



By the Book

Dee Dawning

BookStrand

By the Book

Danny Williams is pleasantly surprised when one Friday night, Sarah, his comely wife, proposes a game to engender fresh excitement into their flagging sex life.

Handing Danny a copy of the erotic *Lascivious Liaisons* by Madame X, she suggests they re-enact a sex scene from the book once a week. After acting out the first scene for a heated night of sex, skeptical Danny is convinced and looking forward to the next 'By the Book' night.

However, unknown to Danny, Sarah has a plan within a plan. After several 'By the Book' nights, things start to unravel and events swing beyond Danny's control, ultimately changing their lives...forever.

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CONTEMPORARY EROTIC ROMANCE

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the Sarahs and Dannys of the world, who seek just a little more out of life.

ABOUT THE BOOK

Among other things, I write erotic romance. Sometimes I write serious stories like my first BookStrand novel *Love and Seduction in Las Vegas*, and sometimes tongue in cheek with a touch of humor. The objective with *By the Book* was to provide the reader with a very sensual book, which would also provide the reader with a few good laughs.

BY THE BOOK

Dee Dawning
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Chapter 1 **The First Time**

It's been so long since I made love, I can't even remember who gets tied up.—Joan Rivers

Sarah plopped down on the couch next to me. “Hi-ee,” she whispered seductively.

I dragged my eyes away from the latest Dodgers debacle and glanced her way. She flashed a wall-to-wall smile and put her arm around me. Looking back at the TV, she kissed my cheek and snuggled her head into the crook of my neck.

“Guess what?” she said. Her free hand began to rub my chest as the fingers of her other hand twirled my hair.

“You’re sure in a good mood.” Not meaning to ignore her question.

“More than that,” she responded. “I’m in a fantastic mood. You know why?”

“No, but I’ll bet you’re going to tell me.”

“Ooh, Danny, you’re so smart. You should go on a psychic hotline. I’m in a fantastic mood because we’re going to enter into a new and enhanced version of our previously moribund sex life.”

Moribund sex life? Suddenly the Dodgers game didn’t seem so important, especially with them behind six to nothing. “What do you mean moribund? I think our sex life is great.”

"It may be great to you, but to me it's vanilla. It's so boring that if I were another woman, I would have taken a lover, but I do love you, not to mention you already have the tall, blond, lean, surfer good looks and equipment I would look for in a lover."

I had no idea.

Her hand abandoned my chest for a bag she had beside her. It slipped inside and pulled out a book. "I had lunch with Tish today and she told me she and David injected a shot of adrenalin into their sex life by once a week enacting a sex scene from this book. She said she hasn't had this much fun since she was fifteen in the back seat of Jerry's car."

Tish and her husband David lived across the street, buying their home four months after we bought ours. Tish and Sarah had been close friends since elementary school. You might say they were thick as thieves.

Sarah set the book on my lap. I tensed when her hand went back to my chest, concentrating on a nipple jutting through the fabric of my shirt. "Jerry?" I inquired.

"Just some guy she went with for a while when we were sophomores."

"Hmmm. Did you have a Jerry?"

"Of course. Didn't everyone?"

A devilish smile formed on my lips. "There are no Jerrys in my past."

Shouldn't have said that because her finger left my nipple and began tickling me. "No Jerrys huh? I'll bet there were plenty of Geraldines, Peggy Sues too!"

"Whoa, hold on." I grabbed her hand and put it back, but she moved it down to my stomach.

"Were you visiting guys' backseats at fifteen?"

"Heavens no. I waited a lot longer. At least fifteen and a half." She giggled. Now it was my turn to tickle her.

"Fifteen and a half?"

She began to squiggle around frantically. "Stop it." Sarah is really ticklish. "Stop it," she screeched. "You'll make me pee."

I backed off. "Wow, you were practically a virgin when we met in college."

With an indignant huff she straightened herself up and rested her hand just above my belt. Her fingers slipped just under and began moving.

Picking the book up, in such manner as not to disturb her ministrations, I looked at the title, *Lascivious Liaisons* by Madame X. "This is nothing but an erotic rag," I exhorted.

"I know. Isn't it great? It's got some great imaginative sex scenes in it. Tish says all we have to do is follow the book and our sex life will soar. Here read this one."

I started to read where Sarah'd pointed and she unbuckled my belt.

"Out loud. Read it out loud."

"All right.

I was tired of being replaced by the boob tube. Sal watched his favorite show, The Sopranos. This would be a test of our wills, of my sexuality. Naturally he ignored me as I sat beside him. That would change. I began to rub his chest, concentrating on his nipple. He glanced at me for a second and smiled. Approval. Good. My hand loosened his belt and slipped under his pants. My hand found his growing appendage and squeezed it.

"Ooh," Sarah had my dick out and started stroking it languidly—sensually. She licked the underside.

"Keep reading."

Still squeezing his Italian pride, I unzipped his pants with my free hand. Sal broke away from the show long enough to push his jeans and underpants down. He smiled as I took him in my mouth and stroked him with my hand.

Suddenly, with all my nerve ends tingling, the game had lost its importance. I removed my slacks and briefs. Sarah said, "Thank you." I flipped the TV remote to off and as I picked the book back up, she said, "You can stop reading now, I know what happens." Sarah wasted no time. She stood up and shed her blouse and bra. Sarah's breasts are top notch and never fail to get a rise when I see them but this time my riser had already risen. My cock was brimming with excitement and pre-cum.

She cupped her breasts and said, "These will be next after I make you cum in my mouth."

Cum in her mouth? This shocked me. In the six months we went together followed by eighteen months of marriage she never let me spend in her mouth. “You never let me before.”

“Actually, you never asked, but in this case, it’s in the book. Sal comes in Rose’s mouth, so you’re going to shoot your load in mine. We’re going to do everything, and I mean everything, by the book. Agreed?”

“Agreed. But what if you don’t like the taste or it gags you or—”

”Just shut up and enjoy it.”

I stiffened as she got on her knees and took in a deep breath when her beautiful, full lips swallowed my cock. She used one hand to stroke me, and the other squeezed my nuts. My hands reflexively went to her long brown hair and helped guide her.

I was hyperventilating and totally aroused by the idea of coming in my wife’s mouth. *Coming in her mouth. I hope she likes it.* It seemed so sexy to me, taking and swallowing my seed. It was...romantic.

Even sitting down, I found myself thrusting back on her oral down strokes. I heard somebody moan then groan loudly, “Ahh, oh yeah, ooh mm, ahh,” and realized it was me as my throbbing cock ejaculated copious amounts of hot thick milk into her awaiting mouth.” It was a very short, but a most enjoyable blow job.

Tears welled in Sarah’s beautiful blue eyes, which grew large, apparently not anticipating the quantity or taste of my spunk. She pulled away and a stream of thick milky sperm ran down to the chin from the side of her mouth. Her throat contracted from her hard swallow. She shook her head a little, seemingly disgusted. *She doesn’t like it.* Then she smiled at me.

“What’s it like? Do you like it?”

“I wouldn’t order it at a juice bar, but it wasn’t bad. The main thing is, it’s a new experience, for both of us.” Her hand took my diminishing projectile and ran her finger up, forcing the remaining jism out of my opening onto her finger. I thought she was going to suck the last drop of milk from her finger, but she surprised me by inserting it in my mouth.

“What do you think?”

Too small a quantity to really get a taste, I scooped up the jism that had escaped her mouth on my finger and tasted it. A slight alkaline taste and an odor that reminded me of kitchen cleanser. She laughed loudly when I said, “It’s all right, but I wouldn’t order it in a juice bar.”

Sarah smiled broadly. “That was fun, I knew it would be.” She held up the book, shook it once and said, “We’re going to have lots of fun. Tish swears by it. Next, it’s your turn romantic boy. You are to pick me up and carry me into the bedroom, where you will deposit me on the bed and dine on my hot wet pussy.”

Not missing a beat, I surprised her by scooping her in my arms. I wondered if I could get hard again? Maybe. I wondered if it was in the book. Giggling delightfully she whispered coyly in my ear her, hot breath sending chills through me, ending at my penis. “I’ll read the book to you but you’re supposed to tie my hands together to a bedpost and eat my pussy til I scream.” Her tongue entered my ear making my heartbeat heave and I felt old baldy stirring. Then she bit my earlobe and I almost dropped her.

“Is that in the book too?” I set her down on the bed and she nodded.

“Uh huh. We do only what the book says.”

She picked up *Lascivious Liaisons* and started to read.

Sal looked at Rose with undisguised desire. ‘You have too many clothes on,’ he said. ‘What are you going to do about it stud?’ she responded. Sal looked around the bedroom as if searching for something. Not finding what he wanted, Sal went into the living room and returned with his pants, removing the belt therefrom.

Sarah laid the book down between her fine breasts. “Go.”

“Therefrom?”

“Don’t worry about Madame X’s little grammatical quirks. Just get the fucking belt so you can tie me up and ravish me with that long thing in your mouth that you stick out at me when I’m right which is—”

“All right already, I get the picture. At least you were quiet when my cock was in your mouth tickling your tonsils.”

Sarah turned red, scrunched her nose, took a breath and held it. She seemed really pissed then suddenly she cracked up. “You missed your chance to tickle my tonsils. They were taken out when I was seven. Please get the belt so you can tie me up and oralize me. My panties are so wet, I’m liable to float away.”

I knelt on the bed next to her. “I’ll be glad to. I crave your wonderful pussy but I have one question.”

“What’s that?” she asked.

I bent down and took one of her hard nipples in my mouth and sucked hard.

“Mmmm.” Her nubs being so sensitive, she shivered and squirmed like she always did when I licked her tit, circling my tongue around the lucky bud. It was her right, more sensitive, nipple. She nudged her tit upward into my tongue as her fingers ran through my hair.

Still teasing her nipple, I picked up the book resting on her chest. “How are you going to read the book to me after I tie your hands up?”

She took the book out of my hand and tossed it on the floor. “I’m not, I know what it says and sucking on my tits isn’t in there. I’ll tell you what to do. Now get the belt, before I call Studs R Us.”

I tied Sarah’s hands up with the belt and tied it to a bedpost, then I slowly pulled her jeans off. She watched intently. I could tell she wanted to feel my tongue on her clit. I gazed at her helpless and naked except for her lacy pink panties, which were indeed soaked. “Hurry up,” she implored.

“Does the book say to hurry?” I asked.

“No, but being tied up like this and you taking so long is driving me crazy. I can’t stand it.”

“I think that’s the idea.” I lowered my face between her thighs. I licked and sucked on the juices that permeated her panties. She gasped, slowly exhaling then her breathing quickened to short gasps. The heady bouquet of her aroused pussy excited me. I pulled the bottom of the panty aside and laved her underside, anus to clit. Sarah moaned wriggling and rolling sideways.

“Please, Baby,” she begged.

She watched closely as I moved up above her lovely flat abdomen and used my teeth to pull the top of her panty down across her hairless mound and it settled and snuggled so it set across her hood. I kissed her mound juicily, leaving broad patches of wetness to evaporate and eased my tongue into the exposed top of her cleft.

“Oh please” Her legs now spread wide, she groaned and squiggled even more as my tongue slipped deeper in her cleft, inching toward her clit. “Please eat me.”

Poor thing. I'd been killing her slowly with titillation, but anticipation is sublime. I dragged her panties over her hips and she sighed. I closed her legs so I could pull them off.

Sarah was trim, but well built. She had exceptional tits and a great ass. I dragged her sopping panties past her knees, down her well turned calves and over her pretty feet. As always, I reveled in her beauty and she belonged to me, or did she? *Our moribund sex life? Am I losing her?* I took a deep whiff of her strong, pussy scented, crème-soaked panties and vowed to do whatever she wanted. To keep her happy, I would live by the book.

She laughed as I slipped her cool moist panties over my head around my neck. "What're you doing, silly?"

"You don't like my panty necklace? It's not in the book, is it?"

"No, I guess Sal wasn't that imaginative."

I could tell she was thinking. "I guess it's all right as long as it doesn't interfere with what's in the book. Come up here and give me a big sloppy, wet kiss, then get between my thighs and drive me bonkers, face-fucking my hot liquid-filled pussy."

Starting to advance toward her wild lips, I knelt in front of her when I paused, grabbing my re-engorged cock and asked, "What about this? After I make you scream to the heavens, can I fuck you?"

I could tell by her slight frown she was thinking again. Apparently, there were no rules except following the book. As her frown turned to a smile, she spoke. "I can't wait to have you bury your stiff shaft inside me. As long as we follow the book, anything extra we feel like doing afterward is gravy."

I leaned forward between her open legs to give her a thank you kiss. My erection settled on and to the side of her sopping wet vagina, which was so expanded that I accidentally slid in. "Uh uh. First you dine on me then you put it in."

I didn't want to take it out. "I know. I'm going to eat your tasty, wet pussy and drive you bananas, but kiss me first."

She smiled a second before her warm lips accosted mine. I nibbled on her lower lip and they parted for me. My groin moved into her as my tongue slipped past her teeth, embracing hers. Did her pussy respond and move back into me? "Ummm," she said. "It feels delicious, but you're a naughty boy. You're supposed to be devouring my pussy. "

I moved even more, a full stroke into her hot juicy snatch. “And I will, but how about if we fuck first and then I eat your pussy?”

Her bodily reaction, responding in kind to my thrust, contrasted to what she said, “But that’s after we do what’s in the book. Ooh” Again she responded to my hearty thrust.

I stroked again and again, She arched her back and pushed her breasts into my chest. “But we’re already fucking. I’m dying to eat your pussy, but what I really want is to come into it first and eat our mixed juices out of you.”

She didn’t answer at first. I ground my hard cock into her a couple more times and she responded vigorously, then her legs wrapped around my rear and pulled me in tighter to her cunt. “That sounds so sexy. You eating your sperm and my crème out of my honey pot. Are you sure it’s all right? You don’t mind eating your cum?”

By now we were fucking in a steady rhythm. There was no stopping us. “You bet. If you can do it, why can’t I?”

“Okay, but untie my hands. I want to hold you. You can tie them back up when you go down on me.”

After untying her hands, she squeezed my buttocks hard. Her breath escaped as I started pumping my cock into her and again she ground her pelvis back into me. My mouth found her sensitive nipple, now the size of a large thimble. I loved sucking on Sarah’s nipples. Especially while fucking her.

Her other hand found my head, her long feminine fingers roving over my face, my hair, my ears, my lips, her nipple, as she groaned loudly.

Soon, too soon, my panting accompanied by pleasurable groans, must have alerted Sarah to an oncoming change for she reached around my buttocks and squeezed my testicles tightly. While I had tried to delay my climax this brought it to the forefront and within seconds a sensory curtain of bliss descended upon me and I gushed an eruption of creamy white semen into Sarah’s sexy snatch. Semen which I had committed to suck out of her.

Spent and tired, I relaxed on top of Sarah, but she wasn’t very understanding. Pushing downward on the top of my head she said, “Okay, we did it your way, now we have to finish what the book says.” Handing me the belt, her hands together, I had no choice. A deal is a deal.

I retied Sarah's arms to the bedpost. God she looked sexy. I felt a tinge in my cock, but I knew I was finished. Still, one of my sexual joys is eating Sarah's puss and even eating my own jism with her crème didn't diminish the thrill of looking up my wife's fantastic bod from the nexus of her legs.

I wrapped my arms around her thighs and using my fingers to splay her folds dug my tongue deeply into the depths of her chamber. With lips and tongue in place, my left hand wandered up to her right nipple. My fingers fondling this sexy protrusion apparently became the catalyst that set Sarah on the road to her own wild orgasmic bliss. I felt the increased tension in her slender body seconds before she blew it convulsing as much as I and her bindings would allow while groaning and screaming at an earsplitting level.

Minutes later, after we'd recuperated from our temporarily debilitating orgasms, Sarah spoke, "Are you going to untie me?"

Oops, I had forgotten. I jumped up and freed her. "Sorry."

Rubbing her hands and looking intently but beautifully at me she ventured, "You know, the idea of you eating my pussy with your cum in it seemed so sexy, it made me come faster."

"Really? It seemed sexy to me, too."

"What'd you think? Did you like what we did?"

"I liked it. Are we going to do this again?"

Sarah had a pleased look on her angelic face, which pleased me. "Of course. Tish and David do something from the book once a week. They do other things too in between, but they look forward to doing something special once a week. Would you like to read the book and see what we're going to do?"

"No, that's all right. I think I'd like to be surprised like you surprised me today."

"Good idea. You'll see, each week things will get sexier and sexier."

That should have been my warning, but I overlooked it.

Chapter 2

Porno Movie

A nymphomaniac is a woman as obsessed with sex as the average man.—Mignon McLaughlin

Our sex life the following week sizzled. We were feeding off our first *by the book* encounter, reliving it, but who cared, it did rejuvenate our sex life. We screwed in the shower, on the kitchen counter, on the dining room table and floor after falling off, Sarah's dresser, even in the garage. We hadn't screwed and sucked so much since our first week of marriage. The Book had put excitement in our sex life.

Friday was our special day and I admit I looked forward to it like a little boy waiting for Christmas—maybe more. What are Rose and Sal gonna have us do next?

When I got home after work, Sarah wasn't around. I started to panic when I saw a movie ticket for the Carnival Theater. A note lay under the ticket "*Back row, no bra, no panties, I can hardly wait! I'll take care of the popcorn, while you take care of me.*"

I wasn't familiar with the theater so I looked it up. My God, a porno theater. I left there faster than you can spell Mississippi.

The Carnival Theater—a dive—was situated in a seedy part of town. I saw Sarah's BMW321 convertible parked in front of the theater.

I handed my ticket to the usher and headed straight for the screen room. I found her like she said, in the back row. Even in the poor light given off by the movie, she looked great, wearing a short black skirt and knee height black boots and flashing a beaming smile when she saw me. I sat down and she kissed me violently. Initially we played with each other while two women fucked and sucked six men. The performers were all kind of beat-

looking. Definitely second or third tier porn performers—calling them porn stars would have been a joke.

However, the gorgeous piece of flesh sitting next to me, known to the world as Mrs. Daniel Williams turned me on big time, fondling my hungry rigid shaft while I had two fingers up her dripping twat. All of a sudden, the screen was blocked from view and I felt something warm and very wet surround my cock. Sarah began moving up and down, in and out and all around.

* * * *

We sucked and fucked in the Carnival for an hour—an eternity in sexual terms, but my suddenly insatiable wife wasn't through. At her suggestion we went to Barney's a neighborhood tavern we had been known to frequent occasionally.

There were nine of the usual patrons in Barney's—two women and seven men. We found a booth fairly remote from the clientele. When I brought our drinks to the table she had put on her coat. I wondered if she wanted to leave when she grasped my hand slid out of the booth and said, "C'mon."

She led me to the ladies restroom and, when I paused, she practically jerked my arm out, pulling me in. Sarah pulled her coat off and threw it over a stall door, leaving her wearing only her sexy knee high boots. I must have gawked, because she said, "I wanted you to fuck me from behind but we couldn't do it at the theater." She turned around, hands up on the wall, her feet about three feet away, legs spread, and her beautiful ass beckoning to me. "I'm ready whenever you are."

I walked up to her and hugged her from behind. I grabbed her tits and began to massage them. "Mmmm. That feels good but if you added that hard thing you are jabbing me through your jeans with, it would be even better."

I kissed her neck and ear and whispered, "You are wicked."

"More than you know."

I fucked her from behind and then I spun her around, pushed her against the wall and jacked her up, onto my cock. Her back against the wall, she wrapped her boots around me. Then I carried her over to the sink and fucked her on the sink.

I'd been fucking Sarah hot and heavy on the sink when the owner's sister, Marge came in. I stopped for a second. The plain middle-aged woman saw us and we saw her. She just stared. After a few awkward seconds, Sarah grabbed that tight ass she loved and pulled me into her. Nothing happened. I stroked Sarah, still nothing happened. Soon I was fucking Sarah again but Marge did nothing but watch, no emotion, just fascinated. That's when her friend Sue came in.

Again I paused. Sue looked embarrassed and I thought she would leave but Marge grabbed her arm and wouldn't let go. Then Marge smiled and said, "We're waiting." With two barfly spectators we continued fucking and it wasn't long before we both came. Sarah jumped into me shivering and hugging. The ladies covered the climactic noise we made by turning on the faucets and flushing the toilets.

It wanted to disengage and let Sarah put her coat back on—I had no idea what happened to her skirt and halter—but Marge and Sue didn't appear to be in any hurry. I looked at Sarah. Her lips went to my ear. She whispered. "I think they want to see your Johnny." I glanced at them and they were looking at me. I looked back at my wife and moved my head and eyes in their direction and back. She nodded.

I pulled out of Sarah and turned to face them. It was starting to get soft but still hard enough to give them a thrill. "Ooh," Sue said. "Isn't that something? Maybe I should take Charlie up on his offer?"

"I'm definitely going home with Billy tonight," Marge replied. They thanked us and suddenly they were gone.

I looked at my lovely naked wife. "What was that all about? Do you realize we put on a sex show?"

Sarah looked ecstatic. "I do and I hate to admit it, but I dug it. Let's get out of here. I'm flying so high right now, I feel like fucking until dawn."

"Uh. I've already come three times tonight. I'm probably done for."

Sarah shrugged and said, "Well, your tongue hasn't come." She wrapped her coat around her. "Ready?"

Chapter 3

A Summer Night at the Beach

“From the moment I was six I felt sexy. And let me tell you it was hell, sheer hell, waiting to do something about it.”—Bette Davis

It’s amazing how many places and how many ways you can make love when you are sexually attuned. Like the previous week, we found ingenious ways and places to have sex. The hot tub, the basement, the washing machine, the back yard, the office, the balcony, even at my sister’s house, while they were out of town. Yet the whole time we were looking forward to Friday, our erotic book night.

Friday night was upon us. What imaginative sexual scenario did Madame X have planned for us on this by the book night?

When I arrived home Sarah wore an unlined, beige, macramé bikini with a matching cover-up and sandals. I have to admit; she had plenty to show off and didn’t mind showing it off. After a hot passionate kiss, she asked, “Are you ready for a hot night at the ocean? You can put on your bathing suit here or you can change at the beach.”

I decided to change at the beach. “What are we going to do?”

“Well since the sun will be going down soon, I imagine I can’t get a suntan.” My cock was already half hard from her sexy outfit and our kiss. Still, it shocked me when she grabbed it. “Oh, I have a hunch we’ll figure something out. Speaking of going down—” She unzipped my pants and yanked my cock out into the cool air-conditioned room. Then she got down on her knees, my cock in hand, and said, “Here’s a preview of what we’ll be doing,” seconds before she took me into her warm, welcoming mouth.

* * * *

We headed for a beach we liked in Santa Monica. It had yet to get dark when we arrived so after changing into my trunks in the car, the two of us sought out a little Mexican restaurant we knew called Don Amigos. We'd been there before so we knew they had good food, but so did everyone else. After a forty minute wait, snacking on chips and sipping on frozen margaritas in the restaurant bar, we found ourselves at an outside table with a view across the street of the beach. It was the middle of summer and LA'd been suffering through a heat wave for a couple days with temperatures in the high nineties. Today had hit a hundred, so the frozen margaritas and the coastal breeze felt especially good. Not particularly hungry anymore, we settled for appetizers.

The sun dipped into the horizon as we paid our check and hand in hand headed to the beach with one thing on our mind—*s-s-sex*.

After stopping back at the car to retrieve a beach blanket and cooler we had brought, we finally settled down about thirty feet from the tide. I looked around. The beach wasn't crowded but it wasn't empty either. "How are we going to do anything with all these people around?"

"Be patient, it'll thin out and get darker. In the meantime there's always the water. I've always wanted to make love in the water. She took my hand. "Let's see what it feels like."

Running with the enthusiasm of a six year old she dragged me into the calm, lukewarm water. What little waves there were seemed mild. She let go of my hand and dove in. She rose after swimming about twenty yards. The water was chest high covering her breasts. It had gotten darker so I could barely see, but she raised a hand holding something and waved it at me. Her bikini top. "C'mon," she yelled, "the water's fine."

I swam to her.

Face to face, chest deep in the ocean water, we embraced, our hands roving over our bodies. "Sal and Rose did this slow and sensuous," Sarah whispered breathily in my ear. That and the very long, slow, wet, sensuous, tongue filled kiss that followed was all my cock needed to spring to life.

To my surprise, she tied her suit top around my neck.

"What're you doing," I asked a little too loudly.

She put a finger to my lips. "Shoosh," she whispered again sending chills clear to my toes. "Sound carries a long way over the water. I don't want to lose my top. Is it all right?"

I nodded even as I took her long feminine finger in my mouth and sucked on it. “Even your fingers are sexy,” I said softly, as my hands surrounded her firm breasts.

She sighed, moving her chest back and forth in my hands. “Mmmm, that feels so good. I can’t wait to have you inside me. Would it be okay if I park my bottoms around your neck too?”

I was fast becoming her clothes rack and loving it. When I nodded, she pulled away and removed her last piece of clothing. After she slipped her bottom over my head she whispered, “I’m ready for you.” Reaching into my trunks, her fingers surrounded my hard cock. “Let’s see if your Johnny is ready for me. Oooh yeah, it is.”

While I groaned from her personal ministrations, her other hand pulled my trunks down, then squeezed my balls as she stroked my cock. It felt so good I felt like screaming. My dick and I were more than ready and I hoped she was too. I reached down between her legs and her breathing stopped in apparent anticipation. When my forefinger found and massaged her clit she sighed, “Oh yeah!” and sucked in a deep breath, as I two-fingered her hot pussy.

She took her hands from my cock and locking them around my neck, leaped into me, wrapping her lovely legs around my waist. In a needy voice she begged, “Do it baby. Please. *Fuck me!* Stick that hard hunk of sex into my starving cunt.” I reached down and aimed my cock toward her core. I paused as it touched the rim of her awaiting pussy, but she didn’t wait for me to thrust. Instead she dropped her pussy around me. She’d been so aroused it impaled her to the hilt in one downward thrust. Her friendly warmth and the walls of her pussy embraced my cock. It felt so good I almost fell backwards into the water.

Sarah had just begun. She started moaning and whimpering, moving up and down, back and forth violently. It may have been dark now, but if anyone happened to be close enough to see us or hear Sarah, it would be obvious what we were doing. I slowly turned, looking around to see if anyone happened to be near enough to see or hear us. As I turned toward the beach, I saw a black form blocking some of the light coming from the shore. At that second, Sarah began moving even more frantically. Out of breath, she exclaimed, “I’m coming baby. Oh yeah. Don’t stop. *Fuck me harder,*” I felt her feet crossed above my butt pulling me into her as her pussy seemed

to clamp down on my cock. “Oh yeah, Oh God! Ahhh eeeh.” And then she stopped moving and clung to me, jerking to an occasional aftershock.

It was my turn to come whether we were being watched or not. Sarah’s orgasm had precipitated my climax. Inexorably a tingly sensation spread from my cock to the extremities of my body. An indescribably pleasant, tickly curtain descended over me. The water, Sarah’s touch, every current of air or water that brushed my uncovered body, made me quiver in anticipation. I felt the wonderful, tingly feeling that relentlessly built up, signaling the beginning of a massive orgasm. “Ohhh oh! I’m gonna to cum, too.” As I shot wads of sperm into her pussy, moving jerkily, I lost my balance and we both tumbled into the ocean.

We both came up laughing wildly. I took her in my arms and we embraced and stopped laughing long enough to kiss passionately. Then I remembered the dark form I’d noticed. I pointed it out to Sarah and she began to chortle. “Silly boy, that’s a marker buoy we passed on the way out.” She hugged and kissed me again, before we headed back to shore, then passing the buoy, Sarah snickered.

After we passed the float, Sarah asked, “Hand me my top, please?”

I reached for it, but the only thing there was her bottom. “Will you settle for a bikini bottom?” I asked pulling it over my head. “The top must have untied when we fell into the water.”

I handed the bottom to her and she put it on. “What are we going to do? I can’t walk around topless.”

“Why not? You have a fine rack and I’m sure girls walk around like that a lot around here.”

“No, thank you. I’ll cover my breasts with my hands until we get to the car while you pick up our blanket and cooler.”

Even though our night at the beach ended precipitously, we both still had fun. Yet, Sarah seemed a little disappointed. “That was fun and the water definitely cooled me off, but if events ever try to short circuit our book night again, I won’t let it happen.”

We only had to wait one week to find out if that was true.

Chapter 4

Complications

When a man goes on a date, he wonders if he is going to get lucky. A woman already knows.—Frederike Ryder

As usual, we were sexually turned on all week, but finding original places to have sex became problematic. I took Sarah to my office one night where we did something I'd always wanted. We had a wild time. First we had sex on my desk, then we went in my boss's office, where we fucked on his desk and couch. We finished in the boardroom on the board table. A night I'll never forget.

Naturally, I'd been dying to know what erotic adventure Rose and Sal had in store for us. When I walked in the door, I was accosted and kissed by a gorgeous sexy vamp that I barely recognized. "Sarah?"

"In the flesh." As she spun around, I drank in her beauty and... her sexuality. This was no longer the naïve girl I met and fell in love with in college. The transformation had been amazing. "Well, what do you think?"

She'd stacked reddish brown hair on her head, with curls trailing down over a gold hairpiece. Her long graceful neck free of her hair has been adorned by a large necklace of various polished stones and matching dangling earrings hung from her ears. Her attire—if you want to call it that—consisted of a short, very short, crimson, satin skirt that clung to her hips about an inch above her pubis, a low, very low cut crocheted halter, topped off or should I say bottomed off by calf high blood red suede boots. And that wasn't all. Her make-up, a serpent bracelet, temporary tattoos, of which one visible on her hip and said fuckable, had turned my wife into a sexual siren, a living breathing succubus.

She had stopped turning and was waiting for an answer. I snapped out of my daze. Hands on hips, she repeated, "Well? Wait, I didn't show you my

panties. They match my halter.” She lifted her tiny skirt and revealed white crocheted panties that matched her halter. She reached to the bottom of her panties, pulling them apart showing her sex. “Crotchless panties, I’m planning on finding a use for these. I hope you feel naughty tonight. So, do you like it?”

I answered truthfully, “You’re the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen. Where are we going?”

I could tell what I’d said pleased her when she tilted her head slightly, gave me a coy smile and answered, “Club Rendezvous. Think I’ll fit in?”

“Fit in? You’ll knock ‘em dead. You’ll have every guy there drooling, if not jacking off.”

Sarah looked at me, a serious look on her face and said, “That would be fun but for tonight, I’m all yours.” Not giving me time to reflect on what she said, she took my hand and said, “Come into the bedroom. I have some special clothes I want you to wear.” She walked me to the door and as I entered said, “Hurry up, we have to leave,” as she shut the door behind me.

I guess the business suit I wore wasn’t cool enough for Club Rendezvous. Sarah had laid a full outfit on the bed for me to don.

Five minutes later, I joined my sexy wife now wearing white low-rise slacks, a crimson tee shirt that clung to my chest and arms, coming up short of my navel plus a pair of white Sperry topsiders, no socks.

I guess I passed mustard with Sarah when I came out since she smiled and kissed me, then grabbing my arm said, “I think you’ll have the girls panting.”

* * * *

Club Rendezvous was a trendy nightspot on the boundary between Hollywood and Pico Rivera, Los Angeles. There’s always a line, but the VIP decider, with an eye for beauty took one look at Sarah and waved us through.

Once inside the semi-modern structure with an art deco /industrial motif and a plethora of neon and satin chrome, all masculine and some feminine eyes went straight to my vixen wife. Sarah must have noticed because, although she didn’t return the gazes, her demeanor changed. She puffed up

and threw her chest out. She took my hand, which had been around her bare waist and moved it down to her derriere.

Club Rendezvous consisted of a large open, dance club with live music. A reasonably good little-known band cranked out mostly cover songs on the stage, surrounded by a large hardwood dance floor and about a hundred scantily dressed, sweaty, bouncing bodies of various shapes and sizes.

The club was jammed except for the loge, which seemed fairly deserted. “Do you want to sit in the loge?” I yelled in Sarah’s ear.

She shook her head and yelled back over ‘Guns and Roses,’ “You Could be Mine.” “Maybe later. It’s too hard to get to the dance floor from up there.”

“I think there’s a dance floor there.”

“I know. It’s not the same.” She took my hand and went toward one of the two bars.

We found a recently vacated standup table. After setting her pocketbook down, I watched as Sarah approached the packed bar and two guys tried their darndest to make room for the hot young thing to squeeze in. I chuckled as one of the guys got off his stool and offered it to her, in a clear effort to get to know her. I could see them talking animatedly over ‘The Scorpions,’ “No One Like You.” I laughed at the obvious disappointment that registered on his face when she first pointed to the ring on her ring finger, then at me. A good loser, he waved dejectedly. As Sarah scooted away carrying our drinks, I waved back.

I had taken one sip after pouring my bottled Coors in a glass when the band began playing “Kryptonite” by Three Doors Down,’ one of our favorite old songs. Naturally, Sarah took my hand and after covering her margarita with a napkin, pulled me toward the dance floor, where as I predicted my wife became the hit of many of the male spectators and dancers.

We stayed on the floor for the rest of the set. Exhausted, I began to sit, but Sarah gripped my arm and pointed toward a nearby booth whose occupants were leaving.

I felt relief as we snuggled into the booth ahead of another party of three girls, who seeing us slip in ahead of them headed for our vacated stand-up table. Pleased, Sarah cuddled up to me. She stealthily unzipped my trousers and surreptitiously slipped a hand in the opening.

All of a sudden, she sat up and said teasing, almost indignantly, “You’re soft!”

Since the music had stopped that came out louder than intended. I glanced around and answered. “Yes, I am—like I am ninety five percent of the time. Especially after exerting myself on the dance floor for fifteen minutes. We can’t do anything here anyway. There are people all around.”

Sarah gazed around the room then snuggled back in the crook of my neck. “We’ve got to. Sal and Rose did. Let me get you hard, then we’ll see.” Sarah glanced around. Many male eyes were watching the sexy sweet thing.

“We could go up to the loge,” I ventured once more.

“I’d hate to give up the booth if it’s no better. Stay here while I check.”

Before I could say a word I watched the dangling curls of her hair swinging in concert with her sexy sashay toward the stairs. Sitting down, I could see her crotch-less knit panties under the swaying hem of her short skirt.

When Sarah didn’t return in five minutes, I went looking for her. At the top of the stairs I found her. Two overly friendly guys had her cornered at the stair landing halfway to the loge and blocked her passage. One had a hand on her ass and was trying to kiss her, while the other kneaded a breast through her halter. Her eyes were large and watering.

“There you are,” I said, reaching between the duo and taking Sarah’s hand, “I’ve been looking for you. Excuse me guys.” I dragged her through the surprised, wannabe Sarah’s lovers. Shook up, Sarah was trembling. Placing my arm around her. I looked up back over my shoulder. “This one belongs to me. Good hunting though.”

“Humpft. You better keep that one close, mister. That’s some prime stuff,” I heard one of the accosters say as we made our retreat down the stairs.

Then the other said, “Yeah, she’s real fuckable all right.”

* * * *

Sarah was upset. In the car, she began sobbing. “Those men were vulgar...they wouldn’t let me pass and they... talked dirty and t...touched me. One tried to ki...kiss me and the other one put my hand on his th...thing. I thought they were going to r...ra...rape me.”

Sarah bawled. I pulled over and parked in order to comfort her. We both leaned toward each other and met over the console. I put my arm back around her and she laid her head against my chest. I felt the wetness from her tears. "I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been there."

Stroking her hair, I soothed her, "It's all right. Nothing happened. Shall we go home?"

"No way." She sat up, her clarity restored. "I'm not going to let those creeps keep us from following the book. More than ever, I want you inside me. Let's go to Happy Cats."

Happy Cats was another, though less popular, therefore less crowded, dance club. Cats, as the clientele called it, was a throwback to the disco eighties, featuring a DJ instead of a live band, disco balls, strobe lights and fog machines.

Sarah, still shaken, took my hand and led me to a booth. After our drinks arrived, she led me to the dance floor as she had at Club Rendezvous. We danced to a long, Latin sounding rock number the DJ had called "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," by Santa Esmer... something.

Even though Cats was darker than Club Rendezvous, Sarah still drew her share of stares. A long, slow song, "The Way We Were," by Barbra Streisand, played next. As I held my hot little wife close, her aroma, a combination of perspiration and her strong, lilac scented perfume wafted through my nostrils. As she pulled my head down for a warm tongue filled kiss, I sensed she had calmed down, even as I was getting revved up. With my arms around her, naturally rubbing our private parts against each other, my sex began expanding.

Sarah apparently noticed and she rubbed and pushed her groin against it. Harder and harder I got, then to my dazed pleasure she pushed a hand between us. After a languorous unzipping, she pulled my erection free, stroked it. Excitement coursed through me like an electric current. I wanted her bad and she wanted me. I could tell. I looked around wondering if anyone had been watching. Apparently not. When the song ended, a new faster song started, so she turned away from me and reaching back, with both hands on my hips, my engorged cock sheltered under her miniskirt; she dragged me to our booth.

I slipped in and Sarah slid in after me. Lifting her left leg over my lap, facing me, she straddled my thighs and moving to the beat of Rod Stewart's,

“(Do you) Think I’m Sexy”, began moving her crotch against my rock hard shaft. *I can’t believe it.* She had a smile on her face as she whispered, “Let them wonder if we’re doing it,” seconds before her feverish lips attacked my mouth and she hunched up enough to let my inflamed cock slip through her crotchless panties, intruding inside her steamy, crème soaked chamber. As she lowered herself upon my cock, she stiffened, rolling her head back, groaning as she did. Her torso moved in an undulating motion as her pussy ground into my pubic area in a see saw, back and forth motion.

It felt divine. We were fucking in time with the music, in front of God and everyone. Neither one of us could see the patrons, but I’m sure at least a few watched and wondered.

With one hand on her hip, helping to guide her movement, my other hand roamed to her breasts, exposing her right nipple for oral stimulation. Sarah sighed as my mouth engulfed her elongated nub sucking and nibbling. Her hands went to my hair, her fingers gripping and twisting locks of it. Much to my chagrin, a wave of pleasure pulsed through me followed by another and an—I came, shooting gobs of hot spunk into her womb as she moved over me. I refused to make any noise, but I’m sure she could feel it and if she couldn’t, my stiff erratic movement had to give it away.

The walls of Sarah’s pussy closed in, tightening around my cock. It signaled seconds before Sarah also experienced orgasmic bliss and she didn’t contain it, like I did. A series of yelps, screams and references to God ushered forth from my wife’s euphoric, lovely lips, that would have made Meg Ryan proud. If anyone had been curious whether we were making love or not, Sarah had taken the mystery out of it. Whimpering and shaking, she collapsed upon me in total relaxation as she recuperated from her wonderful ordeal.

Someone said ‘bravo’ and started clapping, followed by a smattering of clapping, which rapidly became a fusillade of clapping with a mix of jocular catcalls. Sarah lifted up in order to look. After glancing over her shoulder, she buried her head in the crook of my neck, possibly embarrassed from the volley of whistles and of shouts of approval we received.

“I’m sorry. I seem to have blown our cover,” Sarah whispered meekly.

I peeked over her shoulder at a score of laughing, smiling spectators. I waved. Someone yelled, “Lucky guy.” A girl shouted, “Lucky girl. Did you hear her?” Then I noticed we were on TV. Someone had focused the camera

on us and we were on the big screen above the DJ and other TV's throughout Cat's.

Sarah rolled off me, and after tucking in my now flaccid tool, we scooted out of the booth. The applause and catcalls continued as we wove our way through the somewhat unruly crowd. Sarah became a little frightened. After all two guys had already come on strong at Club Rendezvous and now some of the guys here were playing grab ass as we passed. With my arm tightly around her, heads down, we beat a hasty retreat.

Finally, safely ensconced in our car we opted to call it a night and made a beeline for home sweet home.

Chapter 5

The Whores

I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy.—Steve Martin

After the mortifying fiasco at Happy Cats, the sex wasn't as magical as it had been the previous week. Instead, Sarah had been quiet and reflective, as if enduring an inner conflict.

Because of this and wary of what wild new sexual scenario the book had planned for us, I viewed the oncoming Friday—today—with a mix of trepidation and anticipation.

Like our second book night, Sarah wasn't home. I looked on the counter where the note had been two weeks previous and she *had* left another note.

Take a cruise on the wild side. Drive down Center Street slowly. Look for the whore in the red platform heels.

Center Street? Where the prostitutes wait for johns? *Look for the whore in red platforms?* I left for Center Street faster than you can spell Katmandu.

I drove up Center Street but saw no red platforms. Running out of street walkers I turned around and headed back down as the hookers recognizing my car and maybe me, began to wave me over but none wore red platforms. Nothing. Should I give up and head home? *And leave Sarah walking the streets with hookers and pimps? Am I kidding?* I headed up for the second time with my window down and radio off so I could hear in case Sarah yelled at me. Instead, at each red light, I heard. "You wanna party?" "Looking for love?" "Man, you a hunk. For you, half price!" "Hey, Stud. Let me do you!"

Finally, I decided to pull over and talk to one of the girls. Being early spring it wasn't cold and the sun had yet to set, but it was nippy. Nevertheless, these girls walked around in next to nothing. I got out by a

couple of girls and rose up a pointed finger. They were both average looking, but they had good bodies, which they showed off to the maximum. One was black the other white.

The black one smiled at me and spoke, “Man you lost or som’tin? You one sexy mutha. You don’t need to come down to Center Street for poontang. You can get all you want on Park Avenue. Cours’in yo lookin ta walk the wild side, ole Illana is here to please.”

This prompted the white one to speak. “Illana’s pretty good but customers have told me I’m better. Myna’s my name—like the bird.”

“Ya, well customers have told me I’m the best,” Illana responded tartly.

“No ladies I’m sure you’re both very good at what you do, but I’m looking for information.”

Standing in front of them now, they each grabbed an arm and Illana said, “We out here shivering our asses off to make money. Information’s worth money too!”

“Okay, fine, how much?”

“Same as a blow job,” said Myna. “Fifty.”

I choked. “Fifty. Isn’t that—”

They were indignant. Spittle flying from her mouth Illana yelled, “Der’s girls dat get fifty for a fucking lap dance. Three to five minutes of rubbing their cunt against your pecker through your pants.”

Myna joined in. “And you don’t even get to touch the bitch. We take your cock and put it in our mouths, sometimes get a load of jism. You eva suck cock? Teeth back, lips out, tongue forward. Getta sore neck from head motion not counting, gag reflex and jaw stress. Like the man in the White House says, it’s “hard work.” If you want to play with our titties or even—”

“Ladies. Please!” I would have held up my hands in mock surrender except they still held them. “I never meant to infer that your blowjobs were overpriced, just that fifty bucks seems a little high for information, Don’t you have a children’s menu or something?”

Both women dropped my arms and they doubled over with laughter. Illana straightened up and wiping a tear from her eye, still chuckling said, “Case you haven’t noticed, we’re in an adult oriented business.”

“I know, I thought maybe you had a special rate for virgins or first timers.”

“You’re all right, Mister. Go ahead and ask us. If we know, we’ll tell you for free seeing as how this is your first time.” They both started giggling again.

Once they calmed down. “I’m looking for a woman wearing red platform heels.”

Illana said, “Ain’t seen no red platforms today, honey. How bout you Myna?”

“Hmmm. I did see a girl with red platforms and some lacy ankle socks, about five minutes before you drove up. Darling girl with a great ass. Never saw her before. Must be new.”

“Where did you see her?” I asked, impatiently.

“Last I saw of her was about fifteen min—” Myna started jumping up and down. “There she is.”

Myna pointed to a woman who’d exited one of the ubiquitous sex shops and was hurriedly walking in the opposite direction. I didn’t see her face but she wore red platforms and from her size and shape it very well could be her. I took off after the woman, saying over my shoulder, “Thanks girls, I owe you one.”

Rapidly heading toward the mystery woman, I heard Illana yell after me, “Y’all come back and see us when you want to bust your cherry on a whore. We’ll give you our buy one, get one free special.”

I laughed and waved without turning around. I was only a few yards from the lady in the red platforms. She donned an ultra short red skirt, a sleeveless black and white striped blouse. I had been about to reach out and grab her arm when she suddenly turned around.

“Ah, there you are. Fuck, Danny, where have you been, I’ve been looking all over for you. You had me worried sick.”

Dumbfounded, I looked her up and down. The woman in the red platforms with the great ass and a lot more I might add was a definite hottie.. Her shapely, sexy midriff was bare from her skimpy blouse tied off under her breasts to her scanty, barely mound covering, skirt. A red rose tattoo adored the upper uncovered portion of her pubis, while a pearl pendant dangled from her naval, further adorned with a fleur de lis style tattoo. Her makeup though overdone, had been designed to excite and I was no exception as I felt a stirring in my loins. She’d been decked out as a

stunning sex machine and I'm sure she could deliver...but she wasn't Sarah—she was Tish—Sarah's best friend. "Where's Sarah?"

"Waiting for you. Just called me not three minutes ago. She's worried. I've been worried, too. Go across the street to the Shady Inn. She's in Room 169."

I kissed her on the cheek and took off. I don't know why I kissed her. Must have been really happy to have found my wife, yet my mind kept drifting back to Tish's sexy appearance, her breasts, mons, naval, lips, eyes. I'd never seen Tish look so good or wicked. What were she and Sarah up to?

I ran through the doors of the Shady Inn and raced up the stairs. I knocked on the door and I heard Sarah's melodic voice say, "Come in." The door'd been unlocked. I swung the door in and there, on the bed lay my gorgeous wife fixed up like a common, street walking whore. The whore! The bitch! The cunt! God, she looked so fucking good, I could just gobble her up.

She rushed up, wrapping her arms around me and snuggled against me, grinding her mons into my groin. My Johnny, which had been at two o'clock after seeing Tish was now at high noon.

"I've been so worried about you...Ummm. What's this?" She reached down and grabbed me. "I can see you are ready to party. Okay, let's get down to business. What's your pleasure?"

I must have looked confused, because she backed away, cupped her breasts and continued. "A straight fuck is one-fifty, a blowjob a hundred, I don't do anal or S&M and if you want to dine on me, that's on the house. I just love a handsome strapping man eating out of my lunch box."

At a loss for words, I took in the shabby room. A half-full ashtray with butts from several brands of cigarettes sat on the nightstand. A used condom lay next to a waste basket on the floor and over the side, half in and half out, was another. My wife happened to be trussed up like a trollop—a common street walker—albeit a beautiful one, in Room 169 of the Shady Inn and her best friend, similarly attired was prowling the streets.

"I know I'm expensive." She turned around and bending over, flashed me her bare ass. "But I'm worth it. Don't you think?" Turning and facing me, she winked and said, "Besides it's for a worthy cause. Any monies I make here will go into my naughty clothes and toy fund for further hedonistic adventures."

She approached me. Her fingers began unbuckling my belt. “What’s it going to be?” Her thumb and finger pinched the tongue of my zipper. I held my breath as her fingers brushed against my upright prick on their downward journey. “Oh, I forgot to mention, the special today and I highly recommend it, is the works for one whole hour. It’s only two hundred bucks.”

Zipper disengaged, she pulled the flaps apart and reached in for her prize—my fuck stick. I was a little dizzy and breathing in gasps. My pulse began to race and when she grasped my cock and squeezed, I staggered. I leaned into her and realizing my plight she turned around and set me on the bed and kneeled in front of me stroking my rigid, blood filled member.

As I regained my composure, she asked, “Have you decided?”

I nodded and followed up, “The works. What else!”

Her face beamed like she hit a jackpot. “Oh goody. Take off your shirt while I pull off your slacks and eat you.”

She dragged my pants and shorts off as a unit while I shrugged off my shirt. Sitting naked, her hand stroking my shaft as she was about to take me in her luscious mouth I reached down to her chin. Holding her lovely face up with my fingers, I bent down to kiss her. As my lips touched hers she backed away as if shocked.

“No! Whores don’t kiss their johns.”

“But we’re married. You’re my wife.”

All of a sudden, she looked conflicted. In an agonized voice she moaned, “No-o-o! I’m your whore! Your pay for pleasure slut—like the book. I’m the wicked bitch you always desired but never had the nerve to fuck. Well, I want you, no I need you, to fuck me like a whore. No wife, no love, no kissy face, It’s a business. Don’t you understand? I want to be a whore, to be desired like Rose had been desired.”

This was my first inkling that something wasn’t right. I had to answer her and naturally I said the absolute wrong thing. “Have you been turning tricks?”

Her eyes grew large, her lips quivered. “Oh right. You’re my twentieth fuck today. The five guys I’d been blowing before you fucked things up by showing up are still in the closet. Go check it out.” Sarah, tears in her beautiful eyes, picked up her bag and said, “I’m outta here.”

There I sat buck naked on the bed, in Notel Hotel and my whore wanna be wife just ran out of here crying. God, what did I do, what do I do? Get dressed and go after her or just go after her? I chose a combination. I scooped up my shoes, socks, pants, shirt and rushed after her.

Standing outside the Shady Inn among catcalls and whistles, Sarah'd vanished, but Tish remained across the street. Braving screeching tires, honking horns and middle finger salutes, I rushed across the street and stood in front of Tish naked.

Tish laughed and said, "From what I can see, not bad. Turn around, let me see your tush."

"Very funny, here hold these." I handed the clothes to Tish, and starting with my briefs, took the items from Tish and put them on.

"Very nice," Tish said, looking straight at my flaccid cock and running her tongue over her lips.

"Tish, this isn't funny."

"I wasn't being funny. I heartily approve." I put my shirt on. Suddenly Tish's eyes bored in on me. "How come you're out here? Where's Sarah?"

"That's the problem. She ran out on me."

"Why?"

I had to look away from Tish's lovely intense eyes. "I asked her if she'd been turning tricks."

"What? Why would you think that?"

"Cause she's made up like a whore. Besides, the room had a full ashtray and used condoms on the floor."

I saw Tish's eyebrows rise. "Christ. And Sarah is always telling me how smart you are. That's a pay by the hour fuck room. There's probably been at least ten couplings in there before Sarah got it. We need to go somewhere and talk."

"Why don't we go back to the room and wait for her?"

"Later, first let's talk. C'mon let's go find a coffee shop."

Chapter 6

Tish and Danny

I'm a tri-sexual...I'll try anything once.—Samantha, *Sex and the City*

Tish insisted I ride with her in her SUV to a nearby coffee shop. It seemed like Tish knew quite a bit about the neighborhood. The coffee shop and bakery named Christo's, seemed to be a popular hangout for working girls as two were leaving as we went in and two more sat at the counter.

We took a booth, each ordering coffee. Neither of us were hungry, but we agreed to split a brownie.

The coffees and brownie showed up. Tish took a bite and with her mouth half full said, "You have to understand that Sarah is a very sexual person. So am I. That's why even though you had, what to most, would be a normal gratifying sex life, for Sarah it wasn't enough."

I looked her straight in the eye. "Tish, is my marriage in danger?"

"Maybe, a little, but if you're careful, go along with her, keep adoring her no matter what, you may be pleased with the outcome."

I didn't know what to say. I blurted out. "Tish, are you turning tricks?"

Without the slightest hint of indignation she answered, "Me? Heavens no. I've thought about it, but if I was going to be a prostitute" She placed her hands on her sexy outfit. "It wouldn't be like this. Maybe an escort. However, today I'm just helping Sarah and waiting for someone."

"Does David know?"

Tish lips formed a cynical smile. She flicked her hand as if removing something unwanted. "We split up about a couple weeks ago."

I felt my eyebrows rise in surprise, "I thought the Book—"

"It did, but we had other issues."

"Does Sarah know?"

"Oh yeah. She knows."

How come she didn't tell me?

"Tish. You can tell me. Are you sure you're not turning tricks?"

"I told you I'm helping Sarah and waiting for a certain guy." Tish's eyes locked in an intense stare with mine. "Danny, do you find me sexy?"

"Very."

"Am I as pretty as Sarah? Since I've known her, we've been in competition. Friendly competition, but competition no less."

Is she pretty?

No, she's beautiful, piercing blue eyes, short almost black hair, straight nose with a slightly upturned tip, perfect white teeth, wide lips. I always thought she had a face like Kiera Knightly and a bod like Jennifer Love Hewitt. "Trish, you are so much more than pretty. You're stunning."

Tish dipped an eyebrow and pursed her lips. "Sarah once took a boyfriend named Jerry away from me after I went with him for six months. Then she dropped him. Said he bored her. Danny, be honest. If there was no Sarah, would you try to fuck me?"

I laughed, but we were getting into uncomfortable territory.

"Would you let me?"

She laughed back, then running her tongue over her blood red lips and staring at me with an intensity I imagine a vampire would use at its next meal said, "I'd let you right now and Sarah wouldn't mind. Believe me, she'd be all for it." Tish took another bite of her brownie and this time made it a sensual experience, leaving the fork in her mouth longer than necessary, pulling it out very slowly, licking the crumbs off with her tongue, chewing languidly and exaggeratedly, all the while staring that vampire stare.

If she'd been trying to turn me on it worked. My heart sped up, my mouth became suddenly dry. I drank my water and sipped my coffee. My cock started straining my slacks, so badly, I had to adjust it.

She smiled at my obvious discomfort and raised a single eyebrow when she realized I moved my dick. "We could do it in the ladies room. Or I—"

"What the fuck!" I looked down. A size eight with a white lacy sock was rubbing against my erection.

A mischievous grin formed on Tish's face. She plopped a six inch red platform on the table. "This shoe has been killing me all day. You don't mind if I stretch my leg, do you?"

I didn't answer so she continued, "If you didn't want to fuck my pussy in the ladies room, I could give you a mouth fuck."

I was being bombarded with sex, Illana and Myna's twofer offer, my wife giving me the works for two hundred and now this fine creature giving me foot while offering her ass or her mouth. I could feel a climax coming on.

My eyes must have glazed because Tish knew what was happening and in a second had dropped her foot and sat beside me. She opened my belt, unzipped my fly and pulled the underwear down to give the patient plenty of room to breathe. I was tingling all over. It felt like it would be a be a big one. Tish's hand went around the patient working feverishly as if to stave off the cumming attack, but to no avail. As a last resort, Tish tried mouth to cock resuscitation and finally that worked as the patient exhaled plentiful amounts of milky fluid into her mouth, thereby saving the patient for another day.

I didn't totally understand what'd happened and what took place afterward. Tish's face remained in my lap, performing seminal housekeeping. I had recovered from my 'gasm enough that I took a quick mortified glance around the room. I must have made a lot of noise because everyone in the coffee shop was staring, mouths agape. I flushed. Tish finished the cleanup and sat up next to me. She put her arms around me and kissed me on the lips.

"Sarah told me that whores don't kiss," I teased.

"This is pleasure, not business. Besides, I'm putting the business on hold." Her lips joined mine, harder.

Our audience clapped and cheered. One guy chirped, "The first blow job we've had in a month." Everyone laughed. "Damn pretty lady, too."

"I like the guy," said our waitress

I didn't respond to her kiss right away but her silky tongue grew persistent. Gradually I opened my lips slightly and hers poured in. I could taste myself on her tongue and her lips. It was disgusting. No, it was exciting. It seemed more exciting than disgusting.

Tish broke the kiss and laved my ear. She whispered, "I liked that. Sarah told me your cock was big and it is. Tastes good, too. I know you didn't mean for this to happen but we're not through yet—you and I."

I flashed back a couple weeks to where I ate my spunk out of Sarah's recess. I remembered having mixed feelings about it as well, but I remembered how much I liked it and how close it made me feel to...

Out of the blue, I was looking up Sarah's pleasantly rounded abdomen but it wasn't hers. I saw a pearl pendant in the naval and a fleur de lis tattoo. Then I looked straight down and saw the rose. I'd been eating Tish in my daydream!

I flushed with shame at the realization I had enjoyed what she did and wanted the continuation she had implied. "Tish, I'm very flattered, truly I am, but Sarah and I are happily married. We don't cheat on each other."

Tish scrunched her mouth sideways in a disgusted look. "You really have no clue what's happening, do you?"

"Why don't you tell me?"

Tish grasped my hand and said, "Let's get out of here."

I grabbed the check and while I waited to pay the bill, she went to the rest room.

When she returned, she kissed my cheek. "It's Sarah's job."

"What?"

Her nostrils flared as a coy smile formed. "It's Sarah responsibility to tell you what's happening."

Chapter 7

Disclosure

Sex is a beautiful thing between two people. Between five, it's fantastic!—Woody Allen.

Tish seemed distant and contemplative, maybe a little upset as she drove to...I knew not where. Trying to carry on a conversation, I was met with silence or one syllable answers. Finally after giving up and being silent myself, Tish said, “We’re really very much alike, like sisters. No, more like twins joined at the hip. Ever since we met in elementary school at nine years old, we were alike. We liked the same music, the same actors, movies, the same TV shows, the same boys and when we started to learn about sex, we were fascinated. I still am, so is Sarah.”

I tried to keep her talking. “What did you mean when you said Sarah wanted me to fuck you.”

Another three or four minutes in silence, then, “I misspoke. It was not my place to tell you that. Like I said, we are very much alike and for that reason we gravitate to each other. We both crave excitement and for us excitement means sex—always has, always will. Even though in our marriages we both had what would be considered a normal sex life, it wasn’t enough. I sometime wonder if anything is enough. When Sarah came up with the by the book idea, I jumped at it.”

“What a minute, Sarah said *Lascivious Liaisons* belonged to you.”

“Technically, she’s right. It’s my book and I loaned it to her to read, but she came up with the idea of acting out everything. You have to admit, it’s a great idea. I’ve been hearing from Sarah how your libido has redlined. She said you’re at least three times more active sexually than you used to be.”

I thought about that. “That’s true, maybe more.”

“Are you sure, I’m as pretty as Sarah?”

“Absolutely.”

Two more minutes of silence, then. “Danny, what do you think of lesbians?”

What an off-the-wall question. “Why would you ask that?”

“Just wondering.”

The question kind of threw me but I answered. “I don’t really approve of any homosexuality, but I’ve come to the conclusion it’s not something they have control over. I have to admit I enjoy watching pornos with two women though.”

Another minute of silence, then. “I think I fell in love with you before Sarah.”

“What do you mean?”

“You were in my English Lit class.”

“I remember.”

“I thought you were so hot I told Sarah about you, pointed you out to her in front of Barrens Hall. The next thing I knew Sarah had managed to meet you and you were going out with her. Anyway, for what it’s worth, I love you. I married David on the rebound. Didn’t you think it was peculiar that I met and married him a month after you married Sarah? I lost both of you that day.”

“What do you mean? Sarah’s still your friend.”

“You’ll see.”

“All right, tell me what you meant when you said you were putting the business on hold.”

“I didn’t enjoy being a street walker. I might look into escort services.”

“Hmm. I’d rather you did neither but escort sounds better.”

“Really, it makes a difference to you?”

“Of course. Do you know what Sarah meant when she said she needed to be my whore, my pleasure slut, no love, no kissy face? She wanted to be desired like Rose. Was Rose a whore?”

“Yes. Didn’t you read the book?”

“No, I told Sarah to surprise me. So what did she mean about being my whore.”

“I told you we tend to be compulsive about sex. We have these urges regarding sex that seem natural to us but are considered unnatural in society.”

“Like what?”

“Hedonism, exhibitionism, voyeurism.”

“In English.”

“We tend to find anything involving sex exciting from showing our bodies off to fucking or watching others fuck. “Ah, here we are. There’s Sarah’s car.”

Sure enough, there sat Sarah’s BMW. I hadn’t paid any attention to where we were heading and now I realized we were at my home. “How did you know she would come here?”

“I called her from the coffee shop right before we left when I went to the restroom.”

I looked out the slightly fogged up window. *Why didn’t Sarah park in the garage?*

Tish passed Sarah’s car, located on the opposite side of the street and down a little from our home and turned into her driveway. Stopping to click the garage door opener she drove in and closed the door behind her.

I was confused. Why hadn’t she parked on the street so we could go into my house? “Tish, why did you pull into your garage?”

Ignoring my question, Tish asked, “I meant to ask you. What do you think of bi-sexuals?”

I repeated my question insistently, “Why did you pull in here?”

“First you answer my question.”

My eyes moved upward in frustration. “I suppose it’s all right. Best of both worlds. Now it’s your turn.”

“Sarah is here,” she answered quickly and went on. “So you don’t have a problem with bi-sexuals?”

“No. Why is Sarah here instead of home?”

Tish wouldn’t look me in the eye. “Because she wants to be. She’s mad at you, remember? But don’t worry, I’ll smooth things over for you.”

“Why? I didn’t do anything.”

She took my hand and looked at me, a tear welling in her eye. “Yes you did. In the hotel room, you screwed up everything we had planned.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? What do you have to do with the hotel room? Why does Sarah want to be here?” Then she dropped the bombshell.

“Sarah wants to move in with me.”

* * * *

I panicked. I yanked my hand back and raced into the house as Tish tried to stop me and ran in behind me. I heard Sarah's voice. "Tish, I heard the garage door closing. Is that you?" My wife turned the corner and stopped cold. "You!"

Sarah wore a red see thru baby doll set. She looked past me and smiled, apparently at Tish for she rushed to and embraced her and they began kissing passionately. I was stunned. "*Danny, what do you think of lesbians?*" Sarah and Tish?

Tish broke the kiss, then embracing, with her arm around Sarah they approached me. "What do you think of bi-sexuals?" *Are they bi-sexuals? How long has this been going on?*

Tish, still in her sexy whore getup stood right in front of me. I had so many questions I needed to ask, but knew this was a time for action, not discussion. I could almost read Tish's mind as her eyes seemed to plead with me to kiss her. I wrapped an arm around both of them. I bent down slightly, for in her platforms she approximated my height, and gently kissed Tish. As my tongue touched her silky tongue, my loins stirred.

Unexpectedly, I felt hands on my groin and heard the tongue of my zipper being lowered. In seconds my erect shaft felt the coolness of exposure. Tish broke the kiss and both girls led me into Tish's bedroom, where both of them proceeded to undress me, while I undressed them. Once all clothes were removed, they sat me down on the bed and proceeded to give me a two headed blow job, with Tish taking the lead and Sarah helping out. I was in nirvana. Two beautiful women were giving me head, with the promise of more to come—every man's fantasy.

When my prick reached maximum hardness, ready for action, they stopped. Tish kissed the tip of my dick and hopped up on the bed. On her back, spreading her fine legs she said, "Danny, Sarah wants you to make love to me."

I looked at Sarah. She nodded. "Show her how good you are baby," she said.

In a daze, still unsure what was happening, I knelt betwixt Tish's splayed legs, ready for action, I remembered Tish's admonition, "*we're not*

through yet—you and I.” They apparently wanted me to concentrate on Tish for starters. Her eyes revealed how much she wanted this. A finger in her squirming, warm, humid pussy confirmed this. Admittedly, she wasn’t the only one. Tish’s beautiful lithe but shapely body was a titillating vision. I always admired her looks, but had never expected to get an opportunity to sample her wares. Especially since her best friend happened to be my wife.

I wanted to eat her luscious pussy, to swallow her cum the way she had swallowed mine in the coffee shop, but her beautiful blues implored me to fuck her. Using my hand to guide it, I placed the head of my rigid cock near the entrance to her deep pink well. Then as I rubbed my manhood back and forth against her expanded clit, she breathily beseeched, “Oh, please, Danny. Please, I’ve got to have you inside me.”

Also needing penetration, I inched my hardness into her heated, sodden chamber until I met resistance and pulled back. Tish’s nipples were swollen and erect. She arched her back as Sarah suckled one nub. She implored me once more, “Oh no! Give me more, Danny. Give me every inch of your big fat cock.” This time it slid in further, then all the way, *Oh God!* The feeling as Tish’s hungry pussy swallowed my entire member felt indescribable. Tish groaned and thrust her vagina against my intruding probe.

Now, in rhythm, ravaging Tish’s hot pussy, she moaned loudly. Sarah moved beside me, unexpectedly, holding me tight, kissing, extending her tongue into my mouth. My hands went to her lovely breasts, caressing them. She whimpered as my fingers fondled her nipples and our tongues jostled.

Tish went ballistic, moving erratically out of control. Suddenly, she rose up and embraced us both, just before coming. And then wild screams of pleasure surged forth from Tish’s sensuous mouth. Sarah’s lips left mine and went to Tish’s. After their passionate kiss, Tish kissed me again, ardently. “I love you, Danny Williams,” she said as she pulled away. “Now, Sarah wants you to make love to her.” Sarah, smiling, disengaged and spreading her legs, laid on her back, expectation in her eyes.

And so it went. Back and forth, the three of us taking and giving pleasure into the early morning. When Tish and Sarah made love, I followed their example, adding to the excitement as a sexual shill, in any way I could. However, I especially liked the times we all participated, like when I ate Tish’s tasty pussy while I fucked Sarah’s sweet mouth, or when Tish ate Sarah while I fucked her doggie style.

I'm sure the options were unlimited and I hoped and looked forward to experiencing all of them.

* * * *

As the sun shone through the curtains the next morning and reached my face, I woke up in a state of desire. I glanced over at the objects of my desire. My two beauties were in a sleeping naked embrace. My cock swelled even more at the sight of them.

Reflecting back to the glorious time I had last night, I remembered having the feeling throughout our escapade, I participated in a rite of sorts and maybe I had.

Perhaps, it'd been an initiation into a new exclusive club—Club Polyamory. I doubted this was a one shot deal. It became apparent to me Sarah and Tish had a relationship that went back awhile—maybe even before I knew them. It also seemed apparent the night's liaison had been orchestrated and I'm betting it had been planned to take place in room 169 of the Shady Inn, before I screwed it up.

Last night had been a time for action, but today was a time for answers.

I picked my watch up from the nightstand. It read 11 o'clock. I swung my legs out of bed, sat up and installed the watch on my wrist. I ran fingers through my hair and stood up. I scratched my neck as I yawned, heading toward the chair where the girls had deposited my clothes. I donned my briefs and headed out the door toward the kitchen to make coffee. I located the coffee and filters after groping around the kitchen, searching for five minutes. *Mmmm*. The odor emitting from the water percolating over the grounds seemed almost as enticing as Sarah or Tish's pussy.

I glanced though the refrigerator for half and half when I felt pressure on my back and arms around my waist. "Thank you."

It was Tish. "For what?"

"For the most wonderful night of my life."

I swung around. She wore a short black robe. Her hair was tousled and last night's makeup a mess but she still looked beautiful. I bent down and kissed her chastely. "Thank you, too. Would you like some coffee?"

"Sounds wonderful. Thanks for what?"

"For the most wonderful sexual experience of my lifetime."

A huge grin appeared and she hugged me again. Her lovely perky breasts digging into my chest translated into a stirring between my legs.

“Whoa, baby. I want to take it easy this morning. Let’s grab some coffee and sit down. I have some questions.”

She pulled away. “Like what?”

I handed her the cup I had poured. “Here you go. Cream no sugar, like at the coffee shop. Right?”

“Yes.” After taking the cup she asked again, “What questions?”

I went to the kitchen table and sat down. She followed, sitting next to me.

“Well, for starters, how long have you and Sarah been involved?”

I noticed Tish didn’t look my way as she answered, “We became lovers when we roomed together as freshmen in college.”

“And you and Sarah are bi-sexual?”

The beginning of a smile appeared on her lips. “Yes, but only with each other. No other women have ever interested Sarah or me.”

“And men?”

“Yes, we like men.” A tear escaped Tish’s wet eyes. And “Danny. I love you and Sarah. Sarah loves me and you. That’s why we did what we did last night.”

“Is what happened last night a one shot deal?”

“I hope not. But that’s up to you.”

“Why is it up to me?”

Arms wrapped around Tish’s shoulders as my wife, draped in a peach nightgown, reached around and kissed her. “Good morning, sweetheart.”

Tish put her hands over Sarah’s. “Good morning. I’m glad you’re up. Danny’s been grilling me.”

Sarah came over to me. Placing her hands upon my shoulders and cheek to my cheek. “Is that right? I’ll bet you’d rather have the drilling he gave you last night.”

I smiled. Trish did too.

“I’m so glad you know about us now. I hope you understand. The fact that I love Tish doesn’t mean I love you less. I love you both equally.” Sarah broke away and went to the counter.

Coffee in hand, she sat down on the other side of me. “Now what were you gr-r-r-illing Tish about?”

“I guess the last thing I asked—”

“Is what happened last night a one shot deal? I heard and Tish answered it’s up to you? It is up to you. Consider last night an invitation.”

“Were you two carrying on the whole two years we went together and were married.”

Sarah shook her head. “No, Tish and I behaved ourselves for quite a while—until two months ago. You have to understand Tish and I love each other as surely as I love you.”

“Okay, I can see that. I believe you love each other, but why did you go out with me? More important, why did you marry me?”

Sarah placed a hand on mine. “It would take too long to explain all the nuances. Let’s just say Tish and I thought we were merely having a fling. We didn’t know we were in love and would still want each other.”

Tish added, “And don’t forget we liked men and still do. Our sapphic attraction for each other seemed to be an anomaly.”

“Exactly, and I fell in love with you even while I loved Tish.”

I looked at Tish. “Why did you and David break up?”

Tish turned red. I glanced at Sarah quickly and she had been blushing too.

Sarah answered for Tish. “He found out about us about a month ago and couldn’t accept it. It matters not. Tish didn’t love him and they weren’t getting along. She welcomed his departure. What does matter is that we both love you and we don’t want to lose you.”

I stared at my beautiful wife searching for some sense to all this. “Then if David was gone, Tish and David weren’t playing by the book—why?”

This time, Tish answered, “I’m afraid I’m to blame. We were worried that you would find out. Who knows, maybe David would tell you, so I came up with idea for a game, charade actually. Then Sarah picked up on the idea where you would follow this book I told her about which ended with a threesome and you would enjoy it so much you would—

“Want it permanently? No doubt. I did enjoy it, so what is it you girls are after?”

Sarah answered. “As you guessed we want a permanent three way relationship. I can no longer deny my love for Tish. Our first choice would be that Tish becomes a full fledged member of our family, moves in with us and shares our bed.”

When Sarah paused, I prompted her, “And what is your second choice?”
“Shared custody.”

Taking a sip of coffee, I spit it back up through my nostrils and almost tipped my chair over backward I was so stunned. “What! What’re you talking about?”

“Shared custody. I would live with you six months and then with Tish six months. I would start with Tish and every Friday night, if you wish, you could shower, shave, get slicked up and come over and make love to both of us, like last night. During the six months I’m with you, Tish would come over on Friday nights and you could recreate last night.”

I actually liked both ideas, but the idea of having two gorgeous, intelligent, personable women available full time seemed the more attractive option.

Wasn’t Tish brilliant to come up with this clever charade? Then there’s my wife, the elegant deceiver, who wove a web of seduction as surely as if she were a spider. Thereby, increasing my libido to a fever pitch so I would crave sex so dearly I would be able to satisfy two extremely sexual women—when they weren’t satisfying each other.

I kissed my new housemate. Then I got down on my knee and took her. “Tish Reynolds. I think I love you and I know I love making love to you. Will you move in with Sarah and me and be our surrogate wife?”

Tears welled up in her beautiful eyes and she threw her arms around me. “I do. I will. I accept.”

Sarah joined in the festivities and we adjourned into Tish’s bedroom for one last romantic binge before we moved her into our household.

Epilogue

I chased a girl for two years only to discover that her tastes were exactly like mine: We were both crazy about girls.—Groucho Marx

It had been one month since I had invited Tish into our home and my happy bed. I'd been living the great American male fantasy and the girls seemed almost giddy to finally be together.

I decided that since our happy family had been together a whole month we should celebrate. I suggested a barbeque and skinny dip party and the girls were thrilled. Tish said, "Now, with Danny we'll be able to be satisfied in the water."

Then Sarah said, "Yes and you can satisfy me out of the water while he does you in the water." *Sex, sex, sex. All they ever think about is sex. Isn't it wonderful?*

I started the barbeque, then hopped in the SUV—I liked Tish's car—and headed to Ralph's to pick up some prime steaks, stuffed potatoes, corn on the cob and red wine.

I'd been waiting in line to check out when who should I run into but David. Tish's David. I never really felt comfortable around David. I didn't like to think about the fact that I fucked his wife. By now, I thought of her like my own wife. "So Danny, you didn't run across Tish in here did you?"

Tish in here? Why? Oh shit, I took her car. "Tish, no why?"

"I thought she might be in here since her SUV is in the parking lot."

Think fast. "Oh that. Tish said she needed to leave town for a week and asked Sarah to keep an eye on it and drive it so the battery wouldn't go dead. Sorry."

"That's okay. You heard about Tish and me, didn't you?"

"Yeah, Sarah told me. That's a shame. Those things happen."

David got a mean angry look on his face, “This didn’t have to happen. You better keep an eye on your wife.”

“What do you mean?”

David waved me away a few steps from the others in line. “What I mean is I came home one afternoon and found Tish naked with your wife in my bed. And your wife happened to be eating her pussy.”

I feigned surprise. “You’re kidding. When I get home I’ll definitely check into that.”

“You do that,” said David as he waved and left.

When I got home I threw the corn in a pot of water, the potatoes in the oven and the steaks on the grill. Then I took off my trunks and got in the pool. Tish soaking in the pool dined on Sarah who lounged at the edge of the pool on the deck. I yelled softly, “Don’t hog all of that, Tish. Save some of it for me.”

Sarah laughed. “There’s plenty to go around. Besides, it’s self-regenerating. Why don’t you get in the pool and service Tish?”

“Because I have to watch the steaks. Speaking of servicing Tish, I ran into David at Ralph’s.”

Suddenly Tish stopped eating. They were all ears. Tish asked, “And?”

“Claimed Sarah is a home wrecker. Came home to find her eating your pussy.”

Tish laughed. “Looks like he’s looking out for my reputation. It was actually I who had been the eater. Sarah was merely the eatee.”

We all laughed. The Sarah waved me over. “Yes, dear?”

“I have something else I want barbequed—well done.” She handed me an object wrapped in newspaper.

“Well done, huh!”

“Yes, as incinerated.”

“What is it?”

“You can open it and look, if you want.”

I unwrapped it and beheld *the* copy of *Lascivious Liaisons* by Madame X.

I looked at her. She was smiling. Tish, too. “You’re sure.”

They both nodded and Tish said. “We think we’ve moved past Madame X.”

I, too, thought we'd transcended Madame X, yet I was reticent. After all, Madame X, had woven a spell and brought magic into my life as surely as if she were a Salem Witch. A magic that every red-blooded American male would envy. I went back to the gas barbeque and surreptitiously slipped *Lascivious Liaisons* in the underneath cabinet and went into the house to find a suitable replacement. I decided, this witch deserved better than to be burned with a steak.

BY THE BOOK

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I was born in Chicago, grew up in Las Vegas, and have lived in Phoenix for the last eighteen years. I started writing fiction a little over two years ago. I think of my writing as the third phase of my adult life. Prior to trying my hand at fiction, I posted reviews on music, books, movies, cars, and other assorted things on some websites. These reviews now total over five hundred.

I write a little of this and a little of that. Long, short, in between, thrillers, chick-lit, romance, paranormal, and lascivious erotica. Frankly, my writing has been all over the place. Eclectic would be a good way to describe it.

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