



**Yes,
I Can
Do This**

A Hotwife Novella

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By

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Your husband wants to watch you be naughty. Ask him.
~ Unknown

CHAPTER 1

Tina Rina shook her head in negation at her husband. "No, no, you can't ___"

Gerald looked pale; he covered his mouth with his hand. "I think..."

She stared in stunned disbelief, sitting on the bed in her cute costume she had ordered just for the occasion. "It's our anniversary—" she said plaintively.

Her husband groaned and made a shaky dash for the bathroom.

Is he really sick? She puzzled over the last hour. Had the deep-fried shrimp he had eaten for their anniversary dinner really been undercooked? He had complained the insides were cold. The waiter had assured them it was all freshly cooked. *Or is this some excuse? Does he want me?*

Loud growls and groans came from the bathroom door. The retching sounds were unmistakable.

He sounds sick. Her insides melted in concern. *But he's been distant these past several months. Says he loves me but we're doing it less.* She looked down at her skimpy costume. It was a sexy business suit number meant to remind him of his work. She glanced at the bedroom door. His home office was right down the hall and so was his laptop. *Is he faking this because he has some other woman?*

But the retching sounds were pretty convincing.

She frowned, wanting to trust her husband, loving him and believing in him. She had given up wild ways five years before to marry him. But she hadn't been all that wild. She had played a lot, while keeping her legs closed. Parties, drinks, dirty dancing, handjobs, blowjobs... She looked at the bedroom door.

He was coughing in the bathroom. She heard several pants and then another heave.

Her mouth firmed. *Won't hurt if I look while he's puking.* She rose from the bed and scurried out the door. *I'll find out who this other bitch is. It better not be Valerie.*

Settling on his rolling stool, she opened the laptop and turned it on. Typing in his password, she was presented with a background image of a wax can. He worked as vice president of sales for the largest wax products manufacturer in the U.S. Their products were used on autos, motorcycles, even planes.

She opened his browser and immediately checked his email. A long list of already-read emails flashed down the screen. Work-related, apparently: some back and forth with Greg in the Testing Department; queries and updates amongst the other VPs; several responses to advanced queries by customers.

She spied one with the name of Cathy Sexton. She lifted an eyebrow, though her heart began to hammer. "Sexton? Oh, really?" Opening the email, she adjusted her glasses to see the crime in text right before her. Expecting some disgusting and breathless promises of sexual gratification from this Cathy to Gerald, she was instead met with a reminder that his quarterly estimate was due at the accounting office.

She blew out a breath. His bookmarks contained nothing unusual-looking. His history was a mass of auto-related links that would put her to sleep. *Hmm, he could have been browsing anonymously.*

Her shoulders slumped; she wasn't finding anything. *This sucks. Some detective I am. Better not buy a fedora and trenchcoat. No toothpicks for me.*

She closed out the browser. Frowning, she clicked the folder icon for the system and selected My Documents. Several folders popped into the new window. She scanned down the work folders seeing nothing. But at the bottom, she saw one labeled "YUM."

The eyebrow lifted again and she straightened. *What wax product is labeled yum?* She clicked into it and was rewarded with a display of sub-folders, names immediately recognizable as porn. *Ah ha! Are these pictures of your slut? Or is this where I discover you're into midget pissing porn?*

However, they weren't. The first folder she picked was "HW-XXX." Inside was a mass of porn pictures, and not of the same woman. *What is*

this? Where's the bimbo you're sleeping with?

She clicked out and clicked another folder. More pictures of different women. Same with all the other folders she checked. She sighed. *Porn shouldn't make him want me less, would it? Or is he satisfying himself with these instead of with me? Shouldn't these excite him to want me?*

She went back to the first and opened it. She glanced at the door, but only a couple minutes had passed. If he was really sick, he would collapse in bed. She would check on him in a few more minutes. Adjusting her glasses, she opened the pictures with Picture Viewer. *What kink are you into, dear? Chicks with dicks? Why am I afraid to look? Why do I feel I can't avoid this? Why am I arguing with myself when I can be looking?*

Picture after picture held fairly the same content: a woman with some text – a caption. She ignored the captions and clicked through the pictures rapidly. Nothing really stood out except when she came to one different. A man's butt was in the camera, his balls pressed and ballooning against some woman's crotch.

Frowning in confusion, she read the caption wondering what was so different. It read: "He sank deep into my wife and started cumming. I couldn't hold back and blew my own wad watching."

Tina sat up. *Huh?* She clicked out and restarted the photos from the first. This time, she read the caption: "About your fantasy of me being with another man, would I get to pick the man?"

The next picture she had previously dismissed was of a woman lifting her skirt and showing her pussy. The caption read, "All right, when I come back from my date tonight, this is going to be filled with his cum." The next one was a woman touching herself. The caption was, "Tell me again about your fantasy. Would the man fucking me have a big cock?" Her breathing accelerated with anticipation as she clicked to the next. A woman with a wedding band on her finger was posing in a see-through dress. The caption was, "Hotwives know how to entertain their husband's friends."

She realized she was sitting ramrod straight on the stool. She closed the viewer and clicked one more picture at the bottom of the folder. A woman with a wedding ring prominently displayed was sucking the head of some man's cock into her mouth. She was looking at the camera. The caption was, "Nothing turns me on more than when my hotwife sucks on another man's cock."

Tina let out a small laugh of amazement. "Are you kidding? Gerald? You? This?" *Does he think this of me? Or want it?* Eyes wide with eagerness to absorb all she could, she checked more folders. Everything was related to hotwife. The last folder was labeled, "VHW." She clicked into it and saw the video icons. Clicking one, she was greeted with a ten-second video of a married woman on the bed getting rammed from a muscular-looking man. The camera moved and she realized it wasn't staged. The camera shifted again, downwards this time, showing a length of erect cock. *The man filming this is very turned on!* She squirmed on the stool. The wife on the bed kept looking and smiling at her husband filming it. But her eyes would close and she would gasp with pleasure.

Heat flooded Tina's pussy and she squirmed again. *Does my husband desire this with me? His kink isn't some big-titted blonde?* Her own breasts were anxious-As that couldn't even pretend to be barely-Bs. Even her blonde hair had that darker-root look that many people thought meant dyed. But if they looked closely, it was just how her hair was. She was cursed with it and had argued with many men in the past that she didn't dye her hair. Even her pussy hair, before she started going bald and staying that way, had been light brown. It had been a never-ending source of aggravation. Men just didn't realize how hard women had it with their hair color. A woman either was blessed with awesome hair, or wasn't. And if not, constantly fought with it to do something, be something, do anything that might look good, or be anything that looked different than what it was. Or they dyed their hair.

Tina stuck hers up in a ponytail. The lift in the back made her look better than hanging down. Hanging down made her look drab and homely – especially with the glasses. At least with it back she looked more like a librarian or secretary instead of a plain-Jane that couldn't even attract the eyes of a lesbian.

Does my husband think I'm the sexy hotwife-type? Does he desire this with me or is he hoping he could be married to a prettier wife that would be a hotwife? She closed out the folder and shut down the computer. *I can't believe his thing is hotwives. That sounds like so much fun...like my partying days. But is his fantasy about me? Could I do it?*

A joy burst through her, hidden and hushed that brought hope. *I could definitely go for this kind of fantasy. Glad it wasn't something like me lezzing with his sister or something gross. Yuck.*

Her pussy twitched with tension. She sat up straighter and adjusted her glasses again. *A lot of fun. I sure hope he wants this with me and not someone else. But I'd definitely love to be the woman. Yes, I can do this. Now, it all hinges on whether it's me he wants as the hotwife.*

She went out of the office to go check on Gerald. He was in bed, slumped over half-sideways. His face was white and his skin was clammy to the touch. He moaned at her as she brushed his damp hair off his forehead. She leaned over and kissed him. "Bad shrimp, huh?"

He groaned and convulsed on the bed as if the memory would make him chuck again.

Her eyes went wide. "Oh, sorry."

His voice was a quivering whisper. "No, I'm sorry. Some anniversary date, huh?"

"That's all right."

"No it isn't; I really wanted to be with you to cap off the night."

She let that stretch into silence. She pursed her lips to keep from crying. *It is me he wants.* His previous distance began to make sense.

CHAPTER 2

Tina greeted Monday as an opportunity to experiment. *I will pursue this hotwife thing whole-heartedly. I'll be what he wants me to be and boy will I have fun!*

Freshly showered, she carefully considered her clothing. *What do hotwives wear? See-through tube-tops for their enormous fat-bags of blubber they call tits? Hmm. Won't work for me.* She twisted her mouth to the side in wry dejection. *Something else, then.*

Gerald came up behind her.

She smiled, feeling his warmth and smelling the soap and aftershave of his morning rituals. "You sure you're feeling better?"

He sounded dismissive. "It was days ago, relax."

He had felt better enough the next day to make love to her; she supposed he was right. She turned to him. "Should I get implants?"

He frowned ferociously. "Boob implants?"

She put her arms around his neck. "Mm hmm."

"Why do you think you need them?"

"Isn't that what all men like to see?" *It would stretch out a tube-top better and make men drool. Fake tits totally drain men of any kind of coherent cognizance. Men were so very easy to predict and control. A total open-book.*

"Not this man."

She fought an eye-roll and sighed instead. *You don't get it. I need some edge here to be your hotwife.* She turned back to her closet. "What should I wear today?" She glanced back to see his response.

His face went slack. "What you usually wear."

She knew that look – a resignation of settling for something not to his liking. *My work clothes don't appeal?* She turned back and rapidly dismissed the usual slacks and baggy pullover blouse that hid the fact she had non-existent breasts. Instead, she selected a pair of jeans and a sleeveless button up blouse with a high collar.

He was already gone, making noise at the bathroom sink.

She dressed, wondering what her boss Michael Taylor at the school district administrative building would say. He was a handsome man, forever giving her a suggestive eye – a little twinkle that hinted at more. *He's my first conquest. I am now Tina Rina, the Sensuous and Sexy Hotwife. I can do this. It will be like my early to mid-twenties all over again. And I thought thirty was the end. Ha!*

Gerald came out, teeth brushed. He stopped and frowned at her clothing. "Not going to work today?"

"I am."

"Those aren't your work clothes." A little twitch to his lip told her what he really thought of them.

That's it. I'm done hiding my flat chest. Baggy blouses in the trash. Fuck you, baggy clothing! "I thought...I'd wear something different. I'm kind of tired of looking like all the other women."

A twitch of his eyebrows and a slight curve of the corner of his mouth told her he was mildly pleased. "Oh?"

She searched his face for a brief second. "In fact, I'm going to throw away all those baggy blouses."

He looked uncertain. "I thought you loved them?"

She did. She had. *I guess. But only because I blended in with all the big-titted women without having the tits.* "I don't know, I suppose trying to fit in doesn't fit me..." *Did that come out right?*

A smile spread that conveyed satisfaction. "You go, girl."

She scrunched her nose to the side. She had always hated that saying. "Do I look okay?"

He dropped his chin a fraction and gave her a studious look. "Better than normal."

No, are you just saying that because you hate the baggy clothes? Or because you have to because I'm your wife? Like, could I be any more confused? Come on, I can do this. "Okay..."

"Really."

That made her feel better. "I don't know, though, these jeans might attract the wrong kind of attention." She looked down. She knew the well-worn jeans showed the outline of her pussy. Camel-toe, men called it. Some women thought it rude as being too suggestive, but she had often gone around before she married showing it all she could – she didn't have anything else to flaunt.

Her husband groaned as if disgusted. He didn't otherwise answer and turned away.

She frowned at his back. *What was that? Disapproval? What about all those pictures you have? What about your kink? Is it my tits? Is my ass too small? What is it that isn't connecting here?*

He provided no answers, and went about straightening his tie.

"So should I wear this?" She wanted some kind of an answer.

He looked over with his eyes, not moving his face from the mirror. "Wear it. Whatever."

What kind of an answer is that when I have perfectly direct questions? She gave a glance back at the closet towards the baggies. *Ugh, no, I think I'm done with them. I didn't like them anyway.* "Well, I'm throwing the baggies away."

He paused, done with his tie-fixing anyway. "Good."

I just don't get you. You're glad I'm dumping the baggies but disgusted I'm wearing these? You looked pleased that I was wearing this but then disappointed when I said I might attract attention. Where exactly are your thoughts on this? She shook her head, no connection made. *Why are men so hard to figure out?*

He came to her and gently gripped her shoulders. The touch of his hands on her bare skin sent a shiver of warmth down her back. He said, "I'm glad you're wearing that; you look great. Much better than your usual work-attire."

Okay, so I did figure you right, I think. "Are you sure?"

A minor look of annoyance flashed across his face. He said in a pedantic tone, "Yes, I'm sure."

All right, all right, don't get pissy. I just wanted confirmation. Yes, men are easy to figure out, after all. This is cake. I can do this. She smiled.

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Tina felt as if every eye was on her. The thing was, they were. Women scowled. The wrong men leered.

Oh gosh, why did I wear this?

Danica, with her hair fashion disaster she paid dearly to get at an edgy hair salon gave her an up and down once-over and frown from her cubicle.

Go back to sipping your diet double-chocolate cream Frappuccino, you monstrous messy-haired moose.

Big-titted, buxom, and show-it-all-off Shannon made such a dramatic frown of dour disapproval that Tina knew she would be getting extra work from now on. Whenever Shannon couldn't finish something, Tina was given the task. She had a sneaking suspicion Shannon would be practicing the breast-bouncing breaths more often for which she was famous, and not doing her work – knowing Tina would be forced to do her work for her.

Derek, bloated, puffy, and considering himself all beefcake with his cliché goatee and the shoulder strut, licked his lips and gave her an appraising eye. Truth was, he had lost some weight, but he had a long, long, very long way to go.

Then Hugh caught her eye, smiling with his yellow teeth caked with plaque.

Oh my god, just kill me now. This isn't working. She hastened to her office. Tina Rina, Administrative Secretary was printed on a cheap, gold plastic nameplate and plastered on her door. It was crooked and always had been.

Sue was carrying her first cup of coffee and her pen. She clutched that writing instrument throughout the day, never letting go. She paused in her journey to her office and gave Tina a critical appraisal. She tapped the pen against her lips and said, "Hmm."

Oh god, please. Your dyed hair and pancake makeup give you no place to judge. The woman had such heavy mascara that she looked constantly in shock – as if her face exploded and she quickly applied glue to make it stick that way the whole day.

Tina slumped into her chair and started her computer. She checked her email and scanned the work requests from Michael, her boss. Also in her inbox was an email from Cheryl Gibson. She was an after-work friend she occasionally hung out with for a drink during Happy Hour. The email read:

Tina!

Let's do the Velvet Lounge at 4.

Tina already felt like a drink would be a good idea. Or a whole bottle. She whipped out her cell phone and texted Cheryl.

Me: Sure thing. A drink sounds good.

Michael Taylor, shaven, bald, and brooding with bold lines of sexiness chiseled into his face, leaned into her doorway. "You got my emails?"

She wanted to snap at him that she had, but coming so early on top of her discovery of her husband's fantasy, she pursed her lips and just nodded. She saw that twinkle in his eye and his gaze took in her clothing with a fraction of a second glance. She watched a small smile appear.

He said, "I'll need that Attendance Projection first thing."

She got up from her chair and stood so he could see all of her. She rubbed her fingernail up by her blouse as if in thought. "Of course." She gave him what she thought was an encouraging smile.

He frowned a little. "Shannon hasn't finished the registration tally yet; you might give her a hand with that."

Of course I have to. I always do. But let's focus on... She moved closer to him and smiled, lowering her chin a little so she could look up at him through her lashes. *This always works with the guys.* "Sure, I'll help her."

He loomed above her, the smile returning. His eyes flashed a quick glance at the rest of her and returned to her face. That twinkle was there.

She stopped in front of him and lifted her hand to touch his arm. "I think I'll get a coffee and get right on it."

His face went stony.

Uhh, what? Where'd the twinkle go?

Michael straightened up, tall and stern. His words were low, pitched for her ears alone. "Let's remember to keep personal distance at all times. I view your contact as inappropriate and abusive."

Inappropriate? Abusive? My kick to your groin would be inappropriate and abusive. You want me to go all out? She couldn't believe her ears. *Inappropriate? Why you officious fucking prick.* She blinked, looked away, and tried to move past him.

He was blocking the door.

Exactly what am I supposed to do? Turn into a ghost and go through you? Or would that be spiritually inappropriate? Metaphysically abusive? Her words came out with a touch of acid. "Are you going to move so I can get my coffee?"

"I'm not sure I appreciate your tone."

Her little fuse gave up without so much as a sizzle. "Appreciate my tone? What the hell does that mean? My tone must please you? Is that some kind of sexist comment Mister Taylor?"

His eyes went wide and he backed up suddenly, hands raised as if to show he wasn't touching anything. "I simply said—"

She advanced, pointing her finger. "I don't appreciate you blocking my door as if I need your permission as a man to enter or exit. I don't appreciate you looking me up and down. I don't appreciate your condescending chauvinist attitude that demands I pick up Shannon's work just because she has a bigger chest."

Michael was pasty pale.

The office was entirely silent. Only the hum of the fluorescents was heard. Heads were popped up over cubicles, eyes wide and shocked.

Shannon stood at the other end of the office space and heaved her breasts as if breathlessly offended – her mouth open in mock outrage.

Michael slowly lowered his hands. "I think maybe you should get your coffee."

The nerve. What a pig. She stomped past him. Fuck you, prick. No way in hell you're ever getting inside these jeans. Fucking twinkly-eyed tease. What a dick. She swished through the office and into the small eating area.

People parted for her as if she was on fire. No one said a word.

She carried her coffee back to her office, deliberately challenging anyone looking to say anything. Each looked away.

It was a full hour before someone stuck their head in. Derek gave her an eye and a grin. "Hey, just wanted to say good for you for standing up to him."

"Huh?"

He shrugged as if his muscles were tight. "You know, the whole Shannon thing. You're right, he lets her get away with too much."

She stopped what she was doing and focused on him. "Oh. Yeah..."

He was looking her over with an uncertain look. He glanced at the door. "If you want, I can straighten your nameplate for you. Easy fix." He gave her a grin that indicated he was wanting to do it to be close to her.

She adjusted her glasses. "Why?"

He looked confused. "Well...it's crooked."

"Is it?"

He really looked confused.

She leaned forward a little and indicated her glasses. "You know, it might be, but my glasses don't sit exactly straight on my nose, so I guess I don't notice it. I see it straight."

He looked seriously confused and sort of nodded as if he understood but obviously didn't. "Oh...right..."

She turned away to her monitor.

CHAPTER 3

Tina leaned over to Cheryl. "I blew up today at my boss."

They sat in the Velvet Lounge, a dark-wooded, low-lit cozy bar teeming with people. Conversations were private at almost any level of volume. While not loud, so many people talking and laughing created a safe buzz that made conversations the table over incomprehensible.

Her friend always seemed on the edge of a decision. Black haired with a few strands of gray coming in, Cheryl seemed adrift and lost in a sea of opportunity – paddling one way and then the next in a focused effort to find something for which she wasn't sure she was searching. Cheryl said, "Oh? What happened?"

She swirled her screwdriver. "I told you before he looks at me with that —"

Cheryl's voice was sarcastic. "Yeah, old twinkle-eyes. You finally get in his pants?"

"What? No—"

"Did he have a teenie weenie or something?"

Tina coughed. "Like, no—"

"It was huge?"

She laughed. "Stop it."

"You aren't telling me anything." There was tease in her tone.

"I wore this today—"

A very dry tone. "No kidding?"

Tina coughed. "It's not my normal work-clothes."

"I noticed." The yeah-obvious look on her face was long and strong.

"Would you shut up?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Go on."

"So I decided to ditch the baggy clothes—"

"Smart move."

"You didn't like them, either?"

"No, they made you look like you're trying to be an old woman who is trying to hide her figure."

Her hand came up to her throat as if to close off view of her cleavage.

"Well, I was, you know." She plucked at a button.

Cheryl gave her a suffering look. "You have a figure to die for."

Tina laughed. "What? Come on. I have no hips, no breasts—"

An eyebrow stopped her. "Most women would kill a whole herd of helpless baby seals and feel no remorse to have a figure like yours."

She coughed in indignation. "That's not nice. Poor seals."

"Oh god, lighten up. It was just a joke. But really."

She shook her head as if informing a credit applicant that their credentials sucked far too badly to get a loan. "I'm sorry, but I don't have the kind of assets you do or men desire." She was pointing to her own chest, waving her finger back and forth across it.

"Some men, honey. Get over it. You're a stick; you should flaunt it and piss off all the land whales while you still have your youth."

Tina sat back, considering the common sense her friend offered. "Hmm."

"So what happened with your boss?"

"I thought I might test that twinkle."

"Didn't work out?"

She shook her head.

"What did you do to test it?"

"I touched his arm."

Her eyes popped open comically and her mouth dropped fully open. "Oh. My. God. No. Way."

Tina broke out in hysterical giggles. "Would you stop it?"

"Honey, they can't write a book or make a movie out of what you're telling me."

She blew out an amused and frustrated breath. "He pulled the inappropriate card on me."

Cheryl looked genuinely surprised. "Get out."

"Yeah, I know. But I sort of lost it when he wouldn't move. He just kept standing there so I went off on him about he was being a sexist chauvinist —"

Her friend covered her mouth and laughed.

"He immediately backed off."

Cheryl leaned close and clasped her arm. "Good for you. All this inappropriate bullshit is tiring. Everything is inappropriate today. Instead of killing kids, these shooters need to clean out these stuffy school teachers and principals—"

"What an awful thing to say." Tina laughed conspiratorially.

"Better the stuffed shirts than the kids."

"Oh, well...yeah. You're right."

"Uh oh...you're getting a look."

"Huh?"

"Tall, dark, and sexy over at the bar."

Tina looked.

"Don't look, you fool. Oh my gosh."

She turned back. "What? Why not look? If he's looking, why is it assumed that the person he's looking at isn't supposed to notice?"

But her friend wasn't paying any attention. She was trying to hide an excited smile. "He's coming. I think I need to use the ladies room."

"What? Wait—"

"Try to have a little flirty fun, hun. You won't die." Cheryl scurried away.

Tina scowled in confusion. Her friend was married, but not too happily. She claimed her husband was interested in blondes. She refused to dye her hair, just to rub it in his face.

"Hey there..." said tall, dark, and sexy. His voice was interested, deep and immediately attention-grabbing. He was smiling down at her.

She smiled up uncertainly. "Oh, hi..."

"I'm Luke; mind if I sit?"

"Oh...um..." She glanced off in the direction of the restrooms. Her friend was there, peeking. Cheryl gave her an oh-come-on look of encouragement. She smiled for the man and said, "Oh, um, sure." Her grin grew, excited at the prospect, and she nodded at him enthusiastically.

"What's your name?" He settled down slowly.

"Tina."

"Pretty name for a pretty woman." He didn't say it hopefully, more as a simple observation that required no response. "Can I refresh your drink?"

Tina felt panicked. *He's great-looking, around my age, sexy as can be, and not full of himself. Can I flirt with him as part of my new hotwife thing? Would Gerald like this man? Would he approve of me talking to him?* She glanced at her drink and then his. His left hand clasped his drink and the glint of an obvious wedding ring winked at her.

She brought her hand up to her mouth quickly. "Oh, um, you know..."

His eyes darted to her wedding ring. "Know what?"

I can't flirt with a married man. Yucko! "I don't think we should..."

One eyebrow slowly lifted and he looked pointedly at her ring. "Oh...I see." He gave a small grin and got up. "Nice talking to you."

Relieved he had gotten the hint so quickly and easily, she settled back in her chair.

Cheryl came back to the table and sat. "Why'd he leave?"

"He was married."

"So?"

"I can't flirt with a married man."

"You're married, too."

"Yes, I know."

"So it's okay if a single man flirts with you?"

"Well, of course, that's different."

"Is it okay if a single woman flirts with tall, dark, and sexy?"

"No, of course not... Oh..."

"Duh, it's just flirting. If you're married and someone doesn't mind it and flirts with you, why should you mind flirting with a married man?"

Tina shrugged. "That's kind of messy."

"Like the men who might approach you haven't thought the same? You're wearing a ring, dear."

Darn it, you're right. "Well, I hadn't thought much about it—"

Cheryl leaned forward. "What's there to think about? It's just some fun conversation."

"I guess it's sort of new to me—"

Her friend laughed. "With your past?"

Tina scowled. "I wasn't a slut."

"No, I didn't say you were. But you knew how to have fun."

She opened her mouth and looked down. She tapped her glass - on the edge of telling her.

"Hmm? What is it?"

She leaned over her glass and motioned slightly to come closer.

Cheryl leaned nearer.

"I found out Gerald has a pretty interesting fantasy..."

Her friend looked distant. "Oh?" She was probably thinking of her husband's thing for blondes.

Tina said, "He has this hotwife thing."

Cheryl's eyes went wide and open with abrupt surprise. She gripped her forearm firmly and squeezed. "What? Are you serious?"

She nodded.

"Oh. My. God. You are so lucky."

She laughed uncertainly, looking for confirmation. "You think so?"

Her friend's eyes closed as if enjoying the aroma of a fine coffee. "Oh, you don't know how much I'd love to be in your position."

She laughed with more certainty. "Yeah, I thought it was a stroke of luck, too."

Cheryl's demeanor changed in an instant. She glanced over at the bar. "And you chased that away? Are you for real?"

Tina opened her mouth like a fish and said nothing.

Her friend sat back and shook her head. "I can't believe Gerald has this fantasy, you appear excited over it, and you turn that away? Girl, you either need to grow up real fast or just end it all and get a lobotomy."

"A lobotomy?"

"Yeah, you can sit in one of those institutions and drool while some random and ugly male orderly fingers and uses you."

"Ew."

Cheryl's eyebrow completed the insult. "You turned him away? What were you thinking?"

Her words were slow and very uncertain. "Because...he was married."

"Do you think a hotwife is supposed to care?"

"No, I suppose not." She looked over at the bar.

Cheryl shook her head. "Too late for him. He won't give you the time of day now. Probably thinks you're a stuck-up hypocrite."

She coughed in indignation and disappointment. "I wasn't thinking—"

"No kidding."

"But, maybe—"

"Don't bother, you've already blown it with him. Next time, think before you act."

"Isn't that what I did?"

"Sure, but you didn't think about it from the hotwife perspective; you looked at it from your old view."

Tina sighed heavily and drained her glass in defeat.

CHAPTER 4

Tina adjusted the straps on her one-piece swimsuit. Their townhouse association maintained an enormous pool and Gerald liked to go for swims occasionally.

Her husband's tone was exasperated. "Quit fidgeting, you look fine."

"I just want to make sure I'm covered."

His tone turned dry with a light touch of sour. "Yeah, I know."

Why does he seem so happy with me and so disappointed at the same time? She wrapped a beach towel around her waist.

He said, "You know, I saw online that women in the Middle East swim in burqhas."

"I'm not muslim."

The doorbell interrupted their conversation.

He said, "Would you get that, please?"

She coughed. "I'm in a bathing suit."

"And wrapped in a towel. Meanwhile, I'm naked." He wriggled his hips, sending his penis swinging. "Think I should answer the door like this?"

She coughed again. "Fine."

"I will if you think I should—"

"I'll get it." She twisted her mouth as she left the room.

It was Fed-Ex, needing a signature.

She took the handheld device from a strikingly gorgeous young man. Blue eyes, chiseled face, and blonde hair – even if he was a little on the short side.

"Sign right there," he said, all business and rush.

Her breathing quickened and she signed slowly. The signature pad on his electronic device didn't want to register her pressing. She passed it back.

"Last name?" he said.

"Rina."

He was writing, not looking at her.

I'm wearing a bikini; take a look.

He pressed a few buttons on the device and then handed her the cardboard envelope. "There you go. Have a nice day." He was already turning and moving.

"Thanks," she said weakly. *Come back and talk to me. You're cute.* She watched him walk quickly to his truck, turning only once to look back at her.

She went to wave but he snapped his head back around and didn't look back after that. *That was lousy. Why didn't he say something? She looked down as she shut the door. I guess a towel isn't exciting to look at and bare shoulders? See them all day.*

She unwrapped the towel and slung it over her shoulder. She walked into the bedroom and handed her husband the envelope. "It's for you."

He frowned. "You answer the door like that?"

"No, I was all wrapped up."

He grunted. "This is the signature sheet for Scott Trade."

"Ah." She nodded. He was opening a trading account to buy stocks. "Are you ready? Or do you want to fill that out?"

"Nah, let's go. I'm itching for a good swim."

~ ~ ~

The association's pool was well kept and well-used. As there was no lifeguard on duty, the pool was required to be surrounded by a locked gate. Warning signs were plastered all over it. No glass, no skateboards, no alcohol, no dogs, no kids under seventeen without supervision, no pool-use after 9pm.

Inside was a large pool - not Olympic sized, but large - surrounded by several umbrella-tables and pool chairs. People were scattered all over the place, as if a crowd had just descended at a garage sale.

Tina scrunched her mouth. "Great. There's Valerie and Connor. Can we sit on the other side?"

Gerald said graciously, "Sure."

Valerie and Connor were the typical upscale couple. She was blonde and big-titted and let Tina know that she had more up top constantly. Her arrogance was astronomical. Connor was quiet and intelligent, sporting an athletic figure that whispered of hours spent with weights at the gym. He showed it off, though he didn't display the arrogance his wife did.

Tina settled with Gerald onto two pool lounges. She unslung her towel down onto it and sat. Her husband set down the duffel and pulled out two bottles of water, in plastic. He left the bag open and slid it under her lounge.

He said, "Remember to—"

"I know." She took the bottle. Left in the sun, the plastic leeches toxic chemicals into the water. The plastic was leeching chemicals into the water at all times, anyway, but far worse when exposed to heat. This was the only time they used plastic. If they wanted water, that is.

Valerie made a show at the diving board in her two piece. Her huge breasts were barely contained.

Tina scowled. *If those aren't fake, then I swear they got bigger. She's going to fall over.*

The blonde raised her arms over her head and stretched.

Tina rolled her eyes. There was no reason to stretch except to display her tits.

Men were looking. Even Gerald.

She reached over and slapped him. "Thought you didn't like big tits?"

He jerked and looked away from Valerie to her. "I don't. I was...just liking the two-piece. It would look good on you."

"Uh huh."

A splash indicated Valerie had made her dive and display.

Tina looked elsewhere. She looked at all the men lounging around the pool: many were handsome enough, but all were looking at the pool where Valerie swam the breast stroke – her legs opening in an exaggerated scissor-move.

Great, I don't wrap myself in the towel and no one notices. It's all about the tits, isn't it? How lame. How am I supposed to be a hotwife if all men notice is tits?

Connor was sitting on the edge of his lounge, watching Valerie. He cast a glance at Tina.

Was that a signal? She checked the pool. *Oh, no, it was. Here she comes.*

From underwater, right in front of Tina and her husband, Valerie rose slowly up and out of the pool. Her hands gripped the edge. Water streamed from her face as the sun hit it. Her head was back as if drinking in the sun's warmth. More of her came up out of the water, her back arched. Her breasts appeared, thrust obscenely forward on display.

Men on this side sighed with satisfaction. One groaned with angst and need. A few mutters circulated to the effect that her tits needed cock between them. Gerald was watching.

Tina burned with redness.

Valerie slowly shook her head, swinging her blonde hair and flinging water from it as she leaned up out of the pool in the ledge, her breasts still thrust forward. Her nipples made stupendous suggestions on her bikini.

Tina slapped her hand to her face. *Oh brother. Does this not ever get old?*

The blonde rose out of the pool and faked a pant to heave her bosoms breathlessly.

Connor came around the pool, towel in hand. He wore a smirk of satisfaction on his face as he passed all the other men. A few lifts of his eyebrow and that ingratiating grin told everyone he knew he had a hot number.

Could this get any worse? Gawd, I wish her tits would just blow up. I wanna see it in the news: Woman's tits explode, injuring twenty. News at eleven.

But of course, the blonde wasn't done. She blinked like a lost child and looked around, turning one way and then the other as if wondering where to go. In reality, she was just swinging her tits for equal opportunity display on either side. Her eyes settled on Gerald and Tina.

She said breathlessly, "Oh, hi Gerald. And..."

She sighed. "Tina, remember?"

"Oh, right. Teena Reena."

Tina rolled her eyes. There was no way the woman could have possibly forgotten Tina's name; she had known it for two years. But pretending gave her the chance to stress her insinuation that Tina really meant teenie. The blonde always looked at Tina's chest when she did it.

Gerald said, "Hello, Val."

Oh gawd, don't give her the satisfaction of using a nickname...

Valerie smiled brightly and wriggled her boobs back and forth as if excited at the meeting.

Connor interrupted any further conversation. "Hey there, Tina. Gerald." He handed the towel to Valerie.

She took it and wrapped it around her shoulders, but gripped the ends and brought them up underneath her huge breasts, pushing them up and out. She looked around to witness the admiring looks.

I think I'm going to throw up. Yes, that's it. Woman barfs on tits, causing a massive explosion and toxic spill. Hundreds injured. News at eleven.

Gerald stood and shook Connor's hand. "Hey Connor."

The muscular man shook her husband's hand firmly but without challenge. His eyes shifted to Tina. "Tina, you look lovely today."

Valerie made a dismissive sound.

Tina tried to ignore it. "Thank you." *What else am I supposed to say? Not as lovely as your wife's over-inflated beach balls? I swear those things are going to explode.*

Connor was smiling down at her. "Pretty suit."

"What?" *Oh gosh, I actually said that? But, it's just a black one-piece.*

Valerie rushed in. "Oh my, it's hot. Are you going for a swim?" It was directed at Gerald.

Her husband nodded. "Yeah, was just relaxing a moment. But it is hot."

White teeth flashed as fake as her fake-looking tits – even though her tits actually were real. "I'll join you."

Tina scowled as her husband waded into the pool and Valerie followed.

Connor, again holding Valerie's towel, said, "No swimming for you?"

Not with that water-witch in there. I can see it now... Woman's tits explode on contact with water. Satellite catches the event from orbit. News at eleven. "In a little while..."

He flashed a grin at her and nodded. He walked back around the pool, talking to a few others along the way. Diplomatic, polite, and covered with Teflon. Nothing seemed to bother him. He chatted with some of the men who couldn't drag their eyes away from Valerie's obscene orbs.

Tina began studying the other women. All but one wore one-piece suits. The other two-piece bikini in the pool area belonged to Gloria, a woman who had to be at least fifty. She was gray-haired and skinny, her skin

hanging a little loosely on her stick-thin frame. Brown from the sun, the older woman actually pulled off wearing a two-piece and looking good in it.

She leaned forward, watching Gloria for a moment. The old bird was so skinny she had no tits, just like Tina. *Hmm, she can do it and no one seems to make fun of her.* She watched Gloria being talked up by an older man who was obviously more interested in her than in Valerie.

Gerald was swimming in the pool, being shadowed by Valerie, though she kept her distance. He didn't seem too enticed by the voluptuous vixen.

Tina began rubbing her lips back and forth. *Maybe I can wear a two-piece. So what if Valerie doesn't approve? Gloria gets away with it. Why can't I?* Resolved, she looked forward to getting back inside their house.

CHAPTER 5

Tina moved up and down, sliding her pussy up and down her husband's solid erection. She moved slowly, her hands gripping his hairy chest for support. Her eyes were closed and she was enjoying the feeling of sliding fullness. She abruptly opened her eyes. "Should I get implants?"

Gerald coughed in annoyance. "No, quit asking."

"You sure followed Valerie's bouncing boobs around all day?"

His tone was affronted. "I did not."

In truth, he hadn't. But Tina wanted to be sure. "You don't think she has beautiful breasts?"

"Not really, they're too fucking huge." He was playing with Tina's – swirling his fingers around her nipples and palming what little flat puffiness she had. "What did you and Connor talk about?"

She stopped moving on him. "Talk? Nothing really."

"I thought I saw you two talking?"

"Oh, yeah, I mean, he asked if I was going to swim. That was all." *Hey, what if...* "I think he wanted to swim with me."

Gerald nodded. "He's always nice to you."

"Yeah, I guess. Anyway, I smiled at him; it was nice to talk to him."

"You smiled at him?"

"Mm hmm. Gave him a little wink." She hadn't, but her husband didn't need to know that.

"Oh, really? Huh."

She tested him. "That doesn't bother you?"

"No, why should it? He was nice to you and you were nice to him. What's there to be upset over?"

Huh... So this hotwife thing isn't just a fluke with you? "It's nice to talk to a handsome man."

"I'm not handsome enough?" There was a slight edge to that question.

She laughed. "Of course you are. Valerie's eyes are all over you when you come into the pool area." She said it bitterly. *Damn that hussy.*

"I guess it's nice to see you aren't uptight about talking to someone—"

"Uptight? Me?"

He tried to backpedal. "I know you're not uptight..."

"Then what do you mean? I was quite the partier when we met."

"Yeah, but you didn't go around dropping your pants for every—"

She moved more forcefully, feeling a little irritation. "I gave all that up for you. I've given plenty of handjobs and blowjobs over the years. Dozens and dozens of cocks—"

Gerald groaned heavily and thrust up into her. His cock flexed and began squirting hotness into her depths.

Did he just cum because I moved more vigorously, or because I mentioned cocks?

~ ~ ~

Tina clicked on the black bikini with small white polka dots. Into her cart it went and she clicked the checkout button. She closed out the window before her boss could find her shopping online instead of doing work.

Derek leaned in the door. "Hey, uh..."

"Hmm?"

"You wanna do lunch?" He looked nervous.

Tina leaned on her elbows and regarded him. Tall and heavy, he was most definitely not her speed. He thought too much of himself, thought his goatee made him look cool, and thought all that fat was muscle. *No, dear Derek, muscle is what my husband has. What Connor has. Muscle is sculpted, not packed on like slabs of flab. But...*

His face was falling, withering under her gaze.

She said, "Sure. What did you have in mind?" *Might as well let him flirt with me, even if I definitely would never do anything with this guy.*

He looked so shocked and stunned that he stood there with his mouth open. His pulse beat brutally in his neck – on a rapid adrenaline-fueled

rampage of surprise. "Uh..." He blinked and tossed his head. "You're the big organics fan, right?"

She nodded, giving him a smile. *At least he remembered.*

"Heather's Homemade—"

Her smile widened. "Heather's is perfect."

Derek straightened, still looking stunned. "Uh, an hour?"

She checked the clock. "Sure."

~ ~ ~

Tina smiled back at a grinning Derek.

He said, "Thanks for coming."

She shrugged, playing it off as if it were nothing. "I don't get invited to lunch very often."

His smile said he didn't know what to make of that. "I think Hugh is my new enemy."

"Oh? Why?"

Derek looked all serious and conspiratorial. "He's had a thing for you for—"

"Ew, tartar-teeth?" She clapped a hand over her mouth. "I shouldn't have said that."

He looked amused. "No, no, I think the same. Does the guy never brush his teeth?"

She shook her head.

Derek looked a little embarrassed. "At least I keep myself clean. I just need to exercise a little more." He said it as if admitting it hurt.

Tina pursed her lips. "It's not the exercise."

He looked confused. "Huh?"

"Exercise isn't the answer."

"What do you mean? Everyone knows more exercise than calories—"

"Totally useless."

He sat back, looking perturbed. "Explain."

She sipped at her iced tea and glanced over at the counter. The wait would be several more minutes. She looked back to him. "Fat accumulates due to imbalances. Forcing your body into imbalance over and over with what you eat causes obesity. Many things go into it, not just over-eating and lack of exercise."

"Imbalance?" He looked annoyed.

"Sure. I'd say right away that the kind of food you eat can cause problems. Soy is inflammatory. So is the current genetically modified wheat. Gliadin is extremely inflammatory. So is high fructose corn syrup. So is MSG."

"What does inflammation have to do with fat? Isn't inflammation just bloating?"

"Chronic inflammation is one of the primary causes of diabetes and obesity."

Derek looked almost as shocked as when she had told him she'd go with him to lunch. "What other causes? Exercise, right?"

"There's actually no need to exercise if you eat certain kinds of foods. Your body will metabolize fat and shed it if it gets enough of the right kind of foods. But also one of the biggest reasons people get obese is an iodine deficiency. If your thyroid doesn't get enough iodine, it will cease functioning and you'll balloon up no matter what you eat or how little."

He rubbed his goatee. "Iodine, huh?"

"Hard to get, except for cranberry juice. A cup a day would set your thyroid back on track."

He leaned back. "And no exercise?"

"None. Exercise can actually cause harmful toxins to be released and run through your system at a more extreme rate."

He didn't look convinced. "I don't know... Everyone knows more exercise and less calories—"

"And Americans are getting fatter and fatter, no matter how much they exercise. It's all about balance and what you eat."

He scowled.

She raised her hands. "Look at me."

He let out a considering groan. "I guess I can't argue that. So I should be picking up diet food?"

Tina laughed. "Don't – it's the worst food you can buy."

"You're kidding."

"Nope, read the ingredients. Packed with inflammatory substances that do nothing but make things worse."

He coughed. "Then what should I be eating?"

"Organic fruits and veggies. Grass-fed beef. Eggs—"

"Those are all the things we've been told cause fat."

"Uh huh, so we avoid them and we get fatter. Think about it."

He raised an eyebrow and rubbed his goatee again. "I think maybe I'm glad I asked you out."

She giggled. "Oh, is this a date?"

His eyes went wide and he shook his head. "No, no, of course not. Just lunch. We're co-workers."

She sighed. She could see the panic in his eyes at the thought of some memo coming around reminding everyone that no one is supposed to be aware of the other gender. "Don't worry about it, Derek."

"It's just lunch—"

"Would you have asked Hugh to lunch?"

He gaped, looking a mixture of disgusted and ashamed. "Uh..."

She laughed again, louder. "Would you relax?"

Cassie brought their plates: spinach salad with ham and egg.

Derek looked relieved.

Gosh, why did I say yes? This isn't turning out to be a learning experience for me, it's more a learning experience for him.

He said, "So this is what I need to be eating?"

"It's a start."

"It will help if I exercise?"

"It can hurt. But if you really feel you must, just walk."

"Walk?"

"Yeah, go for a walk."

"I thought you had to break a sweat?"

She shook her head.

"And you never go to the gym?"

"Pff!" She shook her head harder. "Never."

He looked at her in wonder. "If people followed your advice, gyms would be closing down everywhere."

She shrugged as if it weren't her problem.

He said, "Shannon hits the gym every day."

Tina stopped chewing, then started again. "Do you think she looks good?"

A look of wariness crossed his face, and he looked at her sideways. "She doesn't look as good as you."

A compliment! Now was that a flirt? Or just an innocent comment?
"You think I look good?"

He leaned his head back, his eyes going wide. He sputtered, "Oh... well...yeah... You know..."

She giggled suddenly. "Thanks."

He stopped trying to sound nonchalant and just smiled. There was a fine sheen of nervous sweat covering his forehead.

Well, this certainly is far harder than anything I did when I partied. Everything seemed so easy then. Trying to get a guy to hit on me so I can be a hotwife feels like an impossible task. What's it take, now?

~ ~ ~

Tina lay in bed, slowly stroking her husband's cock. "So..."

He was smiling, amused that they were being sexual again so soon. He had been used to once a month. "Hmm?"

"Would you be mad if I told you I let a co-worker take me to lunch today?"

He sat up a little, studying her with a frown. "A co-worker?"

She nodded, trying to cover her nervousness. *This is the big test. Or are they all big tests?*

"Who was it?"

"A guy named Derek. Took me to Heather's."

"Derek?" Suspicion mounted in his voice. "Like the typical romance novel type of Derek?"

She laughed abruptly. "Um, no. He's sort of nice-looking, but he probably weighs twice what you do."

He leaned back as if in exhaustion or defeat. Or maybe relief. "Oh." His cock began firming. "Why'd you go to lunch with him?"

"Um, he asked?"

Gerald nodded silently. His cock stayed hard.

"So...that's not a problem?"

He chuckled. "No, I guess not."

"You guess not?"

"Well, as long as you aren't running off with the guy, no."

She gave a small laugh. "Um, no."

He relaxed a little more but his cock stayed hard. "So...was it a nice lunch?"

"The food was good."

He coughed in indignation. "You know what I mean. Was it fun?"

"Well, not entirely. He got me talking about food."

Gerald laid his head back and laughed heartily. "Oh god..."

She pouted, trying to hide a smile. "Am I that bad?"

"No, not really, but you can sure get going on it..."

"Hmm."

He leaned his head back up. "So that was it? You talked about food?"

"Well, not only. We started talking about gyms. He mentioned Shannon goes every day."

"She's the big-titted one?"

"Yep. But he said I looked better than her."

"Oh, did he?" His voice was a little husky. His cock flexed.

Test passed. Okay, okay, so far so good. I know I can do this hotwife thing.

Her husband said, "Too bad he's so big."

She acted innocent. "Huh? Why?"

"Because then you could return the compliment."

Fuck yes, I can do this!

CHAPTER 6

Tina dressed with anticipation. They were going out to dinner with their friends, Don and Christine DeLeon. Of anyone they knew, Tina thought Don was the perfect candidate for this whole hotwife thing. *He's handsome, smiles at me a lot, and his wife is nice. They're perfect.*

She selected a black wool, knee-length skirt. White blouse unbuttoned all the way down her non-existent cleavage. Not having enough to wave around, she went without a bra. She topped it all off with a short-waist wool jacket that matched her skirt.

She was looking in the mirror and saw her husband.

Gerald raised an eyebrow. "It's not a special dinner or anything."

She frowned at him. "It's a steak dinner at the Cask and Candle. Come on, should I be wearing jeans?"

He gave it some thoughtful consideration. "No, I guess not. Anyway, you look nice."

Why do husbands always say we look nice and it takes other men to say we look great? What's with that?

He had a satisfied grin on his face.

She sniffed, drawing in the aroma of his special cologne. "Not a special occasion, huh?"

He gave her a questioning look.

She raised an eyebrow in imitation of her husband. "Are you wearing that to impress Christine?"

He smiled delightfully. "Um, no, but when else am I going to wear it? I wouldn't wear this to work."

I guess you have a point. But this is about me being a hotwife, not you being a hothead. She wagged a finger to him in time with her thoughts.

In the car, she relaxed into the leather seat and tried to think of ways to act hotwife-ish. *Do I press my chest against him? Sounds like fun. Or do I grab his crotch and rub or something? Do I lick my lips and bite my teeth? Gosh, all I had to do was have my eyes open a few years ago and the guys would do all the work.*

The smooth ride of her husband's Cadillac allowed her mind to drift.

I wonder what Don's cock looks like? I hope it's not small.

Close friends since her marriage to Gerald, the DeLeons fit her idea of a perfect play-couple for this whole hotwife thing. After the disastrous event with her handsome boss, she couldn't think of a better person to be involved. Don was handsome, charming, always smiling at her, and loved to go boating. He sold boats and yachts in town and made a great living out of it. Christine always seemed willing to talk to Gerald and allow her to talk to Don. She was never jealous and always playfully suggestive.

They're perfect. I just need to hotwife all over Don and hope Christine doesn't expect the same with Gerald.

She was in a fine and sublime state of mind when they pulled into the parking lot at the Cask and Candle. Driftwood-colored with heavy black definition in the grain and crevices, the restaurant sported in the entry a large barrel laid sideways with a huge candle set atop it. The candle was carved wood and painted crème to look real.

The red-haired hostess dressed in a quasi pirate-maiden outfit, lacking only a blade, greeted them.

Gerald said, "Rina, party of four."

The hostess looked down at the reservation book and tapped her pen. Her nametag named her Tori. Extra piercings ran up her ears from her earlobes and her eye-liner and mascara was black and extra heavy. She said, "The DeLeons haven't arrived yet. Would you care to sit in the lounge?"

"Please."

Tina followed the hostess. She noticed right away the hair was dyed. It was the deep purple-red that never looked natural, but for some reason, it fit the girl. *I wonder if she's as wild in bed as she looks in person? Scream? Yell? Kick and bite?* Tina tried to hide a smile, but it was dim enough that no one noticed or cared.

Tori turned. "I'll let you know when the rest of your party arrives."

Gerald said, "Thank you."

They sat at a tiny table with stools.

The lounge hostess was on them immediately. "Would you care for a drink while you wait?"

Her husband was fast. "Two glasses of Merlot, please. Italian or French is fine."

The older brunette, nametag of Marilyn, nodded once and twirled away.

Tina leaned closer to him, though no one was in danger of hearing. "What did you think of the hostess?" She felt a desire to know. *Would he think she was fiery? That her image suggested a hot time? Should I portray such an image?*

Her husband looked confused. "Her? Or the first one?"

"The first one: Tori."

He raised both eyebrows. "I don't know... A little faked up." That sounded definitive as the end of the conversation.

She sighed quietly. *Is that all you thought?* "Was that all? Just fake?"

He looked more confused. "That was my first impression—"

"Did you think she was pretty?"

"I...wasn't really looking at her that way."

Oh gosh, why is this so hard? It's just a simple question. "You didn't think she was pretty?" She wasn't sure how to ask about the girl's overall effect.

"I didn't say that. All I noticed was she looked fake."

That's not what I wanted to hear. Why don't you pay more attention to those around you? She sighed.

Her husband frowned at her. "You thought she was pretty?"

Yes! I felt a sexual magnetism that surprised me, that's why I asked. "Maybe, I guess..."

The brunette returned and placed down two glasses of deep red wine. She slipped the ticket under a napkin.

"Thank you," Gerald said. His smile and his eyes looked over the woman's face.

Tina frowned. *Why are you looking at her? She's old. She has wrinkles at her eyes. She's like forty.* She shook her head as the woman walked away. "Did you get a good enough look?"

Her husband twisted his mouth. "At her? She was nice-looking."

She coughed. *I wanted you to check out Tori, not Marilyn.* "I don't like her."

He gave her an outraged look of confusion. "I thought she was a lot better-looking than the first one."

Then I definitely don't want you checking her out. I was hoping for better feedback from you for Tori. "Just keep your eyes to yourself."

He blew out a breath and sipped his wine. He shook his head as he swallowed.

Tina twisted her mouth. *Men just don't get it.*

Tori came back into the lounge, leading Don and Christine.

She forgot all about the red-head and focused on her mark: Don DeLeon. He was tall and dashing, a very short covering of black hair combed flat forward – probably to hide a receding hairline. His tanned face gave his smile a brighter look, almost stunning in effect. His hazel-colored eyes were glassy and friendly, as if those who looked into them could sink in forever.

Don immediately came to her and held out his arms. "Tina, dear, you look stunning."

She got off her stool. *Oh yes, definitely the one: Don's the right man.* "Hi, Don." She let herself be scooped into a full hug.

Christine and Gerald were greeting and hugging as well.

Tina smiled slyly. *You can gawk at her and flirt all you want, hubby. Just don't go further.*

Marilyn came and stood poised gracefully near Don.

She scowled at the lounge hostess, but the woman didn't notice. She saw her husband glancing at Marilyn. *Darn you, stop it. Pay attention to Christine.*

"Would you two like something to take to your table?"

Don's smile turned to the hostess. "Whatever they're having."

Marilyn nodded and smiled lightly.

Go away, woman.

Her husband nudged her and whispered, "Be nice; she's doing her job."

Fine, fine, but you don't understand. She rolled her eyes.

Tori led them through the lounge and into the main part of the restaurant. It wasn't crowded, which was why they didn't need to wait for a table. She turned and held out her hand, fingers curling upward. "Will this be good?"

Gerald and Don both nodded.

Tori flashed a smile that made Tina want to see her naked. "Jenny will be your server." She laid down the menus and departed.

Tina sat, overcome with amusement. *Why in the world would I want to see her naked? I'm not a lesbian. But fuck, she makes me hot. What is it about her?*

With alternating men and women, Tina sat with Don on her left and her husband on her right. Christine sat across from her.

Jenny was a straight-haired blonde who had enormous teeth. "Welcome, I hope you enjoy your stay. Would you like to start off with an appetizer? Our special tonight is stuffed mushroom—"

Don said, "Those are great. Yes, please."

Jenny's smile got bigger. "Very good, I'll be right back with them."

Marilyn was leaning over, placing glasses of Merlot in front of Don and Christine. She did it quietly and unobtrusively.

Gerald said, "Can I pay this with dinner?" He held up his ticket with two fingers.

"Of course." She took it gently and left.

Go away, dammit. Where did Tori go? She turned to Don and smiled at him. How do I start all this? Now or after dinner? When is the right time for the flirting to begin? I don't think I can grab his crotch without my husband and Christine noticing. Too obvious.

She began during appetizers. She lightly kicked Don's foot.

He gave her an amused eyebrow and grin.

She did it again, hoping to get things started.

His tone was playful. "Why are you kicking me? Am I eating too many mushrooms? You want mine?"

She giggled and kicked him again. They weren't hard kicks, just taps, really.

His smile turned more playful and he kicked her back. They began a light game of footsie-war under the table and he began laughing.

Gerald said, "Are you two having foot troubles?"

Christine said, "What?" Her smile was curious.

Tina blushed with a shy grin.

Her husband leaned over to Christine. "They're battling it out under the table for foot space."

Gerald's wife peeked under the table and began laughing. "Don't bruise her, dear."

Tina laughed in response, but mainly relief. *Perfect, she approves and supports me vamping her husband. Excellent, my plans are coming to fruition.* She had an image in her head of some green cartoon bad guy rubbing his hands together maniacally.

Tori came near, leading two women: a stout one with buzzed hair and a willowy one with long hair drawn back at her neck.

Tina adjusted her glasses. She ignored the lesbians and drank in the girl's looks. *Yes, I'd definitely enjoy your tongue licking my clit, you dirty bitch.* She gasped as her pussy clenched. She grabbed her blouse in fright and picked up her napkin for something to do. A blush crept up her neck. *Oh my gosh, like, where the fuck did that come from?* She had to stop from fanning herself. "Excuse me a moment."

Her three table-mates let her go and she almost scurried to the restroom.

Glancing in the mirror, she grabbed a paper hand towel and wet it. She removed her glasses and gently applied the wet towel all over her face and neck until she was cooled off. *Was that a hot flash? Or something else? Maybe I have a brain tumor. Hmm, no, I don't use cell phones. Or maybe it was a heart attack.* She placed her hand over her upper chest. *Oh my god, maybe it's the Swine Flu or something. I'm too young for menopausal hot flashes.*

She wet her face again until her heart stopped beating so hard. She took a deep breath that wasn't accompanied by shaking. *Okay, I'm good to go. I need to focus on this hotwife thing. I know I can do this. Just go straight for it, girl.* Telling herself made her feel better.

Tina walked out, assured and feeling adventurous. *Where are you, Tori? Ugh, no. Don. Think Don.*

The man in the reticle of her target gave her a welcoming smile. "Welcome back. Everything's okay?"

Gerald said, "You feeling all right?" He placed a hand on her forearm.

Tina wanted to burst with embarrassment. *Oh gosh, how do I laugh this off?* "I'm fine...I had to get an eyelash out of my eye."

All three at the table raised their heads in a single understanding nod.

Christine said, "Ugh, I hate that. Drives me crazy."

Tina withheld a happy smile. *Thank you.* "I know, right? Feels like you can't stop blinking like a madman and it just makes it worse. Anyway, sorry

for rushing off like that."

Don waved his hands low over his plate. "No worries. Fully understandable."

Now, where were we? She grinned at him and kicked him.

He chuckled and they began the footsie war again.

~ ~ ~

Tina avoided looking at Tori on the way out. She had a hold of Don's right arm, clutching it to her tightly. She made sure her left breast was in full contact.

Tori's velvet voice fought her focus. "Have a nice night; hope to see you soon."

Don't look at her. Don't do it, dammit. She clutched tighter on Don's arm.

He seemed amused.

Gerald said, "Thanks, good night."

Christine was on his arm, but not as tight.

Tina was happy. *Play it cool, you two. Don't get too cozy together. Just enough for me to get my way with Don, okay?*

In the parking lot, Don turned to her to give her the goodbye hug – like he always did. The amusement was still there on his face.

She turned with him, wrapping her arms around him and pressing everything she had against him – just like she did with her husband. She looked up and licked her lips for a kiss. She had never done that during their hugs before and Don's amusement began to color with concern.

He did not kiss her.

Tina parted her lips. *Is that invitation enough? Come on, do it. Kiss me. This is the perfect hotwife time.*

Christine cleared her throat.

She felt Don's arms loosen to let go.

Darn. She let go, too. *Maybe next time.* She said, "So...we should get together more often."

There was something of a silence that surrounded them.

Gerald cleared his throat and said, "Sure. Gimme a call, Don."

"Yeah, of course." They shook hands.

Tina's hotwife night with the perfect man ended in failure.

CHAPTER 7

Tina said, "What?"

Her husband was frowning. "Had you too much to drink or something? Don and Christine were sort of shocked by how you acted – hanging all over him..."

It was the next day, Saturday afternoon.

Tina's eyes went wide. *Uh...shit?* "I..."

Gerald was shaking his head. "Don was embarrassed."

Oh god, this can't be happening.

"And Christine was fuming."

She slapped a hand over her eyes. *What did I do? What happened? Don was perfect.* "Uh..."

"I told them you had too much to drink, but I don't know if they bought it. What got into you last night?"

Maybe I should have grabbed Tori, pulled her into a back room, and forced the nasty girl to lick my clit. She sighed raggedly. "I don't know..."

Her husband looked at a loss. "You've never acted like that around him before."

I wanted him to be the man who made me a hotwife! "Well...he's always kind of flirty with me..."

"So you vamped all over him in front of his wife? What were you thinking?"

She wanted to cry. *He was perfect! And Christine looked happy I was flirting with him. And this is what you want. I know I can do this. Why did it fail?* "I...don't know...." The failures resounded in her thoughts: Michael, her boss; Luke from the bar; the interest from two men who turned her off,

Derek and Hugh; Cute Fed-Ex guy's non-interest; Don's rejection. She raised her hands in defeat. *This is impossible.*

Gerald was shaking his head. "I'm not sure we're going to be having any get-togethers with them again anytime soon."

She felt totally humiliated. *Hotwives aren't supposed to be humiliated; they're supposed to be hot.*

~ ~ ~

Sunday was swim day and Tina was a bundle of aggravation and anger. She donned her new two-piece black bikini with small white polka dots. She gave the pieces a wrench to insure they fit right and threw her towel over her shoulder. She almost growled at Gerald. "Quit primping for Valerie. Let's go."

He wasn't primping, but it felt good to say it.

Dammit, how can things have gone so bad? How hard is it to be a hotwife? Fuck!

Gerald coughed. "I'm not primping for Valerie; don't be gross."

Yeah, whatever, fine. Let's go.

"Why are you scowling?" He was grabbing up his towel and bag.

Because of Don. "I have a headache."

"Do you want to stay here?"

And let Valerie rub her beachballs all over your crotch? Uh, no. "No, the sun should get rid of it. And a dip."

"Want an aspirin?"

She snapped back at him. "And kill my stomach lining and kidneys? No thanks."

"All right, all right."

They were at the back sliding glass door. She said, "Can we just go?"

He waved his hand back and forth between her and the door to show her that was exactly what they were doing. "You want me to open it or do you want to just charge through the glass?"

Ugh, men. How difficult. "Just open it."

"Yes, ma'am."

She wanted to scream. She stomped all the way to the pool. She sneered at the signs, wanting to bring in a dog and a glass of iced tea at midnight. Just to show she could.

Valerie and Connor were not at the pool.

Gloria was there, though, in her white bikini and gray hair. She was being talked up by three men.

How does she have it so easy and I can't even get a man to look at me? Her boobs are flatter than mine!

Gloria didn't act all that interested in having three men pay attention to her, though the men looked happy. Her expression was pleasant without being excited – as if talking was just talking.

Tina kept glancing over. *Does she have fantasies? And about what? She doesn't appear all that interested in the men but she's never looked at the women with any interest. What's your secret, old woman?*

Gerald was already all situated and relaxing in the sun. "Ugh..."

Tina looked at him. He was looking off to the entrance. She followed his gaze.

Valerie was blazing a buxom entrance into the pool area. Connor paced like a panther behind her.

Men turned from whatever they were doing – even the three men chatting up Gloria.

Tina spent a second watching the old woman's reaction. She saw a blown-out sigh and the roll of eyes. *Ha! Yeah, me too, Gloria, me too. Let's gang up on her, abduct her tits, and drown them in the pool.*

The busty blonde immediately handed her things to Connor and waded into the pool.

Tina rolled her eyes. *Here comes the display – always where we're sitting.*

Gerald groaned.

She sneered. "Getting excited?"

"Fuck no..."

She knew he wasn't. She sighed with exaggeration.

Valerie began swimming, lapping around the pool. She always did three laps and then did her display.

Tina said, "Third lap."

Her husband said drily, "Yeah, I know." He was getting up. "Think I'll be conveniently absent."

She wanted to hug him and pat him on the back in encouragement. *Thank you, my love.*

He walked to the restroom.

Valerie was underwater, as she always was right before her display. Then she breached, coming up slowly, head back and water streaming from her blonde hair. Her tits rose above the edge of the pool and men sitting along Tina's side gasped.

The woman's back was arched and it looked painful to thrust her tits so far forward. But it sure did make a display. Valerie shook out her hair languidly, flinging water in delicate arcs away from her. Water beaded and ran down her breasts and into the deep cleavage the bikini couldn't hide. She let out a long, open-mouthed sigh.

Tina stood and came to the edge of the pool, a wicked grin on her face. *I want to kick those tits. I can see it now: woman kicks tits causing massive explosion. Five city blocks devastated. News at eleven.*

Valerie opened her eyes expectantly and then scowled as she saw Tina. "Oh...hello, Tina Rina." Her stressing the first syllable of each name was filled with scorn and disdain.

Tina primly squatted by the edge of the pool. She gave her eyebrows a twitch. She lowered her voice conspiratorially. "You know, I thought I'd tell you... When you come up out of the water like that, you can see the wavy stretch-wrinkles through your top from your implants."

Valerie's laugh was dripping with pleasure. "Oh, hoo hoo hoo, these are all natural, baby. Don't you wish you had them?"

Darn, that flopped. "Are you feeling okay, today?"

"What do you mean?"

Tina put on a pained look. "I mean, you look so bloated and crampy; are you in pain?"

Valerie scooped up a handful of water and ran it over her own face, slowly. Then she blew out. The water running over her lips flew out, splattering Tina's face and glasses.

She was startled, and fell over backwards onto her butt.

Valerie laughed derisively. "You look so pathetic. I mean, trying to wear a bikini and all. You should just give up." She pushed off from the edge, her attention elsewhere and Tina decisively dismissed.

Bitch. Cunt. Whore. Fuck you. She got up, fuming.

Gerald had come back from the bathroom. He approached with a frown. "You still have a headache? You look like you're in total pain."

Oh, great! Exactly the line I used on Valerie!

Her husband looked genuinely concerned. He lowered his voice and moved his head a little sideways. "Cramps?"

Agh! She wanted to let the scream out. Instead, she pushed him into the pool with a strangled cry that came out like a gurgle.

He plunged in backwards with a look of surprise and came up laughing. He started to reach for her ankle. "Get over here."

She laughed, still feeling aggravated, but amused at it all. She pranced backwards out of his grasp.

Valerie appeared, coming up from underwater. She winked at Tina. "I see you know what I want. Thank you." She grabbed on to Gerald's arm and pressed a huge tit against it. It ballooned alarmingly and she moved to rub it against his bicep.

Tina's mouth dropped open. She was ready to dive in and rake the woman's tits from her body with her claws.

Gerald, though, was faster. He yanked his arm out of her grasp and kicked off from the side, swimming away from her.

Tina decided not to dive in. "Keep your paws off of him."

Valerie's face lit up with delight. "Or what? You know he prefers a real woman like me." She leaned up a little out of the pool. "He'll be squeezing my breasts in front of everybody before we leave here today."

"How dare—"

"You just watch, little girl." She pushed off from the edge and began swimming after Gerald.

Tina was frozen, feeling appalled and vulnerable. *Would he? Did anyone on this side hear the challenge? What do I do?* She felt stiff and uncertain. *I need to act all cool.*

Gerald swam away from Valerie, but she followed.

Tina firmed her mouth. Don't just stand here, act cool. She turned and sat back down.

Valerie chased him around the pool and surprised him at one point, coming up from behind and hopping up onto his back. Her boobs pressed suggestively on either side of his head.

He twisted sideways and tossed her off. She squealed in delight and swam after him again.

People were watching. Even Gloria looked with one eyebrow raised. Connor looked amused.

Tina frowned. *Why don't you get out of the pool, dear? This is becoming a spectacle.*

But he didn't. Although he wasn't trying to play with the woman, he wasn't getting out, either.

Tina sat up straighter. *Unless... She looked but couldn't see. Unless he has an erection and is embarrassed for people to see it.*

The realization must have shown in her eyes. Valerie's laughter drifted to her and she could see the woman looking directly at her.

The big-breasted woman swam slowly up behind Gerald in the deep end as he was hanging at the edge. She wrapped him in a hug from behind and laughed playfully. He rolled his eyes and shook his head, but he didn't move. One of Valerie's hands dipped below the water.

Tina shot up from her lounge. *The nerve! She touched my husband, I know it!*

Gerald pushed away and swam frantically to the other side of the pool.

Some of the pool people were beginning to be interested only in what was going on. The couple of other people got out of the pool to watch. One older man she didn't recognize got in to swim and chase after Valerie.

Tina, on the verge of violence, took a breath and had to clamp her mouth shut to keep from laughing. The man was swimming directly for Valerie and her boobs. The blonde actually had a look of horror on her face and began to swim away.

An interesting game of swim-chase developed as Valerie tried to corner Gerald while keeping away from the older man.

My husband must have an erection, or he'd be out of the pool. She sighed. Boy, are you going to get a tongue-lashing when we get home, Gerald Rina. How dare you.

But Valerie's laughter drifted to her again and she saw the predatory victory on the woman's face as she mocked Tina.

People weren't looking at her, though, and obviously they thought Valerie was laughing because of the little chase game.

With no one looking at Tina except for Valerie's occasional glances, she walked around the edge of the pool determined to get in a good dig. *Watch you? Watch you? How about you watch me? Bitch.*

Connor smiled up at her with his brooding eyes and intelligent twinkle. "Looks like they're having fun, huh?"

Tina said nothing. She dropped down across his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Surprise lit his face. "Well, hello..."

"You looked left out over here." She said it loud enough so that those nearby could hear.

He chuckled low. "Why yes, I think I was." His arms were around her and she could feel the strength of his muscles enveloping her.

Tina giggled, overcome with what she had done and feeling daring. "Why should they have all the fun?" She felt his lump of manhood beneath her, against her butt.

The moment didn't last long.

Valerie coughed near them. "Uh, how dare you?"

Tina looked up innocently. "We're just playing and having fun." She purposely wriggled her butt down against Connor's crotch while keeping direct eye-contact with Miss Tits. She noticed people were staring and she smiled sweetly.

Valerie's voice was terse. "Get off."

She pouted, making a show, and wriggling again against Connor. "Aw, the fun and games are over?"

"Off."

"Okay, okay." She made a point to move very suggestively against him as she maneuvered off. To her delight and Valerie's shame, Connor was tented up and bulging. Tina struck a pose, one arm folded across her and supporting her elbow. One finger tapped her lower lip and then dipped a little to indicate Connor's predicament. She cleared her throat and lifted her eyebrows in satisfaction. Then she spun and walked back around the pool.

She heard Valerie say, "Let's go."

Gerald was out on the other side, gathering up their things. He was not showing any excitement in his shorts. He glanced over at her and over to the other side. Then back to her.

She said, "We're leaving?"

He said nothing, just stood and gently took her arm. He guided her out of the pool and back to their townhouse.

CHAPTER 8

Tina shrugged.

He repeated himself. "Tell me, what were you thinking?"

She looked at her husband. His look was plaintive and pleading. "What was I supposed to do? You let her hang all over you. Why didn't you get out of the pool?"

"What? I wanna know why you sat on his lap."

"Because you didn't get out of the pool. What, were you excited? Had a big boner you couldn't show everyone?"

He paled.

"Ah ha! I thought so." She shook a finger at him. "She told me you'd be rubbing her tits in front of everyone—"

"I didn't touch them." He held up his hands.

"But you got a hard-on?"

"I couldn't help it. You get a woman all over you, that's what it does."

"So you want her tits?"

"Yuck, no!" His response was almost a shout.

"But you got all hard over her."

"Not over her."

"Oh? Then what?"

He sighed heavily. "All of that close contact – not because of her, just that it was a woman."

"Oh really?"

He looked aggravated. "Yes, really. I can't help it. No man can. We can't control what happens down there when a half-naked woman starts rubbing herself all over you."

She sniffed. "Oh? Does that happen with Christine?"

His chin lifted in defiance. "Actually it does."

That stunned her. "It does?"

He nodded.

"You get a hard-on hugging her?"

"Well, not a total hard-on, but I feel it stir."

She dropped down to sit on the bed. "That blows my mind."

"Why should it? It's a natural reaction."

She looked up at him. "Do you...enjoy these 'natural reactions?'"

He blew out a long breath. "Not the one today, no. I couldn't get out of the pool and let everyone see she had an effect on me. What an insult that would've been to you."

Yeah, for sure. She let her shoulders drop. "Probably so."

He sat down next to her. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it until it went away. And when she touched it—"

She felt her eyes blaze. "I thought so. That bitch. That's why I went and sat on Connor's lap."

He peered at her carefully. "So you don't have some kind of crush on Connor?"

Laughter burst from her. "Him? Are you fucking kidding me? He's married to that...thing."

He chuckled. "I wondered..."

"Why, were you jealous?"

"No, it was more of a shock..." But he sounded worried.

"You were jealous."

He shook his head. "No, really, I wasn't. But it was such a surprise that I had to wonder if there was something I should know."

"Know? Like what?"

"Like you were going to elope with him or something."

Laughter came out again, but more derisive than surprised. "Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm not. Let's say I took the initiative and grabbed Valerie. Took her down onto my lap and got an erection. What would you think?"

She tilted her head. "That you wanted her and not me."

"Precisely."

"Oh, well, I don't want Connor. I love you; you're my husband."

He leaned back a little. "Then what was all that with Don last night?"

Not this again. "I...guess I misread his signals." It sounded lame.

"Signals?"

"Yeah, he always seems so flirty."

"Him? Are you kidding?"

She felt the blush crawl up her face. "No, I'm not kidding. I guess I misread him."

He went silent, one eyebrow down in thought.

She said, "I'm sorry about last night. Trust me, I won't think that of him again."

He nodded, slowly, still in thought.

"Anyway, I had to do something to get at Valerie; that's why I sat on his lap."

One eyebrow came up. "Looked like you were having fun."

"Yeah, torturing her."

A higher lift to the brow. "Oh, no fun sitting on his lap? You sure looked like you were the way you were teasing him."

She laughed abruptly and short. "Yeah, I guess it was nice seeing I could affect him."

"You gave him an erection."

She giggled. "Yep, I showed her."

"Did it feel nice?"

She shrugged it off. "Well, you know, a bulge is a bulge..."

His mouth was open a little, panting quietly. His look was searching. He leaned close and breathed in her scent near her ear. "Were you like...right on it?"

She leaned back a little. "What do you mean?"

"Were you like...sitting right on it?"

Uncertain as to whether she should tell the truth since the incident had seemed to bother him, she said, "Well, I guess. I wasn't paying attention."

He gave her a dry look and pushed her down onto the bed. "Bullshit."

She tried to laugh, but it came out as a gasp. "Really...I—"

"You're trying to tell me you couldn't feel him firming beneath you?"

"Well—"

His hand reached down her bikini and slid over her clit. "You're telling me you didn't feel his cock through your bikini?"

She gasped and arched her back, his fingers sending salacious shivers up her pussy. "Well, I guess I did..."

"Did he feel all hard?" Fingers slid into her hole and curled up, pressing pleasure deeper into her pussy.

She moaned with anticipation. "Yes..."

He leaned to her ear and whispered, "Were you rubbing your pussy all over his cock?"

Thoughts of the event rushed in on her, causing her to realize she had basically dry-fucked him right in front of everybody. "Was that bad?"

He groaned low and gripped her bikini bottoms. He pulled them down harshly and slid them off.

She panted with excitement at his barely controlled desire.

He slid off his trunks and freed his firming cock. Then he stuffed his fingers back into her. "Did it feel good?"

She hadn't really thought much about it while she was doing it – her mind had been on Valerie and getting revenge. "I guess so..."

He groaned again and removed his hand. He climbed over her, his cock angry and ready.

She drew in a breath and spread her legs.

He thrust in harshly, spearing her open and filling her pussy instantly with tension and pleasure.

She moaned with satisfaction and pulled on him.

"Did his cock feel good under you?" He thrust deep and fast.

"Yes..." She guessed it did, even if she hadn't realized it at the time. "You're not mad at me?"

"No..." He pushed his cock in and out of her, and she could feel him tense and already on the edge. "As long as you're not wanting to trade me for him."

"Never..."

"Then I'm glad you teased him."

"You are?"

"Yes...you got to feel him."

"That's not bad?"

He panted. "You said it felt good."

"Yes..."

He thrust faster, his words coming quicker with gasps. "You said his cock felt good against your pussy."

Emotions swirled around in her, awakening in her the realization of what she had done. "Yes."

Gerald groaned loudly above her and squeezed his eyes shut. He held it in and began wetting her insides with his orgasm.

~ ~ ~

Tina pondered the weekend as she readied for work on Monday. *How is that for a wrench? I try to be a hotwife and I fail. Then I try to get revenge and suddenly I'm a hotwife.* She shook her head. *I don't think I can do this. How do other women do it?*

Gerald kissed her cheek. "See ya later, sexy."

"Love you."

"Love you, too." His eyes were bright and he winked.

She watched him go and finished her coffee. She left after him because her work was closer. She still had another half hour before she had to be in the office. *Guess I'll go early and sip coffee.*

She grabbed up her purse and checked herself in the mirror. She adjusted her glasses. *I really need to get better frames; these sit crooked.* She sighed and went out, taking a measured stroll to her car in the covered parking. As she neared the corner of Block E, she noticed Connor looking her way from the parking lot.

She kept going; her lot was the next one.

"Hey..."

She stopped, surprised he would speak to her. "Hi?"

His smile was wide and bright. "Hi..." He stuffed his hands into his pockets, looking like a very, very bad boy. "We should get together sometime..."

"We should?"

"Yeah, you know, we could go to the movies or something..."

"What about Valerie?"

"All of us."

Tina made a face of confusion. "Are you kidding? She hates me."

He appeared stumped for only a second. "Hmm...yeah, maybe she wouldn't go."

"Don't you hate me, too?"

"What?" He looked perturbed.

"Aren't I your wife's big rival?"

He laughed. "Well, it's not really all like that."

She shifted her hips. "You can't honestly tell me she'd sit next to me through a movie—"

He scratched his chin. "Maybe not. She doesn't actually hate you—"

"She sure sounds like it at the pool."

He looked uncomfortable. "It's more like teasing—"

"Pretty mean teasing."

He pursed his lips. "Well, sorry about that. Maybe it wouldn't work out."

Tina shifted again. "You don't hate me?"

He laughed. "Um, no. Why would I hate you?"

"Well, your wife, and all..."

He waved a hand. "Look, she's always been that way with women who aren't as...well-endowed as her...you know. Goes back to high school, even."

"Some friend she'd make, huh?"

"Well..."

"And you aren't all about huge...?" She motioned with one hand.

He laughed again. "Well, not really. I didn't marry her for her boobs."

This is interesting. She crossed her arms. "No?"

"She's a bright woman underneath all that bluster."

Don't remind me; she easily outwitted me at the pool. "You don't say."

He shrugged. "Not that she'd ever show that to you. Yeah, I guess you're right." He nodded. "You two would never be friends."

"Can't say I'd miss it."

He gave her a serious look. "That's a shame, isn't it?"

Tina shrugged.

"You and Gerald seem so nice."

"We are."

He coughed and let out a sigh.

She said, "We could all probably be friends if she wasn't involved."

He looked at her for a moment in silence.

She fidgeted and looked toward her parking lot. "I should go—"

"Wait..."

"Hmm?" She was ready to brush off the awkward conversation.

"How about I come over for drinks and talk to you and your husband?"

"She'd allow that?"

"She gets off later than we do."

"Hmm."

"You're a nice couple; at least let me apologize for Valerie."

"I suppose..."

He winked. "I'll drop by tonight."

No way in hell you're going to convince me to like your wife. I'd rather have Tori licking my clit than Valerie ever smiling at me. "Well, okay..."

CHAPTER 9

Tina was on the phone with her husband.

He said, "So you have a hot date tonight?"

She rolled her eyes, even if he couldn't see it. "No, he wants to apologize for Valerie."

"Why would he want to do that?"

"I don't know, maybe he's embarrassed?"

Derek appeared at her door and his face fell when he saw her talking on the phone.

Ugh, do I really want to go to lunch with him again? She swiveled her chair away and kept talking, but she waved hello at him. "Anyway, drinks tonight."

"What does a musclehead drink?"

She laughed. "Uh, asparagus smoothies with protein and raw eggs?"

"Gross."

"Yeah, no kidding."

"All right, whatever. You sure he's not bringing Valerie?"

"That's what he said, but I tell you what: if he does, I'll be running right behind you."

She hung up the phone a moment later.

Derek leaned back in. "Lunch?" He sounded hopeful.

"Not today, Derek. No appetite." It was the truth.

He looked crushed.

It wasn't her problem.

~ ~ ~

Tina was sitting on the couch, wishing the night was already over.

Gerald said, "Is that what you're wearing?"

She was still wearing her jeans and blouse she had worn to work. She made an annoyed face. "Yes, why?"

"We have a guest coming over..."

"What's wrong with this?"

He frowned a moment. "I just thought you might wear something nicer with a man coming over."

"Connor?" She made a face that said: are you kidding? "Imagine me in some slinky dress—"

"You don't own one."

"Right. So, imagine me in some slinky dress and his wife tags along."

"Hmm."

The doorbell rang.

She got up and said, "Yeah, hmm." She made large eyes at him and answered the door.

Connor stood there looking arrogant and bashful, all at the same time.

Too bad he's married to that cunt; he's cute. "Well...come on in, I guess."

He held a sack with a bottle in it. "Whisky?"

She made a motion with her head towards her husband. She was relieved he was alone.

Gerald took the sack and shook his hand. "Hey, Connor."

"Hey, I wanted to apologize right off for what happened yesterday."

Her husband played dumb in a cool way. "What happened?" He took the bottle out of the sack and looked at it.

"You know, the whole Valerie thing. I love her to death, but sometimes she's so closed-minded."

Gerald grunted at the bottle. "Nice. Let's go pour this."

Tina didn't think that included her, so she sat on the couch while the boys had their little guy-thing pow-wow. She crossed her arms and looked at the clock. Cute or not, she wasn't going to be convinced to like Valerie.

They stayed in the kitchen for a few minutes, murmurs coming through to the living room without audible comprehension.

When her husband came out, she took the offered tumbler containing two fingers of amber liquid. She sipped it immediately, taking in a fair

amount. *Are we done now?*

Her husband sat next to her and Connor relaxed into the recliner as if he was comfortable there.

Connor said, "I was apologizing to your husband about Valerie being so stuck up."

She lifted an eyebrow and scrunched her mouth to the side with dismissal.

"I also wanted to apologize for appearing to make moves on your wife..."

Gerald squinted. "What do you mean?"

He motioned with his tumbler. "You know, when she sat on my lap. I knew what she was doing and thought I'd play along."

Her husband puffed and waved his glass. "That didn't bother me at all. She can be playful sometimes."

"Ah, good. If you noticed, I tried not to touch her – just let her do her thing."

Gerald frowned. "For me or for your wife?"

"For you..." He trailed off and looked uncomfortable.

Tina tried to contain a laugh. "Yeah, as if your blonde Amazon barbarian would let you touch me."

Connor chuckled low and long, his eyebrows coming up and his head shaking as if to indicate big trouble. "Yeah, not happening."

She sipped and said, "So why are you here? Nothing changes."

He pursed his lips, looking into her eyes with his deep ones. "Because you're nice people."

"Is that all?"

He nodded. "Society is uncivil enough as it is. While I do love my wife, she has her faults. I'm here covering for them."

Tina relaxed a bit and shifted into a more comfortable position on the couch. "I guess...that's very nice of you."

Connor smiled – something small and simple. "Thank you."

Gerald said, "Well, you didn't bother me any. Like I said, sometimes Tina gets playful."

Valerie's husband nodded. "Good. I wanted to make sure; I don't want to be having problems with a nice couple like you."

"No, no problem at all. As long as you don't mind her doing some bold things sometimes."

Connor glanced knowingly at Tina. "Oh, she can be as bold as she wants..." He drifted off into a chuckle.

She shifted on the couch. *Was that a flirt? Or is he just giving me permission to take revenge on his wife?* "Could you tell your wife not to touch my husband's private parts?"

He laughed a little louder, but not by much. He swigged a bit of whisky. "That would just make her do it. She doesn't mean anything by it, you know. It's just her way of saying..."

Tina raised an eyebrow. "That she's more of a woman because of her bigger tits?"

He covered his mouth with his fist and coughed once. "Exactly."

"It's kinda rude."

He nodded. "It is, I know."

"I'm not sure what I might do if she touches him again."

Connor shrugged as if to say it was what it was. "Well, then, feel free to do what you need to do. Maybe Valerie will learn something out of it."

Gerald looked very uncomfortable. "You two didn't have words over her touching me?"

"No."

"You know that she did actually touch my...uh..."

"She touched your swim trunks. Like I said, she didn't mean anything suggestive by it. If I thought she was interested in you, then you and I would have to wrastle in the pool over her."

Tina said, "So all this attention she gets doesn't bother you?"

He chuckled and waved his tumbler. "It's who she is. For better or worse, all wrapped together. No, I don't really think she has designs on any man other than me."

Arrogant, cocky bastard. But cute, aren't you? "That's pretty confident of you."

"Maybe. But maybe because I know her. I should probably get going before she gets home."

Tina was feeling vindictive. "She wears the pants in the family, huh?"

He sat up straight, stretching. "Nope, I just don't need problems where there are none."

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her?"

"Something like that, I guess." He stood. "Thank you for hearing me out. I know things are awkward, but I wanted you to know you're nice, I

appreciate nice people, and she actually doesn't hate you."

She shrugged, not knowing what else to say to such a dead avenue of relationship. *Well, I can't say the same for her; I hate the bitch.*

Gerald let him out.

She sat up and stretched in almost the same fashion Connor had. Creaks and pops greeted her. She said to her husband when he came back in, "That was kind of stressful."

"You should've given him a hug goodbye."

She set her empty glass down. "Oh...as part of the whole hotwife thing?" She said it without thinking.

Her husband froze. "Wh-what?"

She looked at him. *What doesn't he understand?* She blinked as the replay in her mind of her words hit her. *Oh shit.*

He peered at her sideways with suspicion. "What did you say?"

Her heart pounded and thundered with the calamity of her error. "Uh... well..."

He stayed silent, searching her face.

She blew out a breath. "I guess I have a confession."

He studied her carefully.

Tina picked up the empty whisky glass and turned it nervously in her hands. "Remember how sick you got on our anniversary?"

His suspicion mounted. "Yes..."

"Well, I thought you were making an excuse—"

"I was puking my guts inside out."

"I know, but I thought..."

He looked perturbed. "It wasn't my fault the shrimp was undercooked."

"I know. Anyway, I thought you might be cheating on me."

"Ha! Never."

"But I thought it, so I checked your laptop for emails."

Gerald fidgeted nervously. "There are none."

"Not from some whore, no. But...I found your hotwife folder."

He tried to look confused. "Hotwife folder?"

She gave him a dry look. "I know what I found. The folders with all the hotwife captions in them. I read many of them – I wasn't imagining it."

He sat, tense. But he was thinking, then he nodded. "I...find the idea..."

"A turn-on, I know."

"You're not bothered by that?"

She laughed. "I've had nothing but total rejection for trying to fit that mold—"

"Wait, what?" He squinted, focusing. Then he chuckled. "Is that why you vamped on Don?"

She nodded.

His chuckle broke into a nervous laugh. He covered his eyes with his hand and shook his head, still laughing.

She pouted. "Don't mock me; I tried."

"With Don?" He sounded incredulous.

"Yes, with Don. He's always so nice."

Her husband shook his head. "But he's never given us any indication he'd do something like that."

"But he always flirts with me."

"He does not. He's nice to you."

"He flirts."

Gerald raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "Tina, dear, he doesn't."

She sighed.

"Is that why you started wearing those clothes? Jeans instead of slacks covered by those work-tents?"

She nodded, rubbing the bridge of her nose under her glasses.

He gave a short, incredulous laugh. "You actually tried—"

"Oh, please don't rub it in."

"I didn't think you'd go for any of that, especially since you gave up all your partying to marry me."

"Once a partier, always a partier? But I know what you mean – none of my past ever crossed my mind. It was like you completed me and I didn't need any of that anymore."

He scratched his head. "So you've been trying?"

She snorted. "And failed. Nothing worked. I've lost my touch, or whatever."

"I wouldn't say that."

She shook her head. "All I had to do was just have a small smile on my face. Guys would flock to me from out of nowhere. Now? I can't beg and get anything."

"What were you hoping for, anyway? Permission to run off with some hot guy?"

"No, no. I read those captions. I was trying to follow them. Be sexy for husband by flirting with his friends. I thought I could do it."

"So you didn't see them as an excuse to cheat?"

"You know me better than that."

He shrugged. "Guess I had to ask."

"Sorry I snooped."

He waved some fingers. "I suppose if you aren't mad, then neither am I."

CHAPTER 10

Tina grinned all week at work, and it grew the later in the week it got. Suddenly her sex life had gone from life-support to running a marathon. Gerald was insatiable as they talked about his fantasy and the caption pictures.

They made love with him talking about her riding some guy's cock. The thrill and strangeness heightened her sensuality and orgasms. If she couldn't actually get a decent man, then at least she was having a major blast with her husband. *This is the way it's supposed to be.*

Derek leaned in, smiling. It was Friday.

She nodded to him. "Give me a few minutes." She had gone to lunch with him every day so far. While too big for her tastes, he was funny and good company. She would never do anything with him, but they could at least pretend like they were doing something sexy and covert.

She had told her husband about the lunches, embellishing the looks and winks and suggestive talk. In actuality, none of that had occurred, and he knew it, but it turned him on so much that he didn't mind. So she made up enough to excite him.

~ ~ ~

Tina locked her car door. *Another week done.*

"Hey."

She spun, ready to use her keys through her knuckles to gouge out eyeballs. "Oh my god, don't sneak up on me like that."

Connor looked shocked. "I didn't."

She glanced around for Valerie.

He said, "She's still at work."

"Oh. Well, hi."

"Swimming Sunday?"

What's it to you? "I don't know. Probably. Why? Does your wife have something nasty planned? Should we stay away?"

He shook his head, and more vigorously as she went on. "No, no, no. Was just wondering."

"What for?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Well, it's nice seeing you out there. You, Gloria..."

"You like seeing Gloria?"

"Yeah, she's pretty."

Tina gave him a strange look. "But she's so old."

He laughed. "She's maybe ten years older than you?"

"Like, yeah."

He slapped his cheek and drew it down comically. "Totally ancient, right?"

She laughed uncertainly. "Am I old?"

"No, I just like seeing you in a bikini. That new one was special."

She coughed. "Special like retarded?"

He laughed, clean and easy. "No, special as in I really liked it."

"Should you be telling me this?"

"You don't like hearing it?"

Tina let her mouth drop open. *Do you have to be so frustrating?*

Connor grinned and winked. "You offering?" His eyes glanced to her mouth.

"Ack!" She snapped her mouth shut and pursed her lips. The blush rushed up her neck and she scurried towards the walkway. *Oh my god. What a jerk.*

The chuckle that followed her was delightful and devious.

~ ~ ~

Sunday afternoon presented Tina with conflict. She clutched her third screwdriver to her chest. "I don't know if I want to swim."

Gerald frowned at her. "I guess we don't have to... What's with you, anyway?"

"Valerie. Connor has me thinking she has something planned."

"I didn't get that from what you told me. Unless you didn't tell me everything."

"No, I told you."

"Then I can't see why you'd be so—"

"Look me in the face and tell me Valerie is going to be the perfect angel this time."

He cleared his throat. "Well, I...uh..."

"Are you looking forward to her tit-show?"

"No, of course not. But maybe someone new will be there. You know she always makes a beeline for them."

"After giving you a free show."

"Well, I don't have to look."

She sighed. "You could flip her off."

He grumbled. "She might take that as an invitation."

She giggled. "Um, yeah, never mind. Maybe I'll flip her off."

"If it makes you feel better."

"Maybe I will."

~ ~ ~

Tina felt comfortably numb as she entered the pool area.

Connor and Valerie were already there. The woman was displaying her huge breasts for three grinning men. Connor was talking to Gloria.

Gerald led them to the other side and they sat.

After a moment, Valerie made a show of getting onto the diving board.

Tina rolled her eyes. She noticed Gloria doing the same.

Gerald sighed.

She said, "Three laps, then she'll breach right here."

He said, "Yeah, but I won't be here."

She snickered. "Wish I could've brought a screwdriver along."

"No alcohol in the pool."

"Pff, yeah, yeah."

The three older men she had been talking to lined up at the side and muttered to each other with lascivious smiles.

Valerie posed like a goddess, knowing they were admiring her.

Tina smirked. "Oh, brother." She felt the swoon of her last drink hitting her. *Well, I did it; I'm out here.*

The big-breasted woman jumped in, boobs thrust out.

The men clapped.

Tina heard Gloria laugh in derision.

Connor was smiling.

Valerie's eyes latched onto Gerald when she came up and she began making laps around the pool.

He sighed.

Tina said, "That's the third; she's about to go underwater."

Her husband grunted. "That's my cue." He got up and moved quickly to the restroom to hide.

Valerie did her usual, overly-dramatic theatrical breach from the water, drips and breasts on display. She opened her eyes.

Tina was giving what she thought her best look of disgust and boredom.

Valerie frowned and looked around.

There was an older couple next to where she and Gerald had sat. The older woman smacked her husband with her magazine. "Don't look." She smacked him again. "I said, don't look." There was a flurry of magazine hits to bald head as the older man gawked.

Tina cleared her throat at Valerie. "Are you trying to show me your tits again?"

The old woman next to her gasped. Her husband chuckled low, lewd, and nasally. The magazine slapped the top of his head again.

Valerie fumed.

Tina said, "Wow, your bikini is super-stretched this week. Are you packing on the pounds?"

The woman slapped at the water, sending a swoosh of it up and onto Tina and the older couple. She did not apologize to them. Instead she looked around and then scowled. A silent eyebrow was all Tina got. The woman swam towards the other side where the three older men all stood ogling and grinning.

Feeling as if she had gotten the better of the exchange, despite the slight soaking, she wiped her glasses and watched for Gerald.

He eventually came out and glanced over at her. Then he looked into the pool. By that time, Valerie was out and reveling in the attention of six eyes

latched onto her boobs. He waded into the shallow end and went for a swim. He made a couple laps before Valerie noticed.

Tina saw the woman give her an evil eye.

Gerald wasn't paying much attention since she wasn't in the pool. He didn't notice the splash was her with his head under the water until she angled up beneath him. Surprised, he treaded water to stop or he would have swam right over her.

She came up from beneath him, sliding up against his body as he tried to swim back from her in the treading position. Her boobs were all over him.

He turned desperately and she latched onto his back for a piggy-back ride. Her eyes kept glancing over to Tina.

Gerald began swimming to the edge to get out.

Valerie hung on, but moved one hand down just before he got to the edge. Her arm moved vigorously.

Tina stood, wanting to pick up the lounge chair and throw it at her. Problem was, she'd hit Gerald, too. She gritted her teeth.

Valerie was smiling at her.

Her husband gripped the edge of the pool and looked down. "Get off."

Her arm moved slower, the muscles working.

Tina fumed. *She's jacking my husband. You fucking bitch!* She opened her mouth to begin screaming obscenities when Valerie kicked away from her husband, laughing loudly with delight.

The boob-woman returned to the three men and climbed out.

One of them, encouraged by what he had seen, reached out and lightly grasped a boob.

Valerie chuckled with invitation and arched her back, offering them. The three men drew close and began fondling her bikini.

The old woman began slapping her husband with the magazine again. "Sit back down. The nerve of them."

Gerald breathed rapidly, still clinging to the edge of the pool. Slowly he began pulling himself out.

Tina handed him a towel and he gratefully accepted.

He rolled his eyes at her and shook his head. "I don't know if I want to be swimming here anymore."

Burning with anger and outrage and over the brazen audacity of the broad, Tina stomped around the pool. *How dare she be such a bitch as to*

ruin our swim-time. How dare she touch my husband. How dare she jack him in front of everybody! Bitch!

Gloria noticed her coming almost right away. An amused look of interest settled on her features and remained there. She smiled at Tina when she got close.

Connor looked up.

Tina dropped down onto his lap and said, "Hello there, sexy." She leaned in and licked his ear. "So you like my bikini?"

Gloria's eyes were wide, and shifting back and forth between Tina and Valerie.

But Valerie wasn't looking. She was giggling and flirting with the three older men, touching them and wriggling her tits.

Tina, feeling no pain at all, reached down and groped at Connor's swim-trunks. "Do you like to be felt up, too?"

His eyes went large and he stood, holding her and helping her stand.

Gerald was there, taking her other arm. "Um, maybe we should go." He was carrying everything of theirs under his other arm.

Tina glared at him. *Why are you interrupting my revenge? The bitch deserves to be showed up.*

Connor said, "I'm sorry about—"

Her husband shook his head. "No, no worries. Er, could you give me a hand?"

"Oh, yeah, of course." He looked back to Valerie and then shrugged.

Tina was hanging in their grip. Her knees suddenly didn't seem all that strong.

They escorted her from the pool.

She went willingly. *That fucking bitch!* She reached her hand down and gripped Connor's butt cheek. "What do you have in here?"

He chuckled with nervousness.

Her husband said, "Let's get her inside. Sorry about that back there."

"She's been drinking?"

Tina growled, "Damn straight I have. What makes your wife so special that she can grope my husband in front of everyone?"

Connor was quiet. "I'm really sorry about that."

"Does she want you groped in front of everyone?"

Gerald cleared his throat. "I don't think a public spectacle is a good idea." They were entering the house.

Tina said, "You know, you're right. How about I put my hands on you in private?" On steadier legs, she turned and reached down. She gripped his bulge and squeezed. "How do you think she likes that? I don't think for a minute she'd want her husband groped in front of everyone."

Connor tried prying himself away. He was looking at Gerald. "Um, I..." His tone was apologetic and his hands were up, trying to show he wasn't inviting any of it.

Her husband grabbed her arm. "Tina—"

Anger flared up inside and boiled out and over. "Let go! I was the one that had to sit there and watch her jack you in the pool. The nerve of the woman! She touches you? I touch him!" She turned back and gripped Connor's bulge again.

Her husband blew out a breath and said, "Sorry, guy. She's pretty steamed."

She rubbed him vigorously, like Valerie had done to her husband. "How do you like that? Do you like some other woman jacking you? Do you think Valerie would?"

Connor, normally cool and collected, looked a little uncertain. "Uh..."

Tina's anger was still frothing. "Maybe she'd be angry if she saw this?" She reached into his trunks.

He tried to back away, hands up and clear. "Uh, I'm not..." He was looking at Gerald.

Her husband tried to pry her away again. "Tina, please—"

"No!" She glared at both men. "I had to be humiliated in front of everyone! How does she like this?" She had succeeded in getting Connor's cock out. "Look at me now, Valerie. I've got your husband's cock in my hand and he likes it."

Gerald cleared his throat nervously. He said to Connor, "I guess she's pretty upset..."

Tina blew up again. "Upset? Upset?" She tugged on Connor's shaft with anger. "Wouldn't you be upset if some man just fingered me right there at the pool with everyone looking? As if he owned me? She doesn't own you, I do!"

Connor's mouth was open with surprise at the anxiety of her anger. His shaft was firming. "I'm sorry my wife—"

Tina turned on him. "No! Stop apologizing for her. She needs to apologize to me. To me! And this..." She looked down. "This is what's

happening because of what she did to my husband."

He kept looking at her husband, and shaking his head as if denying he was enticing her.

Tina stroked him, his shaft now fully erect. "That's right, I'm jacking you and you like it. How's them titties, Valerie? Are they to your liking?" She stroked him slower, feeling his shaft. "Yes, nice and excited, and it's not your tits that are doing it. It's another woman's hand."

Connor was panting, looking down and watching her hand stroke him.

Tina looked up at him, her eyes focusing on his face and dismissing the bitch. "Do you like that? Not as embarrassing as being groped in front of everyone, huh?"

He stammered, "Uh... Well... Heh... Um..."

"Would your wife be angry if she saw this?"

"Um...probably..."

Her husband touched her arm again. "Tina—"

She jerked and stroked Connor faster. "No! I've put up with her touching you for too long! Too fucking long!" She moved closer to Connor and dipped his erection down. She rubbed it against her bikini bottoms and looked at him. Her words were a challenging whisper. "Would she be upset to see this?"

CHAPTER 11

Tina rubbed Connor's helmet all around her bikini bottoms. "Just a little teasing, right? Is that all your wife is doing? Teasing? How's this for teasing?"

The man was panting, looking less at Gerald now.

"Do you think she'd blow a gasket?"

Connor nodded, his eyes wide. "Uh, heh, yeah..."

"But I'm supposed to sit there and be quiet while she strokes my husband? Touches his cock?" She angrily thrust her hips forward, taking the tip of his shaft between her thighs. She moved her hips back and forth. "She thinks she can get away with it? She thinks my boobs are too small to do anything about it? Is that what she thinks?"

Her husband was quiet beside her, but she could hear him breathing, as loudly as was Connor.

Tina parted her legs a little, rubbing the head deeper between her thighs. Warm waves began worming inside her, breaking through the blurry buzz of alcohol. "Do you think she'd be mad to see how hard you are right now?"

He was very hard.

She tilted her hips forward, rubbing the head of his cock on her bikini crotch. Trembles tortured her legs and arms and she found herself panting. "Yes, you like that, don't you?"

Connor's whisper was hoarse. "Yes."

Victory swelled inside her. *Yes! Fuck you, Valerie. Fuck you!* She reached down with her other hand and pulled aside her bikini. She rubbed the head directly onto her pussy. Her whisper was just as hoarse. "Do you like that?"

He groaned as if disappointed with his lack of control. "Yes..."

"Your cock feels so hard." She closed her eyes but that lasted only a second. She swayed, still sloshed from drinking. "I bet you want to put it in, don't you?"

He gasped roughly and looked at Gerald. He looked back at her. "Yes!"

Tina's eyes lit up with fire. *What a victory that would be over Valerie. The bitch would be so put in her place if her husband fucked me. What a score that would be!* She almost laughed, but the heat and intensity of revenge in her squashed it. "Do it!" She tried to press the head against her hole. It was all angled wrong. Angrily, she jacked his cock against her. "Do it!" *I want to know I fucked her husband – that I took his willing cock from her.*

With another look at her husband, a feverish-looking Connor spun her around and pushed her over onto the back of the couch.

She felt her bikini bottoms yanked down roughly. She looked back. "Do it! Do it while your wife flaunts her tits at the pool." Her eyes popped wide as she felt the sudden invading pressure stretch her lips open. Her words rang clear at the cusp of victory. "Yes! Do it!"

Connor pushed hard.

Tina cried out as the stretching opened her up and filled her hard and fast. Fully impaled, she gasped and groaned. "Oh, fuck yes!" *Where's your husband now, bitch?*

Connor began moving fast.

She clawed at the couch, trying to thrust back and feel it all. "Oh, fuck yes, fuck me. Fill me up... Do it." She couldn't see her husband. At this point, she didn't care; she was having her revenge and enjoying it.

The couch creaked angrily as Connor rammed her from behind. His hips slapped against hers with sharp rebuke.

She took every thrust, groaning loudly, her face up and then down into the cushion, panting and gasping as the husband of her enemy gave to her what he shouldn't. *Victory! Victory!*

Connor pulled out, gasping and grabbing. He pulled her up and spun her around. He gripped her around the waist and lifted her.

Tina was dizzy with the movement, but she felt what he was doing. She wrapped her legs around his waist and her pussy welcomed the invading pressure again. She was too breathless to talk. His erection thrust wildly up into her and he held her up by her butt.

He bounced her roughly up and down on his thick cock.

She was able to see her husband then. Gerald was sitting on the arm of the recliner, a look of pure amazement on his face. She caught the lump in his swim trunks just before Connor turned her away. She felt so free, barely hanging onto him as his thickness pumped in and out of her, filling and emptying her with tenacious tension. She moaned louder, feeling the tension building.

Connor was panting in her face, looking into her eyes without much focus. His were glazed over in a delirium of rapture.

Tina wanted to laugh with joy. *That's right. Use me. Give me what belongs to your wife. I want it all.*

He tossed her down onto the couch and pulled on her hips.

She threw her legs open as he leaned over her. "Give it to me."

His eyes cleared a little. "You like that?"

"Yes. Fuck me. I want my juice all over you when you go home."

He growled, his erection eager and angry.

Tina urged him on. "Come on, do it. Fuck me like you know you want to." *Fuck you, Valerie.*

Connor's face became determined and he rammed his cock back into her.

She cried out with pleasure and anticipation. "Yes!"

He spread his feet out and began vigorously humping his hips, driving his excitement into her and filling her pussy with his passion.

She closed her eyes, on the edge of passing out as she gasped at his forcefulness. She tried to pull on his butt, but she couldn't reach at her angle. A delicious tightness built in her pussy and hips, sending out spirals of goodness that brought the promise of complete satisfaction.

Connor heaved above her, fully out of control. Their crotches met in furious slaps of lust.

Her pussy thrilled to the sliding thickness moving so rapidly in and out of her. She was pushed along with that thickness, filled and lifted as she whimpered louder and louder. She was as out of control as he was. An explosion of sensation took away all thought. She cried out with shock and surprise, lifted higher with his thrusting as her pussy clenched and released, over and over.

Connor panted above her. "Fucking hot." He thrust harder.

Tina did not know anything, except the swirling sensations that robbed her of all thought. She couldn't even feel the couch beneath her: it was too mundane.

He filled her roughly and completely. The slick sounds of their union gave proof of her victory over Valerie.

She heard him groan, then emit a long grunt of effort. His body was taut and still, his cock thrust in deep. She felt his thickness get thicker and begin spurting scalding hotness deep inside her. *Oh, fuck yes. Total, complete, and overwhelming victory. Give it to me, Connor.*

Her pussy was filled not only with his thick cock, but now with the evidence of his pleasure. She felt very wet inside and wetness started to slip out of her pussy. She sighed contentedly.

Connor, though, pulled out abruptly.

She opened her eyes, her legs still spread wide. She could feel his seed running out of her and down her butt.

He was standing, looking aware again, and worried. He was looking at Gerald. "Uh..." He trailed off. He picked up his trunks, slipping them on quickly.

Her husband got up, his trunks tented. "No, it's all right." They huddled together a moment by the sliding glass door, murmurs reaching her ears without definition.

She lifted a hand and rubbed her face. *Did I really just fuck him?* She wanted to laugh. *Fuck you, Valerie. Fuck you twice. Dumb bitch.*

Connor was gone.

Her husband stood near, looking down at her with an amazement in his eyes as if he had just discovered a chest of gold buried under his house. His smile was as wide as his eyes. "Wow."

CHAPTER 12

Tina groaned. "Did I really..." It was Monday morning. She remembered having sex with her husband late the previous night, but her head commanded her attention. She rubbed at it feebly.

Gerald chuckled. "Yes, you really did."

"I'm sorry..."

"Why?"

"I wanted revenge. I had to get back at that bitch..."

He shrugged. "Um, I think you did."

"But..." She wanted to shake her head to clear it, but she knew better. "You aren't mad?"

"That you got revenge? No."

She lowered herself gently back to the pillow. "I think I'm going to call in sick."

"Hung-over, huh?"

"On second thought, maybe not." She rolled out of bed. "Maybe a shower will clear all this away." She felt as if lead lined her limbs. "Ugh."

He chuckled as she shut the bathroom door.

She remembered the previous day as if a dream. *Did I really? Yes, I know I did. Was it really that good?* Her husband had reassured her later that he was okay with her revenge. He had told her he had cum in his trunks when she had orgasmed on Connor's cock.

She remembered feeling as if it were fantastic. *Was it?* She searched her memory for anything that might conflict with it. *Had he made disgusted faces? No... Had he said anything insulting? No...*

The shower cleared her head very little. The heat seemed to close in on her more than help. She sighed. *What did I do?* She sighed, firmer. *I got revenge on that bitch is what I did. Ha! I fucked her husband.*

She came out of the bathroom feeling a little more certain, if not better. *That's right. I got one over on you, Valerie. I got a big one over on you.*

~ ~ ~

Tina wasn't sure how to feel. Guilt tried to take the place of victory in there somewhere. Monday turned out to be as bad a Monday as any.

Derek wanted to go to lunch. She had no interest.

Michael, her boss, almost seemed like his old self and even gave her an eye.

She scowled at him as if he were the male incarnation of Valerie. Her look erased his interest like bleach on mold.

Coming home at least offered some solace to her thoughts. She could seek refuge with Gerald and find sense in what had happened.

"Hey." It was Connor, lingering around her parking lot.

Oh god, what does he want? How can I face him? She was well over the hangover, but her mood wasn't all too magnificent. "Hi."

His smile was inviting and he had that bad-boy "I ate the pie" look.

She wanted to spank him.

He thrust his hands into his pockets. "Yesterday was nice."

Nice? Nice? Is that all? "Maybe we shouldn't have..."

He pulled his hands out. "I tried to stop you, but there was no stopping you." His smile was not accusatory.

She blew out a breath. "All I could think about was getting back at your wife."

He nodded. "Understood."

She shook her head and waved him off. "Never should have happened; I had too much to drink."

"That's all right, I was glad I could help."

What does he mean by that? She peered up at him.

He grinned crookedly. "If you feel the need for any more revenge..."

She laughed uncomfortably. "Uh..."

"As long as your husband is okay with it."

"Um..." *Am I hearing him right?* "What about your wife?"

"Well... You're pretty sure she deserves it. Maybe I can help smooth things over by helping you out."

She laughed louder. "Are you serious?"

"Sure, I doubt she'd ever apologize."

"Uh..." *That sort of makes sense...*

"So...just let me know."

She made her escape.

~ ~ ~

Tina shook her head over dinner. "He said he's willing to let me take more revenge out on Valerie as a way to smooth things over."

Gerald looked at her with large eyes. "That's awful nice of him."

"Nice?"

"Well, yeah."

The memory of his awesome cock filling her made her squirm. Her pussy clamped on a gnawing emptiness. "So if I wanted to take out some more revenge?"

He frowned judiciously. "Then you should. And he's a gentleman for stepping in to help you with the task."

Is he really meaning that? Or is he covering because he got off seeing me with him? Maybe I should just pretend it's all revenge... She looked down and stabbed at her spinach. She kept her voice even to hide a thrill that thrummed deep inside of her soul. "I might have to, then."

"Good for you; you've been quiet too long."

Quiet with Valerie? Or quiet as in being monogamous? Is there a double-meaning there, husband? "There's probably a little catching up to do."

"I quite agree."

She decided to be direct. "Do you?"

His gaze was level and without any hint of suggestion. "Think of how many times she's grabbed my dick."

Anger rose up within her like an obscuring smoke. Her mouth firmed into a thin line and she adjusted her glasses.

A small smile toyed across her husband's lips. "It was embarrassing."

~ ~ ~

Tina pulled Connor into the house with a shaking hand. "Hurry."

"I know." He began tearing at his clothes.

She fumbled at hers, wanting to rip off the buttons to be naked. "Twenty minutes isn't a lot..."

"I know." He was breathing hard, excited and looking so very naughty. He glanced around. "Is your husband home?"

"No, not for another hour tonight." It was Wednesday, his staff meeting day.

His cock sprang into view and he sat on the couch.

Not being drunk, she wanted to really get a feel for it. She dropped down to her knees, naked, and gripped his erection. It was so very smooth to the touch with a thick mushroom-head that was as thick as the shaft. He was just about the same size as her husband. Gerald's helmet was smaller, though – pointier. This looked even and thick all the way up.

She licked her lips and started to lower her head, wanting a taste.

Connor laughed and grabbed her head. "We don't have time for all that. Get on."

She realized she was trembling as if a constant flow of electricity was jittering through all her limbs. She could not contain her smile, though it felt nervous. "Yes, okay..."

He pulled on his cock, stroking it up to get it ready.

She watched him for a second. It looked fully ready, but his movement ignited a scorching fire within Tina that made her mouth drop open in a silent pant. *He's doing that for me. He's stroking his cock so it can go in me. Fuck, that's so sexy.*

He motioned.

She climbed on, her legs quivering so hard that the throw pillow against her knee was shaking visibly. She moved her other leg up and over and aimed her pussy at his pole. She lowered herself slowly until she felt the touching pressure against her pussy. Adjusting, she sat down on the invading thickness, sliding down onto his cock easily. *Gosh, I'm so wet. This is wild.* She closed her eyes and squeezed her pussy onto his hard shaft, relishing the sensation of hard thickness filling her empty space.

He groaned happily. "Fucking awesome." He palmed his hands across her nipples.

She jerked. "My boobs? Are you kidding?"

"No, your pussy. Such an amazing fit."

"Oh, get out."

"No, really." He paused, looking uncertain.

"What?" She wanted to know what he was holding back. She moved her hips a little, enjoying herself while she asked.

He shook his head. "Nothing. It's nothing."

She stopped moving. "What?"

He pursed his lips and gave her that guilty look. "I was going to compare you to my wife..."

Ugh... "Oh..."

"No, it's good. I guess it's sort of hanging there right now, so I'll just say it: you feel better."

A little thrill of interest and hope loped through her. "Oh, come on." She began moving again, up and down on his shaft.

"No, really. Valerie is fine and all, but her...canal isn't as fitting. It sort of opens up more the deeper I go." He gripped her hips and began pumping up. "Yours is like a perfect sheath all the way in."

She heard a moan escape her mouth and she began twisting her hips in circles, rotating on his shaft and feeling the thick head pressing deep and swirling up inside her. She was still shaking. *Oh my god, this is better than I remembered in my drunken state.*

"Are you sure your husband doesn't mind?"

She gasped. "I said so."

"Hmm." He didn't stop thrusting.

"What?"

"I don't know, maybe I should talk to him."

But I don't want him telling you this is all about revenge... "Why do you have to? I've already talked to him."

"You know, man-to-man, eye contact. Understanding."

Oh brother. Why do men feel they need to cave-grunt at each other like savages to come to an understanding? She sighed raggedly and pushed her hips down harder on his cock. *What do I say? I don't really want him getting the wrong idea. This feels too good to blow with some misunderstanding.*

She decided to lie and she ground her pussy down harder on Connor's cock. "Look, he's okay with it, but he doesn't want to hear about it. He might decide to stop it. Let's just keep this between us, okay?" She was panting out her words, her hips fucking down on him furiously.

He was panting too, faster. "Sort of like how Valerie can't know?"

"Right..." The thick and filling sensation turned over into a building tension. She ground her pussy down and began moaning with trepidation. Her orgasm was coming and it was tearing gasping moans from her with rising frequency. A tickling tingle erupted in her clit and her pussy exploded with relief. She cried out, moving her hips frantically. Explosions of tension and relief tore through her, wracking her body with numbness and exhaustion.

He pumped up into her harder and then gripped tight, holding his cock up inside her.

She was feeling the last of her waves pass as his cock sent spurts of his seed up into her convulsing pussy.

Both panting, their lips and mouths met. Tongues collided and fought, driving against each other with a fierce effort of discovery and exploration.

Tina broke the kiss, totally out of breath. *Wow, that was awesome. I hope my husband doesn't mind me kissing him. Would he be mad? Should I tell him? How long can I carry on this revenge thing before he suspects? I'm going to want to do this with Connor more than just this once.*

EPILOGUE

Tina sat panting on the couch for a half hour after Connor left in a rush. She cuddled in on herself and smiled to no one. *There. Fuck you Valerie, if you only knew. Your husband loves my pussy.*

Her thoughts wandered to her husband. Gerald supported her revenge. Would he mind if she enjoyed it? Would that fundamentally change their relationship? She felt an amazing surge of love for him in allowing her to get revenge in this way. *I am so very lucky...*

He came in, catching her still sitting on the couch.

She blushed, her clothes scattered and herself naked on the sofa.

He said, "Uh...does this mean he was here?"

She tried to hide a nervous smile. "Yes..."

His eyebrows twitched and he looked disappointed. "Oh."

Uh oh. "What's wrong?"

He set his briefcase down. "Well, I would have liked to have been here."

"You were at work and he only had twenty minutes—"

"Still."

"You want to be like a chaperone?" She felt a little irritated and confused.

He sat down next to her. "You...are...my wife. Yes."

That didn't sound too bad. "You'd really want to see...?"

"Yes, I would."

"Oh." *Would that work?* "But what if he like, wanted to kiss me or something? Would you be like some referee calling the shots?"

He chuckled. "No, and I would hope he would want to kiss you."

She let out a breath of relief. "Oh, good."

"So he did you right here on the couch?" He looked around at the cushions, amused.

She shrugged. "It was sort of rushed."

"Aw, too bad. Ask him about the mornings. Her car is gone when I leave."

Would Connor agree to that? Would that be his opportunity to make caveman eyes at my husband so they come to their little male understanding and all that? "Okay..." She didn't feel all that certain. "Is..."

"Hmm?"

"What happens if I enjoy this revenge thing?"

"I should hope you do."

"But, I mean not just for the revenge..."

He leaned close, his eyes intent, and his words slow. "I should hope you do."

~ ~ ~

Tina beckoned, looking around. It was just before eight in the morning and the second time she had done this in a week.

Connor grinned, hurrying into the door. "Good morning."

Yes, it's about to be again – for the second time this week. "Hi."

Gerald raised his coffee cup from the dining table. "Connor."

The man gave a nod and grin. "Good morning to you, too."

Tina fairly bounced on her feet. "Maybe..." she made a motion with her head towards the bedroom door.

Both Connor and her husband chuckled.

Gerald said, "Yeah, she only has an hour."

She gripped Connor's hand as if given permission and pulled him.

He went with her, following.

Her insides sizzled with excitement. Just a few days before, her insides had sparked with uncertainty. She had led Connor into the bedroom for the first time in the morning with Gerald in the house.

She needn't have worried; later that night, her husband had made passionate love to her and whispered his approval and support.

Tina shed her robe, standing naked.

Connor pushed her roughly down onto the bed and immediately began licking her pussy. His tongue moved up and over her clit, wetting and

readying it.

She gasped loudly, her nipples hardening rapidly and painfully, aching to be touched and kissed.

He didn't spend long down there.

She opened her legs wider as he climbed between them. *Will we ever have enough time to just enjoy it?* She let out a loud moan of satisfaction as his thickness filled her aching and needy hole. She panted as he settled fully in, filling her not just with his fat pole, but also his passionate soul. She pulled desperately on his butt, wanting him inside and filling her forever.

But Connor began fucking her, driving his shaft in and out of her on the very bed where she slept with her husband. He groaned with happiness and pleasure, stuffing his cock deep into her pussy.

Tina's moans became breathy, and she gasped and groaned with the so very good feeling of his sliding thickness stretching out her pussy lips. "Ohh, yesss... Fuck me, Connor. Fuck me deep..."

"You like it?" His hips moved slowly, driving his shaft in and out.

"Yes."

The bed rocked to the fucking and she clung to his shoulders, feeling the presence of his weight and the fulfilling thickness of his cock driving her higher.

She gasped, "Harder."

Connor heaved into her, giving her a deliciously rough fucking that was sending her senses out of control.

She cried out, knowing it was coming. Then she noticed her husband standing at her side. *What? What? I'm almost there.*

Gerald was smiling down at her, a huge lump in his slacks.

Connor slowed and looked at him.

Her husband said, "Lean up."

Tina felt his presences recede a little, his cock angling up in her as he settled upright.

Her husband said, "Keep going." He leaned down and planted a kiss on her.

Tina moaned loudly with surprise. Connor's cock inside her pussy and her husband kissing her mouth was such an intimately sexy connection that she felt her orgasm rush back into full force. She kissed her husband with all the passionate love they shared while her pussy hungrily accepted Connor's sliding shaft. She felt filled on both ends.

Married to Gerald and kissing him with all the love in her heart, she moaned with rising excitement as her married pussy was fucked by another man. She broke, tossed over in emotion as her orgasm took her breath away.

Gerald straightened, smiling with bright eyes as she came.

Her eyes glazed, overcome and overwhelmed by the myriad of feelings washing against her soul like the ocean against the sands of a beach.

Her husband leaned down again and kissed her lips and forehead. "What a beautiful and sexy woman. What a hot, hotwife."

Tina focused on him, listening but not registering. *What?*

Connor shifted, angling a little more over her and thrusting his cock into her pussy. "She sure is."

She was looking at her husband, though. *What? Hot? Me?* A smile broke her face. *Me, hot. A hot, hotwife.* She began to laugh.

Gerald looked at her with amusement and question.

But Tina was laughing with a newfound relief. *I had tried so hard to be one and couldn't do it. And then when I wasn't trying, I became what he wanted. If this is what it is, then I'm going to love being a hotwife.*

Thank you for reading Yes, I Can Do This, I hope you enjoyed it. As you can see, I don't have a cliché "street team" running around giving me a dozen 5-stars the hour of release. I appreciate all reviews.

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