

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 1

Chapter 1

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She didn't see me. But I saw her.

Her hair was a matted mess, which she was trying to tame as she slipped through the front door. I watched her from behind the French doors that separated the office from the living room. The front door just beyond. She quietly closed the door, clearly trying not to make any noise. Slipping off her heels, a pair of black stilettos, she held them and began to quietly tip toe towards the bedroom. Her dress was a simple black number, the neckline modest but only long enough to reach her mid-thigh.

Author's Note: This story contains cheating, cuckolding, infidelity, erectile dysfunction, and spinal injury (off screen).

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I watched as she passed by the office, looking tired. Her face flushed. She was beautiful. Dark, straight brunette hair shining in the dim light of the moon coming through the windows. Short, but slim and fit from her long hours working at the Gray Cliffs Rock Gym. Her hips swayed gently as she moved and vanished from view.

My chest ached. She'd been coming home late a handful of times over the past month. And I knew why. It was never even a question. I wanted to be mad. But... I couldn't be. Considering the place we had found ourselves over the last year... I don't know that anyone could blame Daisy for what she was doing. Least of all me.

As quietly as I could, I got up from the couch, put the glass of Scotch on my desk and left the office, quietly following my wife's path. My bare feet softly skidded along the carpet. I'd gotten ready for bed around nine, pajama pants and a t-shirt, but hadn't gotten any sleep. Never even tried to lay in bed. With Daisy being out again, it was impossible for me to just lay down and forget. To ignore.

The sound of the shower caught my attention as I entered our bedroom. A sliver of light showed through the crack in the open door leading to the master bathroom. Daisy hadn't closed it all the way. Did she think I was asleep?

I glanced at the bed. It was made. No possible way to think that I was bundled up under the blankets. Either she hadn't looked at the bed... or maybe she just didn't care. That thought made my chest twist again.

Carefully, I peeked in through the crack, eyes landing on the mirror that was reflecting my wife as she slipped her dress off. Even after ten years of marriage, she was still stunning to me. Slim and trim. A soft V along her thighs and waist. Strong flat stomach. As she stepped out of her dress where it pooled on the floor, she began to unhook her bra. A lace, black, half-cup that almost let her nipples peek out along the intricate trim. She let the bra fall to the floor and put her hands along her breasts, as if massaging them from being cooped up for so long. Her sigh was weary, tired. Her little pink nipples looked puffy.

She turned from the mirror towards the steaming shower and slipped off her black lace thong, bending just enough that I had a clear view of the small thigh gap and her slightly red ass cheeks. Her pussy was smooth and puffy. Strings of something sticky and glistening in the vanity lights were attached to her panties as she pulled them down and kicked them to the side.

I stared at the mess between her thighs. Daisy's hand went to her vagina, hidden from my view. She sighed, as if massaging herself. Not in a sexual sort of way, more like you'd massage or rub a sore muscle. "He always goes so hard." She grumbled and then stepped into the shower, sliding the door closed. Now she was just an obscured shadow, steam and frosted glass keeping her defined figure obscured.

My gaze went to the panties she'd cast aside. There was a clear stain along the gusset, thick and white. Goopy.

A soft sound of humming mixed with the splashing water. For a while, I simply watched. Eyeing the hazy figure of my wife. Washing away God knew what from her body. Letting any evidence of her transgressions circle and vanish down the drain.

Eventually, it became too much. I left the bedroom, letting the soft sounds of my wife and the shower fade behind me as I returned to my office. I curled up on the couch and shut my eyes. The idea of sleep was hardly appealing. But I had work tomorrow. Or rather today. And I couldn't let what was happening ruin everything. I wanted to keep as much of my life together as possible.

After a few minutes of trying to sleep, I heard the door to my office creak open gently. My eye cracked open just enough to see Daisy, a soft blue fuzzy robe tied around her. Her hair was still slightly damp, and the moonlight that hit her face made her look as if she were a sort of living statue, carved from marble and flawless.

"Hey." She whispered, coming close and sitting herself on the edge of the couch. I felt the press of her hip against me. "Honey. Hey. You should come to bed." Her voice was soft. Warm. She put her hand on my arm, squeezing. "You're gonna ruin your back if you sleep on this ratty couch."

"It's comfy." I muttered, trying to keep all my roiling emotions in check.

Daisy chuckled. "Sure. But the bed's a lot more comfy. And bonus, you can cuddle with your wife. Come on." She stood up and bent forward to try helping me up. I glimpsed inside her robe, breasts bare and gently swaying. She was naked. Beautiful.

I reluctantly got up and found myself settling into a warm hug. She was only an inch or so shorter than me, her head nestling in the crook of my neck and a soft kiss touching my throat. "Come on, sleepyhead. Let's get you to bed."

We left the office and quietly made our way to the bedroom. I wanted to ask her where she'd been. She'd texted to say she'd be late coming home again. A common occurrence now every few days over the last month. When I'd first asked, she'd always say it was work related. But what could she possibly need to stay late for at a rock climbing gym? Did she know how flimsy that excuse was? Did she care?

I knew Daisy didn't think I was naïve or stupid. Surely she knew that I'd start to question things. Maybe she didn't think I'd suspect anything, at least not so quickly. But I had my suspicions from the very first time she texted she'd be late. I'd seen the signs leading up to it. It'd been inevitable.

Crawling into bed together, Daisy keeping her robe on tight, we snuggled down under the covers, arms wrapped around each other. Her head lay on my chest, damp hair soft and smelling of lavender and peach. I kissed the top of her head and she gave a soft little sigh of contentment. She squeezed me tight and within minutes was asleep.

I remained awake. Wondering. Imagining. I felt foolish. Weak. Angry. I knew what was happening, but I couldn't bring myself to stop it. It felt unfair. Unfair to deprive my wife of something she needed and that I couldn't provide. Not because I was somehow lacking... but because I was no longer capable. Literally. I had my nearly naked wife pressed against me. My blood was hot. But downstairs, nothing stirred. Hadn't stirred in nearly a year. Not since my injury.

The lingering feeling along my spine, the memory of the impact. The pain. The sudden lack of it. Slipping in and out of consciousness as I saw the roof of an ambulance. Then an operating room with its bright lights. Ending in a small sterile hospital room. Then came therapy. Recovery. And the realisation that though I was fine in almost every other way, there was one way that I'd been irrevocably changed.

Reaching under the covers, sliding my hand into my pajama pants. I felt my penis. Limp. I tried, not for the first time and probably not the last, to stroke it. Wiggle it. Anything that might stimulate it. To get it hard. Even semi-hard would be enough.

But nothing happened.

Nothing.

Daisy snuggled closer. Her cheek rubbing against my shirt, leg slipping over mine. The feeling of her pussy pressing against my leg was torture. My heart was pumping. My penis should have been reacting. Everything in me said it should be raging hard. And...

Nothing.

I squeezed my eyes tight. Fury was bubbling inside me. Rage for what was happening, how I was being treated by someone who professed to love me. And yet... a nagging, treacherous part of

me whispered. *You deserve this. It's your fault. What would you expect her to do? It's been a year. People have needs. And if you can't meet them, why wouldn't she go to someone that can?*

I knew those whispers were bullshit. After all the therapy I'd been through after my accident. I knew that this was the depression talking. Like a little demon on my shoulder whispering all the evil nonsense that would drive me crazy. But it was hard not to listen to it. Because my wife deserved to be fulfilled.

How could I blame her? She needed something, and I couldn't give it.

I had nothing. She deserved *something*.

My anger simmered. I let it fizzle out, at least for the moment. Right now Daisy was here with me. She'd come home. For now, I'd do my best to be happy with that.

...

The nightmare was always the same. My husband's eyes. Staring. Seeing me.

I woke up to an empty bed, and for a brief moment I wanted to cry. My dream had become reality. Conner was gone. But then the smell of coffee drifted from down the hall. The sound of something sizzling. Little clinks and clanks of pans and dishes.

My heart was still pounding from that little scare. For that one millionth of a second, my world came crashing down. All because... because I just couldn't stop myself. I thought I could. I'd tried. But... I felt so empty. It wasn't Conner's fault. I'd never ever blame him for his lack of attention in the bedroom. There was no way for me to know what he was going through. Even when we talked about it. With doctors. With therapists. It was always just a shadow of what was really going on in his head. And it broke my heart.

Laying back in bed, I let my hand drift between my legs for a moment. My labia was still puffy. Sore. A soft, distant throbbing echoed inside me, like I could still feel the rhythmic, pounding thrusts. I groaned and pulled my robe tight around me. It was so good. But every time... after... when I got home and had to sneak in. Hiding. In my own home! From my own husband!

I felt filthy.

But just like Conner had a condition that he couldn't control, I too had something that was hard to keep in check. It wasn't fair to compare his issue with my psychosomatic issues. Hypersexuality was not the same as ED, especially ED from the result of a spinal injury.

Fucking drunk driver. Damned stupid idiot nearly killed my husband. And what did he get off with? A suspension of his license. Fired from his job. Probation.

And what was Conner left with? Lingering back pain. A strange numbness in his limbs. And the inability to get an erection.

And then... that left *me*. A wife who loved her husband. Supported him. Was doing everything I could for him. But... was lacking intimacy. Not that Conner wasn't sweet and giving. He was practically a perfect husband. But now, our bedroom was dead. Like it had died in that wreck.

At first he tried to satisfy me. His mouth was amazing. Fingers dexterous and nimble, knowing all the right spots. But no matter how hard he tried and how well he made me cum, it just wasn't enough. I'd always been needy when it came to sex. Easily able to go multiple times a day. My

doctor said I had hypersexuality. Some had it worse than others. It was much like an addiction. If not handled carefully, it would consume a person's life. Their job would suffer. Their home life. Health. Everything.

My case was more mild, but still sex was on my mind more often than not, and though I'd learned some level of self-control, it had become increasingly difficult to keep things in check once our bedroom died. Before, Conner was able to keep up well enough. I could attack him at least twice a day, and he'd be more than willing and able. But now Conner was like a desert, and I was dying of thirst.

I took a deep breath and pushed myself out of bed. It was eight o'clock. Conner would need to leave for the office in a little while. How long had he been up?

Had he been up late waiting for me?

A shiver went through me at the thought of him seeing me stumble in at one in the morning... disheveled. Doing what was clearly a walk of shame.

Oh shit! My panties!

I got up quickly and went to the bathroom. *Please, please, please don't let Conner have seen...*

My soiled panties were right where I'd left them on the bathroom floor. The stains were still there but were mostly dried. Less obvious. I grabbed them along with my dress and bra and buried them in the clothes hamper. Breathing heavily like I'd just run a marathon.

Had he seen them when he got up? Had he used the bathroom yet? My chest was clenching as I left the bedroom and went into the kitchen. Conner was there, dressed in nice dark jeans, a casual blue button-up and sneakers. His office was fairly casual unless there was a presentation or meeting that he needed to attend. His short brown hair was sticking up in a bedhead mess and he was humming to himself as he flipped the bacon in the skillet he was cooking on the stove.

I watched him. Adorable. Sweet. A good man. A man who deserved so much better than what I was doing. I pulled my robe tighter, crossing my arms under my breasts, and took a calming breath. "Morning, honey." My voice was chipper, bright. Hopefully, it didn't sound strained, like the way my heart felt.

Conner turned. For a second, the look on his face... It made me pause. It was hard to describe. There was this spectrum of emotion all over. Resignation? Anger? Depression?

He'd been battling depression since the accident. Another contributor to his inability to perform. I'd seen plenty of moments where he'd been deep in a dark place. Upset that he couldn't have sex with me. What little he had been able to do just wasn't enough. I'd never say that to him of course... but Conner could pick up on it. I saw it. That he knew his mouth and fingers just weren't hitting the right spot. It was probably why he'd stopped trying.

It burned. Stung. I wanted him. So badly. But he'd retreated. A turtle hiding in its shell. And I just couldn't find the heart to really be angry about it.

The look passed and he was smiling. "Hey. Sorry. Wasn't trying to wake you. What time did you get in last night?"

I hesitated. I'd brought him to bed at nearly 2 AM. He'd fallen asleep in his office, something that had been happening more and more over the last couple weeks. Was that a coincidence? A little spike of fear ripped through me. Did he suspect?

"Um... I think around midnight? Not sure." I answered. I hoped it didn't sound as false to him as it did to me. Staying late at the gym had been working well enough as a cover, but that would only last so long. Conner hadn't asked for details. Why I was staying late. He'd just accepted my excuse. A husband who trusted his wife.

I didn't deserve it.

"Pretty late. Everything go okay at the gym?" He took the bacon from the pan, placing the pieces on a towel to soak up the grease.

"Um. Yeah. We are doing some re-organizing, inventory, stuff like that. Changing up some paths along the walls. They are thinking about adding a whole new wall." I came forward and wrapped my arms around him, pressing my cheek to his back as he was finishing up scooping the eggs onto two plates and then separating the bacon. "I'm sorry I woke you up. I just didn't want you to stress your back sleeping on that tiny couch."

Conner chuckled softly and turned, putting his arms around me and giving my forehead a kiss. "I appreciate it. I really should stop falling asleep in there. Just got a lot going on at work so I've been trying to get ahead on some of our projects."

I nodded, pressing my lips to her cheek. "Well. Try not to make a habit out of it. I prefer you in bed with me." I gave him a wink. Before the accident, I would have accompanied that wink with a little grab to his growing bulge... but I'd learned quickly to stop that. Cupping his crotch when nothing was happening... it was almost humiliating to him, and after the first time he'd spiraled into a depressive funk, I'd cried for nearly two days straight. I didn't want my husband feeling inadequate. It wasn't his fault.

His hand cupped my chin, eyes holding mine for a second. Searching. Sometimes I wish I could read his mind. More often than not, Conner had a perfect poker face. It only faltered on rare occasions. And right now all I could see was desperate love and probing wonder as he looked at me. His thumb moved slowly over my cheek, and his smile was small. "Good to know." He muttered and then kissed me lightly on the lips.

Did I brush my teeth last night? Oh, fuck, please don't taste it on me. Please. Fuck, I'm horrible.

Our lips parted, and we separated. "Here. Have some breakfast." He handed me a plate and then turned me around and gave my bottom a soft, playful swat. I giggled and went to the table, settling down and accepting the cup of coffee he handed me. Two sugars and a ton of cream, just like I love.

We sat together quietly for a few minutes. Eating. Stealing glances at each other and little smiles. As if we were teenagers with a crush. Even now... I was still so in love. Conner was so wonderful. I didn't deserve such a good man.

Which is why it hurt all the more when I told him I'd probably be home late again on Friday.

He just nodded. Jaw tensing for just a second as he took a bite of bacon and then grinned. "Don't wear yourself out at work. They don't pay you enough for all the overtime."

...

I sat at my computer late Friday morning, sequestered in my corner office, lights turned low and the computer screen glowing and reflecting off my glasses. My fingers drummed along my keyboard softly, just tapping the keys but not typing. Staring. Staring at the cloud drive my wife and I's phones were synced to.

Where her text messages were synced. And with the proper login, viewable.

I didn't want to snoop. I didn't want to be that sort of husband. The one that invaded his wife's privacy. But... there was no question in my mind what was going on. I'd seen the evidence laying on the bathroom floor just a few days ago. It didn't take a detective to notice the stain in her panties. To know what it was. I'd nearly vomited. Not because what I was seeing was gross or detestable. But because... because I was right. I was right, and it made my blood burn. Whether it was arousal, anger, despair, I couldn't tell. Maybe it was all three. Or maybe emotions I just didn't have a name for. Since the accident, everything was all screwed up. It seemed along with my spine, my emotions had been fractured as well.

There was no denying where my wife was the other night. Or where she'd been all the nights before. The question was ... what exactly was going on? Obviously something illicit. But how deep did it go? Was it as bad as I thought? As my nightmares made me think? Or maybe... maybe I was wrong. I wanted to be wrong.

I kept staring at the folder that held my wife's texts. All her text strings, organized nice and neat. All it would take was a couple clicks and I could find out... something. More than I knew now at least.

But did I want to take that leap? To cross that line?

Lines had already been crossed. Was it so bad for me to step over the now blurred boundaries, if only to actually see how badly things had been broken?

I clicked.

A list of text strings appeared. Most I knew. Texts between family. Her mother. Me. Daisy's sister Rose. A few other friends, mostly women. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Nothing was glaring and screaming at me that it was wrong. So I just started to go through the ones I was least familiar with. First were the texts between friends, the ones from college she still chatted with and a few from a smattering of other places. There was nothing incriminating. Just the typical back and forth.

Then I came to a text string with one of Daisy's coworkers, Ash. I'd met him a few times and he was nice enough, but he had that sort of dude-bro attitude. An arrogant streak. Cocky. Full of himself. He wasn't outright rude, but he came close enough, but never crossed the line. At least not in public. Daisy had mentioned a few times he was a notorious flirt. Always coming on to the other employees and climbers. He was fairly shameless.

She'd always talked about him flippantly. With a bit of an upturned sneer. Exasperated having to even mention him.

It made sense that they would probably have to communicate since they worked together. So I expected some short back and forth texts. Probably a little pleasant chatting...

What I found...

April 12 - 5 PM

Ash: Still think the pink one's look better on you

Daisy: Please tell me you're not talking about the one you oh so delicately informed me were see through.

Ash: Of course. Why wouldn't I wanna see what underwear you're wearing 😊

Daisy: Fuck off.

Ash: I'd rather fuck you.

Daisy: You're an ass

Ash: And your ass looks good in those pink spandex. Wear them tomorrow. I wanna see if I'm right about your underwear choice.

Daisy: Are you betting on it or something?

Ash: Me and Bert have a pool going.

Daisy: Care to let me in on the odds? Maybe I'll tip them in your favor.

Ash: Are you telling me you're a cheater?

Daisy: Maybe I just want in on the cash.

Ash: Who says its cash?

Daisy: Because you're the kind of dick that would bet big bills on a girl's panty choice.

Ash: I'm a dick. But I've got a dick too.

Daisy: Yeah. We all know considering how tight your pants always are.

Ash: *[The attached picture was from a downward angle, most of Ash's chest clearly defined in a tight shirt and a large bulge in his dark black spandex.]*

Daisy: Dick

Ash: Yeah, that's what's hiding under those pants.

Daisy: Well keep it there.

Ash: Wear the pink. I win the bet I'll take you to dinner.

Daisy: I'm married.

Ash: Wasn't proposing. Just gonna take you to dinner to say thanks for letting me win the pool.

Daisy: Fine. You win and I'll let you take me. I choose the place. Knowing you, it'd be some lame ass bar.

Ash: Deal!

April 13 - 8:00 AM

Daisy: *[The attached picture was a selfie, held high up. Daisy glaring at the camera. A pink camo spandex top and pink spandex leggings.]*

Ash: Gonna cheat and let me know what panties you're wearing?

Daisy: Maybe I'm not wearing any. No winners.

Ash: I'll be a winner if I'm climbing up behind you on the wall today.

Daisy: Pervert.

Ash: Who wouldn't wanna get a good look at that ass and maybe a flash of your bush.

Daisy: Who says I have a bush?

Ash: You just seem the type.

Daisy: There's a type for women with bush?

Ash: Yeah. You.

Daisy: You'll never know.

Ash: Wanna bet?

9:35 AM

Ash: Choose where you wanna go to dinner. Bring something nice to change into for Friday.

Daisy: You won?

Ash: Told you I would ;)

Daisy: Oh please. How could you even know? Do you have a camera in the girls locker room?

Ash: Leslie told us.

Daisy: Bitch. What did she say?

Ash: Pink cheekies.

Daisy: ...

Ash: Wanna prove me wrong? Or right? Or are you gonna chicken out on our deal?

Ash: Show me I'm wrong.

Daisy: *[The attached picture showed Daisy pulling down her tights exposing a pair of cheeky pink panties riding up between firm cheeks]*

Ash: Knew you'd try to cheat the bet. Wearing the same color. Devious Daisy.

Daisy: Fuck off.

Ash: Where am I taking you?

Daisy: Dorians

Ash: High roller huh? Deal. Wear something sexy.

Daisy: Dick

I leaned back in my chair, face in my hands, rubbing at my eyes as I felt a headache coming on. The level of flirting was... intense. On the one hand I could maybe shrug it off. Ash was a dick. A

flirt. Daisy may have sent a couple of photos. But they weren't all that scandalous. Flashing her panties was a bit extreme but I could forgive that.

But I remember that Friday. The first Friday she stayed out late. She told me she was going out with some friends for drinks after work.

Friends.

Plural.

But instead she'd gone out with only one friend. Ash.

What happened? Did I dare continue reading the texts? What would happen if... if they got... worse...

Who was I kidding? I knew they would get worse. The question was, did I want to see how far and how deep and how dirty the rabbit hole was.

I thought back to that night. She didn't get home until... when... midnight? Where was I? Sitting in the living room, a late night cup of coffee and reading. She came in wearing a slinky blue dress, ruffled around the hips and neckline. It showed just a little bit of cleavage. Black stockings. Blue heels. Her hair was a mess of tangles. Just like last night when she came home. One of the tell tale signs.

Something in me knew. Just knew. Even as she smiled wide wide and sweet and came over, leaning over the back of the couch to give me a kiss "Hey honey. Sorry I was out so late."

"Have fun with your friends?" She smelled... god she smelled like stale sweat, wine, and something else. Something primal.

She hesitated. Cheeks red. "Um. Yeah. It was fun. Drank a little too much I think." Her giggle was a bit crazed.

"You look really nice. Was it a fancy bar?"

Daisy was already wandering away towards our bedroom. "Hmm?" She glanced back, a bit of a far away look on her face. "Oh... yeah it was kind of a... poshy place. Couldn't just go in my gym stuff." Her grin was cute, slightly droopy. "I've gotta pee. And I'm sleepy. Coming to bed soon?"

I just watched her for a moment, turning away and slowly meandering down the hall, a hand pulling at the back of her dress... her panties... like she was picking out a wedgie. It was almost funny. Except...

Did I really want to know? For sure? Could I handle the truth?

Or should I just leave things as they were? Unsaid.

...

I hung up my gear, dusting off my hands on my pants. Everything ached and it felt good. Climbing always helped relieve my stress. Clear my mind. It was cleansing for me. Though it didn't wash away the stain I felt.

"Night Daisy!" Leslie walked passed behind me, already heading towards the door.

“Night, Lez.” I waved, giving her a brief smile and headed in the opposite direction to the ladies locker room.

Quickly changing out of my climbing spandex, not bothering to swap out underwear, and pulled on a pair of jean shorts and a t-shirt. I pulled my hair into a ponytail, grabbed my backpack and headed out. There were still a couple hours till closing, but my shift was over. I rearranged my schedule recently... though I hadn't let Conner know. Another stain on my soul.

Outside the sun was starting to set. I weaved my way through cars towards the back of the lot. This portion of the parking lot was more isolated, not as easily viewed from the front of the gym and overshadowed by a line of trees that separated the gym lot from the shopping center next to it. Another car was parked next to mine, a little red sports car. It was sleek and cool. Well maintained in that cliché sort of way men have of babying their cars. Waxing and washing it constantly so there wasn't a speck of dirt.

Part of me wished I could be as spotless as that cherry red paint job.

I tossed my bag in the backseat of my car, quickly locking it and then went around to the passenger side door of the sports car. Opening the door and slipping in. The windows were tinted, but I knew Ash was waiting.

“There's my Devious Daisy.” His grin was self assured and relaxed.

“That's such a stupid name.” I muttered as I buckled in.

“Which one? Devious? Or Daisy?”

I flipped him off as he turned the ignition and the car rumbled to life.

“Hey now, save that for the bedroom, my little flower.” He said, chuckling as he pulled out of the lot and started down the road.

“Do you ever shut up?” I rolled my eyes, crossing my arms and looking out the window as the shops passed us by.

“Only when I'm eating your pussy or your ass.” His grin was devious, his gray eyes sharp as they glanced my way and looked me up and down.

“Fucking ass.” I muttered and pulled out my phone, tapping over to my text chain with Conner.

Daisy: I'll try not to be out too late tonight. Maybe I can swing by Geno's Pizza? We can watch a late night movie?

I bit my lip. Waiting for my husband to respond. Usually he was quick, his phone always close at hand, even when he was working on some cyber security stuff. I never really could understand what he did. But he was good at it, but he never zoned out like some people did when it came to coding.

A minute passed. Ash turned on some rock station, nodding his head to the beat and keeping his sly grin plastered on his handsome face. The man knew he had a gift for roping in women. And he reveled in it. He had absolutely no shame. Which worked well enough for me. I didn't need roses and hushed whispers from him. I doubt he was even capable of such things.

My phone buzzed.

Conner: I'd love that. Don't work too hard. I'll be up when you get home.

I sighed. Texting him a kiss emoji and then slipping my phone back into my pocket. It was almost seven. It was realistic to think that I could get home by maybe ten. That should be good. And then I could cuddle with the man I loved, eat greasy pizza, and watch some random movie we chose on whatever streaming service we clicked on first. The idea filled me with peace even as Ash pulled into the parking lot of the Prescott Suites Inn.

...

The house was quiet. It was almost eleven. From what Daisy had texted, it seemed like she was going to be getting home earlier. But I suppose it wasn't surprising considering what I'd found in her texts.

I still hadn't gone through them all. Hell, I'd barely gotten through a tenth of the messages that were contained on the cloud. What I had seen though... that was enough. Enough to know where my wife was at this very moment. I didn't even need to track her phone to know she wasn't at work. Though, I did track her phone and saw she had been at the Prescott Suites Inn for nearly five hours.

Five hours.

My brain just couldn't fathom that. Was she... were they... for five hours? Fuck was that really even possible? Or was this worse than I thought. Maybe this time was spent cuddling. Was she... was there intimacy going on?

I pulled open the text string again, back to where I'd left off at the office...

April 14 - 9:00 AM

Ash: You walking funny this morning 😏

Daisy: You're an ass

Ash: And your ass tasted fantastic

Daisy: Gross. I can't believe you did that.

Ash: You let me. What's that say about you my Devious Daisy

Daisy: You surprised me. None of it should have happened.

Ash: I don't know, you seemed to enjoy it

Ash: *[The attached picture showed Daisy laying back on a hotel bed, legs opened wide and panties missing. Her dress was hiked up around her hips. It was clearly taken like a selfie, Ash holding the camera out to snap the photo as his face was between Daisy's thighs, his tongue stuck out and running up over her smooth cunt. Daisy's face was frozen in a moan, cheeks flushed, eyes closed and mouth open.]*

Daisy: Fucking asshole! You took pictures!?

Ash: Oh come off it. You knew I did.

Ash: *[The attached photo showed Daisy on her knees in the hotel room, the top of her dress pulled down along with her bra, exposing her perky tits. Pink nipples hard. Her eyes were closed*

as she was sliding a very thick, hard cock into her mouth. Lips dragging along the throbbing red shaft.]

Daisy: If you show anyone these photos I'm gonna cut your balls off.

Ash: Hey now missy. I'm not that kinda guy. These are just for me and you. Promise.

Ash: *[The photo showed Daisy's ass in frame. Cheeks spread, one of Ash's hands holding them open so the view of his thick cock entering Daisy's pussy was obscenely visible. Lips gripping tightly. The little bit of his shaft that was still exposed, glistening from juices she'd already coated him with. There was no sign of a condom.]*

Daisy: I'm serious Ash! You can't keep those. Delete them. If my husband finds out...

Ash: Cross my heart and hope my dick falls off. No ones gonna see them but us. Trust me.

Daisy: Sure. Trust you. Like I trusted you were a gentleman. That it was just supposed to be dinner.

Ash: You could have said no. I'm not one of those dudes that doesn't respect a woman's choice.

Daisy: Just fuck off Ash.

Ash: I'd rather just fuck you again.

Daisy: Not gonna happen.

Ash: *[A photo showed Ash's large cock, already semi hard. His climbing pants pulled down to show his dick hanging out.]* You really think you can resist this?

It was clear that Daisy couldn't. I hadn't moved past that last picture. The picture of another man's penis that had clearly been inside my wife. Offering it to her again. Telling her that she couldn't resist. Considering my wife was now at a hotel with someone, most likely Ash, he was right.

Images flashed in my mind. My wife, on her back, legs wide. A scene I'd been graced with for ten years until my accident. The beautiful smooth creaminess of her toned thighs. The v-line of her muscles, leading down to the blooming center of her sexuality. Slightly puffy, pink, perfect. All of it, exposed to another man.

Inviting that man... or maybe men... was she having an affair with just Ash? I hadn't seen any evidence to suggest it, but where there was smoke...

She was inviting another man inside her. Bare. I knew she was on birth control. So the risk was minimal at best. But still. It felt like a complete betrayal.

I closed the app and pulled up Daisy's number. Thumb hovering over the call button. Would she pick up if I called? Would she look at the screen, seeing it was me and just decline in disgust? She'd chosen to be there with him instead of coming home to me. The whole pizza and a movie was her idea. Why would she suggest it, only to leave me sitting, waiting? Was it a game? Torture? Torment? I'd already been made a cuckold by her affair. Was she diving deeper into that world and laughing behind my back while she indulged in depravity?

Maybe I was thinking too much. An affair didn't always mean someone was unhappy or disgusted with their partner. There were layers. And in this case... I could understand it. Maybe

not fully condone it, but considering my lack of ability... I just couldn't come to be truly outraged. Daisy deserved pleasure. She deserved to be satisfied. And from the little I'd seen... Ash was doing that.

Or at least Ash was doing well enough for Daisy to keep going back even though she didn't like him all that much.

I tossed my phone onto the coffee table. The images were burning in my brain. Taunting me. There was more to go through. So much more. But I couldn't make myself look. Not now. Getting up, I went to my office and poured myself a Scotch and swallowed it down fast.

Then poured another.

And another.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 2

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” I wanted to hammer down on the accelerator. To speed. It was past *eleven*. I should have been home hours ago. There was supposed to be a hot pizza sitting in the passenger's side seat. I should have been debating what movie to watch. Instead, I was pushing the speed limit, weaving in and out of what little traffic there was, keeping me from getting home to my husband.

“Fucking Ash.” I grit my teeth, turning onto Rhoades Drive. Just a couple more minutes and I’d be home. “Dick has no sense of time.”

But was it really fair to blame Ash for my lapse? It wasn’t his job to keep an eye on the time. He wasn’t the one who needed to get home to a spouse. That was all me. And I’d chosen to ignore the clock. To not even set an alarm to help me remember.

Instead...

9 PM

Ash had his arms wrapped around mine, as if he were trying to get me into a reverse headlock. My back was to him, his hard chest pressed against me as our sweat made the contact slick and sticky. His hips collided over and over with my ass, *slap slap slap*, thick sounds of skin on skin. Cock driving into me from behind, my leg propped up as he slid in and out of my moist, sore folds.

My pussy was puffy, pink, aching from use, and still it was crying out for more. He held me tightly against him as he continued his relentless pistoning, grunting like a beast. I looked down, seeing his thick member thrusting in and out, my lips squeezing, dragging, gripping onto him and feeling every hard pulsing vein. Fuck... fuck... Ash was a jerk, but he could FUCK!

Tits bouncing, trying to hold in another groan, not wanting to keep giving Ash the satisfaction of making me cum for... what was it... the eighth time (God I’d lost count), I bit the inside of my cheek.

“Fuck!” he panted in my ear. His breath was stale, smelling of mints and beer. “So tight. So fucking tight, D. Squeeze it... yeah, like that. Fucking squeeze my dick.”

I let out a whimper against my better judgement. The feeling of him thrusting so deep, stretching me wider than I’d ever felt before, was just too intense. My body was on fire. And it didn’t matter that it was hurting, because my hypersexuality, my addiction, drove me to keep going. Like I could never be satisfied.

The wet slaps of Ash’s balls filled my addled mind. Clouded by lust and the lingering feeling of my past orgasms and the ones that were oncoming. He was relentless. Already having cum inside me twice. And still he was hard. Honestly, I was starting to think he crushed up Viagra and put it in those protein shakes he was always drinking.

“You like that, D? Hm? You like my fucking cock? Say it!” His mouth was on my neck, licking, sucking.

“I...I love it...fuck...oh fuck. Don’t.... Don’t give me a hickey...asshole.” I groaned, panting and breathing between increasingly harder thrusts, my ass rippling and getting sore from the continual spanking from his hips.

“Asshole? You want me to fuck your asshole? Is that what you’re saying, Daisy girl? Hmmm?” He laughed, but stopped his sucking along my neck. Thankfully, he hadn’t left anything permanent.

“N...no...fuck...god fuck just...there...right there, Ash, don’t stop. THERE!” I arched as my orgasm punched me in the stomach. Pummeling me into a shaking, melting puddle of a woman.

“Yeah. Fuck yeah, I feel it. Cum on me, Daisy. Oh god fuck I’m gonna cum again!”

I was too far gone, whimpering and gasping. My eyes found the clock on the nightstand. 9:30 PM. The red numbers burned my eyes as they began to water from the never-ending tides of pleasure crashing against me. Ash began shooting his cum, a burning spout of thick seed, straight into me. Splashing and sticking and coating my cervix and the walls of my pussy.

“OHH GOD FUCK YEAH DAISY OH SHIT TAKE MY FUCKING CUM!” Ash pulled me tighter against him, ramming hard. No longer pistoning thrusts, but hard, deep, pounding thrusts into me. Making my whole body shake each time and gasping loudly.

There was no restraining my screams. I hated that he could make me do that. Scream as I came. Scream in pleasure. Beg for him to fuck me.

“Please, oh fucking god, Ash, fuck me!”

My ass was sore. Pussy aching. And all I wanted was more. More. MORE...

NOW

I pulled into our driveway. Barely had the car in park and off before I was out the door and rushing to the house. I brushed my hair back in an attempt to make it look more presentable. The smell of sex was something I couldn’t get rid of, but I’d thrown on some deodorant and sucked on a couple mints, trying to get the smell and taste of Ash’s dick and cum out.

Inside, the lights were off. Everything was quiet. I closed the door quietly and moved through the house, giving a quick look into Conner’s office to see if he was asleep on his couch again. It was empty. The house *felt* empty.

I moved to the bedroom, my panic growing...

Conner was face down, snoring softly. Still dressed. An empty glass on the nightstand.

A wave of relief washed over me. He was still here. Why did I think he would be gone?

Because Daisy, your husband’s not an idiot. If he doesn’t know you’re having an affair, then he probably suspects something’s going on. You’re not good at keeping secrets, and you haven’t been doing a great job of hiding this.

That nagging voice was infuriating. But it was right.

I walked over and sat down next to Conner, lightly putting a hand on his back, rubbing slow circles around the spot... that damned place along his spine that had caused all the problems.

“...loov...luv ooo Daisy...” Conner mumbled, shifting on the bed.

I bit my lip and leaned in, kissing his cheek. “I love you too.” Getting up, I went to take a shower. This time I put my soiled panties in the hamper instead of stupidly leaving them on the floor. I

washed away the sweat and juices and cum. When I was done, I put on a pair of pajama bottoms and a t-shirt and slipped into bed, cuddling close to the man I loved.

He deserved better. Somehow I would figure this out. Figure out what to do. But for now, I zipped up everything I wanted to say and stored it away for a later date. I pressed myself closely to Conner's side, whispered another 'I love you', then fell asleep, leaving so much unsaid.

...

I swallowed a couple aspirin raw. My head throbbed, my throat burned, and my stomach churned, but I was upright and able to focus well enough. Turning the faucet on, I began scooping out water and slurping it down, and then splashed my face, rubbing at my bloodshot eyes.

I couldn't really remember the last time I'd gotten hammered like that. One drink had turned into three and then four. Then more. Whatever the final count was, it was *too many*. I grabbed a towel, dried my face and threw it into the hamper, slowly lumbering from the bathroom back into the bedroom, light peeking through the blinds and casting stripes of gold along my wife's body.

Daisy lay sleeping, shirt riding up to show just a hint of the underside of her breasts. Pj pants pulled along her hips, revealing her deep V-line. A soft little snore sounded, and she shifted almost sensually, covers slipping off and falling to the floor.

Beautiful. The only blemish was a little pink mark along her neck. I stared at that mark... trying to rationalize it. The sight stirred my blood. Anger? Arousal? Pain? I shut my eyes tight and tried to sort through the emotions and just... couldn't. Everything was so messed up. Twisted up like the nerves in my spine. Sending all the wrong signals, or none at all.

I needed coffee.

Giving my wife one last look, I turned and went to the kitchen determined to distract myself from how my life was secretly falling apart.

...

The sweet aroma of fresh coffee woke me up. My dream was one of... shadows. Secrets. The fear of an empty house. An emptiness I brought on myself. Muscles aching, I pushed myself up and straightened my shirt.

Conner was making breakfast again. It wasn't something he'd done often in the past, but it seemed like he was getting up earlier and earlier. Was he not sleeping well? Maybe that's why he was working himself so hard. Passing out in his office. Getting drunk and falling asleep. That definitely wasn't like him. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd seen Conner even get tipsy.

I made a quick trip to the bathroom, brushing my teeth and checking myself to make sure... oh shit! There was a red mark on my neck. It wasn't a full-blown hickey, thank god, but it was clear enough that it was made by something sucking against me. Frantically searching through my drawers, I found some concealer and carefully covered the mark, making sure it blended in. If Conner noticed the mark, there would be questions. But if he saw me wearing makeup to try to cover up a mark... those questions might be harder.

Satisfied it was covered up, but feeling so guilty any hunger I had was now replaced by a sick feeling, I went to the kitchen. Conner was pulling pieces of toast from the toaster, placing them

on plates that already had eggs and sausage. Even though I felt nauseated, my stomach still rumbled. Fucking for hours can work up an appetite. I hadn't eaten anything since lunch yesterday, and since I'd been in a rush to get home, hunger had just slipped my mind until now.

"Morning." Conner said, voice slightly flat, tired.

"Morning." I came forward, wanting to wrap my arms around him, like the other day. Hugging him. Telling him I loved him.

He turned before I could get close, plates in hand. "Here. I've gotta get to the office a bit early." Handing me one of the plates, he went to the table and sat, starting to eat quickly. Cups of coffee were already sitting at our places.

The coldness of his voice... it hurt. "Um... sorry about last night..." I sat across from him, picking up my fork and pushing the eggs around, looking over at him worried. "I just lost track of time and... um, after work, some of us..."

"Did you have a good time?" He asked, cutting me off. There wasn't any cynicism or sarcasm in his tone. In fact, he sounded genuinely interested. "I'm sure with everything you're working on, it's probably exhausting. I'm sure having a few drinks with friends was more appealing than coming home and just being bored." The laugh he gave was self-deprecating. It sounded cheerful. Nonchalant. But I could feel it in my bones. There was a hollowness there.

"Being home with you isn't boring." I put my fork down and reached over, touching his hand as he took hold of his coffee mug. "I wanted to be here. I'm sorry I missed our date. I... I really didn't mean to. I should have set an alarm."

I'd meant to. But would I have heard it over my screams? Over the grunts? Skin slapping? The blood rushing, pulsing, pounding in my ears as I came and was filled over and over with cum?

Conner nodded, giving my hand a quick squeeze then taking a slow drink of his coffee. "I understand. You... you needed to go out and relax. Unwind. I..." He cleared his throat and met my eyes. "I understand Daisy." \

He broke our lingering eye contact and continued to eat.

There was something in his words...

I sat back, eating robotically. The food was good, but it tasted bitter to me. The coffee, though it was rich, tasted like sludge. I wanted to cry. I'd put my pleasure over my husband. I couldn't let that happen again.

Fuck. Again. How horrible am I? I'm not even thinking about stopping...

Conner finished, sipped the last of his coffee and grabbed his messenger bag. Coming around the table, he leaned in and gave me a soft kiss on the lips. God, that felt good. So warm and sweet.

I reached up, hand in his short brown hair gripping gently, and I made the kiss deeper. Our breath mingled. I let my tongue slip along his lips and teeth. "Maybe tonight..." I whispered. "Tonight we can try?"

He pulled back. His face flushed. "I... um..." The uncertainty in his stammer broke my heart.

“Hey...” I stood up and cupped his face in my hands. “No expectations. No disappointment. Let’s just... try.” I shrugged and gave him my sweetest grin. “For me?”

The look in his eyes was lost and worried. Worried about failing? Failing himself? Me?

I wanted to shake him and tell him he could never fail me. None of this was his fault. If anyone was a failure, it was me. I’d failed as a wife. I’d failed at being faithful. But I wasn’t about to abandon my husband. Not to this sort of despair and darkness. Maybe I was a hypocrite... oh, who was I kidding? I was absolutely a hypocrite. But I was going to stay here with him through it all, as long as he’d have me. And if... heaven forbid, if he found out and couldn’t forgive me. Couldn’t stay with me because of it. Then I had no one to blame but myself.

“Okay.” He muttered, looking away. “We can... try.”

I kissed him again, hard and meaningfully. “Good. I’ll be waiting.” I smiled at him and then gently pushed him away. “Go to work. The sooner you get done with your day, the sooner you get home.”

With a nod, he turned and left, the door locking behind him as I stood and watched, hoping that it wasn’t the last time he was walking out the door.

...

I had another headache, and staring at my phone, doom scrolling wasn’t doing me any favors. Tossing my phone, screen down on my desk, I pulled open a drawer and grabbed the ibuprofen, downing four dry and leaned back, putting an arm over my eyes to block out the morning light streaming through my windows.

It was hard to tell if this migraine was from getting drunk last night or from the knowledge that my whole marriage was crumbling. From the outside, things seemed fine... the very fact that Daisy wanted to try to be intimate tonight should have been a good sign. It still churned my stomach, the idea that we might lay in bed and be touching and nothing would happen...

Even sighing hurt my head.

A soft knock made me cringe and forced me to lower my arm to see who was peeking in.

“Mr. Carpenter?” The timid voice was almost soothing. Ella was one of the new junior coders I’d hired last month. She turned out to be a tremendous asset, extremely knowledgeable and capable and full of ideas on how to help with the various projects we were working on. She was on the fast track to be a more senior member on the team. The one ‘flaw’ she had was that she was as shy as a mouse. Afraid to speak up on her own, and even when she did, her voice was timid and you had to strain to hear her.

“Hey Ella. Come on in.” I’d nearly forgotten about our meeting. She wanted to go over the new security procedures we were going to propose for a new client.

Ella slipped in, closing my door softly behind her. Everything the girl did was soft and muted. Even when she was typing, the click-clacking of her keys sounded like it was coming from beneath a thick covering of wool. As silent as a ghost, the petite woman padded across the room. She wore a simple black pencil skirt that went just to mid-thigh, maybe a little too short but not so much so that HR would pitch a fit. Her blouse was a shimmering satin blue, and her platinum blonde hair was pulled back into a neat bun.

Her laptop was clutched to her chest as she came and sat in the chair in front of my desk. The short pencil skirt rode up, giving me a sudden and brief peek at her pink panties before she casually pulled it back down, placed her laptop on her lap and opened it up.

A year ago, getting just that singular glimpse would have given me a semi-erection. And even though I felt the heat in my blood and my brain initiating little flashes of imagination, nothing happened between my legs. I grit my teeth and took a calming breath. Thinking about my lack of ability wasn't going to do me any good now or later. I needed to focus on my job.

I pulled up the project on my computer. "Alright. So. What were your thoughts?" I shifted my attention from the computer to Ella and pushed everything else from my mind.

...

April 17 - 10:00 AM

Daisy: *[A photo showed Daisy's sports top pulled up exposing her breasts. Nipples dark and hard.]* There. Now will you take care of organizing the carabiners?

Ash: God your tits are perfect. I think next time I want a tit job.

Daisy: Can you shut up. I'm not sleeping with you again.

Ash: Sure. Sure.

Daisy: I'm married, Ash. It was a mistake. I was drunk.

Ash: Hardly. You had like two beers.

Daisy: I'm a lightweight.

Ash: You certainly are pretty light. Easy to throw around.

Daisy: You're such an asshole.

Ash: Seemed to like me the other night.

Daisy: Seriously just fuck off Ash

...

April 20 - 12:25 AM

Ash: Thought you'd like a little memento from tonight, besides the one I left you with ;)

Ash: *[Attached is a video file:*

It begins shakily, the movement jostling and making the visuals blurry. The audio is clear.

"Mmmm. Mmmm. MMm. Fuck." Daisy is panting.

"Shit that's good." Ash grunts.

The video stabilizes. Daisy has her hands in her hair, moving up and down, stomach rippling like a wave pool. A sheen of sweat makes her pale skin glow. Her eyes are closed, mouth slightly open as she lets out the moans of pleasure.

Shifting down, the camera captures a close-up of Daisy's bare mound swallowing and gripping hold of Ash's cream-covered cock. Every grinding and bouncing motion of Daisy's body reveals how tightly she's squeezing him and the glistening cream and juices it's producing.

"Like that D. Like that. Fuck that's tight." He reaches back with his free hand and gives her ass a hard slap that echoes in the room.

Daisy grabs hold of her breasts, squeezing and pinching at her nipples. "Fuck. Fuck." She grits her teeth and moans through her tightly closed lips.

Ash puts his hand on her stomach and pushes her, adjusting her position so she's leaning back, further revealing their union. "Good. Fucking good. Bounce harder, D. Come on. Ride it like you love it."

"Shut. Up." She gasps, swiveling her hips and then begins thrusting herself up and down harder. Ashe's cock slides out. It's long and thick. Daisy's lips grip hold, gliding along the thick veins up to the head and then vanish again when she rams herself down with a deep needy groan.

The video continues. Filming Daisy riding hard with grunts, gasps, needy whimpers. Ash holds on tightly to her hip, helping her move.

"Ohhh fuck...fuck... D I'm gonna...I'm gonna cum." Ash's breaths were heavy, strained.

She was moving faster. Faster. Grinding and gyrating. Her eyes finally open and meet the camera. "You son of... a bitch..." Daisy didn't stop riding but reached out like a viper, grabbing at the phone.

Ash laughed. The video blurred and tumbled and suddenly it was on the floor, filming the blank ceiling of a hotel room. The bed was at the side of the frame, squeaking and bouncing.

"Oh, fuck!" Ash grunted.

"Dick!" Daisy moaned.

"It's in you!" Ash laughed and then was groaning, clearly releasing his load.

"Ahhhhh. Uhhhhh. Fuck!" Daisy cried.

Things went quiet. Soft panting breaths. Silence. The bed shifted, and a foot appeared, landing on the floor and giving a straight view of Daisy's smooth cunt. It was puffy and red from the fucking it just received. A slick coating of glistening cum dripped from the slit, landing on the camera and obscuring the room.

A moment later, Ash is moving off the bed, reaching for the phone and picking it up.

"Fuck. You dripped on my phone, D!" He called.

"Eat a dick!" Daisy called from the bathroom.

"I think I'll make you eat mine!"

The video ended.]

...

I left work early. Ash was lurking around, his eyes always on me, waiting for a moment where he could corner me. The man was insatiable. And I was pathetic for letting him take out that need on me... with me... because I was desperately needy too.

This was far more than hypersexuality. It was starting to feel like a full-blown addiction. But it wasn't *him* I wanted. Not really. Ash was good in bed, but really that's as far as his usefulness went. He was feeding my needs, but I wasn't his booty call.

I spent the better part of the day avoiding him, then ducked out early to get home and get ready for Conner. The man I was *supposed* to be bedding.

Hard to do that when things aren't working properly. I thought as I pulled into the driveway. Maybe it was time to talk to the doctors again and see if there was a prescription Conner might be able to take. Viagra hadn't been an option due to some complex medical reasons about blood pressure. There were lots of possibilities out there, but the doctors were taking things slow and careful due to the other medications he was still taking for his injury.

I sat in the car for a minute, trying not to get angry. Doctors. Medicine. Therapy. It was all so infuriating. And if I was frustrated, then Conner must have been *miserable*. This was all happening *to* him. And I was just on the sidelines. All I could do was watch.

My grip tightened on the steering wheel, and I leaned forward, resting my forehead against the leather. A few tears slipped down my cheeks. All of this was unfair. Unfair to my husband. Unfair to me. And not just the accident and the injury. What I was doing... it was wrong. So wrong.

But I felt like I was two different people. That first night... a mistake. Ash's constant flirting and a bit of atmosphere and alcohol had just made all my protective walls collapse. If it had just been once, I could have excused it. Overlooked the lapse in judgement. But I'd gone back for more. And more. Over and over. Always justifying it to myself.

I needed it. Masturbation wasn't good enough. Dildos didn't do the trick. I needed something real.

I'd justified that, at home, I was the good and faithful loving wife. But when I was *away*, I was free. What happened outside the home didn't count.

That was stupid, of course. Such a lame excuse. I knew exactly what I was doing. There was a perfect word for it. But I wasn't going to say it. Saying it made it real, and for now, I just wanted to keep the fantasy that all of this was separate. That it was two different people. Two different lives.

I got out of the car and went inside. Besides taking the whole day trying to avoid Ash, I'd been thinking about what I wanted to do for Conner tonight. My encyclopedic knowledge of my lingerie drawer was zipping through my brain until I settled on a pink, sheer babydoll with a matching sheer g-string. I'd bought it a couple years ago, but never worn it. Now seemed as good a time as any.

According to some of the medical articles about ED I'd been reading, it was still possible to get aroused, even ejaculate, when having these sorts of problems. Maybe if he could reach orgasm... maybe this was all mental rather than physical. The accident had done more damage than just to Conner's body. He'd been a wreck in the weeks after. Doctors said it was anxiety and post traumatic stress. He kept reliving the accident. Something like that could seep into your subconscious and do all sorts of things to a person's psyche.

If I could get Conner to push through his mental block, then maybe there wouldn't be any need for medication. We could take our time, work our way back from this.

I took my time, taking a shower and scrubbing myself clean. Curled my hair into waves of dark chocolate. Pretty pink flower earrings that he'd given me for our fifth anniversary. The babydoll fit perfectly, hanging gently off my breasts, accenting the nipples as they pressed against the thin material. The g-string was tight. And that's just how I liked it. Pressed against my vagina nice and snug. Checking myself in the mirror, I nodded to myself in satisfaction.

Now that I was 'dressed' I shuffled around in my closet for the box I kept with sexual oils, toys, and accessories. Conner and I didn't often use these things, but after the accident, when things were becoming apparent that his erections weren't lasting or coming less frequently, they'd taken to trying some new things. I pulled out a bottle of edible peppermint oil. We'd bought this around Christmas time and hadn't ever used it. It was part of a set (candy cane cuffs, Christmas light nipple clips, a reindeer tail buttplug, the oil, and a green and red bra and panty set).

I made the bed. Dimmed the lights enough to set the mood. Then I sat and waited.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 3

I'd watched the video almost a dozen times. There were probably more. But I couldn't get past that first one. I watched my wife riding Ash over and over and over. There was clear disdain in her voice for him, but her body was submitting. Letting him cum inside her. The sounds of her pleasure... pleasure I'd once given her, now being given by another. It was stomach churning.

It was also arousing. My penis may not have been responding, but I could still feel the stirring in my testicles.

Was it possible to have blue balls when you couldn't get an erection?

I suppose the answer was yes, considering I felt. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd ejaculated. There was no doubt I was backed up. How I was going to deal with that was a whole different animal that needed wrestling.

Pulling into the driveway, I let the car idle for a while as I tried to build up the courage to go inside. Every day it was getting harder. Harder to walk into the house and into a life I knew was cracking and crumbling. It may have seemed nice and neat on the outside, but inside there were termites. The structure was being eaten away. It was only a matter of time before it collapsed.

I should be trying to repair things. But I just didn't know how. Or if I even deserved a home that was whole.

The Daisy I saw in those pictures and in that video... she was happy. Satisfied. Sure, she didn't like Ash, but that didn't seem to be an issue for her. I was acutely aware of Daisy's sexual needs. She was a borderline nymphomaniac. Okay, maybe that was a bit of an exaggeration, but she had a very high sex drive, and the doctors she'd talked to suggested it was hypersexuality. Until the accident, it had been easy enough to keep Daisy satisfied. But now I couldn't give her what she needed.

Yes, she was cheating. And that hurt. It was a knife in my gut. In my heart. But I...understood.

I let out a despairing laugh. How twisted was that? My wife was cheating on me, and I was being 'understanding'. Understanding that my wife just needed a good fucking, and had found a place to get it. How weak did that make me? Was I some sort of pathetic cuckold now? Letting my wife cheat?

My grip on the steering wheel tightened, the creak of the leather making me cringe. My headache hadn't gone away. It had ebbed and flowed but never fully left. Maybe it was because I'd been holding back my emotions. The tears I knew I wanted to shed, but felt would make me even less of a man than I already was. Everything was all twisted.

There was no running away from this. I needed to go inside. I needed to continue... continue... whatever semblance of a life I still had. Maybe I could just take the little bit of joy that was still lingering in my home and cherish it. Nurture it.

The walk into the house was slow. What was once comforting, now felt stifling. It was still the same, but it had all taken on a different feel. Knowing that it was just a mask. A facade. Covering up something that I still didn't fully want to put a face to.

I put down my bag and began the slow march towards our room, loosening the top button of my shirt. The lights were dimmed, and there was a clean floral scent I associated with Daisy's shampoo permeating the air as I stepped into the bedroom.

Daisy lay on the bed wearing a sheer pink babydoll I'd never seen before. A tiny g-string stretched over her vagina, soaked through as she rubbed her fingers in concentric circles along her hidden clit. Her other hand was massaging one of her breasts, fingers gently tweaking her hard nipple.

Eyes half-lidded, she was lounging with her thighs wide, hand moving sensually. Her skin was flushed. The few freckles she had along her cheeks stood out as her arousal made her body burn.

My mouth ran dry. I'd seen my wife in plenty of erotic positions over the years. But this was by far one of the most sensual and arousing sights. Besides her soft pants of desire, I could hear the wetness of her folds as she rubbed. She was drenched.

"Conner..." My name drifted from her lips. "Touch me..."

I was frozen. Shaking. Staring at my wife in one of the sexiest poses I'd ever imagined. My heart was pumping. Pounding. Blood rushing. And still... The one thing that I wanted to stir was still limp and lacking.

Daisy's eyes met mine, and she reached out to me, breast falling from her hand. "Come here." She whispered, fingers curling and beckoning.

My movements were slow and robotic as I came forward. The closer I got, the more clear of an image my wife became. Pure sex. Desire. I stood next to the bed, and my wife's hand grabbed hold of my belt. She never stopped rubbing herself, the slickness of her pussy and tightness of the panties erotically beautiful. I could have looked at it for hours.

Her hand skillfully undid my belt, the button and zipper, and then my pants were slipping down. My cock hung flaccid, thick and soft against my churning testicles. The soft sigh of desire she let out and the sudden squelching press of her fingers against her sex made my throat tighten.

If she was disappointed that my penis was soft, she didn't show it. Her hand moved, tracing her nails and fingertips along my cock, gently playing with it. She bounced my balls in her palm. Softly stroked the soft fatness of my limp member. It was paralyzingly arousing. I could feel a stirring in my loins. The only problem was my member refused to get hard.

"Do you like what you see?" Daisy asked breathily, shifting her thighs wider to expose herself to me. The look in her eyes was like liquid sex.

"Y...yeah..." My voice cracked, and I suddenly felt like a teenager again. Seeing a woman for the first time. Mesmerized by the body.

"Touch me, honey." She moaned, moving her hand away, slick and dripping little strings of arousal.

Trembling, I reached down and touched my wife over her panties. She was burning. Blazing. So moist and soft. It'd been so long since I'd touched her. I couldn't even say how long since we'd tried. My palm moved along her sex, fingers trailing a little lower between her ass cheeks. The feeling of her puckered asshole barely covered by the little string of her panties was thrilling.

"Yessss." Daisy hissed. "Oh, honey touch me like that." She squirmed gently on the bed, her hand circling around my soft girth and stroking. It was clear she wasn't trying to get me hard, at least not primarily. It was a simple erotic, intimate touch. A caress.

She grabbed a small bottle that was laying next to her, flicked open the top and let the liquid drip out onto my flaccid cock. The powerful scent of peppermint filled my senses, and my cock began to tingle with the cool, spicy touch of the scented oil.

“Daisy...” I sucked in a breath at the sudden, new stimulation.

“Shhhh...” She whispered and smiled up at me with the look of a woman drunk on desire. She was a temptress and somehow I’d gotten her in my bed, all for me.

I continued to rub her, soft and slow, feeling the intimacy of my wife. She was silky smooth. Warm and wet. Her firm stomach was tight, the v along her waist defined and her abs barely visible as she sucked in a deep breath. She was laid out before me. Eager. Wanting.

A flash of her warm pussy split open by Ash’s cock made me shiver. I bit the inside of my cheek, hard enough to make it bleed. The pussy I was touching had been railed and filled by that jerk. Multiple times.

The sudden feeling of warmth around my cock made me groan. Daisy had pulled me closer, her mouth wrapping around my tip, sucking and licking. The sight of her warm pink lips sliding over me, even when I was soft, was mind-melting.

Does Ash get this treatment?

Fuck. Stop that. Don’t think about him! About them! She’s here with you!

I kept my hand moving over her. Enjoying the feeling of my wife’s arousal. All for me.

She took me deeper. Deeper. My whole member inside her warm mouth and hand on my aching balls. It was wonderful. Agonizingly powerful to be in her mouth, feeling her breath on me. Once upon a time she’d loved giving me sensual blow jobs. In a way this was still erotic, the softness of my cock in her mouth, feeling her tongue tracing around me.

We let out equally arousing moans, touching and caressing each other slowly. There was no rush. Usually, things like this were intended to work towards the erection and then whatever came next. But in its own way, this slow, seductive touching was even more adventurous.

I let my fingers slip under her panties, sticking to her tightly, and pushed a finger inside her. I tried not to think about the fact that the other night Ash was no doubt balls deep inside the very tunnel I was probing. But it kept appearing before me, even as my wife lay on our bed. Did she enjoy that sensation more than what we were doing now?

My finger slid in and out slowly, wet and slick. She was gripping me so tightly.

Ash must have felt an even tighter grip.

She swallowed me, sucking and stimulating me even though my cock refused to rise. But that didn’t matter. It felt good. I still had feeling down there, and it was making my blood boil. My testicles were tightening.

I kept my finger moving in and out, angling and curling it to stimulate the familiar gathering of nerves that made up her g-spot. She bucked her hips as I rubbed against it. Her breath sucking in through her nose as she kept sucking. Swallowing. One hand on my balls, fondling them and the other on my hip pulling me closer.

Everything started to tense. To twist. My legs began to tremble. A familiar feeling was pulsing through me. Something I hadn't felt in a long time. But even though it was familiar, it didn't exactly feel right. It was that sensation before I came. The thrumming in my blood. Heart pounding faster and faster. I was approaching an orgasm but my cock was still flaccid.

Please. Please get hard. Please!

I was begging whatever power might listen. But nothing was happening. My wife's pussy was squeezing my finger. Her body was hot beneath me. Mouth wrapped around me and sucking with overwhelming need.

Why? Why won't my body work?

Her hand grabbed hold of mine, pressing it more firmly against her pussy. It was dripping. Sticky. So warm. I could see the tell-tale signs that she was close to an orgasm. My fingers thrust faster and faster, the soft wet squelches filling the room along with her moans.

My own orgasm was coming, but I wasn't sure how it would work. Could I ejaculate without a hard-on? Maybe it would be like when I had a night emission. Or...

Daisy came. Her mouth fell away from my soft cock, dripping her spit as she gasped. "Fu...fuuuck god Co...Conner...honey god I'm cumming!" She spasmed, bucking her hips against my fingers.

Just the sight of her cumming for me pushed me over the top and... It was painful. Uncomfortable. It should have been pleasant and overwhelming. Filling my brain with chemicals and euphoria. Instead, it felt like I'd gotten hit in the groin. A punch to the gut. My orgasm pulsed through me, and my cum dribbled out, soft little shots that fell over Daisy's chest on her babydoll. It was thick, soupy, sticky.

She kept spasming, bucking her hips up against me and whimpering. Her hand went to the sticky pools of semen on her chest and began to rub it, smear it along her skin and scooped it up with her fingers, bringing it to her lips and tasting it. Licking it clean.

The sight was... pornographic. It was amazing. Beautiful. But everything inside me hurt. Instead of a pleasant orgasm, it was more like a ruined one. I was panting, gasping for breath. I grabbed hold of the headboard for stability.

Daisy was coming down off her orgasm, lying on the bed and breathing slow and deep, a soft sheen of sweat on her skin.

Pain in my groin spurred me to stumble away from the bed towards the bathroom.

"Conner?" Daisy's voice was soft. Out of breath.

I didn't respond. The bathroom door shut behind me. I stumbled over to the toilet and collapsed on the porcelain throne. I was shaking. The feeling inside me was a twisting discomfort that I couldn't shake.

Over the years I'd had a few ruined orgasms for one reason or another, so I was familiar with the sensations. But this was ten times worse. It wasn't just some stupid mishap when I was masturbating or overexcited. This had been a real attempt at an orgasm, and it had failed. I'd cum, but it wasn't... right...

Face in my hands, I began to sob.

...

I put my ear to the door and hear the hitching breaths and gasps of tears.

My heart ached. It broke. My legs were still shaking from the orgasm Conner had given me. It had been *all* him. His fingers. The taste of his cock, even soft, was wonderful. My blood was still singing with the feelings and emotions. And when he'd cum all over me, I thought...

I thought...

Conner's sobs were soft. Painful.

I let myself slip down, back against the door, and rested my head against my knees. My husband cried quietly, and I mirrored his tears as I listened.

...

I didn't keep track of how long Conner wept. If that's what he needed to do, then I'd let him. No interruptions. The last thing he needed was for me to intrude on him. Sometimes you just needed to cry. Cry for what was lost. What you failed at. Or maybe for something you just couldn't name.

All I had wanted to do was rekindle our sex life. To pull my husband out of the funk he'd been placed in. Considering I'd been able to make him cum, I thought we'd made a step forward. But maybe instead, I'd set us back.

The sound of the shower startled me. I scrambled to my feet and opened the door, thankful it wasn't locked. Conner stood slightly slumped, pulling off his clothes. I watched him, taking in how he looked. How his eyes were red, his face pale. I bit my lip, unsure what to do.

He stepped into the shower. Maybe he'd seen me. Maybe he hadn't. Was he ignoring me? Would he do that?

I walked into the bathroom and came to stand in front of the shower, instantly meeting my husband's eyes. He looked defeated. The water was cascading over him, dripping from his hair and face. Without a word, I slipped my stained babydoll off and stepped out of my soaked panties. His eyes were on me. There was desire there. Want. And it felt good, but also hurt, knowing that he was having so much trouble showing it to me in a physical way.

Slipping into the shower with him, I closed the door and wrapped my arms around him. My breasts pressed against his chest, hands gripping at his shoulders and face pressed into the crook of his neck.

His arms wrapped around me too, and we held onto each other tightly.

"I love you." I whispered.

"You too." He muttered, the resonance in his chest syncing with my heart.

"Are you okay?"

Conner was quiet. The spray of the shower filled the silence.

“Honey...” I tried to think of something encouraging to say. Something that might build his confidence. “You made me cum.” It felt so pathetic. Of course, he made me cum. Conner knew exactly how to make me orgasm. He’d done it countless times. But it had been a while. Maybe he didn’t think he was capable of it anymore. I wanted him to know that he could still do it. He still had the magic touch. Knew my body and could please me, even if his penis wasn’t hard. That was secondary. Tertiary. Irrelevant. His fingers and mouth were more than capable of bringing me over the edge.

“I saw.” There was a hint of a smile in his words.

Should I say something about his orgasm? That he’d been able to ejaculate. But that sounded patronizing, even to me in my own mind. Complimenting a man on his ability to cum. How stupid was that?

But... when it was something he was struggling with, maybe even thought he couldn’t do anymore... would it be so hard to give him a compliment?

“You...” My mind struggled for something good to say, something that wouldn’t be construed as belittling. “Tasted good.” That was true. His cum had tasted so good.

Conner sighed. There was little levity in it. “Been eating my fruits.” He muttered.

I let out a snort. “Well, it’s paying off.”

We kept a tight hold of each other, letting the water fall over us until we just couldn’t stand the heat anymore and turned it off. Stepping out, we began to dry ourselves off, standing quietly with each other, some of the tension released.

“Um... are you... satisfied?”

The words threw me off balance. “What? Of course.”

A lie. Well... not exactly a lie. I was satisfied with my husband. He was a good man. A good provider. Partner. And even though our sex was lacking, it was understandable and I couldn’t, and wouldn’t, hold that against him. But to say that I wasn’t left... wanting, in some areas, was a lie. But I couldn’t say that to him. Not now. Not after how vulnerable he’d been. How sensitive he was now.

Conner scrubbed at his hair with his towel, looking at the floor, afraid to meet my eyes. “If... you know... if you need to um... take care of things... yourself, I’d understand.”

I froze as I was wrapping my hair up. “Um. You mean...”

“Just. Whatever needs you have. I know you have a pretty high sex drive. And since... I’m not really able to keep up, ya know, just right now, um... I’d understand... if you need to take care of yourself.” He still wasn’t meeting my eyes.

Conner had never been embarrassed talking about masturbation. He’d seen me fingering myself, using a vibe, and even a big dildo on more than one occasion. So this wasn’t some sort of touchy subject. We weren’t prudes. So why was he so nervous? Skittish?

He continued drying himself and wrapped the towel around his waist. “Forget it. I just wanted you to know... I would... I’d understand. I understand.”

I lowered my towel, hair falling along my shoulders still damp. There was that word again. 'Understand'. Understand what? "Um..." I halted. Did he suspect? Oh god... Did Conner *know*?

My stomach started to do cartwheels. No. Impossible. He couldn't know...

Seriously, Daisy? You think your husband is blind? You're coming home late. You probably smell like sex. If he even gets a half-decent look at you when you get home after meeting Ash, he'd know you had been doing something illicit.

I pushed that voice away. It was wrong. Yes, Conner wasn't stupid. But there was no way he would suspect me of cheating. Maybe he could suspect that I was staying away from home a little more. Needing some space from the turmoil. But Conner trusted me. And I trusted him.

But you don't deserve that trust, Daisy. You know that, right? You've broken it. If he still has it for you, it's misplaced.

I was still frozen when Conner came forward, gave me a quick kiss on the lips and left to put on some pajamas. "I'm pretty tired. I think I'll just head to bed."

My eyes followed him, trying to gauge what exactly Conner was trying to say. Maybe talking about masturbation was a sore subject now. He couldn't do it. So letting me know it was okay if I needed to give myself some pleasure, maybe it was painful for him. Embarrassing. Confusing. Just another problem this stupid accident had brought upon us.

Pulling my towel around me, I hurried to follow. "Me too. That orgasm was intense. It took it out of me." I gave him a smile and a wink, trying to convey how well he'd done. But Conner just nodded, his smile not reaching his eyes as he pulled out a pair of boxers and pj pants, putting them on quickly.

I did the same. Slipping on a pair of plain blue panties and an overly large t-shirt. We slipped into bed together, and I wrapped my arms around him when he rolled over onto his side. I kissed the back of his neck softly, trying to convey all the care and love I had for him through my lips. "I love you." I whispered.

"I'll always love you." He whispered back, as if speaking louder might break some sort of spell. "I always will. No matter what."

Something twinged in my chest again. My stomach twisting. I pushed the feeling away, pressing myself closer and held onto my husband as tightly as I could, afraid if I let up even a little, he'd vanish.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 4

We were trying.

I sat at the small table in our kitchen, sipping at my coffee, looking out the window. Our backyard was small, but nicely tended. Lovely flowers and shrubs. A tall standing birdhouse in one corner and an old oak in the other that gave a decent amount of shade in the summer. I'd spent a fair amount of time out there, Daisy by my side, doing the hard work to make it look presentable. Long outings. Sweat. Blood. A little love.

In the days when we were a bit younger, making love in the dirt didn't seem all that big of a deal. I wasn't sure I'd be up for doing that again. But if it meant I could rise to the occasion, I'd make love to Daisy in a puddle of mud.

We were trying.

It'd been a few days since Daisy had initiated intimacy in the bedroom. She insisted it was good. And even though I hadn't gotten erect, the fact that I'd been able to ejaculate had been a step forward.

I didn't tell her how uncomfortable it had been. Nor did I tell her the next couple of times we attempted intimacy. Every time it felt like a punch to the gut. Or like someone was planting a fist against my taint. Each time I came, and I ejaculated a good amount, it didn't shoot out like before.

The second time she worshiped my cock. Licking all over. Kissing and slobbering. She was filthy. Her eyes were full of need as she knelt in a sheer pink top and matching thong. She made it about me. Stroking and doing everything to stimulate me. And it worked. I came. It hurt like hell, but I covered her lips and face with thick globs of white and she loved it. The smile on her face was worth the pain.

But it was clear she thought I felt good too. That she imagined my ejaculation was like they'd been before my accident.

It wasn't. It felt like a cruel joke from the universe. I could cum. But I couldn't enjoy it.

And what made the experience worse...

I put my coffee down and sat back in my chair. If I closed my eyes, I'd see the images. The ones of my wife... with someone else. With Ash. Daisy kneeling with cum all over her face. But it wasn't my cum. The image was identical to the one in my memory. Thankfully she hadn't been wearing the same outfit for me as she had for Ash...

...

April 22 - 8 AM

Ash: Good way to start the day *[The photo attached displayed Daisy on her knees in a locker room. Her purple sports top was pulled up so her tits were free. Ash's cock hung half limp in frame, hovering over Daisy's face. A single glistening white drip of cum still clung to his tip. The rest of his seed covered Daisy's face. It dripped from her nose and lips. A few drops had fallen onto her breasts and one was hanging like a dewy string from her pink nipple.]*

Daisy: Ass.

Ash: You weren't saying that when your mouth was stuffed with it.

Daisy: Because it was full you shit.

Ash: That's right! You were sucking my cock! And you loved it.

Daisy: Just shut up. We aren't doing anything like that again at work. I'm not getting fired because you're a sex addicted jackass.

Ash: Fine with me. I'd rather not get kicked to the curb either just for getting some good head.

Ash: And for the record. It takes two to tango. I love sex, but you're the one that's addicted.

Daisy: Fuck off

...

Was it strange that I was mentally trying to compare Ash's amount of ejaculation with my own? How he'd covered my wife's face much the same way I had. But, had it been more? Thicker? Did she enjoy the taste of it?

Was it better?

My chest ached from the thought. I rubbed at it, the spot where my heart was supposed to be... but felt hollow.

"Morning honey!" Daisy's voice was cheerful. Bright. Just like her name. I turned, watching her saunter into the kitchen with a wide smile. Her hair was a tousled, frizzy mess, but it looked good. The sort of just-rolled-out-of-bed image that magazines took hours to manufacture. She wore nothing but a dark gray fuzzy robe that she hadn't bothered to tie closed.

It was impossible not to stare as she went to the coffee maker. The robe fluttered as she walked, exposing her toned legs. The creamy skin. Hard muscles of her hips and V and abs. And her pussy... tender and smooth. Just a hint of the pink of her lips exposed between the outer labia.

Daisy poured herself a cup, splashed some cream and sugar into it and turned to face me. Again the robe fluttered, exposing a hint of her nipples. They were hard. Always hard. She leaned against the counter in a deliberate fashion, the robe hanging open to expose herself to me. The light that streamed in through the windows hit her skin, illuminated it. Making her shine.

"Sleep okay?" She asked with a sweet, playful smile as she looked at me over the rim of her mug.

I cleared my throat, trying not to feel like some stupid school boy getting the first glimpse of a girl. "Um... yeah." I muttered, and took a sip of my own coffee.

And it was true. I'd slept decently. Even after having had an orgasm that was... painful. Still... in a way it had been satisfying. Maybe it was just one of those triggers for me. You cum and then you nap. A biological imperative to regain our strength. Though that was usually after some very rigorous activity. Last night, Daisy had done all the work... again.

I'd laid back and watched her on top of me, rubbing those beautiful soft lips along my cock. She made it slick with her arousal. And even though I didn't get hard... just that feeling of her warmth and wetness had made me burst all over myself. And Daisy had licked it up, her tongue trailing

over my stomach, slurping at my matted pubic hair. She was so dirty... much dirtier than she'd ever been previously in our marriage.

Was that something I could attribute to her... her meetings with Ash? Was he the one pulling this out of Daisy and she was just bringing it home to me as a sort of... sloppy seconds?

That made my chest burn again. Ache. I rubbed at the burning throb.

Daisy came to stand next to me, her hand on my shoulder. "Hey... you okay?" She put the back of her hand to my forehead. One of those universal signs of trying to gauge if someone was feeling bad, even if it had nothing to do with a fever.

"Yeah. Fine. Just a little... indigestion..." I answered.

She let her hand slip into my hair, ruffling it and scratching gently at my scalp. "Okay. But if it's chest pains or something, we might want to talk to the doctor." There was genuine concern in her voice.

"I'm fine. Really." I smiled up at her. It was nice to know she still cared.

The very idea that she didn't... that was hard to conceive. Daisy may have been... stepping out on me... but I could, and I did, understand it. Maybe other people wouldn't. They'd probably tell me a whole slew of things like that I needed to divorce her. To expose her. Plaster the pictures all over the internet and watch her burn. But I could never do that. Not to her. Not to anyone. Even if they deserved it.

And in our case... in Daisy's case... she had a need and it wasn't something I could meet. Who was I to judge? I wanted her to be fulfilled and happy... and for what it was worth... that's exactly how she seemed. She always came home to me. She was making an effort to be intimate and enjoy our time together. Those weren't the actions of a woman who wanted out of her marriage. Some part of her wanted to stay. To be here with me. Even though I was lacking.

Daisy's fingers tightened in my hair. "You know..." Her words were a husky whisper. "I didn't get a chance to cum last night."

I looked up, pulled away from my thoughts of self pity. My wife was looking down at me, the blue of her eyes like a hungry storm raging on the open sea, holding her coffee in one hand and gripping my hair in the other.

"I think you should give your wife a treat before work. Don't you?" With a mischievous smile, Daisy started pulling me down towards her exposed mound. She adjusted her stance, legs further apart as she stood next to me and brought my face right against her sex.

She smelled divine. Musky and sweet. A hint of moist arousal slipped into my senses.

"Please baby." she whispered, and I didn't need any more encouragement.

While Daisy stood at the table, I sat with her hand on my head holding me against her. My tongue lapped and slid between her folds. Her moans were soft, erotic, controlled. She sipped her coffee and enjoyed my mouth. On her. In her.

I held tight to her firm hips and devoured my wife. I sucked at her clit, making her breathe heavier and gasp lightly. My tongue darted in and out along her slit, tasting and swallowing her juices.

“Like that... yes...oh honey fuck...Conner please... oh god it feels good honey.” She whimpered and it was clear she was getting closer to her peak. But she stayed firm and steady, holding my hair and pushing me against her. It came from all those years of climbing. She had to be in control of her muscles, sometimes maintaining a position up on the rockwall for several minutes while teaching or just climbing in general.

She tasted amazing. She always did. But now I knew this pussy had been entertaining another. Another man’s mouth. Fingers. Penis. And somehow that changed the taste. Not like she’d just been with Ash and come home to me right after. This wasn’t that sort of thing. But I could tell on some fundamental level... she’d changed. The beautiful woman I fell in love with and made love to and fucked, had changed.

As I brought her towards her climax, hands gripping harder and harder as I licked and teased her clit. I had to wonder... was the change for better? Or for worse?

...

Climbing a wall was doing nothing for the increasing tension I was feeling. Tension in my mind. In my body. The sexual tension that somehow simultaneously existed inside and outside of me.

The gym was in a lull. It happened at certain times of day, people just hadn’t made appointments or didn’t have the opportunity to come in. So the time was usually spent cleaning up. Organizing. Or, just climbing and testing the equipment. I was halfway up our Moderate Course Wall, hanging from one of the angled panels by one hand. Not something you were supposed to do for too long or really at all unless you were going to swing and jump to another hand hold. But I’d been letting myself hang for almost a minute, feeling the burning in my arm and back.

It hurt. It was dangerous.

I deserved that pain and that risk.

It's how I was living my life. Risking my marriage... and for what? The climax of reaching the top of a mountain?

It was all a metaphor inside my addled brain. Reaching the top of a climbing wall, a mountain, a cliff, was always a powerful moment. The strain. The effort. It was all in an effort for a singular moment. To stand at the top. Finished. It didn’t take a genius to see the parallels to sex. And I was far from a genius. That was Conner. Conner was the brains in our marriage. Not that I was the brawn or that I didn’t have any brains... but considering my behavior over the last month or more, maybe I *didn’t* have any.

Grabbing back onto the wall, I let my arm relax for a minute, letting the aches and pains subside before beginning my descent. The soft thumps and clanks of feet hitting the wall and equipment jangling clouded my senses as I robotically made my way down the wall. I’d done it dozens... hundreds of times now and it was like second nature. Up and down. I could probably have done it with my eyes closed.

I should quit. We don’t need the money. Even if we did, I could find another job. There’s several other gyms around town.

The thought had been haunting me for a few days now. Of course that only deepened the guilt I felt of having been having this affair for over a month now. Quitting should have been one of the

first things I thought of. Get out of this toxic environment. And by that I mean the toxic attraction I had to Ash and how his constant proximity made it hard to avoid the inevitable collision of our genitals.

It would make things easier. Leave and restart. Delete Ash's number. All the texts and videos and photos that he'd sent me. The dick wouldn't stop doing that. Not that I was doing much to stop him. Just another thing I'm guilty of.

But even as I touched down on the mats and unhooked the various ropes and carabiners, I knew I wasn't going anywhere. I liked this job. I liked this gym and the people I worked with. Hell... I even liked Ash. Not 'like like' but he had a charm and he was good at his job. He was a good friend to go out and get drinks with. But that's what had gotten me into this situation. A stupid little bet, one that was far beyond the bounds of propriety, and the drinks and dinner after.

I brushed stray strands of sweaty hair from my face, gathered my equipment and headed towards the locker room. My shift was almost over. One of the rare times I took the afternoon rather than morning or evening shifts. It would mean some quiet time at home before Conner got home. A time to reflect and maybe figure out how to unravel this whole mess I'd made.

It felt like we were making progress. The last few days Conner and I had been more intimate. Exploring the ways we could please each other without penetrative sex. And fuck had I forgotten how good Conner was at eating me out. This morning had been so erotic. Mindblowing. Standing there and sipping my coffee in the raw morning light. My husband's tongue and mouth diving in and loving me. It still sent shivers down my spine and made heat pool between my legs as I pushed into the locker room.

All the other things we'd done had been amazing too. And Conner was ejaculating. That was good. Before... nothing had happened. So these felt like steps in the right direction. Maybe he'd never be able to get erect again... that was a horrible thought, but there were other things we could do. And maybe we could even go the route of a pump. I'd been reading up on those things. It was initially embarrassing, there seemed to be a lot of stigma around a penis pump. Like it was only used for men with penis envy or something. But they had legitimate uses. There were options.

But the doctors were still weary of doing anything. Spinal injuries were complicated. Delicate. And though Conner was out of the woods, the doctors still were erring on the side of caution.

It was infuriating. But I'd rather be safe rather than sorry. I'd almost lost Conner once... I wasn't about to risk that again just so his penis could get hard.

All those thoughts were swirling in my head as I stripped off my climbing spandex, shoving them into a small mesh laundry bag and pulling out my clothes. I really needed a shower but I didn't feel like taking one here. I just wanted to get home.

I got dressed quickly, grabbed my bag and headed back out into the gym.

"Daisy!" Carmen, one of the other climbing instructors, came bounding up to me in her street clothes. She was a sweet latina woman, dark wavy hair, an earth tone to her skin, and beautiful smooth curves like that of a roman statue. Her dark eyes were playful and the smile on her pink lips was always infectious. "Hey, are you on your way out?"

"Yeah. Was hoping to get some stuff done at home..." I kept walking, Carmen coming up alongside me, her backpack held at her side.

“Well put that off and get some drinks with me and Ash.” She smiled, pushing the door open for me as we walked outside into the cloudlessly warm day.

“Ash?” I paused at the entrance.

“Yeah. We were gonna just go and get a drink. Chill. Come with us. It shouldn’t be long and then you can go home and clean or whatever.” Carmen chuckled as Ash came driving up to park in front of the gym.

“Hey girls! You coming too, Daisy?” Ash was in a loose fitting t-shirt, the arm holes ripped wide so some of his muscular chest was visible. He tipped his sunglasses down, staring at me with that cocky grin of his he thought was charming.

Carmen wrapped an arm around mine. “Come on D. It’s been a long day. Let’s relax.”

“Yeah...” Ash’s tone was... suggestive. “Come relax with us D.”

I knew.

I knew I should say no. I should just go home. Do what I planned.

Instead... I was slipping into the passenger seat of Ash’s car, Carmen tucked into the narrow backseat. Ash flashed me a sly grin. For what it was worth... I tried my best to ignore him the entire drive. The entire time we were at the bar. Even after a few drinks, I still successfully shrugged off Ash’s flirtations.

But by the time all three of us stumbled into his apartment, there was no way to ignore him any longer.

...

Daisy was late again.

I knew her schedule. She shared it with me every week so we could properly coordinate dinner or evening plans. Today she had the afternoon shift at the gym and should have been home by three.

It was seven.

I’d come home to an empty house. It should have hurt more. But now at least I knew where she was. Or at least who she was with. In a way... it was comforting. At least I wasn’t completely in the dark. That would be worse. Much worse.

My evening was quiet. I made myself a sandwich and sat in front of the TV, watching something mindless while I ate and had a beer. My mind tried to go to places... with questions about what my wife was doing. But I pushed them aside. I kept my mind blank. Calm.

She was out having sex. It was something she needed. I couldn’t blame her.

It was starting to become a bit of a mantra in my head.

I can’t blame her. I can’t blame her. I can’t blame her.

After a while the television couldn’t keep my attention, so I walked quietly to bed. I stripped to my boxers and slipped into the cold covers. As if on cue, I heard the distant sound of the front

door opening and closing. Daisy was finally home and it was only seven-thirty. Not as late as she'd been coming home lately.

I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see her coming in looking... satisfied. The soft whisk of her shorts announced her as she came down the hall and then stopped in the doorway. I could hear her breath. Soft. Steady. Then she was moving again, into the bathroom, closing the door quietly. A few minutes later she came out. No shower this time. Maybe she hadn't been out with Ash. Not every outing or late return home had to be tied to something scandalous. I was overthinking. Paranoid.

Daisy sat on her side of the bed, the mattress shifting under her as she slipped under the covers. One of her hands gently pressed against my back.

"Sorry I'm late." She whispered.

Did she think I was awake? Or was she just talking...

"I'm so sorry Conner." Her voice was even softer, strained.

I knew I shouldn't. The best idea was to just pretend I was asleep. To let her words go unanswered. But my mouth opened and I whispered just as quietly. "I understand."

Her fingers tensed. I felt her hand become slightly clammy. It was just a second. Almost unnoticeable. Then she pushed it against my back again, firm and meaningful. "I love you, honey. Goodnight."

"Night." I muttered back.

She didn't move her hand the entire night. When I woke up it was still there, touching me. Pressed against me like her touch was keeping me planted to reality, instead of spinning out into oblivion.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 5

I didn't even bother to shower off last night. Could Conner smell it on me? Why did that make me feel like I was a teenager again, trying to hide the smell of pot or cigarettes from my parents.

Conner wasn't in bed when I woke up. He wasn't in the house either. And I woke up at six. Much earlier than he needed to be at the office. The absence spiked such a visceral fear inside me that I had to rush to the bathroom, dry heaving into the toilet as I suffered a sudden and horrifying panic attack.

I barely waited to stop coughing before I grabbed my phone and called him. Dabbing at my chin with a tissue, my throat feeling raw, I waited and waited as the phone rang... and rang...

God. Please. Please don't let this be it...

click "Hey honey. Thought you'd still be in bed."

The sound of my husband's voice made me melt onto the bathroom floor. He was so casual. Calm. It was clear he was still in the car by the soft noise in the background of traffic. When I heard him softly slurp on his coffee I laughed even though it hurt my throat.

"Babe? What's going on? You sound like you're high or something."

I snorted. "No... No sorry. I just... guess I'm still waking up."

"Well, why not go back to sleep? It's your day off right?"

He was right. Today was my day off. A time to just... relax. But how could I relax after last night? After coming home and seeing him alone in bed so early? And what about...

I understand.

Those two words had echoed in my dreams.

What did Conner *understand*?

I hadn't been sure if he was asleep or not, but I felt the need to tell him how sorry I was that I'd left him alone again for the evening. When he'd responded...

My stomach twisted again. It was those same words I'd started to hear him say over and over.

I understand.

"Just... guess I wanted to wake up next to you." I admitted.

Conner chuckled. "Sorry honey. I'd have liked that too. I just needed to get to the office early. This new client is riding us kinda hard about the security system, so wanted to get a jump on it."

I sighed. Okay. That's all it was. I was overreacting.

"Okay, well... maybe you can come home early?" I curled up on the floor. "I think we could maybe benefit from a night in. What do you think?"

For a moment there was only silence on the other side of the line. "Sure... I'd like that."

Butterflies fluttered in my stomach. "Great. You name it, I'll cook it or order it."

“Let’s go with ordering. Hey, I’m just pulling into the office. I’ll think about what we can eat and get back to you, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Love you.”

“Love you, too.”

click

I climbed to my feet and put my phone on the counter, then splashed some water on my face. The after shocks of my panic attack were still making me shake, but after hearing Conner’s voice, I felt better. More calm.

I think you mean, you’re glad your secret isn’t out.

There wasn’t any denying that voice. Any time Conner wasn’t where I expected him to be, I had this fear that he’d found out about my infidelity and left. Whenever my mind conjured the nightmare scenarios of my husband finding out... it never ended in screams and shouts. It ended quietly. Conner wasn’t prone to raising his voice. In fact the entire time I’ve known him, I don’t think I’ve ever heard him raise his voice beyond trying to get someone’s attention at a party or in a crowd. So when I thought of how the consequences of my actions could catch up to me, I never pictured Conner becoming some sort of green eyed monster. Instead he just... faded. Became hollow. And left.

But that wasn’t today. Hopefully it was never.

I turned on the shower and stepped in, determined to start the day new. And to do that, I needed to wash off the evidence of last night.

...

Last Night

The feeling of Carmen’s tongue against my clit was almost as intense as Ash’s cock thrusting deep into my cunt. Firm pressure. The rough feeling of her tastebuds skimming over my sensitive nub. Lips sucking at it as she folded her tongue around it and practically pulled it into her mouth.

“Ohhhh fuck.” I gasped. My mind was in overload. Ash was sitting in a chair in his living room, with me in his lap, legs pulled up so I was doubled over, a mere toy for him to lift and drop onto his cock repeatedly while Carmen knelt between his legs and indulged herself. Licking my clit. Kissing and sucking at Ash’s exposed shaft. Sucking his roiling balls.

But Ash wasn’t content to just lift me up and down. He thrust his hips in time with those movements, making his balls slap against me and also slap Carmen in the face making her laugh.

“Stop it!” She giggled.

“What? Gotta problem with me slapping you with my balls?” Ash laughed along with her, his strong arms wrapped around my upturned legs, hands gripping my tits as he continued practically using me like a flashlight.

“I do when I’m trying to suck them!” Carmen scolded. She’d pulled her dark hair into a ponytail and shed herself of clothing just like me. Her caramel colored tits and dark areolas were beautiful and much perkier than mine were, though hers were bigger.

When she’d pulled down her panties, I’d gotten the first glimpse of her nicely trimmed pussy outside of the gym locker room. Those times it had just been little flashes, now I was getting to see it full on. As she knelt below me, her thighs were wide and she was rubbing circles along her hidden clit while she attempted to use her mouth on both me and Ash while he furiously fucked me.

My ass slapped against his lap as he shifted and leaned back more, my back resting more against his chest so I wasn’t being held up in the air. As strong as Ash was, even he could get tired holding a full grown woman and lifting her like a dumbbell.

His breath was hot in my ear and along my neck and cheek. “Oh fuck D... so fucking tight... all the time... you like Carmen licking that pretty cunt? Is this your first time with a girl?” He sounded genuinely interested, even as he was grunting and ramming himself into my married tunnel.

I couldn’t respond. Or maybe I just didn’t want to. I was supposed to be at home. What time was it? Was Conner home yet? I couldn’t see the clock from my position and my vision was slightly blurred and spinning from the barrage of pleasure being thrust upon me and in me.

My gaze moved down and watched as Ash’s thick monster stretched me. My labia puffing and sucking at his shaft as it moved in and out. Creamy white frothing around his base and dripping along his balls.

Where had Carmen gone? Shouldn’t she be licking that up?

I really must have been in a sexual haze, because I hadn’t noticed Carmen standing up, climbing onto the chair and standing with a foot on either arm of the chair, tall enough her hands could reach the ceiling and press against it for support as she thrust her pelvis towards me. Ash helped, hand going to the back of my head and pushing me towards Carmen’s dripping sex. Her matted pubic hair glistened from her arousal. The lips of her pussy were dark, slightly engorged from her constant rubbing.

She smelled like sweat and eucalyptus. Maybe it was a lotion or a shampoo. I wasn’t sure. All at once her pussy was pressed to my mouth, my nose, my face. My senses overloaded at the new aromas and tastes. She had a musk to her, her pussy smell like that of a damp forest after the first rainfall. Fresh, but with a tinge of bitter moisture.

Carmen steadied herself, one hand on the ceiling, the other reaching down to join Ash’s hand in pushing and pulling me towards eating her. My mouth moved on its own. Lips pressing against hers, tongue diving into her dripping tunnel and lapping, licking, slurping up her sweat and juices. It was bitter and sweet. Like sour patch kids. Combined with the hard, cervix tapping thrusts of Ash’s cock, my mind began to melt.

The room was filled with groans. Gasps. Moans of pleasure and pain and surprise.

I still couldn’t figure out how Ash had done it. Taking us to drinks, only for us to go to his apartment and end up like this. Ash had some sort of magnetism. He was a jerk, but had that sort of appeal that all the women constantly deny. ‘Of course we don’t like jerks! We want sensitive, kind, decent men!’ It’s what we always said in defense of the stereotype. The cliché of

the arrogant man getting the woman into bed because all a woman really wanted was to be taken.

I was part of the problem. Feeding into that sort of mentality by falling into bed with Ash again and again. But honestly, it wasn't him that attracted me. It was the *need*...

My mind was slipping, consciousness giving way to pure pleasure and desire. But that didn't mean I stopped thinking. 'I think therefore I am.' There was no way to stop my mind from working in the background, even as it was taken over by the primal desire for sex.

I missed penetration. It was as simple as that. Intimacy with Conner was wonderful and even somewhat exciting and new, discovering ways to please each other without that one fundamental detail. But... nothing could replace that feeling... the feeling of being stretched and filled and hammered and pounded. I missed it. I was craving it. It was like having an empty stomach. Feeling the growling desire for something solid. Filling. But all I'd been having were protein shakes. Something good and healthy, but not as hearty.

Ash was the meat. He was the solid filling food that I was craving. Or rather his cock was. The man himself didn't matter much at all.

The smell of sour beer and minty toothpaste washed over my face as Ash breathed heavily. I could feel his sweat on my back, his chest rubbing up and down along my spine as he fucked me relentlessly.

"Oh my god!" I gasped into Carmen's pussy. Her fingers gripped my hair and pulled me harder against her, nose rubbing her clit and my senses flooding with her overpowering aroma. "Oh fucking god."

"Yes! Ohhhh shit D like that... lick it... there...there!" Carmen moaned, holding onto my head for stability as she stood precariously on the chair as it shook from Ash's continual thrusting movements.

"Fuck...fucking shit D... oh my fucking god I love your cunt. Squeeze me! Do it... like that!" He was breathing in my ear. Loud and powerful and overwhelming just like the smell of my coworker. Her taste all over my lips and tongue and dripping down my throat.

All at once we were all crying out in ecstasy. Cumming together. Reaching the edge and falling over. Carmen gushed into my mouth, her juices dripping down my chin and all over my face. My own orgasm rocking me and making me tremble in Ash's grasp, pussy clenching down hard on his thickness. And Ash's cock throbbing in response, shooting thick strings of cum deep into my pussy.

We cried together. Screaming in pleasure. Juices dripping and gushing and flowing all over our bodies...

In a blink Ash had us on his bed. Carmen and I lay on either side of him as he was kneeling. We licked and sucked and kissed all over his cock. His fingers were between our open thighs, thrusting fingers, squelching wet sounds mixing with our moans and gasps as we smothered his messy cock with our attention. Spit and precum dripped and lathered up into a froth all along his dick. Carmen and I shared the mixture, sucking each other's lips and twisted our tongues. The sticky, goey concoction covered our faces in thick dripping strings. We passed it back and forth, drooled it all over each other's tongues and his cock as we stroked him and then took turns swallowing him whole.

“Fuck! Fuckinggoddamn! That’s it! Fucking worship this dick!” His fingers rammed deep into us over and over making us slick and needy.

We rolled around into different positions. I rode him while Carmen rode his face. We lay on our sides, Ash balls deep inside Carmen as I was in a side 69 position licking her pussy and his shaft as it pistoned in and out while she devoured my cum dripping cunt. I deep throatied him while Carmen rimmed him making him groan and hold our heads against his front and back. Once or twice it was simply one on one. Ash fucking me in missionary, staring deep into my eyes with that lustful cocky look he always had. Carmen on all fours, Ash’s holding her hair and thrusting in from behind, hips and ass slapping over and over.

Carmen and I even made out. Kissing and touching each other right in front of Ash as he attempted to get hard again after cumming for the fourth time. How in the world that man could go so many times was beyond me. Maybe my theory about viagra in his protein powder shakes was more accurate than I thought.

By the time we were worn out... It was nearly seven and I felt my chest tighten and all the guilt of what I’d chosen to do came rushing back in. I rushed out. I didn’t bother making an excuse or even telling Carmen and Ash what I was doing. They were busy in the shower. I simply dressed, took an Uber back to my car, and drove home as fast as I could.

But it wasn’t fast enough.

...

I didn’t lie. Not really. I did need to get to the office and work on the TravelTech account. Their security needs seemed to keep growing and changing. It was pretty clear that they hadn’t done a proper analysis about what their needs would be, so this was going to be one of those projects that would become more complex as things moved forward.

On the one hand, those projects could become very lucrative because the contract would need to be revised for the extra work being done and the new work load. But... It also meant a lot, and I mean a lot, of revisions and meetings and constant back and forth with the client about what was necessary. A blessing and a curse.

Going in early was just something that would help keep the project on track. Was it necessary? Probably not at this stage. We were still working on the framework for the system. Ella was working constantly. I don’t think I ever heard a moment of silence coming from her cubical, it was constant typing. The girl was a machine. But would it be helpful? Sure. So... not a lie.

But... It was nice to be out of the house. Away from... the smell. That sounded horrible. Like I was in that episode of Seinfeld about the BO in the car. But that wasn’t what it was like, laying next to my wife and having my senses flooded with the distinct aroma of sex. It was all over her. Thick and potent. I could still smell it even as I stepped into the office, my coffee perpetually up against my nose, trying to drown out that scent.

I tried shaking the feelings it gave me. The nausea. The arousal. The confusion. It was a swirling hurricane in my head as I stepped into my office and was greeted by the sight of a tight little ass, split by a thin purple g-string. It bounced and jiggled as Ella hopped on one foot, trying to pull off her yoga pants. She tripped over the pants and toppled to the floor and rolled over with a sharp curse.

The g-string was sweaty and stuck to her perfectly bald slit, clinging so tight it was like paint.

“Stupid... fucking...argh...” Ella muttered as she sat up, then noticed I was standing in the doorway, staring at her. She’d already pulled off her workout top, a small sports bra holding her nearly flat chest tightly. “Uh...oh...OH! OH SHIT!” I’d never heard Ella speak so loudly. Her words were always soft and low. This was nearly a shriek.

I shut my office door behind me quickly and put my coffee down on my desk. “Uh... Ella...what...um... are you okay?” I reached out to try to help her up but she waved away my offered hand.

Scrambling, she pulled off her yoga pants that had been tangled on her feet. Tossed them aside quickly and grabbed the dark blue skirt that was nicely folded over the arm of the chair in front of my desk. In a flash she pulled the skirt up and zipped it, then grabbed the white blouse she’d laid over the back of the chair and slipped it on. “I’m sorry! I’m sooooo sorry!” Ella’s eyes were rimmed in red and tears were starting to well up. “I didn’t mean... the ladies room was being cleaned...I... I just came from the gym... I should have changed there... I... I’m so sorry. I just thought I’d use your office... but you’re early!”

Ella was trembling.

“Hey... Whoa. Slow down. It’s... it’s okay. There’s no harm done. I mean... uh, well I mean I’m sorry for walking in on you... but... I...” I was equally lost for words. The image of Ella’s perky ass and panty plastered pussy were burned into my brain. My blood was pumping and stirring, making that painful ache in my balls all the more impossible to ignore.

She was buttoning up her blouse like it was a race. One after the other, quick and steady even as she was shaking. “I’m so sorry Mr. Carpenter. Please...I’m sorry. Don’t say anything to HR...”

I let out an exhausted chuckle. “Believe me. If I said something... it’d come back to bite me more than you. This may be my office, but I walked in on you half naked. So I’m the one...” I rolled my eyes and walked past her, tossing myself into my chair. “It’s okay Ella. I’m sorry. I... you’re not in trouble. And as long as you don’t think I was intentionally trying to do something...”

“What? You? Never Mr. Carpenter...”

“Conner. Please.” I sighed, rubbing at my eyes and tossing my glasses onto the desk.

Ella paused, the last button of her blouse held in her fingers. “Um... Conner. I... I’d never think that of you. Never. In fact you’re the only boss that’s ever... well, that’s ever treated me like a person.” Her sigh was almost heartbreaking. She finished buttoning her blouse and quickly brushed out wrinkles, then calmly picked up her discarded clothes and stuffed them into a gym bag she’d placed next to the door.

“That’s... sad.” I replied, not daring to look at her for fear I might become just like those other men that had objectified this talented young girl.

“It comes with the territory, unfortunately. Girl in tech. Coding. All those sex starved men sitting and staring at monitors all day. I get it. Sort of anyway.” She sat down in the chair in front of my desk.

“Still, not okay for them to be ogling or treating you like that. If anyone, and I mean anyone on my team does anything like that with you. Tell me. I’m not putting up with that shit.” I muttered and leaned back in my chair, rubbing at my temples.

Ella nodded. The quiet mousy girl was back. Though her cheeks were a bit red and her hands were clinging to the hem of her skirt as if to keep it from riding up and flashing me again. "I really am sorry. This was so unprofessional..."

I waved a hand. "There's nothing unprofessional about trying to change clothes in an office. I can tell you plenty of people have done it. I've done it. Though, I usually lock the door when I do." A chuckle slipped from my lips.

Ella snorted and covered her mouth, cheeks burning even more. "Sorry...yeah, that... probably would have been smart..."

"Can't be a genius at everything Ella. We all have blind spots."

That was true. So true. I'd had a blindspot. Blind to the fact that my wife needed more. Needed something I just wasn't able to give her anymore.

"Sir...um... Conner... are you okay?" Ella finally let go of her skirt, folding her hands in her lap and looking at me concerned.

For a moment I didn't answer. The air was quiet and calm but thick with tension and my own insecurities. But there was also a new feeling. Ella was looking at me with genuine curiosity. Like she wanted to know. This wasn't just idol chit chat. 'Hey how are you?' 'Oh I'm fine. Thanks. You?'

Maybe after the little mishap we'd just had, we stepped onto a new plane. I'd seen her exposed and vulnerable. Would it be so wrong for me to open up? I barely knew Ella though. She'd only been here for a month and most, if not all, of our conversations were about business and coding. This was the first real time she'd talked to me about something more personal. Very personal.

I let out a long, slow breath. "Okay is... relative." I answered, picking up my glasses and putting them back on. "Things have been... hard. Well actually, not hard. That's the problem." My laugh was so full of self pity that Ella visibly cringed. "Sorry... this is probably... It's too personal. Not really office appropriate."

"Um... sir...er... Conner. I think... considering you literally just saw me nearly naked... and... I'm sure you saw plenty, even though I had on my underwear... I think 'office appropriate' has sort of gone out the window." Ella attempted a smile, and it was sweet even if it was awkward.

We both burst out laughing. It was true. Airing my problems to Ella would hardly be worse than what I'd just walked into. Or at least it would be on par.

When I was finally able to catch my breath and calm my nerves, I sat forward, elbows on the desk and forehead against my tented hands, and told Ella everything. Not about Daisy's affair. That was still something I was trying to work out. But I told her about the accident. My injury. And how it had fucked up my life by not letting me be able to fuck.

She listened quietly. Nothing in her expression showed disgust or pity. Just understanding. She took in my words and let them process, just like she did with code. I could see her mind working behind those sparkly blue eyes. It was a thing of beauty.

"So... then... just now... when you walked in on me..." Ella's words were slow and tentative after I finished. "You didn't..." She nodded towards my lap.

“Nope.” I sighed. “I mean... something inside me definitely stirred. So don’t take it as an insult or anything. But... no.” Saying it outloud, to a near stranger, was painful.

“I see.” Her cheeks were flushed and she bit at her lip. “And... I mean obviously I’m not insulted. Er... you’re married after all. It’s probably inappropriate for you to be getting erections for other women. But... no, I get it.” Her hands returned to the hem of her skirt again and the look on her face was one of particular concentration.

“I haven’t upset you have I?” This would be bad. I didn’t want to alienate one of my best coders, especially someone with so much talent.

“No! Oh no. Um...” She bit at her lip again. “I was just...” Her eyes finally met mine. “Conner... you’ve been honest with me. So, I think it’s fair that I’m honest with you.”

I nodded slowly. “Please don’t tell me you’re a corporate spy or something.”

Ella chuckled. “No. But... it’s just as personal as what you shared. So... I think maybe... we could help each other.”

“Help each other?” I asked, reaching for my coffee. I still had the smell of sex permeating throughout my nose. The smell of my quickly cooling coffee held it at bay.

“Yeah. I think we can.” Ella scooted forward in her chair and explained.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 6

I spent my day doing two things. Cleaning the house, and ignoring texts from Ash. I'd been neglectful of my duties at home over the past month since things started up with Ash. Not that house cleaning was an expected job or duty for me. Conner did plenty of that work too, but it was unfair to unload it all on him while I went out... ugh.

All my energy had gone into deep cleaning the house. Dusting. Scrubbing. Scouring the bathtub to the point it was bleached white as if it were new. My hands were raw and pruned and my back ached from being bent over most of the day, but I felt good. I felt like I was putting effort back into my home. My life. My marriage.

My sexual needs had been getting in the way. It was unfair to Conner. The man deserved so much better than I was giving him.

I slumped down on the couch, exhausted, sweaty. My black sports bra and yoga tights were drenched in sweat and sticking to me in uncomfortable ways. I'd thought about working out today, but that seemed unnecessary considering how much I'd been doing today. The house smelled fresh and clean. Every speck of dust I could find was gone. Shelves were straightened. Kitchen organized and refrigerator purged of spoiled and forgotten foods. I sat and looked around and realized... I was compensating.

Did I really think that cleaning the house would somehow make up for cheating on my husband?

Oh god... I'd said it... or thought it... fuck.

My face fell into my hands and my phone buzzed. Another text from Ash. The man was relentless. He couldn't take a hint. But then again, I wasn't very good at sticking with my dismissals of his advances. I'd brush him off. Curse him out. And then suck his cock and let him fuck me into orgasmic oblivion.

God. Why did men like him have to be so fucking good in bed!

"Arrrghhg!" I growled, my fists pulling at my hair like I was a mad woman trying to rip my hair from my scalp.

Another buzz.

"Fucking..." I grumbled and finally pulled my phone from my pocket. Ash had been texting periodically all morning and I'd been ignoring him. Did he really think I was some sort of booty call? Gonna just drop everything, on my day off no less, and come be his fleshlight?

To my utter surprise... It wasn't about sex.

Ash: Preston slipped. Broke his ankle.

Ash: Ambulance on it's way

Ash: Chelse has decided to shut the gym today. Safety check all the equipment and walls.

Ash: Headed to the hospital to check on Pres.

Ash: *[The picture attached was of Ash leaning into a selfie, a handsome man with sandy curls was laying in a hospital bed. He was smiling and looked cheerful even though his face was a bit pale. They were both waving at the camera. Ash's smile was wide and charming.]*

Ash: He's doing well. It's not broken. Just sprained. Gonna be out of commission for a while.

Ash: Chelse is gonna redo the schedule. You'll need to call in and talk with her about it.

I sat stunned for a minute. I'd thought for sure Ash would only be texting me if he... Well, that's the only reason he'd been texting me over the last month. To see a causal, I'll be it worrying, text about someone's health and safety just felt completely out of place.

Daisy: I'm sorry. I've been busy all morning. I'll call Chelse. Or should I come in and help with the safety inspection?

Ash: No worries. Nothing you could do anyway. We've got it. You enjoy your day off.

He was being so... normal. Why was I weirded out by Ash being normal? I sat back, biting at my lip. Was I getting used to... even looking forward to... Ash's advances? Or was I just as shallow as him? Seeing him as meat. A dick. A body that I wanted to use because I had needs that I just couldn't control like a mature adult?

For a while I thought about going to the hospital. Checking in on Preston. Maybe I should go into the gym and help, even if Ash said that they had it handled. Suddenly I was torn about what to do. But ultimately, I stayed home. Things were crazy at work, but there were others there that could take care of the chaos. Chelse hadn't called me at all so it was clear they didn't need me. But here at home... there was no one else here to fix the things that were breaking. Or maybe they were already broken. My marriage... was coming apart. I knew it. I could feel it.

Conner and I were being more intimate but... he still felt distant. I needed to find a way to pull him back from whatever dark place he'd slipped into.

You need to be a good wife. A loving wife. A faithful wife.

I got up and went to take a shower. Conner would be home in a couple hours and I wanted to look nice rather than a sweaty mess. Though I do remember once where he ravaged me when I came home straight from the gym, sweaty and exhausted.

Remembering that sent a shiver through me as I peeled my sports bra off. He'd pounded me against the front door. My eyes had rolled back. Ass bruised because it had been smacked against the doorknob a thousand times as he'd fucked me with utter abandon.

Slipping off my yoga pants and panties, I turned on and stepped into the shower letting the water cascade over me, letting the memory do the same.

Conner's throbbing cock slamming deep into my sweaty cunt. I hadn't shaved in a few days, I was hairy. Matted. I smelled of musk and exertion and chalk. My back slammed against the door, skin sticking to the mosaic, frosted glass window in the door.

"Fuck! Fuck oh god!" I'd been screaming. Clawing at my husband's back. His tongue trailed along my sweaty collarbone, sucking at my neck.

"Baby... oh god honey... yes...yes..." I whimpered, mewled like a needy kitten as his fingers gripped my hips and he slammed deep into me again.

I let the memory wash over me, my hand moving to my sex and slowly circling my throbbing clit.

Our panting had been hot, heavy. Air couldn't get into our lungs fast enough. He was holding me up off the ground, his cock impaling me so deeply that even though Ash was bigger, he would

never be able to do what Conner did that day. It was like he was possessed... like he was trying desperately to put a baby in me.

My finger dipped into me... into my warm depths. We hadn't tried for a baby in a while... Those dreams had been put on hold after the accident. But there for a little while... Conner and I had entertained the idea. We hadn't planned, but I'd gone off birth control and we simply said... if it happens... it happens.

His hips kept slapping against me, pounding me into the door and making me moan from depths I didn't know I had. My arms wrapped around his neck. "Yes! Baby... yes! I want it. Take me... take me. Take your sweaty, dirty fucking wife..." I gasped and giggled at my playful dirty talk.

Conner laughed with me, continuing his fevered humping. Skin slapping as we stared into each other's heated eyes. "Fuck... I love you all sweaty..." He panted.

My hands gripped his hair as I panted. "I'm so fucking dirty baby. You like the smell of me? Huh? Musky? Sweaty?"

He licked my throat. Nipped at me with his teeth. "So fucking dirty."

"Oh fucking god baby make me filthy!" I screamed. That led to him pulling me away from the door. We fell to the floor, Conner pinning me with his hips and hand, rutting into me like a man in need. I was whimpering underneath him as he used me and I loved it. Loved the depths and the pace and the hunger.

"Put a baby in me." I panted, gripping hold of his shoulders and looking up at him desperately. "Do it honey! Fuck a baby into me please!" Honestly I wasn't sure if I meant it at the time. If I was ready to be a mom. But... the heat of the moment... it felt right. It felt good to beg for my husband to impregnate me.

My fingers slipped in and out of my depths slowly, the pleasure washing over me even as I began to sob. I slipped down, crouching on the floor of the shower and continued fingering myself. Pressing in deep, imagining it was him. Conner. I started to fuck myself fast, hard, remembering how he'd looked deep into my eye with the desire to give me what I was begging for. Thrusting. Plunging in and finally erupting, filling me up to overflowing as I arched and came with him. Screaming. "Fuck Fuck Fuck I want it Conner please baby give me a baby!"

We collapsed laughing after that. Panting. Sweaty. Gasping.

I was panting on the shower floor. Wet. Gasping. Crying. Fingers thrusting into me, remembering when my life wasn't broken. My orgasm washed through me, making me spasm as I fell and lay on the floor of the shower crying... crying... for all the things I'd lost.

...

I felt surprisingly good after my breakdown. So much pent up emotion had come out as I lay in the shower. The water. The tears. The orgasm. It all came together in a storm that made my body burn and it was like it melted away the heavy knots inside me.

My problems weren't solved. Not by a long shot.

But I felt lighter. I'd let out some of my fear, sorrow, terror. It was a good step.

The soft sound of the front door opening jerked me from my thoughts. I'd been standing in front of the mirror, naked and thoughtful as I brushed my hair. But now Conner was home. My heart beat faster. Fluttered. It felt like when we first started dating again. I don't know why but I was eager and excited. And I was going to jump him.

I put my face in my hands, suddenly feeling utterly embarrassed for my horniness. But I quickly shoved off the giddy nervousness and quickly marched out and down the hall.

Conner was quietly putting down his messenger bag, slipping off his jacket. His face was neutral, calm, but thoughtful.

I stopped at the end of the hall, waiting for him to notice me as he loosened his tie. When he finally looked up, his eyes went wide and he dropped his jacket.

"Uh...D... Daisy...uh..." His cheeks reddened. It brought back the memory of when I'd first stripped for him, revealing myself to him. Barely twenty. Only having dated for a few months. He'd had the same look. Awe. Fear. Arousal.

"Take off your pants." I ordered. Something in me had ignited. The misery I'd felt in the shower had given way to lust. Need. And that need was for my husband. Ash may have had a nice cock. Could fuck like a stallion. But he wasn't Conner. He wasn't the man that had stolen my heart. Who'd made such tender love to me on our honeymoon I felt marked. Branded. His.

"Daisy... uh..." He was stammering again. A deer in the headlights.

I marched forward, quickly grabbing his belt and undoing it with such fierce force, it practically smoked when I yanked it off and threw it behind me with a clanking clatter on the floor. My hands practically ripped open his fly, breaking the teeth of his zipper. But I didn't care. His pants fell. I pulled down his boxers and quickly knelt down in front of him.

The sight of his flaccid member still made my heart hurt. But I'd started to become accustomed to it. I could still remember when it was as hard as iron. Burning hot like it had been freshly pulled from the forge. And I wanted him to plunge it into my furnace, to temper it, to make it burn with heat and need. It was soft now. But instead of seeing it as limp flesh, I saw it as something to model and shape, to get my hands on, kneading it like dough or clay.

Conner had already told me he could still feel stimulation. It felt good. Stirred something in him. But whatever had his wires crossed, it just didn't culminate in an erection. So I was determined to give him all the pleasure I could, even if his cock never got hard.

"Daisy I..." Conner was breathing hard, staring down at me wide eyed and thrown off by my aggressiveness.

I didn't listen. I moved in and lifted his flaccid member, then took his balls into my mouth, sucking and swirling them, my lips gripping tightly as I gently stroked the soft shaft of his penis.

"Oh...fu...fuck..." He grunted.

I didn't stop there. I wasn't going to stop. I wanted him. Needed him. I was on fire! Conner had to know how much I loved him. He deserved it.

My hand wet under his balls as I kept sucking and gently began massaging circles along his taint. His legs shook. Breath sucked in and he nearly stumbled but put out a hand against the wall so he didn't fall as my fingers dipped lower and pressed against his asshole. My mouth

swallowed all of his balls. My other hand stroked gently along his soft length. I was worshiping everything. All of him. My eyes opened and I looked up at him with all the sultry desire I could muster. I was going to prove I loved him. And I was going to prove that I didn't need Ash.

...

Did she do this with Ash?

That's all I could think of as I watched Daisy on her knees, glorious in her nudity. Her mouth on my balls, making me tremble. Her hand stroking me and making blood pound through me. Her fingers pressing along my asshole, stimulating me even harder. More. And had I been able to get erect, I knew I'd have been so hard it would have been painful. Mind numbing.

Even without that ability, it was still amazing. The feelings were good. Heart bursting. I was panting and sweating. I could feel the cum in my balls stirring and boiling.

But I just couldn't get the images I'd seen from my mind.

After my... discussion with Ella, things had gone back to work as usual. But when I finally had down time... I couldn't stop myself from continuing my snooping through Daisy's texts. But less so the actual text and more the videos and pictures that Ash continued to send.

I still wasn't caught up. Still relatively early in their messaging, but clearly already deep into their... affair.

Watching her as she worshiped my cock and balls, making them drip with dribbling precum and saliva, all I could see was...

Ash: *[The video clip began*

The video shook slightly but the image was fairly stable. The wonders of modern technology. Daisy's ass filled the frame, cheeks slightly red already and a clear view of Ash's hand pulling one of her cheeks open while he held the camera with his other.

His thick cock sawed in and out of her bald cunt. Wet and slick. Thick white cream gathering and dripping around his base as he fucked her doggy, firm and deep.

"Like that? Huh?" Ash grunted, his breath heavy and harsh in the microphone.

"Yes...yes..." Daisy panted.

He spanked her ass firmly. "Fucking tight. God, you're in such good shape." Ash laughed.

"Ass..." Daisy groaned.

His hand smacked her cheek again. "No. Your ass Daisy. Right here. Backing up on my fucking dick." Another crack of his hand on her wiggling tight ass.

She groaned again and didn't have a retort. Ash continued his firm thrusts, panting faster, deeper. "Fuck...fuck D I'm close..."

His hips started to move faster. The image jumped and bounced.

"Fuck. Fuck!" He was grunting, then the phone slipped from his hands. It hit Daisy's ass. "Shit! Oh fucking god yes squeeze!" Ash muttered a curse and then was gasping. The phone tumbled to the floor, face down. There was only black.

“Oh god!” Daisy cried.

“Take it! Take my cum D! Oh fucking god shit take every dro...”

The video ends.]

I fell back against the wall, Daisy was going to town on me. My cock was dripping from her spit. Her fingers were pressing into my ass, searching for my prostate. Pressing against it making me grunt in pleasure and... god... pain. I still couldn't explain it. The pain. It wasn't like something stabbing or ripping. It just felt like a gut punch. Like my body was trying to do something but it didn't have the proper ability. No power. No muscle behind the need to move.

She was eager. And it was beautiful. It made me feel wanted. If I didn't know about her and Ash, then I'd assume I was the luckiest man in the world, even in light of my condition.

But I *did* know.

And for whatever reason it made my stomach churn, but also my balls bubble.

“Give it to me honey.” Daisy panted. “Give me your cum. I want it. Please.” She was whimpering. Groaning in need.

“Daisy... I...oh fucking god...” My legs were shaking and I could feel the impending orgasm. My stomach clenched.

My wife's mouth swallowed my soft member. I couldn't take it anymore. I burst. It was oozing, dripping, with little spurts, ejaculating. But there was a lot. It filled her mouth. She moaned with desire, like I was feeding her something delicious. Her fingers pressed inside my ass against my prostate, milking me.

“God...god...oh god!” I whimpered, biting my lip and holding back the cringe and the tears at the twisting pain as if I'd just been punched.

She held tight, letting my member simmer in her mouth, steeped in my semen that was filling her mouth. Her eyes met mine and I saw love. Want. Need. Need to please. Wanting to show me love.

I couldn't stop the tears in my eyes from slipping out. I didn't want her to see.

But she did.

With a quick gulp, all the erotic tension was gone and Daisy was on her feet wrapping her arms around me. She pressed my head against her chest. “Hey...hey... I'm sorry... Conner... baby it's okay. I liked it! It was good...”

She just didn't understand. This wasn't about that. It wasn't about that she'd found a way to like intimacy again. It was that I didn't. Cumming felt... It was a paradox of good and bad. There was always a brief moment of pleasure. But it always hurt after. Like my orgasm was being ripped out of me instead of bursting forth with joy and eagerness.

My wife pulled me tight. I was so ashamed. Ashamed of my failures and weaknesses. Of what had been stolen from me, and from her. And now what good was I? I was a broken man. Sobbing. Sobbing because my wife had worshiped me like a fucking porn star and I couldn't fully enjoy it. Sobbing because all I could think about was her with Ash and how good she felt. How he made her cum. Pleased her. Filled her pussy.

I missed that... I looked at those photos and videos of Ash unleashing himself inside her with envy.

But I also... also...

My arms wrapped around Daisy, holding her close as I sobbed. I couldn't stop myself. I wasn't just crying for what I couldn't do. What I was missing. It was also because Ash was able to give her what she wanted and needed... and I was holding her back.

I was holding my wife back.

I was an anchor, and I was dragging her down.

...

I pressed myself close to Conner, tucking my head into the crook of his neck. His soft breaths were like a soft rhythmic lullaby. But I wasn't sleepy. I let my hand trail along his chest. Firm. Solid. Not muscular like Ash but still hard and real. My lips pressed to his shoulder, eliciting a soft sigh while he slept.

It had been a while since I'd seen Conner break down. Early on after his accident, while he went through surgery, therapy, getting back into the rhythm of real life, he'd often have mini panic attacks. Moments that he would just break down. Fall apart. But those had tapered off in the last several months. This was the first time I'd seen him just... crash.

The sound of his sobs... how he'd held onto me... like a child... It was terrifying. My husband was a strong man. This wasn't him. Whatever had a hold of him... it was killing him.

I held onto him tighter. Pressing my naked form against him, willing him to feel my warmth. My touch. My presence. His head tilted, cheeks against my hair and he sighed with contentment. At least in sleep he had peace.

Tears slipped down my cheeks as I held him. He was a good man. My man. A man who had seen me, loved me, wanted me, chose me, and kept doing so even though... even though I wasn't worth it.

My sobs were soft and quiet. I kept them that way. Not letting myself weep loud enough to stir my husband. He needed me to be strong. I had to be.

It was difficult, but I slowly slid out of bed and padded across the floor and out of the room, closing the door behind me. I didn't bother with a robe or anything, the house was warm. Going to the living room, I found where I'd put my phone down and sat, picking it up and quickly checking the messages. Preston was doing fine. The schedule had been redone and set out, it could be negotiated but it seemed good to me. Besides, I didn't really care about my work schedule at the moment.

I quickly pulled up my text string with Ash and started typing out a message that was long overdue.

Daisy: We have to stop. And I'm serious. My husband doesn't deserve this. He needs me. So please... stop.

Was that enough? Did it make sense? Or should I be more harsh? Maybe I should just call and yell.

But then again, had Ash really done anything wrong? I offered up my body, he took it. Simple as that.

Though, one could argue that if he'd been a gentleman, he wouldn't have taken advantage of another man's wife.

Ash wasn't a gentleman. He was just... a man.

The reply came back faster than I thought.

Ash: I get it, D. It may not seem like it but I don't wanna take advantage. I'm just a guy. And if it's offered I'm gonna take it. But I get it. Take care of your marriage. But I'm here if you change your mind.

I rolled my eyes and tossed my phone aside. Even when he was trying to be human he was a jerk. A horny jerk. 'If I change my mind'. Did he really think so little of me? But... Could I blame him? I'd been cheating for over a month. I'd just had a fucking threesome with him. And he didn't know what was going on in my marriage. People knew Conner had been in an accident and was better now, but they didn't know the more intimate details of how it had affected him.

If I told Ash... would he understand? Would he be more gentlemanly? Less dickish? Or would he just be the same jerk no matter the details?

I wasn't going to tell that man something so private and personal. Only if Conner said it was okay. This was his life. His struggle. It wasn't my place to tell anyone about his problems. But I wasn't going to change my mind either. I'd harmed my marriage enough. Conner needed my full attention. Enough was enough.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 7

I stood quietly in front of the coffee machine in the breakroom. It was early on a Friday, and the office was quiet. Most people didn't start getting in until around nine, but I always liked being early on Fridays so I could leave early. It was my routine.

So much had been disrupted over this last year, holding on to one thing, even as small as this, that was consistent was invaluable.

Early morning quiet in the office. Starting the coffee. Watching it percolate. Pouring a cup and stirring in a good helping of sugar and cream. I found the older I got the more I was starting to need the extra boost. Plucking up a wooden stirrer, I started swirling around the coffee, leaning against the counter and watching the slow circling liquid like it was trying to hypnotise me.

"Morning, Conner." Ella's voice nearly made me jump, but I was able to stop myself from dropping my coffee or crushing the cup in surprise.

I looked up, watching the small woman as she picked up one of the clean mugs from the sink and started to fill it.

"Morning, Ella." She had her platinum blonde hair tied back in a ponytail and wore a sensible black blouse and skirt that reached her knee. Though her clothes were all business, her scuffed sneakers were pure, unapologetic comfort. It made me smile.

"Did you have a good evening?" She turned to me, coffee held in both hands, looking at me over the rim as she sipped.

"Uh... yeah. Decent enough." I avoided eye contact. Last night was a disaster. My wife had shown me nothing but desire and want, and I'd fallen apart. Cum but cried. God, that was so pathetic. And she'd held me, rocked me, stayed with me through it all.

I didn't buy into the toxic sort of idea about masculinity that men shouldn't cry. But breaking down like that... it just felt so childish. Like I should be stronger. Wiser. Better.

Instead, I was just... broken.

Ella's hand touched my arm. "Conner..." The look on her face told me she wasn't buying my bullshit. But she wasn't asking me to tell her the truth either. Her eyes told me she was just willing to listen if I wanted to talk. And considering everything we'd discussed yesterday...

"I'm okay, Ella." I sighed. "It was a... rough night. That's all."

She nodded and let her hand drop. "I hope it didn't have anything to do with what we discussed... my offer?" Her cheeks flushed.

I shook my head. "No. No, nothing to do with that. Just... home life." I waved my hand dismissively. "I'd rather not talk about it."

"Alright. But... I'm happy to listen. You know that, right? I mean, I know maybe that's not a proper boss, employee relationship, but it can be a friend relationship. After hours sort of thing. Off the clock." She smiled, and it was sweet and dazzling. Not as radiant as Daisy's smile, but it came damn close.

"Yeah. I appreciate that." I smiled back.

“So... um, did you... have time to consider my offer?” Ella looked away, her turn to become embarrassed.

“Oh uh... I mean...” I scratched the back of my neck. “Ella... it’s...” I sighed and leaned back against the counter again. “It’s tempting. Interesting. And... god I’m honestly ready to try almost anything. Well... almost anything. There’s been some stuff me and Daisy haven’t tried, and it’s probably just because of my own male ego or whatever getting in the way. But... this thing... Are you sure it’s a good idea?”

Ella chuckled, and it was hard to look away from how her chest moved subtly in the black blouse. “A good idea? I don’t know. But it’s an idea. And honestly, like you, I’m willing to try almost anything. Within reason. But it would have to be with someone I trust. I know this whole thing sounds kinda... weird. Maybe even sort of pseudo-science. But... I feel like it’s worth trying, it might help us both.” She shrugged. “If it doesn’t work, well then we aren’t really out anything except some time and maybe some embarrassment. But I think we can be adults, don’t you?”

I met her eyes. This woman was becoming more and more fascinating by the day. She was so strange but in a very appealing way. Maybe that’s why I was nervous. If I didn’t find her... interesting, then her offer wouldn’t have me so on edge. But she was brilliant, bright, and beautiful. All the things that made me fall in love with Daisy. It felt like I was betraying her. Trying to replace her.

Ella’s hand touched my arm again. “If it helps... and maybe this will sound... mean? I don’t know. But... I’m not... interested in you Conner. I mean, not like... in a long term, relationship, sort of way. You’re attractive. And I’m a healthy woman who likes men, most of the time.” She chuckled, and her smile flashed again, making my mouth run dry. “But... I don’t wanna steal you or anything. So... if that’s what you’re worried about...”

I patted her hand, keeping it pressed to my arm. “It’s not you I’m worried about. I... it’s me I guess.”

“Oh? So it’s the ‘it’s not you, it’s me’ line?” She raised an eyebrow with a mirthful smile.

“Oh god. Sorry. I didn’t mean for it to come out that way. It’s just... there’s a lot more going on than my... ahem, situation. And... I’m just afraid that maybe... your offer, as appealing as it is, agreeing to it might be less hopeful and altruistic and more... vengeful.”

Ella’s eyebrows rose. “Oh.” She was silent for a moment, and then her eyes widened. “Ooooh. Oh god Conner. I’m... I’m so sorry.” Putting down her coffee, she stepped forward and hugged me tight. The smell of her hair, vanilla and ... was that peach? Maybe plum? Made me dizzy for a brief second.

“It’s... it’s okay.” I muttered, arms wrapping around her.

“No, it’s not. If you want to talk about it we can. And you can totally forget the offer. I never... if you’d told me before... I wasn’t trying to insert... oh geez I feel like a whore or something. I just thought we could help each other.” She pulled back looking up at me nervously. “Seriously, Conner. I didn’t mean for it to come across like... it must sound like I was propositioning you and... if uh... something’s going on with your wife... then, that’s probably the last thing you’d want to get involved in.”

I put my hands on her shoulders, trying to calm her down. “Ella. It’s okay. I never thought of you like that. And your offer, the things we talked about, that’s far different from what’s going on at

home. A whole different universe. But... I have to think. If I wanted to... I would just want to do it for the right reasons. Not because I was trying to get back at my wife or something. You don't deserve to be used like that, intentionally or not."

She was nodded. "I understand. I totally get it. And I won't bring it up again. Promise. But... well, I guess the offer is always open." She nibbled on her lip and picked her coffee back up. "This...is awkward. Are we going to have difficulty working together? Do I need to maybe go remote or something for a little while?"

I laughed, hand slapping against the counter. "Geez, Ella. No. no, you... no. I can... god this is such a weird situation. But no, stay. We can work together just fine. We can be adults. But maybe you should wear skirts that are less tight if you want things to be less awkward." I nearly bit my tongue the moment the words left my mouth.

Ella's eyes widened, and her cheeks went crimson.

"I...oh shit, I'm sorry, Ella please... I..."

She waved a hand, dismissing my apology. "I think I can handle that... ahem... sir." There was a glimmer of teasing in her smile. "If it's an issue with a panty outline... I can always switch to thongs... maybe strings." She mused for a moment, playfully tapping her lips as she held her coffee close. "Or just... go without panties." She turned on her heel and began walking away as I stood there, staring after her, confused and embarrassed. Her small, shapely bottom swayed a bit more than was necessary.

When she vanished around the corner, I slumped against the counter, my breath suddenly coming back in a rush. Was I really becoming one of those horny men Ella had told me about? What had just happened? Had she flirted with me? Maybe it was just teasing. After all... considering what we'd talked about and the offer she'd made... was it so strange she might playfully tease? Or maybe I was just looking too much into things... complicated and strange things.

I took a few more moments to compose myself. Not wanting to walk back into the office, empty or not, blushing like some sort of pubescent teen. Once I was calm and confident once again, I went to my office, setting my sights on working to get my mind off of what a shitshow my life had become.

...

Going to work put me on edge. It had barely been twenty-four hours since I'd 'called it quits' with Ash, and now I had to be in close proximity to him for eight hours. Sweating. Wearing tight clothing. Watching his muscles. Knowing his cock was fat and big and what it could do...

God I was becoming a slut!

I growled as I pulled myself up, handhold by handhold up the rock wall.

I'm not a slut. I'm not a slut.

The mantra kept ringing in my head as I reached the top of the wall, took a moment to breathe and gather myself, and then signaled down to Barry, my coworker holding my safety rope, that I was ready to repel down.

He gave the all clear and I allowed myself to jump down, pushing off the wall again and again, descending at a brisk pace. The straps of my climbing gear dug into my thighs and crotch, making my spandex rub against my pussy. God, it was sensitive.

I hadn't gotten to cum when I'd given Conner oral. His breakdown had quickly stopped any feelings of arousal. But that had just led to feeling on edge all night. All morning. And even now.

And to my horror, the urge to go to Ash and get some relief was powerful and present. I hated myself for it. For creating that habit. Almost as objectionable as drugs or alcohol to cope with pain and depression. But I knew it wasn't Ash himself that I wanted. It was cock. Fucking. Penetration. Sex. What I'd grown used to over the years in my marriage and was now being deprived of.

Deprived. That was the wrong word. Conner wasn't holding anything back from me. He wasn't denying me. I knew if he could, he'd have pounded me every single chance he got. He'd have made me fucking cry if his spine weren't so fucked up.

I landed on the mats, quickly unhooked my gear, gritting my teeth and seething at how unfair life was. How fucked up things could be even when you were good people and tried to do everything right and responsible.

"You alright, D?" Barry asked, gathering up the rope.

"Fine. Just... wound up. I'm gonna take a break. You good?" I asked him, briskly walking past him, pulling my sweaty hair out of its ponytail.

"Yeah. We've got it. It's fairly quiet today, so go, I'll give you a text if we need more bodies out here." The short man, slightly stocky and jovial, grinned at me and gave me a salute as I walked away.

In the locker room, I made a beeline straight to the private showers and stepped in, quickly peeling off my spandex shirt and pants, tossing them to the side so they wouldn't get wet, and threw my sports bra and panties (now soaked) down along with them. The showerhead pelted down water, hot and stinging as I turned it on and stepped under, sucking in a painful breath as the heat burned.

Putting one foot on the shower bench, I thrust two fingers deep into my cunt hard. I gasped, sucking my lower lip and cringing at the pain and pleasure. I started thrusting. My body wanted to cum. It needed it. I was burning for it.

I pushed out thoughts about men. About a penis. I didn't want this to be 'sexual'. I wanted it to be clinical. Just serve a bodily need. Get a release and then go back to work. I still had a few hours left in my shift. Ash had been civil and even friendly, but as promised, he didn't make any flirtatious passes at me. It was as if we hadn't been fucking like addicts for the last month or more. And I should have been happy about that. I was happy about that.

But I couldn't keep the image of his cock ramming into me. Filling my pussy. Stretching me.

But it wasn't just him. The images in my mind flash. They flipped and flopped. Back and forth. First it was Ash's big dick ruining me. Then it was Conner, arms wrapped around me, ramming me down on his beautiful penis.

Ash bending me over, fucking me and spanking me.

Conner pressing me up against the wall, holding my legs up sliding in and out of me as we kisses and sucked on each other's lips.

Ash making me ride him on the shower bend, sucking my bouncing tits.

Conner... Conner standing next to us... watching me... stroking himself as Ash filled me. No... I was stroking him. His limp cock in my hand, knowing he felt good even if he couldn't get hard. Seeing him watching me, loving me, seeing my pleasure, wanting me to be happy.

I'd understand.

I was gasping, my fingers ramming in and out furiously.

I understand.

His hand on my cheek. Sucking on his thumb as I stroked him and Ash gripped my ass, pounding me raw and deep. His teeth clamping down on my nipples making me whimper as i bit my husband's thick thumb.

Take care of yourself... I'd understand... I understand.

The sound of Conner's voice. Encouraging. Heartbreakingly understanding.

Understanding... why... Why did that word keep pulsing through me like a heartbeat?

I thrust my fingers deep inside me and felt my pussy spasm, clench, cumming hard from my stimulation and the treacherous and strange erotic thoughts playing in my head.

My body tightened, went rigid, and soon released and relaxed. I slipped my fingers out and let the water of the shower wash away my juices as I put my hands on the wall and panted, trying to catch my breath.

Those... fantasies... god they were so fucked up. Conner wasn't a cuckold. Never. I'd never treat him like those fetish stories or porn videos. Yes, I'd watched and read some, I'm not a prude. But I hated that humiliating aspect. I loved Conner. And he was not the sort of man that would ever put up with being belittled.

But... was that what I'd fantasized?

Conner had been there. *Watching. Participating.* Encouraging. Ash hadn't been mocking him. I wasn't belittling him. It was just... sex.

I sat on the bench and scrubbed my hands along my face. What was wrong with me? I was getting my wires crossed. My need for sex outweighing my rationality. It was bad enough I'd become an adulterer. But those strange fantasies and thoughts... they were even more complicated.

But... What did they mean exactly? Or were they just twisted sex fantasies? Needing to cum, my mind pulled out memories and images, smashing them together so that I could reach my climax.

I pushed aside the thoughts. The fantasies. The worries and finished washing off my sweat and arousal. Drying off and putting my clothes back on, I went back out to the gym trying to go on with my day. I just needed to work. Focus on my job. The last thing I needed to dwell on were twisted fantasies, even if Conner was involved.

Focus Daisy. Focus.

But by the time I ended my shift, I'd soaked through my panties completely thinking about... things...

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 8

“Have you tried an extender? Or perhaps a penis sleeve?”

I suppressed the urge to grab Dr. Vance by his white coat collar and throw him across the room. Mainly because that wouldn't be good for my back. Not because the suggestion of using some sort of false penis to please my wife was utterly humiliating.

It wasn't the first time this idea had come up. Daisy had even suggested it at one point, though that had been early on after I'd fully recovered from my injury and surgeries. Just as a temporary thing. That was before we realized the depth of my situation.

I wasn't so toxically masculine that I couldn't consider the option. So I researched it. Of course... The main reason for the devices wasn't because of medical conditions. It was fetish. Kink. Humiliation. At least that was the majority of what I found in the quick searches I'd conducted. And the few porn videos I'd watched that involved them... they gave me too many complex feelings that I didn't want to consider.

The diminutive therapist was sitting back in his chair, tablet balanced on his knee and a stylus in hand, twirling it absently as he stared at me and Daisy thoughtfully. Her hand was in mine, squeezing tightly.

These visits were always uncomfortable. Meeting with a therapist to discuss my trauma. My PTSD. And of course, my psychosexual problems. Though the other doctors maintained that the accident primarily caused my impotence, wires getting crossed and all that bio-babble that I didn't understand. However, they agreed there might be a psychological factor too.

The body was a whole organism. All the parts working together. If one part broke, it could affect others. But, it could also be repaired. But the whole body had to participate. Even if I recovered physically, my mind might not accept the healing and still cause problems. Phantom pain. Or... in my case, preventing my sexual ability.

I didn't think it was physiological. I was attracted to Daisy. And all our attempts at intimacy had been arousing, and for most of them I'd been able to ejaculate. I just couldn't get erect. And it still hurt like fucking hell. Maybe that part was in my brain. But I couldn't talk to the doctor about that while Daisy sat beside me. I couldn't and wouldn't admit to her that when I came... fuck it felt like I was getting pummeled in the stomach by a boxing kangaroo.

“We've talked about it.” Daisy spoke up, leaning forward, still holding my hand. She was dressed in an old t-shirt and black yoga tights. Beautiful and simple. There was a time seeing her in tights like this would have made me half hard all day.

Dr. Vance tapped his tablet screen with his stylus. “And?”

I grit my teeth. “I... it just doesn't... I mean, I suppose it wouldn't be a bad thing.” It was hard to consider. But things weren't getting better. Daisy wanted penetration. A vibrator, fingers, whatever other toys we had, just weren't doing it for her. I could feel the tension in her when she came home from work. When we attempted making love in new ways to try to please each other.

She always came. Multiple times. But... it just wasn't what she wanted. Not completely. I could see it in her eyes. In her sweet smile when we were lying with each other after. She was happy.

But... just not fulfilled. And, just like I would never tell her about the pain when I came, she would never tell me she was lacking when it came to sex.

Daisy leaned close, arm against mine, fingers intertwined. "I understand why you're reluctant." The look in her eyes was sympathetic and cautious. "That... it wouldn't really do anything for you. But... Don't you think we could try? You know I'm not going to leave you unfulfilled. And this isn't some sort of cuckolding... humiliation thing." Her voice cracked a little, and her eyes darted away when she said the word 'cuckold'.

Is it because you've already done that, Daisy? You've already made me a cuckold. Fucking Ash for over a month.

It seemed like the affair was over for now. I'd gone through the rest of her texts. Over the last few weeks since I'd run through them all. Looked at all the dick pics that Ash had sent. All the photos he'd taken with her. The ones she'd sent him...

The one I kept going back to was one so utterly sensual I jerked myself off to it multiple times. A strange activity since I couldn't get hard in my hand. It was like squeezing one of those squishy toys that would constantly slip out of your hands, filled with bright colored gels and glitter.

Daisy lay back on our bed... *our bed!*... with her legs spread, clearly having either just gotten out of the shower or finished working out. Her pale skin glistened with moisture. Her face was in the background, blurred. The camera focused on her pussy. Smooth as silk. Her fingers peeling open her lips to expose bright, needy pink. The wedding ring I gave her was shining with a string of her arousal dripping from the diamond to her clit.

My wife had sent that to Ash at his request. Demand. And the things Ash had replied with... one dick pic of his cock raging hard and cum all over his crown and pooling on his hard stomach, and several messages of how tight and fucking slutty her pussy looked had driven me over the edge.

But there were dozens of videos and pictures. All of which I'd downloaded and hidden away in my private drive, just in case Daisy ever decided to delete the evidence of her infidelity.

As much as I hated it, I couldn't deny it was arousing. Daisy was beautiful when she was having sex. When she was cumming. Being pleased. Fucking. And it was clear she didn't have any sort of romantic feelings for Ash. The way they talked, they were like Fuck-emies. Fucking Enemies.

But once I'd caught up with their messages, I'd seen Daisy's confession of wanting to take care of me. That what she was doing was unfair, and she was stopping it. After that, it was all typical work related texts and nothing more.

Part of me was happy that Daisy loved me enough to break it off, even though it was clearly something that gave her fulfillment, even if it was just a physical thing. But... I could tell it was a sacrifice.

Weeks had passed. And the only thing organic that had entered her body besides my fingers or hers (tongues too, of course) was a cucumber. Yes. We'd tried a cucumber with a condom and... honestly... that had been a pretty funny experience. Neither of us got off. All we ended up doing was laughing to the point of tears and then took the cucumber, cut it up and made a salad. That was... weirdly kinky and erotic.

Never in my wildest dreams had I considered it possible to sensually eat a salad. But Daisy had done it. Looking at me from across the dinner table, fork spearing a slice of cucumber, eyes sultry, licking the slice and sucking along the thinly trimmed vegetable before taking a solid bite, and moaning.

It gave me... very weird and kinky ideas that I filed away for some other time. Maybe to just sit and fade away. Or... who knows, maybe we would talk about things one day and throw out some weird ideas to try.

I squeezed Daisy's hand. I knew she wasn't trying to humiliate me with this suggestion. It was authentic and sincere. She just wanted to connect with me. And maybe this was a way we could do it.

Penis pumps were out. At least for now. My doctors were hesitant to do any invasive surgery. And though it wasn't major, my body and brain were still trying to fix themselves. Adding new stuff was just an insult to injury in their minds. Or maybe they just didn't want to get sued.

"Okay." I muttered and leaned back.

Dr. Vance looked at his tablet and jotted a few things down, stylus tapping and clicking and sliding across the screen. "Alright. It's worth a try. And honestly you lose nothing if it isn't for you. Look at it as sexual exploration. Just trying new things. You don't have to think of this as a solution to a problem. Most likely the reason you're reluctant, Conner, is because you think something's wrong and that this is a solution. Of course, it can be viewed that way, but that is making you feel like you're broken. And we've been over this. You're not broken. Your body has gone through something traumatic and is trying to rewire and heal itself. Since surgeries and medicines are out for now, I think this is a good route to take. But just view it as play, not a doctoral recommendation." The man grinned.

I wanted to punch him.

...

I peeked out of the bathroom, taking a look at Conner as he sat on the side of the bed staring down between his legs.

God, he looked so defeated. I knew this was going to be hard for him. The idea of using a penis sleeve was so unappealing. The device was simply a hollow dildo that could be strapped around a person's crotch. Since it was hollow, Conner could put his flaccid penis inside it and use it like it was his actual member. He wouldn't feel anything. This wasn't like a condom. It was thick plastic. Not thin latex. And of course, there was the stigma behind it. Usually, a device like that was either used by girls or by men who were smaller, or as a way of humiliation.

Conner wasn't small. Not by a long shot. But putting something like that on obviously felt like he was failing. And no matter how much we talked about it... I don't know that he was ever going to see it differently. But maybe... maybe if we did this properly, and it was an enjoyable experience, then we could adjust. His mind could change.

I stood back in the bathroom, taking a few deep breaths and slapping my cheeks gently. "Okay Daisy. You can do this. It's for him. It's for you. It's for us. You go out there and you put on the best show of your life."

Wow, that sounded wrong. Like I was going to fake sexual pleasure with my husband. I hadn't ever faked an orgasm with Conner. Not once. Never even had to consider it. And I knew tonight would be no different. My husband would make me cum no matter what. But I wanted this to be good, better than good. I wanted him to see that doing this could be a way for us to connect and that he wasn't being demeaned. The fake penis wouldn't be his flesh and blood, but it would be *him*. *His* motions. *His* love. And I was going to make sure he knew it.

...

Putting on the sheath had been relatively easy, though a bit awkward. It was bad enough going to the local sex shop (Lacy's Luxuries), to purchase it, but to actually wear the thing was...

I couldn't bring myself to finish my thoughts. They all led down roads that were dark and mocking. The sounds of Daisy getting ready in the bathroom were a decent distraction, but barely enough to keep me together. Between my legs, the clear sheath jutted up, molded to look like an erect penis with all the details, but see-through. I could see my flaccid member inside the chamber, nestled tightly. It was awkward, but not uncomfortable. Almost like I was wearing a Jockstrap or a cup for sports. We'd gone with the clear option because the others... just looking at the black ones, the flesh toned, even the multi-colored ones didn't sit right with me. They were either too real and made me feel like I was trying to compensate, or too ridiculous in their flashiness to be taken seriously. That left the one I was now wearing.

And to add insult to this ever growing humiliation, the sheath was clearly an inch longer than my usual erect length, and thicker (which it had to be, obviously, to accommodate a penis whether flaccid or erect).

Maybe it was my addled brain... but the length and size looked similar to...

The door to the bathroom opened, and my breath caught. Daisy stood with a playful grin on her face, her dark brunette locks tied up in two pigtails. Her top was similar to a cheerleading uniform, white and trimmed in gold. This top would never have passed the school dress code. It was barely long enough to cover her breasts, the undersides of which were hanging freely and sensually. Cock Sucker U was written across the front in big, bold, golden lettering. Her flat, hard stomach was exposed and glittered with gold flecks, so did her cheeks and the golden eyeshadow she was wearing sparkled as well. The golden skirt was barely six inches long, fully exposing her bald cunt that... holy shit, she'd painted it with the same golden eyeshadow coloring, making it glitter and sparkle as if this were some sort of cartoon. White knee-high socks and golden sneakers finished the outfit.

She was... fuck, she was a horrifying temptress of pure sexual desire. Lust standing in the doorway. I felt my blood pump and stir and...did my cock twitch? I wasn't sure. Maybe? Or was it just muscle reflex? It wasn't like my penis just hung limp and dead, it was still a living part of my body. It just didn't have its full function.

My eyes wouldn't leave her. Taking every inch of her. My brain cataloged it all and saved it forever. I'd be on my deathbed, riddled with Alzheimer's and dementia, and I'd still be able to see the image of her clear as day.

One step and my mouth ran dry. Another slow step, her hips swaying, making the skirt flutter around her hips, further accenting her sparkling vagina, and my temperature rose.

Daisy bit her lip, her eyes dark and shimmering as she made her way towards me like a goddess of sex and want. Standing in front of me, she trailed a hand down along her stomach, tracing the light impression of her firm abs. Her fingers moved over the skirt, down to her smooth golden mound. "Hey..." She whispered, husky and sensual.

My mouth was a desert. I couldn't speak. And she could see it, having rendered me speechless, and grinned with delight. Her fingers peeled open her labia, her pink glistening with arousal. "Like what you see?"

I croaked something out. My blood was boiling. I felt a stirring in my groin. Pre-cum was leaking into the hollow sheath. There was no doubt I was panting like a dog, hungry for my meal.

Leaning forward, her breasts swaying and slipping out from under the thin material, revealing hard nipples, she ran her fingers through my hair and brought her lips to mine. "Are you ready?" Her words were soft, lingering on my lips as her tongue flicked my lips.

"I...I..."

Her grin made me melt. "Good." The smell of her breath was minty, warm, wet. Daisy straddled my lap, running a hand down my naked chest until she came to the sheath and gripped it at the base. I felt the soft trace of her fingers against my pubic hair. Guiding the false penis towards her slit, I finally broke eye contact with her and looked down. I watched as the clear plastic rubbed along the golden flesh of her sex until it found the tight hole.

I remembered how that tight ring of muscles felt. Soft. Pliable. Warm. The trembling of her muscles as I would push inside. How she would squeeze me. The slickness of her desire and how it would coat my shaft, drip down my burning skin and throbbing member. How she would moan as I entered her body, and we became one.

The sheath pushed inside, and Daisy gasped.

I felt nothing.

I held her hips. I could feel her skin. Burning. Warm. Breaking out in goosebumps. Flushed. Her breath was intoxicating, her mouth finding mine again as she slowly sank down.

I felt nothing.

She felt everything.

"Oh God." She whispered and pressed down more, more.

I held her beautiful ass tightly. Kissing her deeply as her body felt pleasure, and I sat, only feeling her pressing against me. Her breasts smashed against my chest, and her nipples rubbed along me like erasers trying to rub me out of existence.

"Fuck...oh fuck, honey." She moaned, hands in my hair gripping hard and tight.

I moved my mouth to her neck. Her arms wrapped around me. My wife started to move. Up and down. When she slid down, I felt the heat of her lips, just the gentle brush of her bare golden blushed skin. A soft leaking moisture dripped and began gathering around the base of the sheath and my flesh. I could hear the slick squelching sounds of her pussy spreading for... it wasn't me...

I gripped her ass hard and tight, digging my nails in, starting to help her move up and down. Gasping and moaning.

She was feeling good. So good. And all I could think...

All I could hear...

See...

Daisy riding Ash. Being impaled over and over on his raw, *real* cock. Her pussy spreading, stretching. Her moans. These very same moans and gasps she was giving me for a fake penis, she gave to Ash for his actual blood and skin.

She arched back, tits bouncing as she moved against me, up and down. Her thighs slapping against me. Ass tight and shaking. "Fuck...fuck me... oh god honey so good...so fucking good."

I kept my teeth grit, keeping the tears away. I watched her writhe and gasp. Starting to sweat. The glitter and the blush started to run from her efforts.

My vision blurred. Seeing double. Seeing my beautiful wife standing in a hotel room, bent over with Ash gripping her shoulders and ramming his cock into her. Making her ass shake. Her tits bouncing. Deep primal groans coming from her as Ash looked at the camera he'd set up and grinning cockily.

That's it, D... take my fucking dick. You love it.

Sh...shut...up!

That image blurred into the one in front of me. My wife writing and moaning on my lap, slapping down against me. But it wasn't me inside her. It was something fake. A stand in for the real thing.

It made me burn. My chest tightened. My stomach twisted. Rage. I was so fucking angry. Angry with myself. My body. My stupid limp dick that just wouldn't do what it was supposed to. And I was angry with Daisy... She was a cheater. God, why did she have to do that? But that just looped back around to my own bodily failings. I could understand in a fucked up way why she'd done it.

I stood up suddenly. Daisy yelped, wrapping her arms around me tightly so she wouldn't fall. But I wasn't going to let her fall. I dug my nails into her ass, causing bruises, and started ramming her down on me. She screamed, and her eyes went wide.

I felt nothing. Fucking nothing. But I was sure as hell going to make Daisy feel something. I would make her feel it. Me. Even if it was with this stupid piece of molded plastic.

"Conner!" Daisy gasped. Eyes wide, she held onto me like she was going to get lost.

I didn't play nice. I didn't concern myself with how what I was doing might hurt. I just wanted her to feel... feel my rage... my anger... my sadness... everything I was keeping inside and that just wouldn't go away.

She arched back screaming. "Oh fuckinggoddfuckingshit honey yes yes fuck me! God fuck me!" She whimpered and sobbed. It clearly hurt, but she wasn't telling him to stop. She wanted more.

"AAAHHHHH!" I screamed into her face. Into the ether. The world that had fucked me up and didn't care. My speed and grip were relentless.

Daisy started to convulse and shake, and then I felt a warm spray of her juices as she began to squirt all over me. It dripped all over my legs and onto the floor as she whimpered so loudly that I was afraid the neighbors might call the police to report a murder or a domestic dispute.

“OHHHHGODDDDD!” She cried and moved back, biting my shoulder hard enough that she broke the skin.

My own orgasm happened. I shot my load into the sheath. Feeling the pooling warmth and sticky consistency of my seed flowing around my flaccid member. The feeling of being gut punched was lessened because of the burning of my muscles as I continued ramming the toy into my wife. That was the one nice thing about this stupid piece of plastic. It never went limp. So I could fuck her forever.

And I did.

I turned and threw her onto the bed. Climbed onto her as I was panting and sweating and rammed the sheath back into her, making her tremble and cry out. I covered her mouth, kissing hard and deep as I pumped into her over and over and over. I didn't let up. I let my muscles burn and strain. I wanted my wife to cum. Cum and cum and cum.

At some point, we were both crying. Our tears mixed as we kissed and sucked and bit at each other's mouths.

I don't know when I stopped... maybe when my body just couldn't take it anymore. We collapsed onto the bed next to each other, panting and sweating. Barely hanging on to consciousness.

Wiping sweat away from my eyes, I looked over at Daisy, and the look on her face was of pure contentment and satisfaction. The beautiful blue of her eyes was deep. She reached out and took my hand, lacing our fingers together. There were words on her lips, but they slipped away as her eyes closed and she slipped into a deep sleep.

I was right behind her. Unable to stay awake. But I kept our hands together. Not willing to let go.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 9

I parked next to the curb rather than pulling into my driveway. Mainly because I couldn't. Someone's car was parked where Daisy's car should have been. I didn't recognize it... but it wasn't hard to figure out who it belonged to. A sports car. Sparkling cherry.

I gripped my steering wheel as I stared at the red paint... seeing red... red... so angry... an image of a bull snorting and grunting, hoofs stamping on the ground, head tilting down and aiming deadly horns...

What I wouldn't give to smash into that stupid little car. Ram it over and over with my Subaru. But that wouldn't solve anything. It wouldn't even make me feel better. It would just result in paperwork. Police. Charges. Money.

So many people, mostly men, dreamed of revenge. Breaking the bitch I'd heard it called. Ruining the woman who was unfaithful. And I could understand it. There was a primal sort of catharsis in the idea of being a cave person and simply smashing the guilty party with your club. Hooting and hollering and dancing around as if you'd accomplished something. But that was before our frontal lobes had developed. Before we gained feelings. Emotions. Consciousness. Besides, we lived in a world of rules and consequences. No more caves. Still had the clubs though.

Revenge felt like a good idea. But practically speaking... It was never a good idea. No matter what you imagined, there were always moving parts and consequences you'd never expect. It was like trying to plan the perfect murder. There was no such thing. There was always a loose thread. A missed detail. And revenge was even worse because it was even more emotional and reactive. I'd read plenty of erotic stories over the years (not something I did often but every once in a while my brain needed some sort of distraction from all the coding I did), and all the ones that had revenge as the main point, were more fantastical than even the most fantasy fantasy to ever fantasy.

In real life, revenge was never clean. Never harmless. Never satisfying, at least in the long run. If I smashed Ash's car, it would only feel good for the few moments the adrenaline was pulsing through my veins. Then I'd have to deal with the fallout. The shouting. The authorities. Lawyers. Finances. Etc. And that wouldn't solve anything. It would just make things worse.

But... maybe the worst thing about it was... I didn't really want revenge. My anger was isolated. Temporary.

It had been a month since Daisy had sent that text to Ash ending their affair. Since then, whenever I'd checked their text exchange, it was all professional. So, unless they were saving all the illicit things for in-person or they had moved to another chat app that wasn't synced with the cloud, she had maintained her fidelity this entire time.

Maybe she still was. Just because Ash's car was here didn't mean...

I leaned forward and put my forehead against the steering wheel. "Don't be a fool, Conner. Just don't. Stop trying to make excuses. There's no need." The words spoken by my own mouth were knives in my chest. But I happily sheathed the blades into myself. I deserved them. I deserved it all.

This was all my fault. I was the one driving. Maybe if I'd looked both ways a second time at the intersection. Sure, the man was drunk, but... still... Surely there was a way to avoid it. And now my body was just... lacking. I had basic functions but not the ones that defined me as a man.

And God help me, I knew that was so utterly toxic. The idea that a man's worth was measured by his dick size and ability to get erect. Stupid. So fucking stupid.

Tears slipped down my cheeks, along my chin. My lip quivered, and I held in a sob. God... everything was so dark. So heavy. Why did it feel like I was underwater, trying to breathe but only getting lungs full of liquid? My heart was pounding. Faster. Faster. Everything was oppressive... stifling. Hot and yet cold. The hair on my arms and the back of my neck was like the prickles of a cactus.

A panic attack.

I was having a panic attack.

It had happened before, after the accident and the surgeries. But it had been a while since I'd had it happen like this. An overwhelming sense of anxiety and... and... the world was ending. Everything was pointless. I was going to die. Right here. Now. In this car. Sitting in front of my house while my wife was inside, no doubt getting fucked the way she deserved.

The feelings washed over me. Crushing me. Pressing down harder and harder. I was a man lost in a dark sea. A storm making waves pound, pushing me beneath the surface trying to drown me. And I didn't know if I wanted to fight back.

I'd come home early. Early because I wanted to talk to Daisy. To try... maybe to confront her finally about what was going on, or what had been going on. I thought maybe a month removed from the affair would be enough and now we could sit down and really discuss things. To air it all out and start working towards something better. Our sex life was getting better. We'd found a sort of balance. And though I hated that damn plastic penis, it was helping. The one advantage of it was that I could just go and go. It didn't matter if my real cock was hard or not. So it gave Daisy nearly endless pleasure.

The look on her face when I was ramming into her as hard as I could, focusing my frustration and rage into the penetration of her, was all-consuming. And the satisfied look after... It was worth it.

My breaths were coming in short and shallow. Watery. I gagged. I pushed my door open and stumbled out into the street, trying to gain perspective. To get out of the confines of that stupid claustrophobic car. Out in the open air. It helped, but only marginally.

I bent over, hands on my knees, like I was about to vomit into the street like some drunk. But all I did was dry heave breaths. The doctors told me that when a panic attack took me, it was important to ground myself. To remember that I wasn't dying. It was just my body going insane (not the clinical term but an apt description). I fell to my knees, hands on the rocky, rough asphalt, and felt the heat, the grit. I breathed in deep and smelled gas and oil and sun-blazed stone.

My pulse slowed.

I pressed my hands on the ground harder. This was real. This was steady. Sturdy. Real.

My lungs filled with air. I breathed out. In. Out.

Slowly but surely, everything calmed down, and in the panic's place was exhaustion and... emptiness. As if I'd felt all the emotions a person could physically handle in a day, all compressed into a handful of minutes. I was empty. Devoid of anymore panic, but no other

emotions either. They'd all burst out in a singular moment in time, and now it would take time to refill.

I stood up, dusting off my jeans and hands, seeing the indentations of the little pebbles and stones that had pressed into my palms.

Real. Real.

I flexed my hands, feeling the pain of those little indentations.

Real.

Slow deep breaths. I stood. Calmly taking things one little movement at a time.

I shut my door quietly, stood for a moment considering what I should do... but I knew... I knew what I was going to do.

...

Everything I did was slow and quiet. The last thing I wanted was to... well would it be so bad if I surprised them and made them scramble?

I shook my head. No, I didn't want that.

Making my way down the hall to the bedroom... our bedroom... I kept close to the wall. I was familiar with my wife's sounds. There was no doubt what was happening. Any hope that maybe I was wrong had been shattered almost immediately when I stepped into the house. She wasn't doing anything to hide her pleasure.

I'd seen videos and pictures. But... knowing I was about to see it in real life had my stomach clenching. But my emotions were still missing. I still felt empty. Drained.

The door was open enough to peek inside easily.

What I saw... It was like an arousal attack. Like a panic attack but with lust.

She was drenched in sweat. Sweat from work, no doubt, but also from... who knows how long she'd been home and doing this. Hair up in a messy ponytail. Completely nude. Breasts bouncing gently as she had her hands planted on Ash's shoulders. He was lying back... in my place... my side of the bed... hands on her hips and that fucking grin...

Some men were lucky. And they knew it.

Ash was one of them. He was almost a walking cliché. Charismatic. Good looking. Big dick. Good in bed. Casual. The only thing he wanted was physical, and though most of the time women wanted some sort of emotional connection, that didn't mean they didn't enjoy sex for the sake of it either. Besides paying for it, Ash was the next best thing. A man totally willing to give a woman what she wanted, when she wanted.

From the angle I was at, I could see Daisy's ass. Beautiful. Firm. Cheeks naturally opening as she moved, allowing me to see... God... holy fuck. Ash's cock seemed even bigger in real life. That was stupid, of course, but still... it just seemed more real. Thick and throbbing and slick with Daisy's cream as it slid out from her smooth mound. Her lips were clinging tightly to him. Sucking and gripping as he slid out. Then swallowing him back in, stretching around his thickness and accepting him into her body.

She was moving slowly. Something we hadn't done in a while. Nothing about any of our intimate sessions had been slow. It had always been frenzied, needy. But she was moving up and down on this monster like she was savoring every inch and feeling.

"Fu...fuuuuck ohhhhhh..." Daisy whimpered softly. Hands gripping Ash's shoulders tighter as she kept herself propped up, moving as if she were in a porn, a camera set up behind her and the director telling her to go slower, open those ass cheeks, show off that dick inside your married cunt.

I watched, frozen in place. There was no denying how erotic it was. The times I'd watched my plastic sheath enter her were never like this. It just looked... false. Hollow. Poetic actually since it was hollow, and what should have been inside my wife was limp and languid inside that emptiness.

"Oh, shit D... fucking how are you tighter now... you been doing your kegels or something?" He was breathing deeply, no doubt trying to pace himself. I couldn't blame him. Daisy could milk a cock with her sex like she was a succubus.

"Such a dick." She groaned, sitting up straight and moving her hands to her breasts, rubbing her nipples slowly as she rose and fell on the thick member Ash was happy to give her.

"Yeah... a fat dick. Just for you. God, you feel fucking good. Ohhhh shit, I should give you rides home more often." Ash chuckled and let his head fall back on my pillow, moving his hands to fold them behind his head, watching my wife ride him.

"Can't you just... shut up? I just need your cock, not your fucking commentary." Daisy growled a little, the frustration in her tone clear.

Ash smirked. "What? You don't like me telling you how good that cunt feels?" He reached down and gave her ass a slap. "How tight this ass is? I love climbing behind you. Watching those glutes tense and sway. It's fucking sexy. Even better when you're doing it on my dick."

"God..." I wasn't sure if the utterance was one of pleasure, frustration, anger or maybe all of the above. She kept moving up and down. The soft squelching of her pussy sucking in Ash's dick filled the room along with her moans.

"Holy fuck D... my fucking god how in the world is Conner not fucking you every minute..."

Daisy froze.

Ash sensed something wrong immediately. I guess I couldn't say he was a complete meathead. Maybe he wasn't the most emotional person, but it was clear he wasn't completely out of tune with body language.

"Wh...what?" He asked tensely.

I couldn't see Daisy's face. But the way her body went rigid and stopped moving told me she was tensing up like she was getting ready to punch someone.

"Don't talk about him... don't you fucking dare talk about Conner. He's twice the man you are." Her words were husky, raw, and I was sure she was on the verge of tears.

“I... hey I didn’t mean... I’m not into that sort of thing... like, I...” Ash stammered. I could see his face, and he looked mortified. Though that fear wasn’t enough to make him go soft, he was still balls deep inside her and still throbbing.

“Let’s be clear, Ash... maybe I should have said this sooner. That’s on me. This is just fucking. It’s sex. And I don’t want you getting into that stupid rock brain of yours that you’re somehow better than my husband. I’m not some unhappy wife looking for some good dick because her husband doesn’t pay attention to her. Conner gives me far more than I deserve.” She put her hands back on Ash’s chest, but this wasn’t a posture to try to steady herself. It was almost threatening. “You don’t know what he’s been through. What we are going through.” Her voice was so raw... on the verge of cracking.

“I... hey Daisy... I’m sorry... mmm, fuck seriously...” He was clearly conflicted about feeling her pussy squeezing him and what was most likely a look of blazing intensity from Daisy.

“You’re a dick, Ash. That’s all you are. What I... god help me, it’s what I need. Conner can’t... I... fuck it... you don’t need to know. But I need this. I need your raw cock. The feeling of skin. Of cum. So you can either get with the program and just fuck me. Use me. Claim my fucking holes and use me like a whore. Or you can get out. I’m not replacing my husband. You’re not better. I don’t want your attention. I want your penis. Now... don’t say another damn fucking word about my husband, a man you can never hope to be compared to.”

Her nails dug into Ash’s chest. He groaned. Maybe in pleasure. Maybe pain.

“I... I get it, Daisy... I get it... I’m not gonna make waves... I swear.” He was panting as if he’d just gone through a trial that would decide if he lived or died.

“Good.” Daisy sat back up, trailing her nails along his chest. “Now... fuck me. Fuck me till I fucking cry...” It sounded like she was already crying. A soft snuffle, a hitching gasp in her throat.

Ash lay back for a moment, hesitating, staring up at my wife, who most likely looked like a weeping goddess.

The moment passed, and Ash nodded, accepting the role my wife had cast him in. Grabbing hold of her hips, he rolled her over, so she was on her back. His sweaty muscles rippled as he pushed her legs up and wide. Daisy gasped. His cock never left her pussy. And now I could see between his legs. Her asshole puckered and smeared with her dripping cream. His cock buried to the hilt and balls pressed against her.

“Hold the fuck on.” Ash growled and began to ram. He pounded her relentlessly over and over, blindingly fast. His balls swayed and smacked against her ass, and she screamed. I cringed at the shriek she let out.

Her pussy was dripping and gripping his cock as it pounded into her, a lubed-up piston going at full speed. “Take my fucking dick, you slut! Take it!” Ash groaned.

“Oh...oh my fucking god!” she cried. And now that she was lying back, I could see the tears in her eyes. On her cheeks. Her lip was quivering as she took Ash’s assault.

“Yes! Yes! Oh god fuck me! Fuck my little fucking cunt!” She cried out and gripped the sheets, digging in her nails and ripping little holes in the fabric.

“Yeah! You like this fucking fat dick inside you? Huh? You need this raw meat? In that fucking oven? Huh. Say it! Say you fucking want my cock, you slut!”

Ash's sudden dominance after his apparent fear and submission was intense. I'd already cum in my pants. I never got erect. But I'd felt the stirring, the rising feeling of my cum and orgasm. But this time... it didn't hurt. Well... not as much. It had been an uncomfortable pressure, but it hadn't been milked out of me. It had come naturally. Watching my wife's pussy getting pummeled by a fat dick. Her pale mons were getting red, puffing up as Ash slammed into her.

Cum dripped and stuck to my crotch and around my flaccid penis in my boxers. I felt... humiliated. And yet... hearing what Daisy had said... there was a sense of pride in my chest. It clearly wasn't performative. The only one there as far as Daisy knew was Ash, so her vitriol had been for him. Her defense and affirmation of me were raw and real and powerful. But it was also painful. Because it wasn't me that was on top of her making her cry in orgasm, it was Ash. Another man. Someone she needed, because she needed to feel skin. Raw hardness and not something molded and false.

"Yes! Yes! OH GOD FUCKING YES ASH FUCK ME FUCK MEEEEEE!" she cried out.

I looked on, no longer trying to hide.

"I'm gonna cum D! I'm fucking gonna cum inside you. You want my cum? Hmmm? You want my thick cream in this tight little cupcake? Yeah, you fucking whore?" He pushed her legs up higher and pounded like a star, ready for the climax of the scene.

"YESSSSSS FUCKING FILL ME. I WANNA BE YOUR FUCKING CREAMFILLED PUSSY PUFF! DO IT!" She was screeching. Eyes open wide and wild, staring up at Ash with determination to take everything he was giving her.

"AAHHHHH!" Ash yelled out and unleashed his semen. Shooting into her deep and fully like a fire hydrant that was bursting.

"OHHHH FUUUUCK!" Daisy was clearly feeling it, and her head was shaking from side to side... and then... her eyes met mine.

I moved quickly and was down the hall and out the door in less than a minute. Had she noticed me? Seen me? I'd felt her gaze. The meeting of our eyes firm and full, but it was only for a split second. Maybe she was too enraptured in her orgasm and Ash's ejaculation to really register that I'd been there watching.

It was quiet outside. Only the sound of scattered leaves being blown across the concrete.

I slipped into my car quickly and was down the road in a minute, not thinking about where I was going to go or what I was going to do. Daisy wouldn't be expecting me for another couple hours.

In a daze, I found myself pulling into the parking lot of a local coffee shop that was a few miles away from my house. I sat there in my car, staring out into space. The image of my wife under Ash, screaming and crying and getting her pussy filled with thick cum burning into my brain. I'd never forget it. Ever. Even if I wanted to. And I wasn't sure that I did.

A buzz from my phone made me jump. I blinked and realized I'd been sitting in my car, just staring, for nearly an hour. Picking up my phone, I saw a text from Daisy. I left it unread, sitting back in my seat and trying to figure out what I should do. What I needed to do.

I felt so empty. So aroused even though I'd already cum and felt the drying stickiness in my pants. Thankfully, it hadn't leaked out and stained my jeans. It was already humiliating enough to cum watching my wife get fucked.

My grip tightened on my phone. Everything inside was tormenting. Mixed and tangled to where I was still numb. So numb.

And then I thought of Ella. Numb.

I'm numb, Conner...

I thought of our discussion so many weeks ago. Of her offer.

I thought back to just an hour ago. How I'd cum, and it hadn't hurt. Still uncomfortable, but not painful. Was it because of watching Daisy? Or was it something more fundamental?

I picked up my phone and pulled up Ella's number. It barely had time to ring before she answered.

"Hello? Conner?" Her voice was soft and sweet.

"Yeah. Um... about what we talked about... is that offer still valid?"

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 10

Daisy's Day

How could I have been so stupid?

Probably because I grew up in a majority of time where everything getting backed up to 'the cloud' wasn't a reality. But now everything is synced. Saving to servers in some unknown place. Trusting corporations and executives to stick to their 'promises' that they will keep my data safe. But in order to even do that, I first have to opt in. I have to encrypt. Password protect.

Conner had been the one to set my phone up when we first got them. Going through all the motions of entering our emails and names and passwords and probably even blood type. Of course, my wonderful husband, working in cybersecurity, would want my phone to be backed up in case of an accident. It was sensible and almost as easy as a simple button click.

I hadn't even thought about it until I was sitting in the locker room after having a shower. My shift was over, but it had been particularly busy, and I was much grimmer than usual. I didn't want to go home to Conner smelling as bad as I did, so I rinsed off quickly, wrapped myself in a towel and sat down at my locker, pulling out my phone to let Conner know I was gonna head home.

I had a text from Ash asking about the new harnesses we'd gotten in and where they'd been stored in the back. My response was quick and to the point, just like all of my messages had been to him in the past month. It was really surprising how civil Ash was being. Like we hadn't slept together at all. I didn't know if I should be happy or offended. But then again, I asked him, told him that I was ending things, and he accepted. So what should I have expected?

I'm sure if this were some sort of smutty novel, Ash would have continued to corner me. To pressure me. Telling me I wanted his dick. Needed it. Like I was a thoughtless fleshlight. The twisted societal paradox that women were just cock hungry whores if the cock was big enough and the man was a cocky enough asshole.

But Ash was as good as his word, and he kept things professional. Friendly even. Just like before. Though before he'd still been a flirt. It seemed like he might have even been taking an extra step and shutting down anything that might be deemed inappropriate.

Maybe Ash was human after all.

It was that thought process that reminded me of all the texts we'd shared over the past weeks. The videos. Photos. Oh, dear God... the multimedia of my infidelity! In a daze, sitting in a towel still dripping from my shower, I scrolled back through my texts and came upon file after file after file of my adultery. Obscene photos of my pussy stretched around Ash. Videos of him pounding into my cunt, making me scream. Fucking my asshole as I rubbed my clit. Sucking him, eyes wide and mouth full. Cum on my face. Dripping from my pussy and ass. All over my tits.

We had done so much. Dear god we had done practically everything, and he'd videos and photographed enough to easily classify me as an amateur pornstar.

The realization hit me like a train and made my stomach clench and felt like my heart was in a vice. God... I was such a slut. I scrolled back and back and back. Days and days of debauchery. Remembering my desperation not just for sex, which was always this constant nagging in the back of my brain, but for connection. The physical touch and filling my body longed for. But it wasn't like I wanted just anyone. I wanted Conner. I wanted my husband.

But over the last year... nearly losing him. Sitting in the hospital day after day. Drinking bad coffee in sterile waiting rooms while he underwent surgery. Wondering if something else would go wrong. Would he die? What if he became paralyzed? He'd seemed so empty and scared and lost most days, lying in bed still bruised and battered.

Somehow he'd come out of it. Healed. Gotten out of bed and walked home with me. But he still had scars, physical and mental and emotional. And though his body may have healed most of the way, there were still things that had been broken that weren't going to be so easy to fix.

Those first months had been easy to ignore my longing itch for intimacy. For penetration. If the urge came, I took care of myself while Conner rested. It was enough to take off the edge, but never enough to completely fulfill the nagging, longing, poking and prodding portion of my twisted hypersexual brain. Before the accident, time with Conner was enough. I didn't need it every day, but Conner was always ready to go when I became amorous. Now, all that had changed. And there was no new normal. Sometimes change can be easy, even when it's thrust upon you. But more often than not, it's hard, and finding that new normal or equilibrium was drastically difficult.

My slip up had come when stress was high, grief was deep, depression oppressive, and my arousal so strained that I was a cord ready to snap. Ash was there. The situation was ripe and sharp and things just... fell apart.

But my choices were my own. There was no one to blame but myself. I was the one who was unfaithful, and no amount of excuses about hypersexuality, depression, or grief could change the fact that I'd not only slipped up once, but over and over and over. I made the choice.

The fact that I'd forgotten about this scandalous proof of my affair was just another testament to my lapse in judgement. How far I'd gone down the slut slide. So, I started to delete them. That's when I got the notification.

"This will delete the file from your device. Would you like to delete from the cloud?"

I stared at that message for a solid minute trying to understand what I was reading. Then, in a haze, I tapped over to the cloud drive where I found all my photos, videos... and texts. They'd all been backed up. My hands were shaking when I clicked on the folder and saw the 'recently viewed' date.

Just a couple weeks ago. Someone had accessed the folder and looked at its contents.

There were only two people on this account. Me and Conner. So if I didn't look at it...

I was shaking.

"Oh God." I gasped softly and nearly dropped my phone.

Had Conner looked at my texts? Had he seen the photos? Pictures? Did he know? And if he did... How long? How long had he known? Was the first time just a couple of weeks ago, or had he found the messages earlier? Maybe he hadn't seen anything. He could have just been checking the account, glanced at my most recent texts and moved on.

Surely he would have said something...

I understand.

Something in me shifted. I felt like my bones were trying to leap out of my body. Like I wanted to melt into a puddle.

I understand.

I'd understand... if you need to take care of yourself.

I folded in on myself. Crumbling over as if I were having the most painful period cramps of my life. *Oh god. Did he know? Did he know even then and... and he was telling me it was okay? That he understood... he understood why I was cheating with Ash?*

The images of my husband, the man I loved more than anything, stumbling upon my texts, revealing my horrible infidelity. Pornographic videos and images. I just thank God I didn't sext him. We didn't have that sort of interaction. Sexting seemed intimate in comparison to the simple, raw sex Ash and I had been involved in. Ash was not someone you got 'intimate' with. He was a walking dildo filled with cum. At least to me. But what would that matter? Intimacy or not, my husband would see images of me betraying him.

How humiliating. How was he still functioning? How could he even look at me, let alone let me touch him? We'd been doing all sorts of things over the last month, and there wasn't any sign of him knowing that I'd been unfaithful.

Why hadn't he said anything?

Because he's a good man. He loves you. His whole world has crashed and changed, and he's struggling to get back to some sort of stable footing. But he's not self-centered. He's seen beyond himself and noticed your own struggles.

Maybe he thinks he's not enough? That he's lacking because of his condition? Having sex lately with the penis sheath had been good. Great even. At least for me. Conner hadn't complained, but... oh, you stupid, stupid bitch! How fucking selfish of you! He's fucking you with a piece of plastic. What the hell is he gonna get out of that? It doesn't matter if you lick and kiss and suck and fondle him until he ejaculates. You know just as well as he does that there's nothing like the feeling of sliding in or getting penetrated.

I was sobbing now. Sobbing because I was so stupid. So blind. Selfish. I was a stupid bimbo slut. Stepping out on my husband, who's hurt and struggling. Afraid to tell me because all that stupid ego and toxic masculinity he grew up with has poisoned the part of him that would allow him to open up. To confess his struggles and fears.

I was so focused on myself. Trying to fix things the way I thought they should be fixed. What else had I missed? How badly was Conner hurting? Was he in danger? People who harmed themselves rarely looked like they were going to do it before it inevitably happened. What if his smile was fake. His words were hollow. And inside he was dark and empty and lost?

I wasn't even fully dry as I started throwing on my clothes, grabbed my bag and was practically sprinting out of the gym to my car.

I had to go and see Conner. Calling him, texting him, wasn't enough. We needed to talk face to face. I had to confess. To clear the air. We had to open this wound before it was too infected for us to heal.

My car wouldn't start. I turned the key aggressively, almost hard enough to bend it. "Fuck!" I shouted, stepping out of the car, and kicking the tires. "Fucking piece of shit!" I was almost in tears.

"Whoa there!" Ash came jogging up. Great. Just what I needed. The man I'd had an affair with coming up to me when I felt like my marriage was crumbling to the ground.

"Fuck off, Ash!" I turned, snarling.

He stopped, eyes wide and hands up as if trying to placate a rabid animal. "Hey. Chill. What's the problem, D?"

I stood there staring daggers at him, fists clenched at my sides trying to calm the storm that was raging inside me. Holding back the tears. The anger. "Car won't start." I finally muttered through gritted teeth.

Ash nodded. "Okay. Let me take a look under the hood."

Over the next few minutes, Ash looked over my engine before slamming the hood shut. "Well... I wish it was just the battery, but I think your alternator is shot."

"Fuck!" I screamed. A couple of people who were walking into the gym turned and stared wide-eyed at me for a minute before hurrying inside, probably afraid I was about to freak out.

Ash stared at me with concern. "Listen. Let me give you a ride. You can call a tow truck, and they'll take it to your mechanic."

I couldn't go and see Conner riding in Ash's car. If he knew about the affair, had seen all the videos and photos of me and Ash, the last thing I should do was show up at Conner's job with him. That would just reinforce the cuckolding humiliation he was no doubt feeling.

I understand.

What do you understand, Conner? Do you understand why I jumped into bed with an asshole like Ash? Because I don't. Is my sex drive so out of control that I can't push it aside enough when my husband needs me to be strong? Am I just a weak, cock hungry whore?

Tears were brimming in my eyes.

"Daisy. Come on. Let's get you home." Ash stepped forward but didn't touch me. He just motioned to his car and, with no other choice, at least none that I could think of, I walked with him and slipped into the passenger seat.

...

What happened next was just another reinforcement of my depravity.

Ash took me home and walked me inside. There was no tension or pressure between us. But I was so upset. So angry at myself. Spiralling as I thought about how I'd ruined everything. Thrown away my husband's trust when he needed me the most, all for some dick. A dick that was right there.

In a haze of anger and sexual destruction, I pulled Ash into a kiss hard and violent. At first... to Ash's credit, he actually tried to stop me. He could see I was upset and didn't want to take

advantage. But when I pulled him back, grabbed his hand and put it on my ass and bit his lip and sucked it, his resistance collapsed faster than tissue paper in a downpour.

We stumbled to my room. God, how depraved was I? And shed our clothes. I sucked him hard and messy, making him groan, grabbing my hair and thrusting my face down on him as if we were impervious to pain. I nearly threw up from how hard and deep he thrust into my throat.

Pushing him onto the bed, I mounted him. Fucked him. Rode and rammed. We exhausted ourselves quickly and slowed down for a minute. The feeling of his raw cock inside was a reminder of what I was missing. Sex with Conner and that fake phallus was good, but nothing beat something raw and real.

Everything was in a haze of thoughts and pleasure and pain. Ash was his same talkative, cocky self, and then... he said something about Conner. It wasn't demeaning exactly, more like a question... but it lit my heart and brain on fire.

I was cheating. I was fucking around in my marital bed. What I was doing to my husband was unforgivable. Disrespectful. But what little bit of dignity and loyalty I still had, the small scrap I was clinging to, wouldn't let Conner be shit-talked about by the likes of anyone, especially Ash.

My verbal rebuke hit Ash like a boxer's fist to the face, the gut, the groin. And I could see in his eyes that he understood and Conner's name would never pass his lips again.

With the tension even higher, he fucked me. Fucked me relentlessly. I came over and over. Almost as much as that first night when Conner had practically ruined me when we were first trying the sheath. I'd been prepared to act that night, but not a single moan or scream or orgasm was false. And none after either. Even though there were things wrong with using that false penis, Conner was a beast and would fuck me like he was trying to make me raise a white flag in surrender.

Was it because he knew about my affair? Was he angry and trying to take me back? To prove himself? God, was he comparing himself to Ash?

My thoughts stalled when Ash cried out, shooting his cum inside me, and my own orgasm took me again. I screamed out, and my head was shaking back and forth... and then I saw him.

His eyes.

Sweat and hair obscured my vision as I stopped moving, staring at the door. There was no one there. The small sliver of space showed an empty hallway.

Had I really seen him?

Was it my imagination?

My subconscious projecting my husband standing out in the hall, pushing out of his own bedroom, watching another man shoot his semen inside my pussy? A false image because of what I'd been thinking once I realized my texts had been accessible to my husband? Maybe it was a phantom. My brain conjuring an image of my husband watching me like he'd watched the digital evidence.

Ash was panting, his cock twitching and slowly deflating inside me.

“Get off.” I muttered. And then more forcefully. “Get off me and get out, Ash. Get out!” I was almost shouting now.

Ash stumbled off of me and grabbed his clothes. He dressed quickly, eyes darting to me as I lay on the bed looking panicked.

“D... are you sure you’re okay?”

“Please, Ash.” I sobbed softly. “Please... I’m sorry, just... just go, please.”

He hesitated. Say what you want about Ash, he was a walking dick, but he still had feelings. Maybe it was shallow empathy. But it was still empathy. “I... are you sure? Should I call someone?”

I shook my head and sat up, not caring that I was naked and had cum leaking from me like a busted ice cream machine. “Go, Ash. I’ll be okay.”

He nodded, not completely convinced, but left without another word.

I pulled up my knees, resting my chin on them as I wrapped my arms around my legs. The house was quiet. The photos of my wedding, vacations, family, stared back at me in righteous judgement. I was so worthless. Conner deserved better.

Had he seen? Had he really been in the hall? He wasn’t supposed to be home until later. If he did see... then what was I going to do? Would he leave me? He probably should. I wouldn’t blame him.

I started to laugh. I’d understand.

I started to cry, hiccup, laugh, falling over on the bed, and soon began to wail in despair. I’d ruined everything. And I didn’t know how to fix it.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 11

I was sitting outside my house for the second time in just a few hours. Afraid to go in. Not because of what I might walk in on this time... nothing I'm sure, since Ash's car was gone. But Daisy's car was still missing. Had she left with him? Was I coming home to an empty house? My wife finally having left me for someone who could satisfy her?

I pulled out my phone, thinking to track Daisy's location, and remembered she'd texted me.

Daisy: My car wouldn't start. Ash gave me a ride home. I called a tow truck. It'll take the car to the shop.

Huh. It was a text that, up till two months ago, would have seemed normal. Now I was looking for hidden meaning.

Ash had given her a ride home. She'd ridden with him, that was for sure.

I snorted a sad laugh. There didn't seem to be any tears in me, so laughter was the next best response.

At least that meant she hadn't just invited him back to our house for a fling. It also answered the question of where her car was. Though that didn't mean she was home. But then again, why text me something like this if she wasn't going to be home?

I was second guessing everything now. My trust was fraying. Hell, it should have been completely broken. She was cheating on me. And even though she'd given that sharp-tongued speech to Ash about me, she was still making the choice to give her body up to someone else. To lie to me. The wider world would immediately take to calling her a slut. A whore. All sorts of other derogatory, judgemental terms. And true, in a sense, they weren't wrong.

But I loved her. Years of love isn't immediately erased because of one mistake. Sure, it was a mistake Daisy had made multiple times, but she wasn't out trolling the streets for some strange. She'd fallen in with someone close when she was at her lowest. Daisy had been with me through everything. Strong and resilient when I was broken. When I thought about it, I had to acknowledge she had been solely focused on me. Her needs and wants had been pushed aside for later. It was like shoving everything into a closet and then one day opening it open and everything tumbling out all at once.

Daisy had held it together admirably. And then she'd been swept away and buried in an avalanche of her own needs and wants and fears.

What had I done to help her?

I may have been the one with the injury and the recovery. But that didn't mean Daisy stopped having needs and wants and feelings. We were both people moving forward in the new circumstances we'd found ourselves in.

Daisy had always been present. Yes, she'd come home late sometimes. But she never lacked in her love and care for me. That didn't excuse the choice she'd made, but it did count for something.

And who was I to judge Daisy? I wasn't perfect. I know I'd been selfish lately. Wallowing in my own self-pity. Truth was, I'd been disgusted with myself. Hating my body for failing me. For

getting fucked up and not healing right. Of allowing me sexual relief but not the full experience, and on top of that the fucking gut punch I felt when I ejaculated.

My hands tightened on the steering wheel as anger bubbled up. I fucking hate my body. I hate it! Stupid fucking piece of shit meat bag! Brittle fucking bones and stupid twisted nerves. Why can't you just fucking go back to what you were before?

I started pounding the wheel over and over. Fucking stupid, stupid body!

When my hand started to ache, I stopped and slumped back, staring at the car ceiling. I just wanted my old life back. But that wasn't going to happen. This was the new life I had, and Daisy and I needed to figure it out.

It was a truth I didn't want to accept, but I knew I had to. No matter how hard we tried or what we did, things weren't going to be what they were. If we kept using the penis sheath, or if I got the pump, started using pills, whatever the solution, it was still going to fundamentally change how things worked in our relationship. And we couldn't just overlook the fact that she'd cheated.

I suppose I could just... stay.

That was what my grandfather did...

I remember when he told me. Just a few years before he passed. He'd had a long run of nearly ninety years, and he was still fairly spry, at least enough to take walks with me along the lake out near where he and Grandma had lived. She'd passed only two years before. He missed her. It was plain on his face. We made a point to take that long and peaceful walk around the lake chatting about life and the future. But Gramps knew his time was coming to an end. There wasn't much future for him to think about, so he began talking about the past.

And of course, the majority of his life had been spent with Grandma Becca. Nearly seventy years. Their love and life had been a fairytale to me... until the bombshell.

"Did I ever tell your gran had an affair?" His voice was scratchy with age, his cheeks thin and covered in stubble that had long since turned gray. He stood staring out at the waters of the lake, scratching at his cheek, calm and contemplative.

"Wh...what?" I was astonished. Grandma Rebecca had been one of the most staunchly faithful and morally upright women I'd ever known. And she loved my grandfather like he was the single most amazing man to ever live.

"Oh... yeah. For about... three years." He clicked his tongue against his teeth. "Some strapping lad that worked down at the hardware store in town. I think it was all them bumpy muscles he had from carrying lumber and whatnot."

"I...wh...she... but... why?" I stammered.

"Oh... women have their reasons. Some more shallow than others. But then again, men are even more shallow when it comes to getting a little somethin' on the side. We just use the excuse of temptation and that all the blood leaves our brain." He chuckled. "But your gran...hm... we talked about it a bit, but that was a long time ago. I definitely thought it was me. Every man does when he catches his woman riding another man's pole. But... it wasn't me. Your gran loved me. But it was a different time then... hell, it's a different time all the time."

He was quiet for a moment as he remembered. I could see it in his eyes as it was all flashing before him, still sharp and in focus. "I worked a lot. Mind that's not an excuse for the choices, but you can understand. Those days, women couldn't do all that much, so your gran had time on her hands. And she was lonely. I ain't the most affectionate. But I kept her satisfied in the bedroom plenty. However, we got married early. Young. And she never got to... not sure what the female equivalent of 'sowing your wild oats' is." He shrugged.

"She got curious." He said simply.

"You... gran... holy shit, Grandpa. Why didn't you divorce her? I mean... she... for three years?" I was at a complete loss. How could he just so flippantly toss something like this out? Sure, it had happened years ago for him, but how could someone just... shrug off infidelity that lasted years?

He nodded. "Son... for better or worse, your generation had a lot of things we didn't have when I was young. Divorce was a big deal back then. Your gran would have been left with nothing. No prospects. Maybe she'd have moved back with her parents, but we had three liddlen's at that time. So it would have been tight even in the best of circumstances. Me, I might have gotten on better of course, but I'd have been just as broken. But men can't show that. Especially back then. Today, divorce don't mean much but some legal dealings and fees and whatnot. Women ain't ruined. Though men still can't cry about it or they are some sort of pussy." He grimaced.

"Your gran... she loved me. Even while doing all those things with that man, she still cooked, cleaned, took care of your mom and her sisters. And she was always a wild woman in the sheets for me. Had I not stumbled upon them, I probably never would have known honestly. And sure, knowing hurt. At first I just... went along. Let her do her thing and kept on doing my thing. What else was I supposed to do? I didn't want to blow my life apart. Life was hard enough. Course... I didn't let it lie forever. It was coming on the end of her affair when I sat her down at the table for a talk."

"You ain't ever seen your gran cry like she did that day. She said all the things you'd expect. 'I love you', 'I'm sorry', 'It doesn't mean anything', etc. etc. And it was all true. She didn't love that fella. Man was good in the sack but dumb as the nails he sold by the pound. Some men in this life ain't much use beyond their trouser snake, son." Gramps cackled. "And he certainly knew how to use his. Your gran told me some stories later, when the wound wasn't raw anymore. Anywho..." He sighed and scratched at his thinning gray hair. "She begged me not to divorce her. That she'd break it off. She wanted me and only me. Ya know, again, the same ol' stuff you hear all women say, at least the ones that got some sorta conscience. Truth is kid..."

Grandpa paused then. Looking lost. "God, I loved that woman. Flaws and all. And when we got hitched, it was a small wedding, but we had a good dozen witnesses and of course the Almighty looking down on us. We made that vow you always hear, but so many people just forget and ignore. 'For better. Or worse'. That don't just mean when they are snippy and in a bad mood, son. Worse is worse. When it's bad. Ugly. Rotten. When the things they do scare you or sicken you. And I don't mean this as something to justify abuse. That ain't what we are talking about. We are talking about when they go through hardships that you can't understand. Mental. Physical. That's the whole sickness and health part too. It's all intertwined."

"When life gets hard and the one you made a vow to breaks their promise, trashes the life you've made, that's worse. And you gotta make a choice. Do you try? Or do you run? Sometimes runnin' is the right move. Had your gran not been so repentant and sorry, had she not confessed and sat with me in her grief and mine, we might have gone the way of gettin' a divorce. Some women and

men is like that. They love the dick more than they love their other. But your gran... she loved me more.”

“We talked it through. And it wasn’t easy. After that talk, I didn’t touch your gran sexually for...oh... a year or more. It was hell on her and torture for me. Blue balls don’t even begin to describe how bad I was hurtin’.”

“Grandpa... please... I’m gonna be sick.”

“Oh grow up, son. Sex is part a life, just like shittin’. Man up and pinch your nose against the smell if ya gotta.” He chuckled, and I couldn’t help but join him.

“Trust is hard to build back. But if you love the person... it’s worth it. I stuck it out with your gran. And she stuck it out with me. She ended things with that man, though some years later once the kids were finally grown and off, we did do some experimenting...”

“Grandpa...please... no...” I groaned.

“What? You don’t wanna hear about the time I had your gran airtight...”

“LALALALALA I’M NOT LISTENING!”

The conversation ended there with my grandpa laughing so hard I thought he’d break a rib.

My grandfather had stayed. Healed. Reconciled. We talked about some of it, and it was clear things weren’t the same. They couldn’t be. But they reforged their marriage.

Was that something I could do?

Daisy had gone a month without Ash, and suddenly today she was hopping back into bed. Why? It wouldn’t be fair to jump to conclusions, like she was just a slut or loved Ash and wanted him more than me. We needed to talk. But... I was scared.

Grandpa had waited almost a year before he confronted Gran about her affair. There were multiple reasons, but the main one he’d said was... ‘Had I just walked in, I would have been a beast. A monster of rage and retribution. There wouldn’t have been any way for me to fix things after that. I would have beat that man to within an inch of his life. I would have called your Grandma every name in the book and some you’d never heard of, and I hope you never do. Whatever love I had for her and she for me, would have been sprayed in the skunk stink of my anger and fear. So... I took my time. I thought. I prayed. I cried. I even talked to some friends, throwing out Hypotheticals. Course, most of them suggested the rage bit. Some thought it would be fair to literally crucify the man with the very lumber he lugged around at the store. I gotta say... People worry me sometimes. Anyway, I waited. I gathered myself. And yeah, it took me a fairly long time before I knew I could sit with her and be civil and loving and understanding as well as just. Say what you want, I’d rather confront someone with a cool head than one that’s on fire. That’s just gonna get everyone burned.’

I wasn’t ready to confront Daisy. I just wasn’t. My mind wasn’t sound. I was swimming in depression. Self pity. My existence was a swamp, and I was sinking in it. I needed to pull myself up and out first before I was going to truly confront Daisy about what she was doing. But the choice might not be in my hands anymore.

She'd seen me. Or at least I think she did. It was just a second. Less than a second. Our eyes met when she was being ruined by Ash's cock. But it had taken almost the same amount of time to fall in love with her. Why not ruin everything that fast too?

What if I walked in and she began crying and apologizing? Would I be able to stand up to her? To the emotion? Would I break down too? What if that's what we needed? To just... fall apart. Maybe that would be for the best.

I didn't have any right answers. Or wrong ones. All I had was what I could do right now. And that was to get out of my car and go inside. Whatever happened next... I'd just have to take it as it came.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 12

I stared at my phone. At the pathetic little text I'd managed to send. It said nothing. Gave nothing. It was just a passive, plain text. And Conner hadn't replied. Not even to something so innocuous.

What did that mean?

Did it mean he didn't believe me? Because what I texted was true. It just left out the part where I fucked Ash in our bed. And it left out the possibility that... maybe my husband had witnessed my infidelity.

Somehow I'd managed to get dressed. Cotton shorts and an old work out t-shirt. I'd showered three times. Scrubbing and scrubbing. I didn't want anything left of Ash on me or in me. Not that it would matter. I was tainted. Used. A chewed up piece of bubble gum that deserved to be discarded onto the sidewalk and trampled on.

Conner hadn't responded to my text. No call. Nothing. Not even to check on me. Maybe he thought I was lying. Or... or maybe he just didn't want to talk to his cheating wife.

I would have cried more had all my tears not been shed hours ago. I'd wailed and cried on the bed. In the shower. And now I was sitting at our dining table, holding a cold cup of coffee wondering if my husband was ever going to come home to me. Honestly, I wouldn't have blamed him if he didn't. I didn't deserve him. Conner deserved better. So much better.

I could make up all the excuses I wanted. Hypersexuality. Depression. Fear. But it really just came down to stupidity and selfishness. I wanted to have sex. And Ash was good at it. Conner was too. Even with the sheath, he was good. So good. But it wasn't the real thing. That wasn't his fault. I'd never ever blame him for that. But... somewhere deep down I was tired. Over a year of doctors and therapy. Therapists. Medicine. Day after day of new charts and graphs and thoughts and possibilities. I was worn down. Exhausted and just... done.

Not done with my marriage. Not done with Conner. Never that. I'd never leave him. But... if he wanted to leave me because of what I'd done... I wouldn't fight him.

What I was done with... well that was hard to pin down. I couldn't put it into words. It was just everything. The whole of what our lives had become. I wanted what we had been working on before the accident. But I knew we would never go back to that. Not even if Conner's penis suddenly, magically started getting erect again. Our lives were different. Changed. We were different people.

I guess I was done trying to figure out what that looked like. Done trying to run from it. We needed to do something. Something needed to change.

The sound of the front door opening made me freeze. My coffee was still in my hands, held up as if I were going to take a drink, but I hadn't in the last ten minutes since I'd picked it up. I felt my heart racing. My breath caught and I held it as if I were about to dive into deep freezing water.

Conner's footsteps were heavy as he came into the kitchen. I turned my head, still holding my coffee up as if it were frozen there. Our eyes met and I knew. I knew he knew. Oh god. It was over. Everything I loved was over. Gone. And for what? For some good sex? It wasn't worth it. I'd be celibate for the rest of my life if it meant I could keep my husband.

I wanted to cry but my eyes were dry. I wanted to confess everything to Conner. To tell it all to him and throw myself at his mercy. Instead I just sat there... frozen. A statue. Looking longingly at my husband and hoping by some miracle he wasn't about to scream and yell. That he wasn't going to call me all the names I knew I deserved to be called. What if he already had divorce papers? Could lawyers print them out on demand? Was that where he was for the last couple hours? Down at a lawyer's office getting things ready to divorce his cheating slut wife?

The smile he gave me was weak, nervous. Half hearted. But there was still love there. Deep and unrelenting. He made his way into the kitchen slowly. As if the floor were a mine field and each step might trigger an explosion. Approaching the coffee pot, it was still warm and he poured himself a cup, then came to the table and sat down next to me. I don't know how he knew, but he looked at my cup, stood back up and plucked it from my hands and refreshed it. Handing it back to me he sat down and for a few minutes we simply drank our coffee in peace.

I didn't know what to say. I knew that Conner knew about my affair. He'd seen my texts and no doubt the images and videos. God why had I let Ash do that? Filming my infidelity. What was I? Some sort of pathetic whore? Maybe I was trying to get caught. Was I somehow subconsciously trying to ruin my marriage?

Closing my eyes I mulled that over seriously. Just for a second. Was I so miserable that I just wanted out? That I wanted to burn everything down? Ruin it all? Ruin myself and let Conner go so that he could find someone who could help him better than me?

No.

The feeling was fierce and I gripped my mug so tightly I thought it might break.

I loved Conner. Outsiders might look at what I've done and think different, but I loved my husband and fuck the rest of them. I was human. I'd made mistakes. Those choices were on me. And I'd accept the consequences, even if that did mean the end of my marriage. But no one was going to tell me, not even my stupid subconscious, that I didn't love my husband. I didn't want to leave. I wanted to stay.

But it was clear that I was stuck wanting something that didn't exist anymore. Getting passed that was hard. Accepting our new reality... I just hadn't been able to do it. Not completely. I'd gone along with it but hadn't really accepted. And that's where my larger flaw lay.

Conner's hand touched my arm.

When I opened my eyes they were blurry. I was crying again. How did my body have enough water left for more tears?

The look on Conner's face... oh god how I loved this man. There was pain there. I saw it in his eyes. Deep and harsh. His face was a mask of care and consideration, covering the tragedy mask from a play. He took a deep breath, his thumb gently along my arms sending little chills through me as I held my coffee.

"I understand." He said.

My heart broke. It shattered.

How! How could he understand? How could he look at me like this, knowing how slutty and horrible I'd been, and say that he understood. I don't even understand damn it!

“Why...” My voice was choked, raw and strained as if it had been dragged through the flames of hell.

He smiled. It was sad, but there was a little hope. “Because I love you. And I know you love me.”

I put my coffee down, hands shaking. Sobbing, I reached for him and he pulled me close, holding me tightly. I clawed at him as I wept. I let it all out. Everything. But I didn’t have words. I just had wails and cries and whimpers.

For a while, I was just a mess of tears. Conner never loosened his grip on me. He held me tight and kept whispering, ‘I understand’, ‘I love you’, ‘better or worse, I love you’.

“Don’t leave... please... please god, Conner. Don’t leave me!” My voice was like gravel getting crushed.

“Never... Never. I’m not leaving.”

I grabbed hold of his hair, hard and painful and kissed him so hard I knew I would bruise his lips and mine. I tasted my tears.

“Love me.” I gasped. “Love me Conner.”

“Always!” He groaned and lifted me up, pushing our mugs off the table, shattering them on the floor and sending our now cold coffee all over the floor.

We were ripping off clothes, pulling them and tugging them until my pussy was exposed. His flaccid cock was in my hand and I was stroking it and Conner roughly thrust three fingers into my pussy.

I screamed in pain and arched up, letting go of his cock and gripping hold of the table as I fell back.

He started thrusting with no remorse. Pulling down my shorts and tossing them, exposing me. He pushed my legs open and started thrusting his fingers in and out faster. My pussy was slick and needy, just from his touch. *Squelch squelch squelch*. Grabbing me by the hair he pulled me forward, doubling me over so I was only a few inches away from staring at my own pussy and my husband's fingers ramming and stretching.

“Yes. Yes. Please... please honey fuck me... fucking love me please. Please stay!” My words were a jumble of please and longing and desperation.

“Look at that cunt! See it stretching for me. So fucking wet. Is this what you want Daisy? Huh?” His voice was gruff. It felt like he was searching for the right words too but couldn’t find the right ones so he was just throwing out whatever bubbled to the surface of his brain.

“God!” I screamed and cried. My tears were real. It hurt. It hurt so good. The pain was right. I was being punished for what I’d done. He was punishing my cunt with his fingers and his careless treatment. This wasn’t him trying to bring me to orgasm. He was forcing me to feel. To just rawly experience sensations that he was bringing me.

Pushing my legs up higher so that I was essentially putting my legs behind my neck, staring at him thrusting fingers into my ever moistening pussy, my tears dripped onto it. Onto my sex. My ass was winking, puckering as my whole body was screaming as it was stretched and pushed to new limits and sensations.

“Ahhhhhhh!” I screamed.

Conner slapped me. Slapped me again.

I was crying and begging. “Please! Oh god please!”

“Do you want me to stop?” The question was genuine but his voice was still gruff and angry and sad.

I met his eyes. Watery and red. “Conner...honey...oh god honey please... keep me... keep me...”

We kissed. Hard. Deep. His fingers plunged into me, curving and rubbing fiercely and fast and I couldn’t hold back. I squirted everywhere. All over him, the table, the floor.

“AAAHAAHAAHAAAA!” I cried out shaking and convulsing.

He pulled out his fingers and I sprayed more. I came undone, my limbs falling down and I was like someone possessed and being exorcised. My voice was raw and I quickly lost it. My body was tight and taught and I nearly fell off the table. Conner caught me.

It wasn’t fair. He was the one that was hurt. The one who was dealing with a broken body. But he was the one catching me, when I deserved to be dropped.

Sobbing in pain and pleasure, I pushed my face into his chest and lost all sense of time and space. When I finally opened my eyes we were in bed. I was curled up in a fetal position and he was laying next to me watching me and gently caressing my cheek.

“W...I...I’m...” I was trying to find words, but his finger pressed to my lips.

He had tears in his eyes. This wasn’t over. Not by a long shot. There was so much we needed to work on and discuss. But for now, he kept me silent.

“I understand.” That was his mantra. It infuriated me and soothed me and drove me crazy because I still didn’t understand anything myself. But my husband did. The man I loved understood things better and was trying to comfort me.

“I love you.” I rasped.

“I believe that.” He whispered back and kissed my forehead. “I love you too. That’s why I understand.”

I nodded. Because it was the only thing I could do. Maybe later tonight. Maybe tomorrow. We would have more demons to face. More things that needed to be said. But for now, we lay together and tried for just a minute to have some peace and understanding between the both of us.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 13

I pulled up a plain pair of white cotton panties, but even that rubbed against my bruised labia. I sucked in a breath and cringed.

“Honey?” Conner took a step towards me, a towel wrapped around his waist, hair and chest still damp from his shower.

I held up a hand and smiled at him. “I’m okay. You just...”

“I’m sorry.” My husband cut me off and the look on his face made my heart swell with love and guilt.

I stepped to him, my breasts free and soft as I pressed them against his chest and wrapped my arms around his waist. Looking up into his eyes I wanted nothing more than to assuage his guilt. If anyone was guilty of anything, it was clearly me.

“I will absolutely take a little bruising if it means I get all the pleasure I could ever want.” I went on my toes and kissed him gently.

Our foreheads touched and we stood, slowly swaying to nothing, just the rhythm of our hearts and breaths.

“What do we do now?” I finally asked, eyes closed, laying my head against his chest. It was slightly rough. Hairy. My fingers scratched at the coarseness, seeing a hint of gray starting to show prematurely.

“Would you hate me if I said I needed some time?” The sound of his voice reverberated in his chest, through my ears, into my bones.

The words made me want to cry. But I couldn’t begrudge him the request. “Do... do you want me to... or are you...” I held back my tears. I kept my breaths even, slow. We still hadn’t actually spoken the words. Made public my transgressions. So many things were being left unspoken, but maybe that was just our way. Probably not the best thing for a married couple. After all, communication was key to any good relationship and we were shit at it right now.

“No. I’m not going anywhere and I don’t want you to either. I... I’ll just sleep in the office for now.”

“Are... you going to... to leave?” I was trembling, afraid that this was just the beginning of the avalanche. My marriage was going to roll down the hill and be destroyed.

“Never.” His words were swift and firm. “I’m not going anywhere Daisy. Unless you want me to...” Conner swallowed hard and looked down at me, worry in his eyes. “Do... do you want me to?”

I shook my head, rubbing my hair against him and burying my face more firmly in his chest. “No. No no no. Stay. Never leave me. Please, Conner. I can’t... I know I’ve messed up. I know this whole thing... it’s all fucked up. But I don’t want you to go anywhere. You belong here. I belong with you. And as long as you want me, I’ll stay.”

“Then I guess that means neither of us are going anywhere.” Conner chuckled and pulled me closer.

I clung tighter.

“Is it wrong that I wish you would yell? Scream? Call me names?” I breathed against his chest, kissing it softly feeling the moisture on his skin.

“And what names would you want me to call you?” His hand tangled in my hair and his other gripped my ass making me giggle.

“Bad ones.” I muttered.

“Like... my Sweet Flower?”

I smacked his chest and smiled. “You’re too good, Conner. Too fucking good.” I kissed his chest again, my mouth moving to his nipple licking around it then lightly nipping.

Conner groaned softly. “Daisy...”

“Please... please can I just...” His hand squeezed my ass tighter.

“It hurts.” He muttered.

I moved away from his nipple. “Sorry. I won’t bite.” I giggled and kissed his chest, trying to move downward.

“No...not that... Daisy... wh...when I orgasm...it hurts.”

The strain in his voice made me look up sharply and confused. “What?”

He let out a long sigh. “I... when I cum. When I orgasm. It hurts. It feels like I’m being kicked in the balls or punched in the gut.” His shoulders slumped as if he were admitting defeat.

I took a small step back looking at him, eyes going over his body as if I were looking for some sort of wound. “What do you mean? Like... every time? Are you serious?” What he said just didn’t make sense to me. How could an orgasm hurt? I mean, in French it was called *la petite mort*. The little death. But that was more about the loss of thought and understanding in the midst of an orgasm.

Conner sat down on the bed and put his head in his hands. “Ever since we started... it just... I can cum but it hurts. It’s like getting gut punched.”

I knelt down in front of him, hands on his knees. “Why didn’t you tell me?” I whispered. How many blows were we going to have to take? When would life throw us a little something good? And when would we stop trying to hide things? Though Conner’s aversion to telling me his problems were far more understandable than the selfishness of my secrets.

“How could I? Would you really want to hear that being intimate with you was hurting me? That achieving orgasm was less pleasurable and more like I was in a brawl in a bar? I wanted to get back to loving my wife. To pleasuring each other. I thought maybe it would go away, like... maybe it was just because I was backed up. Blue balls and all that.”

Laying my head on his knee, the towel rubbing against my cheek I felt like crying all over again, this time for a whole other reason. Not only had I harmed my husband by being unfaithful. But even trying to be faithful had been hurting him too. How could the universe be so cruel?

Well... that was a stupid question. The universe was an unfeeling vacuum. All of this was a mess of our own making as well as the consequences of others' poor choices. “How can I help? Please. Tell me what to do Conner. Please.” I was holding back my sobs.

He tangled his fingers through my hair, gently scratching my scalp almost making me want to purr even as I wanted to cry.

“I’m looking into some ideas. Some options.” He muttered.

“Have you talked to the doctors? Maybe they know...”

He sighed. “I’ve discussed it with them. But they seem to think, unlike my ED, this is more a psychosomatic thing. Like... when I cum my brain is reliving the accident or something like that. Feeling the impact rather than the endorphins that should be making me feel good. My signals are all screwed up, just like my stupid spine.”

I leaned back and looked up into my husband’s eyes. There was so much pain and turmoil there. So much of it, caused by me. “Whatever it is you need. I’m in. Anything.”

The grin he gave me was so endearing and so... troubled.

For a while he was quiet and we just stayed there, sitting and kneeling. Nearly naked. His hand in my hair gently scratching and tangling and running through my locks like he used to do when we first started dating. Before we started having sex. It was in a way more intimate than love making.

“Anything?” He finally asked.

My cheeks flushed and I gave him a sly smile. “Anything.” I whispered back.

“What if my request... was a bit... odd?”

I raised an eyebrow. “Are you suddenly getting kinky?” My smile was wide, but also a little nervous.

“Maybe a little. But...” He sucked in a slow breath. “Let’s save this discussion for the morning. When we’ve had some time to rest and think.”

I nodded. That was probably for the best. We were so strung out. Our emotions boiling over and pulled tight. We needed to regroup. I stood up, intending to help Conner up and then get to bed, but my husband had other ideas.

Conner’s hand caught my hips and held them tight and the look in his eye made me weak in the knees. But I was his, and if he wanted me, I would never tell him no. I owed him that much.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 14

Conner kissed my stomach, slowly and softly letting his lips glide along my skin making me shiver. There was a heat to him, his breath and the flick of his tongue in my bellybutton. I let out a groan and ran my fingers through his hair. His teeth nipped and I felt a small spike of pain. Pain that I deserved and surprisingly found I wanted.

It wasn't that I wanted Conner to be furious with me. But culture had taught me that when a man caught his spouse cheating, he became irrational, reverting to a caveman. I was supposed to be a slut and a whore. He was supposed to scream and demean and rage. But Conner was... calm. Oh, I could tell he was in pain. He'd been in pain since the accident. A complex maze of emotions and circumstances. Physical and mental. My poor husband had been put through a grinder and somehow he'd come out on the other side solid and standing instead of being ground chuck.

His hands gripped my hips tight. Nails digging into my flesh making me whimper. Any harder and I might have bruises. I could feel the tension in his muscles and his touch. It was possessive. He moved lower to the hem of my panties.

"Are you mine?"

I heard the words, but almost missed them. They were a whisper. A prayer.

Looking down at him, eyes lidded and feeling arousal beginning to take hold and laced my fingers in my husband's hair. "Body and soul. I swear. I promise."

He pulled at my panties from the back, making them wedge tighter between my ass cheeks and tightening them in the front making my cameltoe more prominent. "Say it Daisy. Say you're mine."

I was breathing heavier. Something was happening. My brain said Conner was trying to reassure himself. But my body, my sexual primal brain knew it was deeper. Conner was trying to claim me. To take me back. To make me his.

And I was going to let him. I'd let him do anything. Whatever he needed to get us reconnected. Our rhythm was off. Communication was broken. We needed to get back on the same page and I was ready to let him lead.

"I'm yours, Conner. I'm yours." I said it meekly, in full submission.

Conner grabbed me and suddenly I was sprawled across his lap, my ass up in the air. His hand came down hard and sharp, a loud crack echoing in the room as he began to spank me! Dear lord Conner was spanking me! He'd never...

"Oh! OH! CONNER! OW!" I gasped with each hard slap on each cheek. Hard enough to sting and send waves of pleasure and pain all through my body. I could feel the heat on my skin, feel the redness that was no doubt going to make my ass as red as a baboon.

"Hold your tongue Daisy. Let me... let me punish you. You know you deserve this." His voice was strained and honestly it sounded... unsure. Clearly this wasn't planned. Maybe Conner was going on instinct. Or it was all on impulse. Just trying to figure out something to do, physically, so that he could relieve his anger and frustration and disappointment.

I bit my lip, closed my eyes and nodded. If this was what he needed I'd give it to him. A spanking was the least that I deserved and the very least he could do to me. I'd take red and sore cheeks over divorce papers any day.

Crack! Crack!

He spanked my ass over and over and over. I lost count. It hurt. My ass was so painfully sore and red that when I glanced back I saw my ass swelling with red hand marks. I was crying. But I held my protests and yelps of pain. Conner had tears on his cheeks as he spanked. This was painful for him too. Mine was physical. His was emotional.

Finally, trembling and feeling like my ass was burning, Conner stopped and helped me to sit up. My ass was inflamed. Red. And no doubt I would have bruises. He held me tight, my bottom hanging off of his lap. My head rested against his chest as I whimpered and shook in pain.

"I'm sorry." I whined. I was like a child being held by their parent after getting caught having broken something valuable. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." It was a whine, a whimper, a beseeching whisper as I silently sobbed from the pain and the guilt of what I'd done.

He was gentle with his touches. Hand rubbing my back and legs. Soft kisses on my temples. Then my lips. We kissed slow and deep. As gently as he could, he moved me and laid me down on the bed. Even the softness of the mattress and sheets hurt on my ass but I held the pain, I meditated on it. It was a physical manifestation of the pain I'd caused my husband. It was a small little dose of something I deserved.

Opening my legs and pushing them up over his shoulders, Conner moved in and kissed my panties. They were tight over my sex and damp. As painful as the spanking was, it had also been arousing in many ways. I was dripping. My panties soaked and pressed against me and tight. Conner's lips pressed against the thin material and my cunt and I moaned. He pushed my legs a bit higher and moved lower, tongue probing against the bunched panties pressed against my asshole. Slowly, he began to worship me. My femininity. Licking and kissing over my underwear, making me soak them even more. I was dripping and it was starting to leak down along my ass and between my cheeks as I whimpered, feeling the aching radiating pain from my ass and the pleasure emanating from my center.

"Conner...honey...oh god it feels good." He pressed his tongue hard, pushing my panties between my lips.

"You're mine." He muttered into my folds.

"Yours. Yours Conner."

I was shaking with the pleasure of my husband's mouth and then suddenly... pain. He moved back and slapped my pussy with the flat of his hand.

I cried out, my orgasm suddenly pulled out of me at the sudden painful, pleasurable, striking sensation against my clit and lip. "Oh! OH FUCK!" And I began to squirt. I flooded my panties making them completely sheer. Juices dripped and squelched, sliding down between my cheeks and along my back.

As I started to buck, Conner rammed his fingers into my convulsing tunnel, pressing my panties into my vagina. He began sucking my clit through the wet underwear, making my pleasure

continue even as I wanted to calm down. He was overstimulating me. Making it wash through me over and over and not letting me rest.

I bucked my hips. Bouncing my sore ass on the bed and whimpering, shaking, gripping the sheets.

“Yes! OHHHH OHHHHGAWD MMMMM FU....FUUUUUUU!” I began to mutter and moan incoherently as he pushed my body to its limits.

I was screaming, raking my throat raw with my cries. And he never stopped. “Mine.” he growled. “Say it Daisy! Say it!”

“YOURS!” I screamed and looked down at him with pain. With pleasure. With desire and submission and regret and a desire to make things right.

“Is this cunt mine?” He looked at me and his eyes were sharp enough to cut.

“Yes! YES! YOUR CUNT! YOUR ASSHOLE. MOUTH. TITS. My whole fucking body is yours and only yours!” I was bucking and shaking as another wave of orgasms crashed into me.

Conner ripped my panties off. Literally ripped them. It was painful. Feeling the material stretch and then shred and rub against my skin before they finally snapped. Exposed he slapped my clit again and I screamed arched and....

...

I sat down next to Daisy as she lay passed out. Her breathing was deep and rhythmic. She was soaked in sweat and juices. Hair a mess, tangled and matted. Face glowing with echoing pain and pleasure, mouth slightly open and lips glistening.

She was beautiful. Raw. Used. It made my blood stir and gather between my legs. My penis didn't move but the arousal in my balls was intense. Painful. The urge to tug and get a release was powerful but I remembered what Ella had said.

As best you can, try not to masturbate. We will talk more about it when we meet but... it's important.

It felt like some sort of cuckolding restraint. Or kinky play. But the way Ella talked it was clinical and plain. I didn't understand it but I was willing to try anything. I wanted to fix things. To fix myself.

If what was happening to me when I orgasmed was more in my head than actually a physical thing, then I'd gladly try whatever I could. I knew Ella wasn't going to magically cure my ED. But maybe this could be a sort of therapy that would help me, and her. This wasn't just about me. Ella needed help too.

Daisy's breathing began to even out and slow. She'd passed out from her orgasm. Or orgasms to be more accurate.

I wasn't sure what came over me but whatever it was... it helped. Punishing Daisy felt right. The idea of screaming and calling her names made me feel sick. And I'd never raise a hand to actually hurt her. Running away from home wasn't an option either. I wanted Daisy. She was mine. My wife. The woman I wanted and was going to spend my life with. I vowed for better or

worse and right now... right now we were in the worst. Deep down in a pit of shit but I wasn't going to just wallow in it. We were going to dig our way out.

Laying down, I cuddled up to Daisy. Her ass pushed against me. I wrapped my arm around her and kissed the back of her neck. She let out a soft, pleased sigh.

"Mine." I whispered and a shiver ran through her, her thighs rubbing together in her sleep.

Tomorrow we will have to face a new day. Dark and painful and unsure. Tonight we would just sleep. Rest. Try to let ourselves reset. Things were going to change. Maybe they would get better or maybe someone was going to take a massive dump into the shithole we were in and make things even harder.

But we were going to face it together. I wasn't going to leave. Not unless she told me to go.

Daisy was mine. I was hers. And we were going to figure this out as a married couple. Just like we'd vowed to do.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 15

I felt sick. No... not just felt...

I pushed back from the kitchen table and rushed to the sink, suddenly emptying my stomach of whatever little there was. It shouldn't have hit me like this. I'd been all but positive that Conner had seen the videos. The pictures. But to hear him say it out loud... oh god i was gonna vomit again!

The feeling of Conner's hand on my back, slowly rubbing over the soft robe I was wearing, hanging open now thanks to my rush to the sink, was small comfort. But I would take anything I could get at this point. Not that I deserved it.

"You..." I was panting, gasping and feeling my stomach clench and throat constrict and... convulse. "You saw... you... you watched..." I was about to sob as well as gag.

"Shhhh." He rubbed at my back as he turned on the sink, washing away my mess and soaking a wash cloth, putting it on the back of my neck. The coolness helped calm my roiling gut. "It's okay, Daisy. It's okay."

I shook my head and almost fell over, gripping the counter tightly to stay up. "But it's not okay Conner. It's not!" My chest constricted, like I had a two ton weight on me, trying to crush me. "I... I cheated... fuck... I more than cheated... I was a whore." There was no stopping my sobs.

He gathered me into his arms and pulled me tight. This wasn't how I pictured the morning going, though honestly it was better than my horrifying nightmares. We'd been so quiet when we woke up and came down to the kitchen. Conner mechanically made coffee as I sat down dressed only in my robe, watching him and waiting. When he finally spoke, that's what had triggered my sudden stomach escapades. Just those simple words "I've seen the videos of you and Ash." had sent me down the rabbit hole into a nightmare I just didn't want to face.

But I had to. We had to.

Too long we'd been dancing around it. One minute was too long. But there'd been this unspoken terror, a monster hiding and peeking out from behind each of us. Over our shoulders. Teasing us with its sin.

Now it was out in the open. Or at least we'd grabbed it by the horns and were dragging it out. There was still so much to talk about.

"You're not a whore." He whispered into my hair.

God I didn't deserve this man. I deserved wrath. Screams and shouts and names. But he was holding me and kissing me and taking care of me despite I'd let another man, and a woman, use me and touch me in ways that only he was supposed to have permission for.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." I muttered into his bare chest.

"It's okay."

I pounded my fist against his chest, making him grunt. "Stop it! Stop saying it's okay because it's not! I fucked someone else. And not just once! Over a dozen times..."

"I wasn't really counting..." Conner attempted levity.

“Shut the fuck up!” I nearly screamed, but kept my head buried in his chest. “I fucked up! I spread my legs because I just couldn’t... I needed... You... Fuck Conner anything I saw will hurt you! I just chose myself. I pushed you aside...”

He pushed me away from his chest, hands on my cheeks glaring down into my eyes. “No. Stop. You never pushed me aside. You’ve been trying every time. Even when I just felt like giving up. You tried. You’ve been willing to experiment. Going to therapy with me. Never judging. But Daisy, I can’t blame you for growing tired. Like me. It’s been a year. A fucking horrible year. We can be grateful for the things that we have but also be upset and exhausted about the problems we still have.”

His thumbs brushed away my lingering tears. “I understand. I really do. You’ve been strong. You’ve been with me this whole time. Through it all. Never once did your love waver. It doesn’t matter how many men you might have invited to ravish you. Or... ahem... women. Your love for me has always been clear. You’ve made mistakes. We both have. So let’s face them. Let’s confront them and fix them. Let’s find a new path.”

I clutched at his arms. “Conner. You didn’t deserve this. My... my infidelity. You deserved my loyalty.”

“And for nearly this entire year, you’ve given it. Can I fault you a slip when you’ve been carrying everything for so long? And it’s not even your burden to bear. It’s my body. My issues.”

I shook my head. “No. One flesh Conner. Remember all those premarital classes we went to. We become one flesh. One. Your body is mine and mine is yours. We are in this together. And I...”

“We. We stopped working together like we should.” Conner nodded and gave a sad smile. “You’re right. It’s us. Not I.”

I got onto my toes and kissed him and then pulled back and covered my mouth. “Oh fuck! I’m sorry. That must be gross.”

Conner laughed and wiped his lips. “It’s...it’s okay. But just so you know, I’m not into vomit play or anything like that.”

My stomach flipped and I cringed. “Oh god, Conner. Please don’t even joke. I don’t think I can even take thinking about... that.”

He was chuckling and rubbing my back again. “Okay. Sorry. Do you need a Tums or something? Or some water?”

I sighed. “I’m a big girl, Conner. I can get those things myself.” I turned from him and went to the cabinet, grabbing a glass and going back to fill it from the refrigerator drink dispenser. “So...” I took a slow breath. “What do we do now?”

Conner was rinsing the sink out, pouring in some soap and scrubbing away my sick. “Well... that’s what I was wanting to talk to you about. My... odd request.”

I turned back to him, slowly sipping my water and suddenly feeling strangely exposed as my robe fluttered open showing my nudity. Obviously I didn’t feel shy around Conner. Those days were long gone. But the way he turned and looked at me. His eyes trailing along my legs and over my pussy and stomach and breasts, it felt like his nails were sensually scraping along my skin making me shiver.

“I... think you should keep seeing Ash.”

I dropped my glass.

...

Daisy was standing like a statue staring down at me as I carefully picked up the shards of glass from the floor, also wiping up the spilled water. “I mean... it doesn’t have to be Ash. It... it can be whomever you want...”

My wife looked like a shocked fish. “Conner... you... you want me to... to what? To keep having an affair?”

I sighed. This wasn’t coming out right. Hell, I wasn’t even sure this was what I wanted. What I did know was that in all the videos and all the photos and even when I caught that one short peek of her and Ash, she felt good. She was conflicted over her love for me and her bodily needs and wants. But she felt good. She enjoyed the sex.

Who was I to deprive her of that?

Daisy sank to her knees once the glass was cleared and pulled her robe around her. “Conner. I... I don’t understand.”

I tossed the glass into the garbage and sat down, leaning against the cabinets. “I don’t either.” It was hard not to chuckle at the absurdity of it all. This whole mess that my life and my marriage had become.

“I love you. I... you know it wasn’t because... because...”

“I’m impotent?”

Daisy sighed and let herself fall back against the fridge. “Conner...”

“It’s true. We just need to accept it. Maybe we can fix it somehow with... pumps or whatever, but it just doesn’t work anymore. The sheath works. We can have fun in all sorts of ways. But I know what you want...”

She pulled her knees up, resting her chin on them and watched me with a watery gaze.

“You want something real. Something uncomplicated. And I just can’t give that to you right now. That’s why you went to Ash.”

Her gaze left mine, looking away guilty and shamed.

“I forgive you Daisy. I do. I... it’s still sore. And I’m gonna need some time to... come to terms...”

“He’s not better than you!” She blurted and looked back, her gaze fierce.

I scooted over, settling down next to her and wrapped my arm around her shoulders. “I know. I know that isn’t the reason. And we can sit and discuss all of it. Find a therapist. Or just... sit and get drunk and yell it all out.”

Daisy snorted and leaned into me. “That doesn’t sound too terrible.”

“But for now... for now... before we do that, I...” My sigh was heavy. “I need some time Daisy.”

She pressed hard against me. “Don’t leave.” She whispered and the desperation in those two words was worse than any of the betrayal I’d suffered.

“I’m not leaving. But... I think we need to... I just...” Why was this so hard to get out? “For now I think we should stop having sex. I... it’s just... seeing all of that with Ash... it’s not that I don’t want to be with you. In fact... the opposite. But, things are so fucked up.” I scrubbed my hand through my hair, pulling at it. “I’m confused. Confused about what I saw. And how I felt. Add on top how I don’t work the same and how it hurts when I cum... it’s, it’s a fucking ball of tangled string and I don’t know how to untangle it.”

Daisy nestled into me, snuggling close. “I wanted it to be you.”

I kissed the top of her head. “I know. Me too. But... for now... if you want, I’ll... I guess, look the other way. Just don’t lie. Be honest. But... I guess... don’t rub my face in it.”

She was shaking her head. “No. No never. Never honey. If... and that’s a big if, I do anything. I would never hold it over you or anything. It would... it would just be sex. Nothing more. Though considering how I left things with Ash... um... he might not want to see me anymore.”

I watched her as she held close to me, her mind clearly turning and working. Was she considering calling Ash? Trying to fix things with him? Last I’d seen they were pretty intimate in their little tryst. What had happened after I left?

Daisy put her face in her hands growling with frustration. “Fuck. Are we seriously considering this? Conner... do you really want me out giving up my goodies to others? Honestly all I want is your hands all up in my cookie jar.”

I burst out laughing and literally fell over on my side, arms around my stomach it hurt so much as I howled. Daisy slapped my shoulder. “Shut up! It’s true. You’re the one I want! Ash was... basically a living dildo.”

“And Carmen?” I somehow managed to squeak out between heaving breaths of laughter.

She rolled her eyes and shrugged. “Fleshlight I guess.”

“You have a cock you’ve been hiding?” I slowly sat up and she pushed me back over.

“Fucking pervert. Oh and don’t think I haven’t seen some of the things you’ve looked at in the past. Shemale stuff was at least ten percent.”

It was true enough. Not that I was really into that stuff, but sometimes erotic is erotic. Sexy is sexy. And things arouse you that you never expected. Just because I watched something and got off to it didn’t mean I wanted to indulge in it.

“Fine. Fine. I get it. I know your... ahem... your thing with Ash didn’t really mean anything. Besides the pleasure I saw on your face, your disdain and dismissal of any sort of feelings was pretty plain.”

She blushed and looked away again, embarrassed and guilty.

“But... I think I’m serious. Or... at least as honest as I can be right now. We’ve got some things to figure out. And... and if I’m telling the brutal truth, this body I have now... it’s different. I haven’t figured it out yet. We’ve been moving so fast. Trying to fix things. Slapping patches onto a glass tank that’s splintering faster than we can. I need to figure out my body. What I want. What I like.

How I want things to work, at least for me. And then... then we need to sit together and actually work this out. How we can come back together and really... connect.”

Daisy sighed. “I honestly don’t get it, Conner. But... I owe you whatever you need. That’s the least I can give. And if... if you want me to... I might... try. I guess.”

“You can’t tell me you haven’t been feeling pent up Daisy. Even all you’ve been doing with Ash, it’s been because you were so sexually and emotionally frustrated. And I know he gave you release but you were still wound up. Worried about me. Our marriage. But I’m removing that. Don’t worry.” I put my hand on her shoulder, moving the robe and kissing her skin gently making her sigh. “I love you. I’m not going anywhere. I want to make this work. With you. Us. And... I guess sometimes you’ve gotta take a wild detour.”

She rested her head against me. “I love you.”

I kissed her hair. “I love you too. No question. Just, consider this a free pass. Hall pass. Whatever you wanna call it.”

She was nodding but I could still feel the tension in her. We still had a lot to figure out. And maybe what I was proposing was complicating things more. Honestly, what husband just gave his wife an open pass to fuck while he went on some sort of journey to discover himself, like he was young again and discovering his body. It felt like he was back at square one in a way, and Daisy was the more mature experienced woman who had needs that I just wasn’t up to satisfying. At least not yet.

For a while we just sat, holding each other in the quiet, letting everything settle as we contemplated what sort of future we were going to have and how messy things were going to get before we had our nice, ordered lives back.

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 16

Things were tense. Tense at home. Tense at work. Hell I felt tension in every single part of my body except the sort of tension I wanted. My penis. I wanted it to be as tense and solid as a fucking steel beam but no... I was like a limp hose.

I couldn't shake all the horrible twisted feelings that were swirling around in my brain. It was making it nearly impossible to work. I'd spent most of the day just sitting behind my desk fiddling with a pen and staring at my computer screen. Thankfully there wasn't anything important going on. Mondays could often be like that. Maybe God was looking out for me, giving me a day of quiet and peace after what I'd just gone through with my wife.

Daisy had been texting nearly every hour on the hour throughout the day, from the moment I'd left for work. She'd made breakfast, served me coffee, been the model 1950's sort of wife. She'd been dressed for work in her tights and gym t-shirt, hair pulled back in a ponytail. But she still pulled off the beautiful and sweet domestic partner vision. Her hand had been tightly in mine the whole time we ate and drank. And then when I left, she gave me a heated but soft kiss promising me all sorts of things that made my blood hot.

We hadn't talked about what she might do in regards to Ash. After our confessions and discussion about possibly letting Daisy continue with her affair, we'd mostly kept quiet about it. I slept on the couch, though Daisy still protested the idea. But I needed space and she was doing her best to respect it.

Things were complicated to say the least. And I was about to make them even more so.

A soft knock made me jolt from my thoughts and look up as the door to my office opened slowly. Ella peeked in, her eyes bright with curiosity. "Conner? Is it alright if I come in?"

"Oh, hey Ella, yes. Of course. Come on in. Sorry I was just... I've got a lot on my mind." I pushed away from my desk, standing up for the first time in I wasn't sure how long.

Ella slipped inside and closed the door behind her. She was dressed in crisp fitting beige slacks and a lovely yellow blouse that was tucked in. Her platinum hair was woven into a tight braid that hung over one shoulder. "Is everything okay at home?" She asked, taking a step further into my office but still seeming a bit timid.

"That's... complicated." I sighed and leaned against my desk, looking out my window. The sky was getting dark. I hadn't realized how late it was. The office was probably all but empty by now.

Ella nodded. "I'm sorry. I know from what you've told me things are rough. And... you said last night in your text that you're letting Daisy continue with her affair? Are you really sure that's what you want?"

I let out a soft chuckle that had absolutely no mirth in it. "No. I don't. I don't like that she has to get pleasure from someone else. That I'm failing so miserably."

"Don't say that Conner. What you're going through is perfectly normal. It happens more often than you'd think and there's lots of options to explore."

"I know. The pump. Pills. Surgeries. I know. And... maybe we can try those once my doctors stop thinking my spine is going to snap if they so much as give me too much ibuprofen. But right now... right now all I can do is use toys on her. And that's just not enough. And maybe, maybe if it was which... I don't know, fuck..." I walked over and slumped down on my couch.

“Ella... I’m saying this in confidence. Obviously.”

Ella nodded, her expression serious.

“I... got turned on seeing the videos. The pictures. Hell reading some of those texts. And when I saw them... fuck it was erotic. It broke my heart. I wanted to puke. But I also wished I could have run to the bathroom, grabbed a dirty pair of her panties and jerked into it like I used to when I was just learning about masturbating. I mean I wanted to beat it so badly and so fast I’d probably have given myself road rash.”

Ella let out a snorting laugh. “Sorry. Sorry.” She muttered covering her mouth.

I smiled. “It’s okay. It’s... kinda funny in a dark way I guess. Wanting to beat the meat thinking about my wife getting fucked.”

“It’s a pretty common kink, you know.” Ella came over and sat next to me, hands on her knees watching me.

“I know. Cuckolding. Hotwife. Stag and Vixen. Swinging. All those different variations. I just... never saw myself like that before ya know? But... I guess things change.”

“They do. And there’s no shame in trying to figure out what you like. What you don’t. But you have to do it open and honestly. You have to be willing to work through the bumps. And you have to be willing to stop at the drop of a hat, if that’s what someone wants.” Ella spoke confidently. I wondered if she had experience with this. From what we’d discussed, she hadn’t dated much or been in too many relationships, and she was very standoffish towards men because of how she’d been treated in the work field as well as just in general.

She’d enlightened me through our texts and emails and brief in person conversations that women had it pretty hard sometimes. Men constantly objectifying and underestimating them. Even when they proved themselves, they would still get dismissed. And that was in the fields that many people saw as “women’s” work. Put a woman into a mostly male dominated work force and it became twice as bad.

Ella had her own demons she was dealing with and had graciously offered to help me with mine. I didn’t want to be one of those men that underestimated her. Her input, her wisdom, whether it came from direct experience or not, was something I wanted to take seriously.

I sat forward, elbows on my knees and hands clasped. “I know. And, we are working on it. Probably not the best way. We’re kinda just stumbling our way through this.”

“But you’re trying.” She smiled and put a hand on my arm. “That’s what’s important.”

I nodded and sighed. “So... I take it you’re here to... what, give me counseling? Should I lay down on the couch and confess my sins?”

Ella giggled. “You’re conflating confessional and therapy. No need to confess any sins. But, what I’m proposing is going to need complete and unfiltered honesty.” She licked her lips, bit down thoughtfully and looked away, her cheeks tinting pink. “So... my mom... she has had a unique sort of job for the past several years. She actually was a therapist for a long time. And she mostly worked in the field of sexual wellness. Helping those with trauma. Abuse. Domestic and sexual violence and things of that nature. So, sex talk in my house was pretty open. I’ve talked to my mother about some of my issues and it’s helped but even she talked about me needing more.”

Her pause filled the office as she kept her hand on my arm and eyes looking far off.

“Several years back she moved into the field of sexual surrogacy. Where a group helps someone with sexual issues by working through the problems in a physical way as well as emotional and mental.”

My eyes widened. “Your... your mom has... does she...”

Ella turned to face me. “Yes. Sometimes. But please don’t think of it as... well what most people do. It’s therapy. Hands on. Like facing your fears in some ways. Though that’s really reducing it to like... bare bones sort of stuff. But yes. My mother has had sex with others in order to help them with their sexual dysfunction or trauma. It’s always in a safe and controlled environment with very strict boundaries and rules.”

I nodded, trying to wrap my head around it.

“So... what I’m proposing is... sex therapy light.”

“Light?” I asked, unable to stop a smirk.

“I can’t help you with the physical part of your dysfunction. That’s for a medical doctor. But... what you told me about when you ejaculate and how it hurts. I think that is far more psychosomatic than actual physical pain.” She shifted in her seat to face me more clearly and took my hands in hers. “You mentioned... when you saw Daisy with Ash... that you ejaculated and it didn’t hurt. Why do you think that is?”

I flushed and looked away, feeling ashamed. I’d tried to rationalize what I’d seen. How I’d felt. That maybe it had just been built up and a sudden stimulated release. Like a night emission. A wet dream. But that was way too simplistic. I’d witnessed my wife impaling herself on a cock, her lips spread open wide and creamy and making Ash’s member glisten. She’d been moaning, crying out. In ecstasy. And as much as it hurt me. The betrayal. It had also been beautiful.

There was no denying the beauty of a woman’s body. At least in my view. And to see a woman’s body being sexually satisfied... that was even more beautiful. Hell, the idea that she was fulfilling the primal role of mating, of taking a man’s seed inside her. The fact that that seed could then take root and grow and her belly would swell...

I swallowed back a sudden feeling of arousal. I was not imagining Daisy getting pregnant by someone else. I wasn’t. But... just the image. The idea. It was arousing. The view of her pussy stretching. It had been art.

I attempted to explain this to Ella, but honestly I’m just a tech nerd. I’m not a poet or a writer. How do you explain sexual beauty? The appreciation of it. How it could turn you on even as it ripped you apart.

Ella simply nodded at my lame explanation and smiled, patting my hands. “I thought so. So... what I’m proposing is that we work through your block, your trauma, with a little sexual surrogacy.”

My cheeks turned red. “E...Ella I... I mean you’re beautiful and wonderful and... I mean, I know this whole thing with Daisy is... I just... I’m not sure.”

Ella chuckled. “Oh you’re a sweet man, you know that?” She squeezed my hands. “I’m not going to have sex with you Conner. I... well that would be unethical in so many ways. And to really do

full sexual surrogacy would require trained professionals. It's a group thing too. Checks and balances. What I'm suggesting is less hands on and more visual."

Standing up, Ella let my hands go gently and stood in front of me. Her hands shook for a moment, but then went to the button on her slacks. "I'm suggesting, Conner, that we expose ourselves to each other. That we explore visual stimulation. And this wouldn't just be helping you, it would be helping me too." Her cheeks flushed as she unbuttoned and then began to unzip, showing a brief glimpse of sunshine yellow.

The woman paused, hands still on her fly and looked at me with a pure sort of vulnerability that made my heart ache. "The looks men give me... it doesn't make me feel good. And I don't mean it makes me feel bad, it makes me feel numb. All they see is a body. And all these years I've grown numb to it. I know I'm smart. Capable. But... I don't feel like a woman much these days. I'm numb. Numb to sex. Sexual attraction. But... I'm also intimidated. Men always objectify me. And I can see the evidence of their objectification. Their erections. And it scares me. I know this is confusing. I'm still trying to figure it out myself. But I've never really been aroused by a man's erection. It's... threatening. Like a spear. The fact that their... their erection wants to penetrate, to push in, to invade, has always made me feel uncomfortable. And before you ask, no, I'm not a lesbian. Funny enough, I like men. At least on a fundamental level. And though I've never had sex, it intrigued me. I'd like to do it some day, but with the right sort of person."

She shivered and bit her lip. "But I don't want to face that person and be afraid. And I don't want to be around men all the time, noticing their erections and feeling like it's a threat. And it's not as if the guys around here are aggressive. They are actually fairly sweet. But... a physical reaction is a physical reaction and often can't be helped. So, I'm scared. I'm nervous. And it's been holding me back." A fierce sort of determination entered her voice.

"I trust you Conner. You've been a really good boss and lately a good friend. And... Considering your situation, it seems like we can help each other. We can visually stimulate each other without the fear of anything happening. Without fear at all. No judgement. Just patience and understanding. Calm. You can look all you want and in any way you want. As long as I can do the same. And... as we get comfortable, we can progress to helping you with your ejaculation. Finding the right ways to stimulate your brain so that when your body responds, it doesn't hurt. No more phantom trauma trying to ruin what should be pleasure."

I stared at Ella. Trying to process what she was saying. What she was proposing. When we first talked, it had been vague at best. The idea that we could help each other with our sexual problems. I'd figured maybe it would just be some sexting. Maybe... Well, honestly I'm not sure what I thought. I haven't had my mind straight in a long time.

What Ella was suggesting... made sense. I'll be it in a very non-traditional way. Not something mainstream. But not unethical either. We were both adults. We understood what was at stake and what we were trying to accomplish. As beautiful as I thought Ella was, and sure if I'd been more physically able and mentally prepared and open, having sex with her would probably have been amazing. But I wanted Daisy. And Ella didn't want me at all, but she felt safe. And so asking this of me was clearly hard, but showing how much she trusted me as a friend.

I glanced back at her open pants, the soft shine of yellow that was peeking out. I'd always liked lingerie. Panties. Bras. Garterbelts. Stockings. The whole kit and kaboodle. There was a time with Daisy that just seeing her in plain old granny panties that covered her entire behind turned me on.

I missed that feeling.

Since the accident I'd been so fucked up in so many ways. I wanted stability again. Reliability. I wanted my head back on straight.

Ella waited patiently and quietly, watching me with sincerity.

"So... how... exactly would this work?" I asked slowly.

She smiled nervously. "Well... I think the first thing we do is we get undressed."

What's Left Unsaid - Chapter 17

[Author's Note: This is a short little chapter, but important to the characters and the advancement of their journey. Sorry for the long wait. There will be much more to come soon.]

Chapter 17

How was it that after having had sex so many times with a person—having bared yourself so completely, letting them spit on you, fuck you, ram their cock into your ass—it would be utterly terrifying to approach them and ask them to enter into a sort of hotwife situation.

Ash was organizing the gear behind the front desk, his shirt soaked in sweat. It gave me a decent view of the muscles in his back and when he turned his abs. I was very familiar with his body. It'd been on top of me and inside me plenty of times over the past months. It was a fact that made me both sick and aroused all at the same time. It was a toxic cocktail. Addictive but deadly.

So far we'd been avoiding each other all day. And I couldn't blame him. I'd fucked his brains out. Scolded him. Kicked him out. I must have seemed like some schizophrenic bitch. He'd be crazy to shrug behavior like that off.

At the very least, I know I needed to apologize. I'd been pretty rude to him and though he was also a guilty party—fucking a married woman—he wasn't the one committing adultery. I was the willing and wanting party. Ash was just a healthy young man accepting the offer of pussy. Couldn't blame him there.

Taking a deep breath and pulling at my sweaty shirt, I walked around the counter and approached Ash like one might approach a skittish bear. "Uh... hey Ash." Ugh, why did I feel like some idiotic school girl.

Ash stiffened for a second and turned, a nervous grin on his face. "Hey, D." Simple. Calm. No hint that they'd been fuck buddies and she'd become a physcho witch.

No time like the present. I had to get this out. Get it out now and fast before I could think too much and before Ash could slip away. "Listen. I... I'm sorry. About how I treated you. I..."

Ash sighed and scratched at his head, a little sprinkle of sweat falling from his dirty blond locks. "Daisy... it's okay."

Some customers came up to the counter, Carmen quickly greeting them and helping them with their reservations.

"Here... let's go somewhere more private." Ash motioned for me to follow and we ducked into the breakroom and closed the door for a little privacy.

Ash sat in one of the old metal folding chairs, leaning back and pinching the bridge of his nose. I sat across from him, leaning forward and folding my arms on the table, watching him and waiting. It was clear he had something to say, I owed it to him to listen. I'd dragged him into this whole mess. I doubt he signed up for marital drama when he got offered to rail me.

"Daisy... are you okay?"

The question surprised me.

"I... um... what?"

Ash looked at me with genuine concern. “I know I’m mostly a macho meat head. A walking dick with nice hair and some muscles. But I also have a brain and some understanding of emotions and empathy and all that. Is it really a surprise that I’d be worried about you beyond your availability for sex?”

My cheeks flushed. “I... sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. Uh... I’m...” How was I? Honestly. My husband knew about my adultery and had ostensibly forgiven me. And, on top of that, extended a hall pass. Go ahead and fuck Ash. Other men. He wouldn’t love me any less. Oh sure it would humiliate and kill him, but I deserved pleasure and he didn’t want to deprive me.

The feeling of Ash’s arms around my shoulder made me realize I was sitting there crying. Big blubbering tears down my cheeks. Snot dripping from my nose. Saliva overflowing and dripping down my lips. “I’m a fuck up.” I gasped, starting to hiccup.

Ash hugged me tighter. Hand gently petting my hair and whispering little things in an attempt to help calm me down. I realized I was clinging to him. Holding onto his arm like I was drowning.

“I’m such a fuck up! I’m such a whore!” I gasped, unable to catch my breath.

“Hey. Hey. No. No you’re not. Stop. Daisy. D. It’s okay. Shhhh.” Ash kept me close, rocking me.

“But...bu...*hiccup*...I... I cheated. I... fucked around on him. When he needed me most I ran away... fucked the first guy I could... I dragged you into it, used you, ignored him. I cuckolded him! Oh fuck I’m such a worthless slut!”

Ash took me by the shoulders and pushed me away so he could look directly into my eyes. “Daisy Carpenter, you are far from worthless and... though I can’t exactly say what you did... what WE did, wasn’t slutty, you’re not a bad person. You didn’t abandon Conner. You fucked up. Yes. We made a mistake. And I say we because... well, I guess I kinda took advantage of a bad situation just to get my dick wet. And that’s pretty grade A asshole material. So I’ve gotta give myself a talking to as well, but that’s not important right now.”

Crouching down in front of me, Ash took my hands gently. “D, I don’t know everything that’s going on. But clearly there is some serious shit going on with you and Conner. And I’m not a part of your marriage. Doesn’t matter that we’ve fucked plenty. That’s just sex. I’m not looking to get between you and your husband. I’m all about available women, but you’re not...”

“He said it was okay...” I started to explain, though my heart wasn’t really into the explanation.

Ash snorted a laugh. “Yeah. Well. Be that as it may or whatever, I don’t think you and me continuing to bone is a good idea. You and Conner wanna explore an open marriage, that’s fine. I’m not gonna judge. But... beyond being your friend and someone you can talk to, I’m out.” He patted her hands gently.

I couldn’t help but start to laugh, it was somewhere between a cackle and a cry. “So...no more big dick?”

He shook his head, giving me a sweet but playful look. “Nope. Not for you. Not from me.”

I wiped my cheeks and nose on the back of my arm. “Okay... guess I’ll have...have to find a way to cope.”

Ash chuckled and stood up, pulling me with him and enveloping me into a sweaty hug. “Daisy. I’m serious. I’ll listen. I’m your friend. I think we can do that considering everything else we’ve already done.”

I nodded into his chest and just stood there, letting him hold me as my emotions finally started to drain. I’d been tense all morning. Texting Conner every hour. Worried that he’d snap and decide to just leave. To vanish. Leave me because in a way I’d left him, at least for a little while. And I was still worried. Worried I’d get home and he wouldn’t be there, or worse...

Oh god. I don’t want my mind to even go there.

Conner was okay. We’d be okay. We’d figure this out. And I didn’t need to fuck Ash to do it.