



Bridget Midway



6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

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Helen crinkled with each step she took around the living room. Her legs tightly bound together, especially at the knees, she skipped, then hopped, over to the entertainment center in the corner.

If the other PTA moms could see her now, they would take away her crossing guard sash and bar her from all bus stops.

Her sweaty hands nearly dropped the jazz CD, Jason's favorite, but she managed to get the silver disc into the player. In moments the room filled with a heavy bass followed by light piano in concert with a consistent drumbeat.

Deep breath, Hel. This is only your husband, the man you've loved since your first year of college. Yeah, and the same man who shares an office with the company hottie, has an administrative assistant young enough to be his daughter—okay my daughter too—and an intern who follows him around like she's his lap dog and he's got kibble in his pocket.

She wiped her brow as she checked the clock over the fireplace mantle, and hoped her stylized coif would hold out for a few more minutes. With shaking hands, she tightened the belt of her overcoat around her waist.

Hot. Too hot. Sweat dribbled down her armpits. *Damn, that's not sexy.*

She ran on her tiptoes to the thermostat and kicked it down

a couple of degrees, triggering the air conditioner to send out a steady stream of frigid air. Maybe it wasn't so hot. It was just her. She wasn't exactly dressed the way she normally would be.

Peering down at her feet, Helen wondered if she should have put on her sexy stilettos. She had a pair that Jason loved to call her 'Barbie shoes.' A thick, clear plastic band strapped across her toes when she wore them. And the heels were made of clear Lucite.

Comparing them to her youngest daughter's outfits for her Barbie dolls, she saw what Jason had meant. But then again, when did Barbie's clothes become so risqué?

What the hell was she doing? Was she actually thinking about the social ramifications of a doll's outfit right now?

Nerves. She would chalk up her attitude, her outfit and her rattled state to her jangled nerves.

When she heard the tumblers in the front door locks clatter, her heart pounded. Scanning the room, her gaze fell on a magazine splayed open on the center couch cushion.

She ran to it as best she could, but before she could reach it—and just as the front door opened—she banged her leg against the corner of the coffee table, which sent her careening down to the floor in a thud.

Again, not sexy.

"Jesus, Hel!" Jason screamed from the front door.

"No!" She held her hand up to halt him.

She'd already screwed up a perfectly good sexy scenario with her tumbling act. She would have to do a lot of fancy footwork to save face.

Jason stayed in his position, briefcase still in hand and his jacket slung over his arm.

With her face hot from embarrassment, Helen managed to shove the magazine under the sofa cushion before she pulled herself up on her knees, then to her feet. Still with her back to her concerned, and probably confused, husband, she inhaled deeply before smiling and turning around.

Note to self: Get rid of that damn coffee table!

The afternoon sunlight spotlighted him, making his beautiful walnut-colored skin glow. He still looked sexy even with his shocked expression.

"Good afternoon, lover," she said, lowering her voice to a level that tickled her throat and nearly made her cough.

"Are you feeling okay? You said there was something urgent going on at home when you called. What is it? Is it the kids?" Jason shut the door and set his briefcase on the floor as he flung his jacket onto a chair next to the door.

Helen's shoulders slumped when he didn't notice the sexy setting. Beyond just making sure their modest home had been cleaned from ceiling to floor, Helen had decorated the room with small, white votive candles that she lit before Jason came home.

Thankfully she didn't have them strewn on the coffee table. It was bad enough her husband had seen her inelegant dive. She didn't need the full fire department battalion to see her in her get-up too.

Picking up the scent of the white gardenia candles, the room smelled of a flower garden. She took in a deep breath and cocked her hip to the side.

"I'm feeling fine, baby," she said and tried to walk over to him in her sexiest stride. Unfortunately with her knees forced together and the throbbing sore spot on her shin, her walk appeared more like a hobble. And her seductive smile probably

looked more like a pained grimace.

"What's with your voice? And why are you wearing that damn coat? Honey, it's fifty degrees in here."

He rushed past her to go to the thermostat. He cursed and adjusted it. Helen, watching her plan crumble around her, slumped down in the chair next to the front door.

As much as she'd promised herself she wouldn't, she felt her throat get scratchy and tighten. Her eyes watered. When Jason returned his attention to her with a look on his face like he suspected she'd inhaled too much ammonia fumes, she put her face in her hands and wept.

She didn't hear his footfalls as he raced to her but she felt his comforting hands on her back and on her knee.

"Hey, what's going on? Whatever it is, it's okay. We can fix it." His voice sounded soothing and calming.

"I feel so stupid," she managed to say between sobs. "Oh shit, I'm sitting on your jacket."

He patted her knee. "Don't worry about it. I don't know what kind of lotion or perfume you have on but I don't mind going back to work smelling you on me for the rest of the day."

Her Jason. The world could be blowing up and he remained the pillar of strength and reserved calmness that drew her to him over twenty years ago. His strong hands stroked the small of her back while his other smoothed down her newly waxed, but still pale legs. As soon as he touched the growing knot in her shin, she flinched.

"You really did bang that table hard, didn't you?" He moved his hand up to her knees again but this time she heard and felt the slight crinkle of plastic. "What's this?"

Helen squeezed her eyes, wondering now why in the world

she'd decided to do what she'd done. Lifting her face, she tried to smile but it no doubt came off more like a twitchy, nervous expression. She let out a haggard breath, then unfastened the belt of her coat, undid the buttons, and opened it for him to see.

She didn't expect so much laughter, but once he got a look, he fell back on his haunches and couldn't stop. "You look like a ham," he giggled.

Mortified, Helen bolted to her feet. She yanked the plastic above her knees as much as she could, intending to run back upstairs to take off the plastic wrap she had around her body. She managed to make it up two steps before she teetered back, nearly falling to the floor. But Jason caught her, netted her in his strong arms like scooping up a bigmouth bass.

"I've got you," he said, his light brown eyes twinkling.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and leaned her head against his. The warmth of his body and the softness of his voice instantly dissolved her embarrassment and made her skin tingle. The sore spot on her leg pulsed with each of his steps, but she wasn't about to complain.

In their bedroom, Jason sat her on the four-poster bed, then took a step back to gaze at her. "You wrapped plastic wrap around your body? For me?" He covered his mouth to stifle another giggle.

"A whole roll. It's so damn hot in here." She shrugged off her coat revealing her clear, mummified casing that started at her breasts and went all the way down to her knees.

The process of making the translucent dress took all of an hour to complete. And even as she'd cursed the entire time, especially when the plastic bunched and stuck together, Helen just knew the end result would have been worth it.

"And what made you do this?" The question came between fits of laughter that he could no longer suppress.

"Fine. Laugh. You're right. It *is* funny." She struggled to stand but fell back onto the bed twice before succeeding.

Jason put his hands on her shoulders and stood behind her as he had her face the mirror. "You don't think this is funny?"

She held a hard face, refusing to break. Seeing her breasts squished under the clear wrap, and her thick thighs looking like two legs of lamb from the butcher, even she had to snicker at the sight.

"Wait right here."

He darted from the room leaving her to stare at her pitiful reflection. Her breasts, lower than they were twenty years ago, peeked through the wrap with their dark pink nipples. Even through the translucent wrap, she saw the dimples on her milky white thighs.

Helen let her hands coast over her breasts, then down her stomach and over her hip. She had a real woman's body, the kind of body turn-of-the-century artists would have loved to paint.

However she was no Renaissance woman. And as much as Jason loved her, she always wondered if he desired more. Was he disappointed that after giving birth to three children, her body wasn't what it used to be?

If Helen was disappointed in her own appearance, Jason could hardly be enthused about the way she looked, now could he?

The music downstairs stopped. By the time Jason returned, whatever sexy moment she'd tried to create had vanished.

An aroma of smoky, sweet flowers hung in the air. Jason

must have extinguished all of the candles before she burned down the house.

In his hand he carried scissors, a sandwich baggie filled with ice and a magazine, the one she'd tried hiding when he came home for the surprise lunch date.

Not since Helen had been a teenager had she bought a magazine like this. But an article title on the cover caught her attention and compelled her to buy the rag.

"How To Surprise Your Man In 8 Easy Steps"? Hel, since when do you read crap like this? We used to laugh at these articles when we were dating." He crouched down in front of her and started cutting up the front of the mummy wrap. "Remember our personal favorite?"

"Dating Outside of Your Race'," Helen said in unison with Jason.

"Don't forget the subheading. 'How To Make This Daring Relationship Work!' I'm still waiting for you to coordinate a cultural event for my family like the article suggests." Jason snickered.

"Not while your mama is still alive."

When his laughter died down, he asked, "So why did you do this, babe?"

"I thought it would help...um, us."

He stopped cutting when he got to her pussy, also freshly waxed, a pain she remembered vividly, more so than the pain of giving birth.

"Are we in trouble?" He continued cutting, being careful at her stomach and up to her breasts.

"I'm not the tomboy with the toned thighs anymore. I can't wear a t-shirt without a bra like I used to."

The plastic fell to her feet in a crumpled and sweat-filled heap. Cool air brought her body temperature down rapidly and made her tremble, but not as much as seeing her bewildered husband crouching down at her feet.

"Sure you can." He winked.

"And I can't compete against those young admins you have working in your office now."

With that line he furrowed his eyebrows. "And you don't have to."

She opened her mouth to argue, but the phone rang. Helen split her attention between Jason and the shrill ring until she looked at the caller I.D. display. "It's Tracey up the street." She sat on the bed and picked up the receiver.

Her neighbor had agreed to babysit the children for the evening when Helen thought that her afternoon delight plan would work. Seeing how everything was playing out, she figured she wouldn't need her neighbor's help.

Jason, still on his knees, crawled to her. At her feet, he parted her thighs as he held the icepack to her swollen skin.

"Lie back," he whispered.

She shook her head at first, but staring into his intense brown eyes, she obliged. Knowing Jason, he was probably telling her to lie back because of some Boy Scout training he'd remembered. Next he'd be elevating her feet.

"Stay on the phone," he whispered.

Helen nodded absent-mindedly. When she felt a delicate touch at the apex of her thighs, she jumped and gasped.

"Helen? Is everything okay?" Tracey asked in her ear.

"Sorry, I bumped my leg on the damn coffee table and I touched the lump," she said, explaining away her sounds of

enjoyment.

Jason chuckled.

She could barely concentrate on what her neighbor was saying as her husband smoothed his fingertips over her vulva. The delicate way he caressed her made her moan.

Hairs stood on end with each pass he made. It didn't matter how long they were together or if someday every tooth in her husband's head fell out. Helen would always succumb to his touch. He could always make her wet with a look and bring her to an orgasm with only his fingers.

He parted her nether lips with his long fingers. She felt her clitoris throb and she closed her eyes. When she felt his warm tongue laving her, she jerked her body up, arching it from the bed.

Her stomach contracted. In an instant, with the phone to her ear, trying hard to cover her excitement, and with Jason between her legs, Helen felt eighteen again.

Now Helen longed for the air conditioner to be brought back down to a colder level. Heat engulfed her body until just her mere sweat couldn't cool her down.

Blood rushed through her ears until the flooding sound was all that she heard. She ignored her friend on the phone until she caught the woman saying that she could still be able to watch her children that night if they still wanted.

The offer brought her thoughts into focus once more. "You can still watch the girls, Trace?" Helen lifted her head to catch Jason's expression.

Seeing only his heavy-lidded eyes as he continued loving her with his mouth, she interpreted his answer.

"That would be great. See you in a few hours."

She disconnected the call. Her body writhed under his gentle caress, his touch. The hand he'd used to part her pussy lips now massaged her inner thigh. As though of their own volition, her legs closed around Jason's head. He then utilized both hands to open them back up.

She always loved the strength in Jason's hands. They held her like a cherished possession but at times, like now, he could control her while still making her feel like a woman. Love poured from every gesture, every touch.

He let his hand travel up her body, over her pudgy stomach where his fingertips feathered over it, sending waves of electric sparks through her body. No matter how many times he touched her or how long they had been together, Helen loved seeing the contrast between Jason's dark skin against her fair, pale flesh. Jason always told her she was the yin to his yang.

His hands eased over to her breasts.

Sagging or not, he handled them like he had ever since they'd started having sex. His large hand covered her breast as his thumb circled her nipple. His touch made her nipple distend even more. She put her hand on top of his. The warmth of his hand both calmed and excited her as though his touch could burn her skin.

The phone rang again.

"Let that be the school," he growled from between her legs.

She looked at the I.D. screen. "It is."

Hearing that made him dive between her legs and ravage her. She let out a small scream as she fisted a handful of the comforter covering the bed.

"Answer it," he demanded.

"Jason, Jason, I can't. Not yet," she said nearly out of

breath.

"You can do it, hon." And he licked her overflowing pussy with a long pass of his tongue, starting close to her puckered anus and going up to her clit.

Her moan matched the length of time it took for Jason's tongue to make the seductive trek. Now her throat felt scratchy for another reason. She hadn't moaned like this since they had conceived Lorna while vacationing at a friend's cabin.

"Answer the phone, Helen," Jason said again, this time with a forceful growl.

She did so once she composed herself.

"Hello?"

While her body convulsed and trembled, feeling the peak of pleasure coming to a head, she listened intermittently to the after-school coordinator explain how the program today would be canceled and their youngest daughter would have to be picked up earlier than normal.

Jason chose that moment to cover her throbbing nub with his mouth and suck it. His tongue pressed against the tip, sending a burst of stars into her vision. Her body squirmed just as his skilled tongue slipped down to her opening and darted inside her.

"Yes!" Helen screamed into the phone before disconnecting the call, answering both the request to retrieve her baby and Jason's demand over her body.

His seemingly never-ending oral assault on her aching cunt deadened her legs. Paralysis by oral pleasure. That was one for the record books.

She held her breath and stiffened as he made one last dive inside her, bringing her seemingly unending ecstasy. Thank God

the windows were closed. Helen knew that her screams would have had all of the soccer moms on their court running to their phones to call the police about the suspected abuse he was heaping upon her. If they only knew...

He'd pulled back from her and had to say, "Breathe," before she would let her breath out.

She said in between pants, "Tracey's watching the kids tonight."

Jason stood. "Good." He crawled over her, hovering his face above hers. "If dinner is anything like lunch, I'll be having seconds."

She kissed his shiny lips and tasted her salty juices on his mouth. Strangely, the scent of her sex made every nerve in her body pulsate. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that it was the middle of the day and her husband had just given her the best head she'd had in a long time.

"I love you, Hel," he said and stroked her hair.

"Belly and all?" she asked with a smile.

"Belly, thighs, chins and all."

"You could have stopped at the belly part."

He laughed. "Sorry."

After a quick peck on the tip of her nose, he hopped off the bed and cleaned himself.

Remaining still as she laid back on her bed, staring at the ceiling, Helen allowed her body to simmer down. Her mind shifted from sex vixen to mommy mode as she thought of what she would need to do tonight to get the girls ready for Tracey. Then she had to think of something for her dear husband for tonight because the man deserved something special for making her feel so cherished.

Helen managed to gather herself up from the bed to wrap a robe around her body so that she could see her husband to the door as he returned to work.

"If you really want to make me happy, you would drop that robe and stand in the doorway," he said, a daring tone in his voice.

"Not with Old Lady Gresham across the street. That woman watches everything we do, knows exactly how often we mow our lawns."

He rolled his eyes. "Cock-blocked by a nosey neighbor."

The statement made her giggle.

Before leaving, Jason snaked his arm around her waist, cupped her cheek and gave her the sweetest kiss, better than the kiss he'd given her on their first date, better than on their wedding day, better than with the births of each of their daughters. His tongue slid into her mouth. When he hummed, her lips vibrated against his.

"Thank you, baby," she said.

"No, thank you." He opened the front door. "Great lunch."

"What about dinner?"

He snapped his fingers. "Glad you said that. I almost forgot. We're supposed to have dinner with Sabrina tonight so it's a good thing you did ask Tracey to watch the girls."

After releasing a long breath, Helen said, "You know I hate it when you spring stuff like this on me."

Instead of looking apologetic, Jason smirked, grabbed her chin and said, "Then I guess I'll have to make it up to you somehow."

He crushed his full lips against hers, bruising her mouth.

When he finally lifted his head again, Helen said, "Jason,

"I'm a mother. You can't talk to me like that."

"What can I say? You're my favorite MILF." He smacked her ass before damn near skipping to his car.

Ever since she and Jason had heard of that phrase, 'Mothers I'd Like to Fuck,' or M.I.L.F., Jason delighted in saying it to Helen in private whenever he could. She loved it.

As soon as he pulled away, her smile melted from her face. What the hell would she wear tonight to keep her husband's attention off of his co-worker, Sabrina?

* * *

"Where are you and Dad going tonight?" Lorna asked in a sing-songy voice.

"To dinner with someone from his work," Helen slipped her feet into sensible black pumps.

"You gonna be late?" the child asked. She jumped up and down on the bed, her curly light brown hair bouncing about her cherubic face, and making the springs in the mattress squeak out the same sound it did when Helen and Jason had sex a week ago.

"Stop jumping up and down before you fall and hurt yourself."

That excuse sounded reasonable, but really Helen wanted to stop the raging wetness already gushing from her smooth pussy. Funny how sounds triggered that response.

"Hopefully we won't be too late, sweetheart. If we get back later than expected, then you and your sisters will spend the night at Miss Tracey's house. And I want you all to behave yourselves, got it?"

"Got it." Her six-year old daughter raised her thumb in the air in agreement. "Are you having dinner with Daddy's boss again?"

"No. With Ms. Pinnolo, one of your daddy's coworkers."

"Is she pretty?"

Her child's question rattled around in Helen's head until it made her take an assessment of her outfit. Staring at herself in the floor-length mirror, Helen appraised her plain black sheath dress, her proper string of pearls and her sensible black leather pumps. Damn, she'd turned into Doris Day.

"Honey, help mommy unzip this dress and then you make sure you have a bag packed for Miss Tracey's house."

Helen didn't have much time but she wouldn't go to this dinner unarmed.

While Jason walked the girls to his neighbor's house a few doors down, Helen emerged from the bedroom and stood in the living room waiting for him, wanting to see his reaction to her new outfit. She wore black stilettos, and the black-and-white zebra striped wrap dress showed off her pumped up, pushed together cleavage. Replacing the pearls was a silver necklace with chandelier drop earrings.

When she heard the front door opening, she fluffed up her normally mousy-brown hair then struck a seductive pose.

"Lorna gave Tracey a fit about going to bed at seven tonight," Jason said as he scanned the living room for his keys, not even noticing Helen's hot look. "I think Emma is coming down with a cold, and Patrice is doing that angry girl thing where she thinks thirteen is old enough to stay at home by herself. Were we like that at her age?"

Helen opened her mouth to answer but it was obvious that Jason wasn't interested in hearing her thoughts. He was rambling and ignoring her, two signs that the evening would not go as hot and as steamy as the afternoon had been.

"You ready?" He opened the door and waited for her on the porch.

Snatching her clutch purse from the end table, she followed him outside.

The ride to the restaurant proved to be just as confusing as the scene before they left. Instead of Jason chattering on incessantly like he did at the house, he remained quiet. When Helen tried to bring up topics to talk about, Jason seemed distracted. This would be an interesting dinner.

And it was.

Sabrina arrived to the restaurant looking all of the upwardly-mobile career woman, from her perfectly bleached hair with multiple variations of tones to make her look like a real blonde, to her business suit including skirt that may have been a hair too short, and her fitted jacket.

Helen made an effort to sit up straighter and lean in to Jason, especially when he told one of his cheesy jokes. Having him concentrate on Sabrina all through dinner dismayed and angered her more than anything else.

How could this man who was all over her during lunch now treat her like a stranger during dinner?

"Will you two excuse me?" Helen said as she stood. "I need to powder my nose."

"Really? I thought that was an old saying?" Sabrina said with a snicker.

"Better than saying I need to hit the head, right?"

Sabrina blinked but smiled. "Guess you're right." When Helen walked by her, Sabrina said, "Nice dress."

"Thanks," Helen said with a forced smile. "Glad someone noticed."

She ducked into the bathroom. Not really needing to use the facilities, she paced back and forth to clear her head.

What's going on with Jason? Did he hate to see her all sexed up? Did he like the klutzy side of her? Or maybe he was really into plastic?

She laughed. She knew that wasn't it. Instead of pondering the possibilities, she applied another coat of lipstick on her lips, tucked her hair behind her ears and arranged her breasts in her bra cups so that they looked firmer and fuller than they really were.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, a large hand grabbed her wrist, pulling her back against a strong chest. Before she could scream, another hand clamped over her mouth and she was dragged to a side fire exit door.

No way in hell would she go out of the door with this asshole. Preparing to bite down on his hand before he could do anything to her, she was halted by his voice.

"Hel, it's me," Jason said in a hoarse whisper, then removed his hand from her mouth.

She turned in his arms and slapped her wild-eyed husband's shoulder. "You scared the shit out of me! Why did you do that?"

He didn't answer. His breathing increased. His pupils dilated so wide his eyes looked black. With her chest pressed against his, she felt his heart pounding.

Without warning—and with no resistance from her—he pressed his firm lips against hers. One hand cupped the back of her head while his other hand wrapped around her waist to hold her close.

Minutes later, he broke the kiss so they could both come up for air.

"What? Just seeing Sabrina turned you on so much you had to come get me?" Helen asked, the harshness of her tone not tempered to spare his feelings.

His eyes narrowed dangerously under furrowed brows. When a diner walked by them to go to the bathroom, Jason pulled her through the exit door and pressed her against the brick wall.

"I don't give a shit about Sabrina," he growled. "I knew if I took one look at you in that dress we wouldn't have left the house."

The humid July night and Jason's passionate words brought Helen's body temperature up so that she was now sweating. Even in the darkened alley, she saw Jason's eyes. She kept her gaze on his as his hand undid the strap on her dress. She didn't stop him. She allowed her dress to fall open so that it showed off her push-up/deep-plunging black bra and her high-waisted black lace panties.

Her heart drummed until the sounds of the distant traffic going by the restaurant were drowned by the beating.

He kissed her lips again, and she tasted the bitter bite of gin-and-tonic. His mouth traveled down the side of her face, leaving a heated trail that curled her toes in shoes that pinched her feet.

Down at her breasts, Jason kissed the tops of each before unhooking the clasp in the front to savor the entire breast.

"Sabrina..." Helen whispered but not really giving a damn about the woman at the moment.

"She'll keep. It's your attention I want right now."

In the dimly lit alley where they found their sexual sanctuary, Jason held one breast in his hand while his mouth hungrily suckled the other. His tongue flicked against her

pebbled nipple, and he didn't stop until she moaned her pleasure. Then his mouth and hand switched places so that he sucked the breast he had previously fondled.

Helen felt her panties get soaked from all of his attention. "So you like my outfit then?" she asked, breathless.

Jason removed his mouth from her nipple to gaze into her eyes. "I love it. But it doesn't matter what you wear, baby. I would want you no matter what."

Hearing him make that declaration, Helen grabbed his shoulders and turned him around so his back pressed against the wall. After kissing him, she lowered herself to her knees. She kept her eyes on him while her hands busied themselves undoing his zipper.

"God, I love my life and I love my wife," Jason said.

He got his reward when she pulled out his erect penis and slipped her mouth over the tip. He growled. As though she needed any encouragement, he put his hand to the back of her head as she moved her mouth down the length of him. She pressed her tongue against his tip and tasted his bitter nectar.

Feeling the excitement of being outside and doing something so risqué that it thrilled her, she closed her lips tight around his shaft and moved her mouth all the way down to this hilt. Her nose brushed against the button on his slacks and she was sure her lipstick left a telltale ring around his zipper opening. Knowing that spurred her on to suck him faster.

Her saliva coated his cock until the slickness made it easier for her to maneuver her mouth up and down him. Her tongue slithered around him, feeling every vein and gliding over his smooth skin.

She felt him tremble. His breath came out in haggard pants.

After years of being with Jason, she knew how to read his body.

Helen prepared herself to catch his salty seed in her mouth when he pulled her up, yanked her panties down, set her on a waist-high trash bin and slid his engorged, meaty pipe inside her. So wet, he entered her without effort.

Helen wrapped her legs around him as he pounded mercilessly into her.

"I knew I should have canceled dinner," he said between gritted teeth.

"And miss all this?"

He snickered, then the sound soon turned into a growl. Helen had to hold onto his shoulders to brace herself. As she gazed into his eyes, she found a passion that had always been there. And even making love outside, in the heat, both of their bodies sweating under the thick humidity, Helen stopped feeling young and reckless.

Sure, doing something this risky would have been an act they would have done fifteen to twenty years ago, before the kids. But as she stared at her passionate husband, the man who made her feel like the sexiest woman on the planet by not only not taking his eyes off of her but by caressing her face like she was made out of porcelain, she realized very quickly that she no longer felt young.

She embraced her age. Her husband desired her, saggy tits and all. And she wanted him, with crows feet and burgeoning spare tire around his waist. Knowing this, her vaginal walls constricted around his shaft. The feeling must have sent him soaring.

Jason plunged deeper until the feeling, both emotional and physical, overwhelmed her. She wrapped her arms around his

shoulders and squeezed him with her legs as she rocked her hips. The fireworks display she saw in her mind exploded with brilliant colors and lights. It didn't matter that the Fourth of July was only two days away. She had her own pyrotechnics going off right there in that alley thanks to her loving husband.

"Jason!" She clutched him as the orgasmic waves washed over her.

"Ohhh! Oh, Hel!"

She felt his hot come shoot inside of her. Her hips made a gentle rocking motion as they both descended from their incredible high.

As though he was seeing his wife for the first time, Jason held her face and stared at her for a moment before kissing her, then sliding out of her.

"Meet me at the car," he said as he put himself back together. "We're getting out of here."

"What about Sabrina?" she asked, but not really caring at the moment.

"I'll tell her you had a headache and I have to take you home."

"What about Tracey? If she sees the car in the driveway, she'll want to bring the kids back home."

He smiled a sneaky smile. "Lots of places to park. We can find somewhere to go."

Jason helped her down from the dumpster, but he wouldn't allow her to retrieve her panties. Instead he stuffed them into his pocket.

"Jason..."

"You won't be needing them anyway." He winked.

Helen closed her bra and tied her dress securely again.

"Why?" she asked. "It's never been like this. Never this raw and animalistic. Why?"

Jason opened the exit door. "Must be the heat." He kissed the air, mouthed the words 'I love you' and disappeared inside.

Yes, the heat.

Helen gazed up to the stars. "Thank you, summer. You're the best aphrodisiac I've ever had."

About the Author

Don't let the 1940's-sounding name fool you! Though she may sound sweet, **Bridget Midway** writes what everyone else fantasizes about. An avid writer for all things fun, unusual and passionate, she enjoys making her readers laugh as much as she likes seeing them fan themselves down after reading a hot, sexy scene. She writes long contemporary romance, single-title romance, some light paranormal romances, science fiction, historicals and erotica, all with multi-racial characters and/or with interracial romances (because when you have a box of chocolates, you have to taste each one and enjoy the differences).

Some of her short stories have been accepted for publication by *The Sun* magazine. She was a finalist for the title of Sexiest Fiction Writer sponsored by BetterSex.com.

For story excerpts and news on Bridget, please visit her website at www.BridgetMidway.com.