

# Extramarital

Story by Dee Dawning

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## Part One

I gulped down my extra large glass of lemonade. It didn't help for long. The damp scrimmage shirt I wore was sticking to my skin from sweat pouring down my neck and underarms to my rib cage. I lifted it up to let air from the reciprocating fan cool my breasts. *Ahh, that feels good.*

It was a blistering day in the valley, so, trying to survive without air-conditioning, I opened all the windows and doors. I stared at the thermometer on the other side of the kitchen window. A hundred and two. *Screw this.* I went into the bathroom to take a shower.

Undressing, I gazed in the mirror and recalled the terror of the previous night. My gray-blue eyes stared back, the skin under my left eye swollen but not blackened. My straight pointed nose was intact as was my long auburn hair, though it had been pulled hard. I looked over my slim 5' 5" frame. My left breast and shoulder were still bruised, but, thank God, no new bruising.

Minutes later, I came out, went back into the kitchen and stood in front of the fan undressed and undried, luxuriating in the cooling effect of evaporating water. Finally, my skin began to cool.

I glanced up when I heard a hard knocking on the screen door.

It was him — Lane. I could feel the area between my legs warming and became angry. *After all these years, he can still push my buttons.* Then a flush of mortified heat coursed through me as I realized he could see me as well and his eyes were hungrily scanning my unadorned body. I dashed into my bedroom and returned momentarily wearing a short, floral, silk robe. He was still there.

I showed my disdain by heavily padding to the front door in my bare feet. He smiled that smile. My stomach clenched.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you." His smile suddenly turned mischievous. "Seeing *all* of you was a bonus."

I ignored his attempt at humor and placed a closed hand on each hip. "What do you want?"

"I need to talk to you. Can I come in? I've been talking with Pam and I don't like what she's telling me."

"You can talk from there. About what?"

"About your sham marriage."

"My marriage is none of your business – Pam's either."

Lane was silent as he turned his head and gazed up the street. "Listen Shelly, normally it wouldn't be, but when your husband mistreats you, we make it our business."

"Why should you care? You chose your career over me."

That apparently hit a nerve. He screamed, "God dammit." and yanked on the screen door until the latch broke.

I retreated as he stepped in, still screaming, "You know I wanted both. A career and you. It was *you* who dumped me for that no-good husband of yours."

He was right, but I was too proud to admit my blunder.

Moving backward the bulge in his jeans caught my eye. I knew what the bulge was in the crotch of his pants and I pleaded weakly, "Please leave, Lane," while, to my shame, I wanted him. I wanted him to take me into the bedroom and ram that bulge deep into me.

As he stomped toward me, I kept stepping backward until a wall prevented further retreat. I tried to move to my right, but his left hand against the wall stopped me. Before I could even make a move left, his other hand blocked the way.

I'd been afraid to look at him, but a gentle hand lifted my chin. My heart stirred as a tear ran down his cheek. "All you had to do was wait, Baby."

I ducked under his arm and scampered into the kitchen, where I pulled a large knife from a drawer.

As Lane followed me into the kitchen I swung around, knife extended in front of me. "I think you should leave. I'm a married woman and we shouldn't be alone like this."

"What's not right is that you're stuck in a loveless marriage with an abusive philanderer." He walked right up to me, the knife poking him in the abdomen, just above his bulge. "Are you going to cut it off?" He bent down and kissed my lips lightly. Shivers shot through me as he whispered in my ear. "It wants you, you know?"

His musky cologne and his closeness clouded my senses. I shook it off. "I know it wants me Lane and truthfully, I want it, but I'm married, for better or worse. And Harley doesn't abuse me."

His hands covered mine and gently relieved them of the knife. The heat I felt earlier was nothing compared to now, as his hands untied my robe and parted the left side. With my eyes closed, I almost swooned as I felt a tender touch on the bruise upon my breast. "And did you get this walking into a door?"

I silently giggled. I also silently wished he would take my nipple into his mouth and suck on it.

"And what about this one?" he joked, "did your wicked grandfather clock fall upon your shoulder?"

"No, Harley did them," I admitted, "but only when he drinks."

I moaned as his leathery hand began to gently knead my bruised breast and tickle the nub. "Please Lane. This is hard –"

Suddenly, Lane's left arm swooped under my bottom, his right arm wrapping around my back and his lips covered my mouth. As his tongue begged entrance into my mouth, my body became limp. Airborne, his tongue teased my teeth apart, and I watched in near panic as we entered my bedroom. I was so hot, my resistance dissolved away like ice in a microwave.

Set gently upon the king size bed, virtually naked, my robe parted and laying open, I was so no longer reticent to the inevitable. I reclined onto my elbows and feet flat on the bed, bent my knees and spread my legs enough to display my humid target.

Standing above me, I was frozen by lust as Lane began to undress. My vision zeroed in on his large hands as he removed his clothes. I shamelessly reached down and fingered my bud as he

unbuttoned his shirt. He smiled in apparent appreciation, shrugging the unfastened shirt over his arms, letting it flutter to the floor.

Lane inhaled deeply, tensing the muscles of his lean strapping frame as if posing, thus drawing my gaze from hands that unbuckled his belt to his muscular six pack and bulging pecs. I could sense juices running from my well down upon the sheet of the unmade bed.

As my fingers slipped down and slid into my sopping wet core, he spoke. "You are lovely."

My gaze lowered to his hands, thumbs slid behind the denim fabric as he lowered the jeans. My stomach clenched and my heart beat faster as I noticed the crown of his cock peeking above his briefs. "If you don't hurry, I'll cum from watching you strip."

The sides of Lane's lips curled. "From what I remember that's not a problem." He looked upward, "Let's see, I seem to remember you having five orgasms once. Can Harley do that for you?"

Harley, what a pathetic lover. What a pathetic man. *I haven't had five climaxes in our two year charade of a marriage.* "Please don't remind me I'm married. I want it to be just us."

Naked, his sizable pole jutting upward, he mounted the bed and adjusted my position. "Hurry, Lane, I'm dying for your..."

He spread my legs wider and kneeling edged forward toward my starving opening. Teasing me until I thought I would die, he slid the bottom of his silky appendage up and down, back and forth between the blossom of my folds. I groaned as his hot prick skirted over my super-sensitive love bud. I was so keyed up, I held my breath, then inhaled deeply. I wanted *it* so bad I reached down. Grabbing the object of my desire, I shoved it downward toward my sex-hungry vagina. His meaty cock was primed at the rim only needing a good shove, when his powerful hand stayed mine. "Not here."

I must have looked incredulous because he continued, "Not in Harley's bed."

"Why?"

"I want you more than once. We don't have time for that here."

My confusion grew. "A motel?"

He shook his head emphatically. Taking his prick in his hand he began to beat it against my swollen clitoris.

I tried raise up to embrace him, but his other hand stopped me. Laying back down the hand kneaded my right breast, teasing the nub with his thumb.

"No, I'm not willing to sneak around. I want you in my bed, permanently. I'm taking you with me."

He pulled away, then grasped my hand and pulled me into the embrace he'd precluded a moment before. I shivered as he whispered breathily into my ear, "I want you so bad. This is tough stopping like this, but I love you so much, I want...no, I need you tucked safely at my apartment away from him."

"He'll come after me. You know he will. He has a temper something fierce. And when he's been drinking, he's especially mean and nasty."

"If he does, I'll handle it. You're my woman and I'll see to it you never have to put up with him again."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Throw something on and pack a few things. We'll come back in a day or two and get the rest of your possessions. Is that all right with you?"

"Why stop. I'm really revved up. Why not finish what we've started and then take me with you?"

Again he shook his head forcefully. "Not in Harley's bed. I just can't. I'll take care of you at home. Like old times."

Remembering how he used to drive me bonkers, my pussy clenched. "Promise?"

"Absolutely, I thought I could, but I just can't do it here. I hate him for taking you away from me and for what he's done to you, but he *is* still my brother."

\* \* \* \*

An hour later, we arrived at Lane's apartment. I'd packed two suitcases, and we loaded about a third of my hang up clothes in the back of his SUV, but clothes were the farthest thing from my mind right then. I wanted to finish what he'd started. I wanted me some Lane cock.

Lane and I made two trips to his vehicle to bring my things in and hang them up in his claustrophobic closet. It was still hotter than Hades and even though I'd only donned short shorts – no panties – and a scrimmage shirt that barely covered my breasts and let them breathe, I was sweating rivers of H<sub>2</sub>O. "I take it you don't have air conditioning either?"

Naw. It was winter when I rented this dump and I never thought about air. Besides it hardly ever gets this hot in L.A., right?"

"Well, it's this hot in L.A. now." I went to the living room window and opened it. I could feel a little breeze teased the curtains and the undersides of my breasts. I strode to the bedroom and opened the window. A nice breeze flowed through from living room to bedroom window.

I drew my belly shirt over my head and threw it on a chair, then I dragged my shorts down and kicked them toward the same chair. *Missed.*

Furrowed brow and all, Lane squinted at me. "What're you doing?"

"Getting ready for you. You do remember what you promised?"

Lane's beautiful lips scrunched sideways, pushing his cheek up awkwardly. Promised? You mean what we started at your place."

"Exactly. I've recreated the scene, but you seem to be overdressed for the occasion."

He pulled his tee shirt over his head, showing his wonderfully toned frame. "Alright, but I'm all sweaty. Let me take a shower first."

"Ahh..."

When I didn't finish he prompted me, "Yes?"

"Is there room for two."

"We'll make room." He put out his hand and I took it.

In the bathroom, he drew the shower curtain closed and turned on the water. He dragged his jeans and briefs off. Standing naked, his penis now aiming down instead of up, I stepped up and hugged him.

He stepped over the rim of the tub and pulled me in behind him. We embraced and Lane's hands scoured my back and ass.

I gasped when, without warning, he drenched me, dragging me beneath the cooling water. Shivers surged through me as his wet,

coarse tongue pried my lips apart and invaded my mouth. My excitement soared as his hands discovered and roamed over my breasts, fingers twisting, pinching and rubbing my bloated nipples. Short of breath, I tensed as wicked fingers splayed my nether-lips, probing the rim of my ravenous recess. My breathing paused and had trouble starting again when his talented fingers found my clit.

As if begging for attention, his cock, now hard and upright, pressed against my abdomen. Taking it in my hand and massaging it, I felt his muscles stiffen. He gasped, sucking in a gulp of air as he broke our kiss and threw his head backward. Palming the bar of soap from the soap dish, I soaped my hands and slid them over his cock, scrotum, and over his tight ass. With my hands and his prick now slick with soapy film, I stroked him slow and purposefully with a lingering sensuality.

My other hand, palm resting on his chest, felt him tremble, which is probably what I did when he jammed two fingers in my dripping wet pussy. I reached beyond the thin plastic shower curtain and retrieved the condom I'd set on the vanity. My shaking fingers removed the foil wrapping and rolled the latex down the object of my lust.

"Put it in," I begged, breathily, "Please, give it to me...like you used to. Give me your beautiful cock!"

As if answering my impious prayer, he clutched my buttocks, hoisting me enough that as he lowered me, his vinyl coated shaft slid perfectly into my warm, slick recess. With Lane's cock inside my inflamed slit, cool water pouring over our faces and down our bodies, my hands shot to his thick mane and grabbed fistfuls of brown hair, while his tongue remained buried my mouth for a languorous kiss. No words could describe how good he made me feel.

Supporting me by my ass, as he fucked me, Lane unexpectedly shoved me back against the cold tile of the wall. Trembling legs wrapped around him and crossed just above his trim buns as his swollen cock fucked my wanton, pussy and his tongue did the same to my mouth. Beating back thoughts that the man who was fucking me to nirvana was not my husband, I broke the kiss and whined, "Oh Lane, I wanted you so much for so long."



This seemed to encourage him to even greater ferocity, he slammed his shaft into me ever harder as if rapid, upward thrusts would defy gravity. "That's it Baby, give it to me. Fuck me hard." I was on the verge of a sensory overload from the bombardment of conflicting senses—hard, soft, tender, violent, hot, cold, wet, dry, smooth, rough, slick, coarse. Something had to give and the answer was an orgasm. I could sense a tiny tickle deep in the pit of my womb, which grew and grew with each violent thrust.

My head flew back and I threw my arms up, back against the cool tile. Lane's lips closed around my left nipple, increasing the indescribably pleasant, emerging tickly curtain which had been descending over me. Every touch, every drop of water or current of air that brushed my body, made me quiver in anticipation. I was coming. Past the point of return, waves of pleasure washed over me, culminating in a sudden euphoric, sensory explosion. My body flew forward. Cheek to cheek, I screamed, clutching his hair in my fists, moving his head in time with my heaving motion. I remembered now...how good a lover Lane was. The extraordinary climaxes he gave me...repeatedly.

Then Lane, apparently brought to the precipice by my climax, commenced his own rite of joy. Still supported by my legs wrapped tightly around him and the lower part of his body thrusting into me, he pushed me back, pinning me against the wall. "Jesus, I'm coming. Oh, God. This is it. Ahh-ooooohh-ahhh-eeee." His large hands covered my breasts, kneading them, his thumbs flicking my nipples as his prick buried deep within me tried to nudge even deeper. Breathily, he exclaimed, "Oooh, God, Shelly...I love your sweet, succulent cunt, you feel so-o-o fucking good." Then when he seemed to have finished, he pulled me into him in a lover's embrace. "I'm never going to lose you again, Baby. Now, and forever, you're mine!"

We made love that afternoon and night. It was heavenly. Lane said that was the way it would be from that point on. I said a silent prayer he was right, but I knew better. Harley was like a bad dream and he would come for me. I curse the day I let him into my life.

\* \* \* \*

I didn't remember falling asleep, but I woke up with a new lease on life. I sat up, rubbed the detritus from my eyes as I yawned and stretched my arms. A warm loving feeling coursed through me when I glanced at my lover and protector. I bent over and kissed him.

Sleep had messed his long, curly, dark brown hair and his irresistible blue eyes were closed, but he still looked beautiful. A smile highlighted his perfect face and in his sleep, he mumbled erotic things. I leaned down so I could make out what he said, "Oh baby, I love it. I love the way you suck me."

He dreamed I was fellating him. My gaze turned and gandered down his sheet covered body. Sure enough it was tented in the right place. I carefully pulled the sheet back exposed his pride and my seven inch joy. Tenderly taking hold, I wrapped my mouth around his slightly saline flavored lollipop and while stroking his shaft wiggled my tongue along his sensitive underside.

Fingers dug into my hair. I looked up and Lane, eyes open smiled. "Don't stop. You're doing a fabulous job."

I felt a flush pass through me. "I forgot how much I liked your dick in my mouth."

"Mmmm, and I forgot how good it felt to have your lovely lips around my cock."

I giggled. "Flattery will get you sucked off." I went back to sucking, moving my head up and down over his meaty offering, as my hand slid up and down his long, silky length.

"Oh yeah, Baby! Oh yeah! I love it!"

I loved the feeling of control sucking his cock gave me.

"Oh God that feels good," His moans turned to groans and grew in volume and intensity. The longer his cock slid in and out of my mouth, the more extreme his reactions became. He thrashed his head and body from side to side making it difficult to keep him in my mouth. "Oh fuck, baby you do me good. God, your mouth feels wonderful."

I brought my other hand up and cupped his testicles. When I squeezed, his actions became even wilder, one arm slapping the bed, while fingers from his other hand dug harshly into my scalp. "Don't stop! Don't ever stop!"

Simultaneously, with the first shot of semen in my mouth, he yelled, "Look out, Baby, I'm coming."

*Look out* I thought, as the second and third spurt of gravy textured substance hit the roof of my mouth and the back of my throat. After he'd injected a quantity of spunk into my mouth, my tongue gathered it together and I forced it down my throat.

I didn't particularly like the idea of ingesting Lane's semen, but he seemed to like it and it was harmless so, despite his protestations that he didn't expect it, I did it. I would do anything for Lane.

He pulled me up into an embrace and kissed me. "You don't have to do that, you know?"

"I know, but it's all right. I actually like it."

I could feel his brows dipping against my forehead. "Are you sure?"

"Ah-huh."

"Well, all right. I'll admit I kinda like it."

*I knew it.*

"We need to talk. You need to stop protecting Harley. He has no reason to change if there are no repercussions for his behavior."

I nodded. "What would you have me do?"

"File a complaint with the police. I know a lieutenant. We could start with him. After that I want you to see a divorce lawyer."

I did want to be free of Harley. I loved Lane – always had and now, I just wanted to be his wife. "All right. Call your friend."

Lane threw on his robe and left the room. Ten minutes later he returned.

"His name is Jim Reynolds and he's coming over here to take a statement. He should be here in an hour and a half. I also got the name of a good divorce lawyer and made an appointment for tomorrow. It'll take awhile, but the minute you're divorced, we're going to march down to the Justice of the Peace and get hitched."

I nodded. "Come hold me, Baby."

He climbed into bed and sidled up beside me. Just as he laid his arm around my shoulders, my cell phone rang. "Who could that be."

"Let it ring."

"No. It could be important. Mom's been sick."

"It could also be Harley."

"Yes, but I know his number." I retrieved the phone and saw it was Pam's number.

"It's your sister."

I activated the phone. "Hello."

She sounded hysterical. "Oh thank God I got you. Are you with Lane?"

"Yes. Tell me what's wrong Pam."

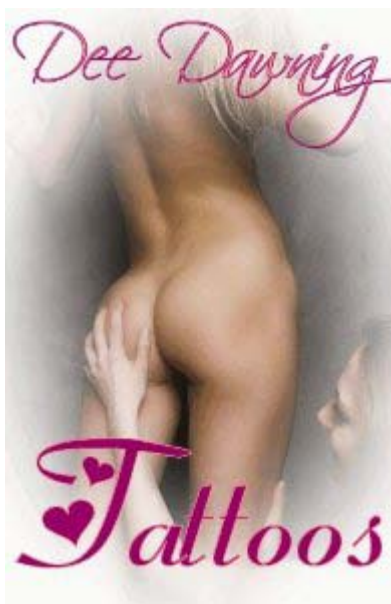
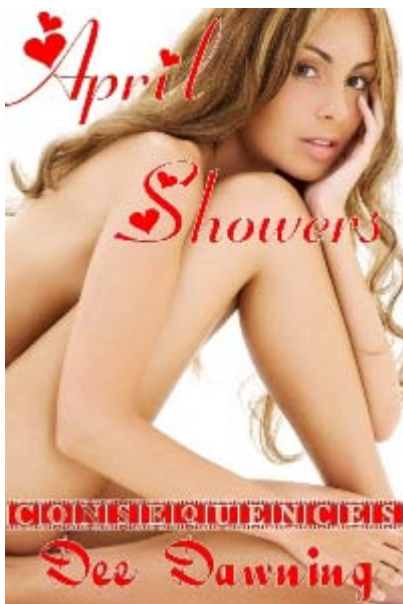
She spoke between sobs. "Harley was here." *sob* "He saw you'd left and taken some of your things." *sob* "He thought you were here, but when you weren't he figured out where you had to be." *sob* "Shelly, he took the gun out of our nightstand and left. I'm afraid he's coming after Lane. You and Lane have to leave." She started weeping uncontrollably.

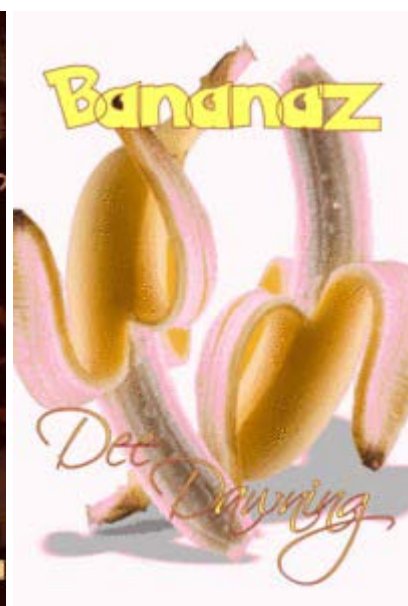
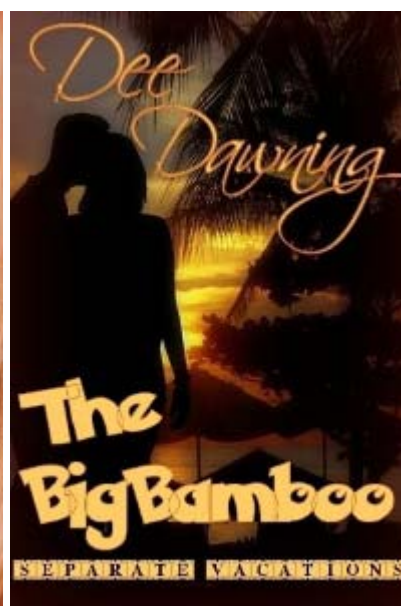
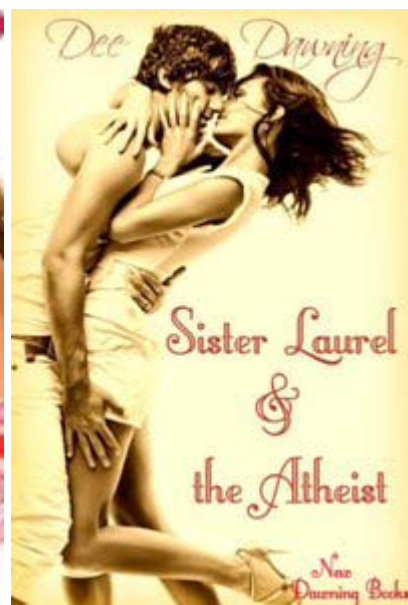
"Pam, sweetheart, why are you so upset? Did Harley hurt you?"

*Sob* "Yes, no, yes, I don't know! I'm so confused, Shelly, he...raped me!"

## To be continued

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