to follow him to see what was up.

He was sweeping his hand across the bed.

She had lain there earlier, taking Kent with the same addiction as drawing deep on a cigarette. She wondered if he was searching for evidence. But I've said nothing. And neither would Kent. What's he looking for? Still, panic rose in her. "Don't you want dinner?"

He held up something and looked at it in the light, a frown on his face. He kept his fingers pinched and got down on his hands and knees. He swept under the bed with his other hand. Frowning, he got up and went to the other side of the bed. He reached around down there. He moved backwards, towards the foot of the bed. There was a faint crinkle sound, and he stopped. The crinkle sound came again. He was looking at something.

What is that sound?

He stood. He held up a condom package, torn at the top, but still containing the condom.

Her eyes went large. Oh my god, Kent tossed the condom and never picked it up! She cleared her throat and jerked her head to the side in question. "What's that?"

His voice was dead. "Looks like a condom to me. Resting up behind the footpost of the bed." He stepped towards her, squinting at her hair. "And your hair is brown, slightly auburn." He held up his other hand. "This long hair is black."

She felt a cold flush rush down her inner core. Her knees began to tremble. "I must have lost a hair—"

"You don't have a single black hair on your head. And if you tell me this belongs to some lesbian lover, you're going to have to explain why she would need a

condom." He held up the package.

She scratched at her arm. "I don't know how that got there—"

One step brought him close enough to shut her up. "Why don't you try telling the truth for once instead of piling on more lies?"

She shook her head, wanting to erase what was happening. Please, something other than this...

His eyes drew down. "No truth? Just no? Fuck the truth? How about your incessant masturbation under the blanket out there at night?"

Her eyes popped open in shock. "You've seen? I mean, I don't—"

"Stop lying!" His shout silenced her.

Tears welled in her eyes. She knew she was caught. "I didn't want to lie to you —"

"The fuck you didn't. Every time I brought it up, it was filthy, childish—"

"Because you wouldn't understand—"

"Understand what? That you're tired of me and want a new man?"

The force of her response startled both of them. "No!"

He blew out a breath. "Every time I brought it up to you, you reacted like someone had stuck a bitter lemon in your mouth."

"No..."

"Yes, you did."

She grasped for anything that made sense. "But you did the same."

"Only because you were so set against it."

"I don't want to lose you."

He laughed and held up his pinched fingers. "This black hair says you've already tossed me aside. Tell me, is it the newspaper guy?"

She felt her eyes widen. How does he know? She scratched at her arm.

He looked down at the motion, then looked at his own arm. Then he nodded. "It is. So you want to dump me for him."

"No!"

"Oh, sure. You've treated me like shit for weeks and now you're claiming I'm the love of your life? Get real."

"But you are!"

"What can I believe? Everything has been a lie."

"But I wanted to tell you the truth..."

He waited.

She felt compelled. "I wanted to. Somehow. But every time, you shut me down."

He held out his arms. "Here I am, loving dutiful, faithful husband."

"What do you want?"

He indicated the living room. "Why don't you go sit down and start with the truth?"

She scratched her arm in frustration.

He saw it. "The truth, Skye. Or there's nothing left here for us."

CHAPTER 10

Austen listened. It started simple enough; she got interested when the TV showed some shirtless man. "Don't I look good?"

She wrestled fingers together. "Yes, you look wonderful—"

"But some TV hunk was better?"

"Not better. Just... something different."

"Go on."

She brought her lips in and held them for a moment. "I felt interested. Sexy, maybe. For once, the image of a man excited me."

"I didn't excite you?"

"Yes, you did. But you weren't here all the time. I found I liked seeing men..."

"All right. I can cope with that. What else?"

Her look went from worried to astonished. "You could cope with that?"

He shrugged. "Sure, any guy likes seeing a pretty woman." He thought of Hayleigh. He wondered if she and her husband were having the same conversation.

She tried a smile. "Yes, it was like that, I guess. I just liked seeing them."

"And?"

She looked away. "One day I felt in the mood. I touched... myself. Through my clothing."

He chuckled. "And you thought I'd blow a fuse? Well, I didn't because that

sounds hot."

She shook her head, her mouth open. "You?"

"Yeah, me. I've always thought something like that is hot. When I saw you doing it under the blanket, I got turned on."

"You? You've always—"

"Because you were so against it."

She wilted in front of him.

Is she getting it yet? Or is she disappointed? "So that's when you began covering in a blanket and playing?"

She shivered dramatically, then went still. Her face looked haunted. "Yes. I watched fitness programs."

"I noticed."

Her face fell further and she dropped her gaze. Her face crumpled, but she contained it. Her lower lip quivered. "I thought one day to use the bullet you bought me."

"I thought you threw it away. After performing an exorcism on it."

"No, I kept it. Because it was a gift from you."

His heart clenched up, but he kept a stern face. Does she really still love me?

"So I was in the bedroom checking the batteries and trying to untangle the cord. I was by the window and looked out. I saw Roberta looking at something and I looked, too. It was the weightlifter exercising in his patio."

Austen licked his lips. That felt as hot as the TV masturbation. "Go on."

"Some little guy came over and he was showing this kid how to lift weights."

"A kid?"

"Well, he might have been twenty. I don't know. It's the kid in the complex who carries the camouflage backpack."

He knew the kid. "Justin. He's nineteen. Works at the coffee hut where I get my morning coffees."

"I didn't know. Anyway, the kid – I mean, Justin – drops down and is trying to tug down Kent's shorts. I think he was wanting to give him a blowjob."

He lifted an eyebrow. "Sounds right. Hayleigh told me he was bi."

Her look of surprise returned. "Kent?"

"She says he does it for her because she likes seeing it."

Skye shifted around, obviously hearing something she hadn't known. "Oh. I thought it might have been something gay, but he came out like a minute later alone."

He waited, interested.

"He lifted weights for a bit. I liked seeing it. Most men don't look like men anymore."

"Do I look like a man?"

Her laugh was hesitant. "Yes, your shape is good. You don't look effeminate."

"Should I get more muscle?"

"You're fine like you are, but you could if you wanted to. Either way is okay with me."

He frowned. "But you're looking at muscle men."

She held up her hands. "Maybe because they're more caricatures of sexiness. A women with ridiculous fake tits gets a lot of looks, too."

Something in that sounded very right to him. He gestured in agreement.

She said, "It looked like he got turned on."

"Kent?"

"Yes. He pulled it out—"

"Right there on the patio?" He felt his lips stretch into a smile. "Brave guy."

"Well, you know the fence is high and all the windows are angled..."

Austen was thinking about standing out on the balcony jacking for any who might see. It sounded exciting. He mused, "I might have to try that sometime."

"Someone might see."

"Am I embarrassing to look at?"

"No... but someone might call the cops. Like Roberta. That's what she did to Kent."

Austen laughed and slapped his knee. "Are you serious?"

"She was all into watching him lift weights, chewing on her finger and everything, but when he pulled it out, she began jerking around and heaving. Like she was super offended."

He rolled his eyes. "All she had to do was look away."

"I know, right? So..." She faltered.

"So? What happened?"

She began wringing her fingers through each other again. "I felt panicked, like sorry for him. I ran to his apartment and banged on his door. And the cops were in the parking lot."

My wife did this? He gave a small smile at her courage.

Skye looked very uncomfortable now and she fidgeted with anxiety. "He answered the door and I pushed him in. Told him to be quiet, that the police were here for his public exhibition."

"That worked?"

"The police knocked a couple times, then went away."

"Smart move. If he'd answered the door, he would've opened himself up to questions. Would've led to a public indecency charge, probably."

She nodded.

"But with no one to question, the police have nothing."

"Right. So they went away."

He turned his head slightly. "So now you're in his apartment..."

She blushed. "He offered to masturbate for me and it sounded fun, so I watched."

Austen shifted on the couch. He felt his cock expanding dramatically. "That..."

She had that innocent child caught with hand in the cookie jar look. "What?"

"That sounds really fun."

She blinked at him several times and her mouth dropped open.

"Did it look nice?"

Her mouth moved but nothing came out for a few seconds. "The act? Or his dick?"

He smiled sheepishly. "I don't know. Both."

She licked her lips and looked down. "Both, yes. Are you mad?"

He chuckled, ready to say yes, and realized he wasn't. Not about this part. "No... I'm not. So far this all sounds... fun." He held up the condom. "I want to know about this. Now."

Her lower lip quivered. "I watched him jack off for a few days. It was fun and it felt like I loved you even more."

He wiggled the package.

She looked down at her knees. "I told him I wanted to feel it, but I didn't want to have full-on sex with him, so I asked if we could use condoms. So that even if he was in me, he wasn't really in me – just the condom."

He started laughing with amusement. He shook his head at his wife's audacity in justifying having another man's dick in her. But somehow, her reasoning sounded... reasonable. "I could almost buy that."

"It seemed so safe. I wanted to know what it was like to have his thing in me. It's so thick."

Austen swallowed. "Thick?"

"And long, too." She held out her fingers to indicate length. "I'm sorry; I was curious."

He swallowed again, his eyes large. Her hands indicated that Kent was a bit bigger than he was. He felt his pulse beginning to pound, but not in anger. He felt excitement. "How... How did it feel?"

She frowned. "Like plastic."

"That's all?"

"Well, the condom didn't fit all the way down on his shaft, and I felt some of his skin."

He let out a constricted breath. "You liked that?"

She was quiet for some seconds, looking everywhere but at him. Her eyes were rimmed red, though no tears fell. Her words were quiet. "It made me want to try without a condom."

His dick firmed to erection. He could barely speak. "And... did you?"

She looked up at him, her eyes searching his face and registering his reaction.

CHAPTER 11

Skye couldn't believe what she was seeing. Her husband was pale, shivering, and displaying a lump in his pants that was obvious. "Are you turned on by this?"

He scrubbed a hand over his forehead. "Maybe a little. Maybe a lot. But I want the truth, Skye. I'm your husband. Did you try without a condom?"

The big line defended by the big lie that it never happened. Would she be safer to cross it? Or respect it? Would the truth cost them their marriage? She didn't want that to happen and it was so much easier to tell the lie. There was safety in the lie. She opened her mouth, straightening her back and bolstering her courage to insure the safety of their relationship. To restore their intimacy and trust. She opened her mouth.

There were small beads of sweat on his forehead and his eyes were locked on hers.

She began deflating. "No. No, I'm sorry. I couldn't resist. I wanted to feel it. I'm sorry."

He exhaled slowly. "And do you love him?"

"No! It's not like that. Not like that at all. I only love you."

"How many times a week...?"

"Every day."

He shifted around, his bulge moving in his slacks. He chuckled without humor. "Why am I so excited when I should be so mad?"

She clutched his knee. "I only love you."

He clasped his hands between his knees and hung his head. His bulge kept twitching. He took a deep breath. "I'm going to call in sick for tomorrow."

Rhonda can handle the workload. I'm going to have a talk with Kent and see for myself..."

"I've been telling the truth..."

"I think you have been. But I want to hear it from him, too. I want to know what almost wrecked my marriage."

She felt the panic lingering, unresolved over their discussion.

He got up and shook his head. The other head pushed hard against his slacks. "Put the dinner in the fridge. I'll have it tomorrow."

It was all hanging there, unresolved. Skye bit her lower lip and wondered if she could handle the next day. What would Kent say?

~ ~ ~

Austen showered at his normal time and put on his weekend clothes: shorts and an old, plain white dress shirt. He had swung back and forth between anger and jealousy to excitement and interest. His wife had finally loosened up. Finally given up on trash-talking masturbation, but at the same time had done so by crossing his line of trust. What profit was there in her becoming what he wanted if she went about it wrong? Was it worth it? Did he really want all this if it meant she might embrace more of herself and their sexuality?

Kent was an unknown factor. What were his goals? Certainly he couldn't imagine running off with Skye and dumping Hayleigh. Their marriage seemed more open to fun. Had he had it out with his wife? Would he be available today? Or had Austen stayed home for nothing?

He finished a piece of buttered toast: it was all his stomach could handle. "What time does he usually come over?"

She looked at the clock. "Ten minutes."

"Right after I leave?"

She nodded.

There was a knock on the door. Early.

Austen got up. "I'll get it."

It was Hayleigh. "Good. You are here. I saw your car still in the carport."

He gave a slow nod of assent. "I take it you found out last night, too?"

She blew a curl up. "Yes. Are you going to be here?"

"Yep. I was hoping to talk to Kent."

Her eyebrows drew down and her voice took on the quality of steel. "Oh, don't worry; I'm bringing him." Her eyes looked him up and down. Then she looked past him into the apartment looking for Skye. She saw her and said nothing. She gave him a look that said she'd be back.

~ ~ ~

Skye wiggled in her chair, much like a little girl at the dentist who didn't want the big, nasty needle stuck in her mouth.

The knock came again a few minutes later.

Her husband answered the door and stiffened.

Hayleigh, a cute little blonde woman she had seen around, hauled in Kent by the forearm. For all his muscle and size, he came along as if she were pulling him by his ear.

Her husband and Kent stared at each other.

The blonde marched over to her. "Are you trying to take my husband?"

Skye straightened in her chair at the kitchen table. "No."

There was silence for a few seconds and Hayleigh appeared to relax.

Austen said, "You got designs on my wife?"

Kent had the audacity to grin. "Naw. She's very nice and all, but it was just some diversion. Fun is all."

Hayleigh said, "My husband and I do these things together." She stomped on his foot.

Austen cleared his throat. "I'm not against a little fun, but not the way it happened." He moved his hand like he was jacking his cock.

Kent said, "Sorry, guy. I wasn't trying to create problems."

Her husband relaxed and nodded.

The muscled man put his arm around Austen's shoulder. "Look, let me make this right. Let me show you how Hayleigh and I handle these things."

Her husband looked unsure. "I don't know..."

Kent shook him gently. "You gotta trust me, Austen. Trust me on this one. I think I've got a good read about all of this."

Hayleigh looked doubtful.

Skye got up. "I'm willing to try whatever Kent suggests. To prove we didn't intend..." She trailed off under Austen's and Hayleigh's stares.

The blonde relaxed first. "All right. I wasn't sure earlier this morning, but I think my husband was right."

Skye looked at her husband hopefully.

He firmed his bottom lip and ducked his head in assent.

Kent slapped him on the back. "Awesome. I think you're going to like this." He pulled away and then motioned for the couch. "Austen, come sit on this arm here."

Her husband moved towards the couch. "I usually sit on this side."

The fitness fanatic pointed more firmly to the other. "This side. It's very important. You'll see."

Austen reluctantly sat up on the arm on the right side of the couch.

"Now, if you would, Skye? Lay down with your head between his feet."

Hayleigh giggled and shook her head.

Skye could not comprehend why the blonde was laughing, but she did as she was told. She looked up at her husband and he made a I-don't-know face at her. She brought her hand up and squeezed his knee.

Austen had his hands out like a camera operator framing a picture. "Perfect, perfect. Just stay like that." He pulled the coffee table away and slid down his shorts.

Skye stiffened over what her husband might say. She felt his legs tense at her shoulders.

Hayleigh was standing, arms crossed with one hand up covering her mouth. She looked amused.

Kent kicked off his shorts and stood naked from the waist down. Then he stripped off his t-shirt. He was carefully watching everybody. He brought his hand down and gripped his dick. Stroking slowly, he said, "See? No problem so far. Are you comfortable, Austen?"

~ ~ ~

Austen felt himself hardening in his shorts. His wife was beneath him, watching this man stroke his cock. She had been right, he was large. Not huge, just large. Larger by a couple inches.

He answered, "I'm... comfortable."

Hayleigh giggled.

Kent gave him an appreciative look. "Now, this is for both our wives, okay? Take off your shorts and get a good grip on it." He winked.

He felt the magnetism of the man – the confidence that what he was doing was working perfectly. It exuded from him in waves. He unbuttoned and slid off his shorts. He was already semi-hard, just seeing the man stroke himself and knowing his wife was watching. He gripped his shaft and began moving his hand.

Kent's smile was a beam of brightness. "Perfect, perfect. Skye? Do you like what's happening right here?"

Her laugh was nervous, but her answer was fast. "Yes."

"Babe, come over here next to Austen."

The blonde moved over to his side.

"Are you okay seeing this?"

She nodded, but there was doubt on her face as she glanced at Skye.

The big man moved to her side and hugged her with one arm. "Take over, would you?" He offered his cock.

Her smile spread knowingly. "I know what you're doing and I don't think it's going to work."

Austen wasn't sure what she was referring to, but he felt comfortable. This isn't so bad. In fact, not bad at all. He stroked himself with more vigor.

Kent nudged his wife. "Come on now..."

She took her husband's shaft readily enough and stroked it.

He said, "Skye? Any problems?"

She shook her head.

"See? We're doing fine. Just fine."

Austen saw Hayleigh looking at him and down to his cock. It gave him a very warm and daring feeling stroking it in front of her. He didn't think of her as a friend, but just a parking garage acquaintance. Having what amounted to almost a stranger watching him jack was exciting. His cock flexed and he began enjoying it.

Kent said low to his wife, "See how his hand moves?"

"Yes..."

"Looks good?"

She rolled her head a little. "All guys look good stroking." Then she shot a look at Austen. "No offence."

He shrugged. Didn't matter to him.

Kent raised his eyebrows at Skye. "Do you think now this is childish?"

"No."

Hearing his wife say it completed the comfort and warmth of doing it. He wanted to smile and jack faster, but his exhibitionism was still young; he refrained.

Kent looked satisfied. "All right, we're going to try something. My wife couldn't do it, last time. But I think she can do it this time."

Austen didn't know what the hell he was talking about.

"Babe, take over for him." He pulled his wife's hand off his dick. "Use your left hand."

She blushed and pursed her lips. "Are you sure about this? I like you touching guy's cocks."

"Don't worry, that's coming."

Austen heard that and jumped.

Kent held out his hand to forestall objections. "Relax, guy. I'm going to work us all through this. I think I got a handle on how everyone thinks in here. But I tell you what, if you feel you just can't go on, say something. At any time. And we'll leave." His eyebrows rose in question and he nodded at him. "Are we good?"

Austen felt like he wanted to trust the man. What harm can it do? He's telling me I can stop it at any time. "Sure, we're good."

~ ~ ~

Kent had this in the bag. He just had to lead everyone to what they already wanted. His only concern, and it was small, was his wife. While she was certainly a hetero, whenever they had a guy over, she would never touch him. He tried to get her to once and she couldn't. But that's because the guy was gay. I bet she goes for her friend here. "Go on, get a grip on him. I think he wants you to."

Hayleigh's beautiful blue eyes looked at him. "My left hand, huh?"

He closed his eyes and lowered his chin in approval.

She reached out her hand and gently took over for Austen. Her wedding ring touched his shaft.

He whispered to her. "See? Nothing to it. Doesn't that look good? Your ring against his skin?"

Her hand jerked and she began stroking him.

"Good girl; I knew you could do it." He said to Skye, "Everything okay down

there?"

Her eyes were watching Hayleigh's hand. She nodded absently.

"Touch the head. Get a feel for it; he won't mind."

Austen laughed low. "No, not at all."

His wife blushed again, but she began fingering and feeling the guy's helmet.

He might not have been big, but he was decently sized for his height. He watched his wife fondle the man's straining cock. Took long enough for this to happen... He let the touching go on for a moment until he could tell she was into it.

He moved closer to all three of them. "Skye?" He waved his dick in the air. "Would you, please?"

She lifted her hand and gripped his shaft with her right hand.

"Use your left."

She twisted up onto her side and gripped him. Her wedding ring slid along his skin.

He gave Austen a wink. "Any problems, buddy? This look okay?"

The man swallowed. "It looks great." He left his mouth open, panting silently. His eyes lost focus and then sharpened.

"Hayleigh, are you all right?"

His wife considered Skye's hand. "I guess so. It's not really all that different from Justin's hand on you."

"Exactly." He let the stroking go on for a moment. He wanted Austen all worked up. "Okay, Skye, your turn. Get out of your shorts." He watched her struggle out of them. "Put your leg out." He knelt with his right knee between her legs, close to her pussy. He moved in close to the action above her head.

His wife gave him the eye. He could tell she knew what was coming and her

little grin assured him.

"Rub his cock on my face, baby. Rub it all over."

~ ~ ~

Austen jerked in surprise. "Uh..." On his face? What?

Kent gave him a devilish grin. "You're not gay, I know. Neither am I. I'm bi and I don't do anal. This is for your wife and mine."

"Er..."

But Hayleigh had already touched his dick to her husband's chin stubble. She rubbed it around, touching his nose and lips.

Austen felt the abrasion, but it didn't hurt. He slowly relaxed as if he had eased into a pool of cold water.

Kent said, "Skye? How does this look?"

Austen heard her whisper, "Hot."

"There you go, buddy. Your wife thinks this is hot. You want to argue with her?"

What can I say to that? "Well, no." He hadn't thought much beyond his wife masturbating. What more might she have liked. What if the situation had been reversed? She has desires, too. Hayleigh's hand felt good on him and he kept looking back to her wedding ring. It flashed at him as a beacon of trust between his cock and her and her husband. In a way, it felt so right.

The blonde rubbed his shaft all over her husband's face.

Kent said, "Come down here, baby. Kiss it. Kiss me."

Hayleigh hesitated only a second. She moved in and kissed her husband.

Austen watched them kiss for a moment while she gripped his shaft. Then she turned a little and licked him. Her tongue hitting his skin sent shivers of ice cascading down his back. At the same time, his cock swelled.

Her husband whispered, "Put it in your mouth."

While he hadn't thought about her like that before except for recognizing she was pretty, he now wanted her to do it. He wanted to feel her lips on his skin.

She did not disappoint either of them. She pulled his cock to the side and sucked him in.

Austen let out a low groan. Her soft mouth and lips slid along his shaft and caused it to throb with need.

Kent was moving around. "Now me."

Hayleigh pulled off and smiled at her husband. She aimed Austen's cock at his face.

He realized what was happening. He saw the man had shifted over, his cock out and pointing at Skye's pussy, close and ready. Kent's face came closer as he got in place. His mouth took in the head of his cock. He groaned again but not because of this man's lips on his dick, but because he was pushing at his wife's pussy at the same time. Overwhelmed by what was happening, Austen let Hayleigh feed his shaft into her husband's mouth. Her hand began stroking the base of the shaft as Kent's tongue swirled around the head of his dick.

The man's shaft began disappearing into Skye.

Hayleigh stroked him faster and Kent sucked the head harder.

Austen began trembling, his chest heaving.

The blonde moved in again and licked the base of his shaft while her husband sucked it.

Kent set up a motion that only his muscles could support. As he moved forward to thrust into Skye, he moved his head with the motion and sucked in Austen's cock. Back and forth he moved, giving both Austen and his wife sex at the same

time.

Austen groaned breathily. He felt a connection to the man's mouth, and somehow through the man's dick into his wife. He looked down at Skye between his thighs. Her eyes were large and wondering. Her mouth moved open and shut with Kent's moves.

Hayleigh whispered, "Wow, this is fun."

Austen felt as if the tension within him was being sucked from all his limbs out through his dick. Kent's wet mouth worked his shaft, sucking back and forth as the man moved his cock in and out of Skye. It was perfect. The man had been right. His chest heaved faster.

Kent sucked harder and Hayleigh licked his shaft and her husband's lips.

Austen trembled violently, unable to contain what was going to erupt. He groaned higher, louder, until he stiffened to stone. His cock erupted in one large pushing pulse, sending his first burst of cum into Kent's mouth.

Hayleigh pulled back and stroked him, milking his erupting cock. Kent pulled off and she held Austen's spurting cock to his face. His cum squirted out, wetting and covering Kent's face.

The man took it all, mouth open and cum dripping into it. He thrust harder into Skye.

Austen was almost delirious and seeing stars from the force of his orgasm. He watched the man pound his wife's pussy faster and deeper. In that moment, he felt the inner connection beyond the physical he had felt a moment before. He felt the shared courtesy and consideration that Kent had carefully arranged between all of them.

When Kent came, Austen felt the perfect end to the encounter between them.

EPILOGUE

No one got what they expected. Skye might have thought that was a bad thing. People have dreams and desires that don't always take shape as they do in secret fantasies.

She felt at peace for the first time in weeks.

They were gone, Kent and Hayleigh, back home to do whatever they were going to do with their day. She lounged back against the couch, clothed and smiling. "Are you okay?"

Her husband blinked at her. "I can't believe I let a man suck my dick."

She laughed.

~ ~ ~

Austen hadn't been prepared for a wild exposition of what could develop from fantasies. But Kent had made it easy. He was as surprised at himself as he had been with his wife. "Was it really that easy?" He felt as if the expressway was jammed from an accident. But the accident was gone and everyone was back to flying along at sixty-five miles an hour. It's clear. It's fast. And it was easy.

Skye crawled to his side and hugged his leg. "Yes, I guess it was that easy. I didn't think you'd ever go for anything like that."

"Had you planned this...?"

"No, not at all. I can't imagine even thinking of such a thing."

"You looked happy."

She laughed. "I was. That was hot. Are we going to do it again?"

"I guess that's up to them, isn't it? There are four involved. Or at least three if she doesn't want to make something of it."

She squeezed his leg and laid her head on his thigh. "I love you, Austen."

His hand stroked her hair. "And I love you."

~ ~ ~

Kent blew out a long breath, just as if he had set down a heavy weight. He moved his head side to side, feeling a crack or two resonate down his spine.

Hayleigh smirked, "I guess you're happy with yourself."

"Hey, I finally got you to touch cock. Shock of shocks, lightning falling from the sky, jackpot lottery—"

She slugged him in the arm and laughed. "I guess it wasn't such a big deal."

"I couldn't have all the fun without you. Why do I have to do all the work?"

She giggled and blushed red. "Stop it. It was fun, okay? I'm okay with it."

"You'll touch him again?"

Her face lost the humor and she looked at him quizzically. "Is that what you want?"

"If it seems good to you."

"I could, sure. What about you?"

He ran his hand back through his hair and bobbed his head. "He's a good fit in my mouth, and I think I like the guy. Let's do it again."

Thank you for reading Watching and Wishing. I hope you enjoyed the story. All reviews are so very appreciated.

You can find more Laran Mithras stories on Goodreads and at many online outlets.