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I'LL CHEAT IF I WANT TO

MAX SEBASTIAN

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ONE

I admit, I don't always pay attention to my wife as much as I should. She'll talk to me, sometimes, when I'm distracted, and the old autopilot fills in.

I'm working. I'm busy. It's important.

So, sometimes I miss the finer points of what she says.

But I let her do whatever she wants, I'm not fussy, I'm tolerant. She can't complain.

She goes out with her friends regularly.

She likes shopping, I don't object to her buying a lot of stuff.

She tells me her new yoga teacher is nice. That's great. There's no point doing yoga if you hate the teacher—it's all about peace and harmony.

She says her friends like her yoga teacher, too. Great. I just have to get this engineer sorted, honey.

She's started working again, just part-time. I don't mind. It's good for her. Brianna always loved her job at the GAP before Marty came along, and now she's at a new place out in the mall. It's very similar. Flexible hours, luckily for her. Sometimes she works a late shift, and I have

to fetch Marty from nursery, put him to bed; it's no biggie. I'm the boss of our firm. I can step out early if I have to.

She says she's doing a special project with her new coworker. Great honey, maybe they'll finally give you that promotion. She says she has to spend a lot of time with him. Sure, it's a special project.

She gets frustrated because she thinks I don't listen. And plenty of times, I admit, I'm not listening that closely.

She gets frustrated because our love life isn't what it used to be. I admit, it isn't. I've been stressed, what with this economy heading for the dumpster. We've both been busy. Marty takes up a lot of our time, too. There's no longer that desperate need to have sex whenever we get a spare moment—we've done it so many times before, we know what it's like, and we can wait for the next opportunity. It's not like we won't get the chance to have sex another time.

She says her co-worker, Fisher, has tickets to the High-Jinx concert at the Palisades. That's terrific. Yeah, we'll be okay. Marty is usually asleep by 7.30, so after that it's really not difficult. She says fine.

While I'm giving Marty his din-dins, Brianna is getting ready to go out. She takes a shower, even though I know she took one this morning. I like the smell of her shampoo. Afterward, she wanders around the house in her underwear looking for her silver earrings, and there's something different about her that I can't quite put my finger on.

She's wearing strangely hot underwear for a trip out to a concert. It's black and silky, and very skimpy.

She finds her earrings, and looks at me all frustrated, as though it's my fault she lost her earrings. She's been in an odd mood recently, even though I do everything she wants, let her do everything she wants. I'm taking care of the kid, aren't I? While she goes out to this concert?

She gazes into the mirror right in front of us in the living room to put on her earrings, rather than going back upstairs. I don't complain—she looks stunning. When she's done, I'm busy pouring Marty some more juice, but she walks by and I get a lungful of her perfume—it's nice. She hasn't worn it before.

The next time she comes downstairs, she's wearing a nice summer dress that takes my breath away. I figure she's wearing that special underwear so it doesn't show through her dress. She checks her makeup in that same mirror in the living room, and I even remember to pay her lots of compliments—you look great, honey. All that running, the yoga—it's really paying off.

She's annoyed at me when she leaves. I don't get it. She gets the whole evening to herself, to do whatever she wants. Have fun. But she's irritated at me. I figure it's just marriage. After a while, little things start to add up and annoy the other person.

She thinks I don't really notice her anymore, that I don't really care. That I'm not attracted to her. She's wondered if I'm having an affair, I think. I've seen her going through the credit card bills when she thinks I'm not looking. She and Marty pay unexpected visits to me at work, sometimes, and I suspect she's checking up on me, to make sure I'm really where I'm supposed to be at all hours of the day.

I think she's worked out that I don't have the time, or the drive, to cheat on her. She's probably overlooked the fact that I wouldn't. I love her. I just find it hard to balance my attention sometimes, to give her the focus she needs. Things will get better. Work will settle down, Marty will grow up. We'll have more time to devote to ourselves.

Sometimes, I don't pay her enough attention, sure. But that doesn't mean I don't notice things.

After she's gone out to her concert, I realize what's different about her: she's gone blonde again. She stopped doing the hair dye thing after we got married. I think at some point she asked me whether I liked her better as a blonde, or as a brunette, and I avoided that clear trap by saying I liked her both ways, it didn't matter. I think she stopped coloring her hair because it was easier. She felt confident, she didn't need to be a blonde to keep me happy.

But she's gone blonde again, now. Well, we all fancy a change, sometimes.

Like that new perfume of hers.

Like her new dress. She's always liked buying new clothes.

New underwear.

The concert goes on late, I'm in bed when she gets in, but I wake up for a moment or two when I hear her step into the shower again. Is that three times in one day? She must have been dancing a lot, she's gotten all sweaty. I don't mind. She's the one who has to get up early to take Marty to his baby soccer class in the morning—and she doesn't let me take Marty to soccer, because she doesn't want him to get the impression that only dads, only guys, are interested in sports. Even though all the other kids tend to be taken to soccer by their dads. I think she likes hanging out with the dads while the kids are attempting to dribble the ball around dozens of plastic cones.

I don't mind that she spends a lot of time hanging out with other people. I encourage it. It's difficult for us to go out in the evening together, because Marty doesn't sleep well, and he's too nervous to cope with a babysitter. But we go out separately, on occasion. Actually, she goes out more than me, these days, but that's a good thing.

In the early days, when Marty was a baby, Brianna

didn't go out at all. It was all very stressful for her. She couldn't let go. I practically had to force her to take breaks, to get out of the house for an evening at a time, to reunite with her old buddies from the GAP, or from high school, or wherever, and just have some fun. So nowadays, if she's out late, having drinks with the girls, or catching a movie with Fisher from work, or doing a special evening yoga class or something like that, I'm happy.

I like that buzz of positive energy about her the morning after she's been out with her friends, or after that concert Fisher took her to, or after a particularly lively evening yoga session.

It's actually kind of sexy.

The trouble is, of course, that when I notice her being all upbeat and cheerful, walking on cloud nine or whatever, it's always just the wrong time to act on any kind of impulse I have to see if she might be in the mood for a tumble in the hay.

If I'm still up when she gets back all sweaty from a long yoga session, she almost seems like she's glowing, she's so energized. It totally gets me going—the irony is, of course, that by then she's totally exhausted from all that exercise. She just wants to shower and get some sleep. She seems almost surprised when I show her a little interest, and regretful at having to turn me down. For once, it's me wanting a little bedroom action, and she's the one saying she's tired.

I don't mind. There will be times that she's not tired, I'm sure. And in the meantime, it's not like I can't take care of myself. While she's in the shower, I can tug one out double-quick, and then I won't pester her anymore. While I do it, I notice a gentle, earthy smell in the air. It must be the sweet scent of feminine perspiration, I think. After a few such occasions, I mentally connect that smell to the

positivity and energy of Brianna after her workout, and the mere hint of that smell in the air when she comes home can be enough to turn me on.

I don't need to feel guilty. Every man masturbates, I know that much. I used to look at pornography on occasion, if Brianna was out and Marty was asleep and I was on my own. But with Brianna in that new frame of mind, all energetic and positive, confident and bubbly with her return to blonde hair, I find more and more that I only ever really fantasize about her when I'm masturbating. Why should I feel guilty about thinking of my own wife while I'm stroking myself?

Brianna doesn't moan that I'm not paying her enough attention anymore. I guess she's more distracted, she's got more going on in her life, she doesn't need to dwell on the fact that our relationship went a little cool.

Plus, I notice her a lot more nowadays. I notice how pretty she is when she's smiling. How she tends to put on makeup all the time, now, and not just at weekends or on special occasions. She wears nicer clothes, too, and it's not hard to notice that her clothes show off her figure much more, too. When she goes out to work, she wears dresses that cling tightly to her skin, showing off her shape wonderfully. Skirts that don't hide very much of her thighs at all. When she goes out in the evening, I've seen her wearing tops with necklines so low her bra is visible. Once, she went out to a nightclub on one of her friend's birthdays, and I swear the black, lacy top she wore could have been mistaken for lingerie. I think you could even see her nipples through it, although she covered up with a jacket until she got into the club itself.

I notice everything. I try to make more time for my family, to spend time with Marty and with Brianna, because getting obsessed with your business isn't healthy.

And it definitely means I'm more aware of everything at home.

I notice when her hair goes even blonder. I notice that she shaves her legs a lot more frequently than she used to. I notice that her nipples are stiff, poking through her fancy bra while she's changing, ready to go out with Fisher to see the new Tom Cruise movie. I notice her catch her breath when she sees Fisher pull up outside our house in his crimson Mustang.

'Well, goodbye.'

'Have a great time, honey.'

I notice a little glint in her eye when she gives me a little wave goodbye from the front door, and her voice sounds somehow self-righteous, like *I deserve this, I deserve to have a good time with Fisher. And you have no right to stop me.*

Sure, she does deserve it.

TWO

When she leaves me to take care of Marty, I can see just how hard it is for her to take care of him most of the day on her own. I regret not being able to take more of the load off her—but if we're to afford this wonderful, big house, I have to work the hours I do.

When Marty's finally asleep, it's late because he had a cough, and I'm getting tired. I lie on our king-size bed and find myself trying not to think about work, because work's been a little stressful recently because two of the projects we're working on are falling so far behind because the price of steel's gone up so much.

I try to think happy thoughts instead. I think about Brianna getting changed into sexy underwear, putting on the kind of dress that would make Roger Rabbit's eyes fly out of his skull. Poor Fisher, the guy went out with Brianna when she was looking like that, and she wasn't even married to him.

Actually, it kind of turns me on thinking of how much Fisher probably wants her, but he's got to face the fact that

she's *my* wife, not his. I'm not sure why that's turning me on, but with a sexy blonde wife in my thoughts, I don't see a problem with me quietly taking out my thickening cock, to stroke it while I think about her.

As I lie back, and close my eyes while firmly pulling on my hard shaft to a steady rhythm, my breathing deepens and I start to imagine that I can detect that earthy smell that always turns me on when Brianna comes home from an evening workout. It's interesting—it seems as though my brain has wired itself to associate that smell with being turned on. When I smell it, it turns me on. When I'm turned on, I start believing that I can smell it.

After a while, the scent seems too strong for me to be imagining it. I'm up on my feet, rapidly stowing away my massive hard-on, pulling up my pajamas in case Brianna bursts in and discovers me. Is she home early? Was the movie so bad that they went dancing in some club, instead of watching the final reel?

I stand still, but there's no sound of voices, no sound of anyone coming up the stairs or anything.

My heart's pumping hard. I can smell that earthy scent. I'm not making it up. But leaving the bedroom, I check the whole house and there's no sign of my wife being back from her night out. I feel stupid. I go back upstairs. Has she left some of her workout gear out somewhere? But she's normally so diligent with the laundry, she doesn't like stuff hanging around in laundry baskets for long, particularly sweaty workout clothes. She hasn't been to the gym for a couple of days, too, so there's no chance she hasn't washed it.

I go back to the bed, feeling sheepish. There's that smell again. I'm not imagining it. It makes my dick hard.

I start looking around, under our pillows, under the bedsheets. Where is that smell coming from? My search

takes me to the bedside tables—I'm almost keener to prove to myself that I'm not going mad in imagining this, than wanting to find some gym sock or something that she's accidentally dropped while changing.

I find something black under the bed. Retrieving it, I find that it's small, lacy, and certainly not a sock. It takes me a moment to untwist it enough to see what it is: a pair of small, black, lacy panties. Even before I put them up to my nose, I can tell that they are the source of the mystery scent. When I do put them up to my nose, however, the scent is so strong it almost threatens to burn out my senses.

My dick feels like it has never been harder.

This isn't just the smell of Brianna's workout perspiration. And would she really wear a tiny little lacy thong like this for a yoga class?

I take another deep breath full of the scent. It's just intoxicating. Hey, I'm not stupid. I know this is the aroma of my wife being all turned on. Perhaps she had a quiet moment during the day and lay down on the bed, just like I've been doing, to tend to her sexual needs. I like to think of her doing that. Does she think of me when she's touching herself, like I think of her?

I wonder if she has a different sexual clock than I do. Perhaps she tends to get horny at a certain time, during the day, when I'm never around. When I'm at work. On the weekends, I might be around but I'm taking Marty to the park, or swimming, or whatever. But just like going out in the evening, there's no conceivable way we could schedule time together during the middle of the day to sleep together. When Marty's at nursery, I'm at work. On the weekend, one or the other of us has to take care of him, and he doesn't nap during the day anymore.

Maybe someday, we could get a babysitter, but it would be odd to need a babysitter during the middle of

the day. Or my parents could take Marty for a day or two. They've been very reluctant to get involved with Marty as a baby—they're squeamish about all the mess. One wonders how the heck they coped with me as a baby.

Brianna gets home late again—I wake up, and she's in the shower. But I'm happy, having achieved a powerful orgasm on my own, able to breathe in that wicked scent from her panties, which are now back under the bed, exactly where I found them.

It's not so bad, waiting until Marty's a little older to get back to our sex lives.

One evening, it's just me and Brianna sitting on the couch, watching the new series of *The Crown* on Netflix, and I can't help running my eyes all over her—her thighs, as her legs are all curled up, her feet tucked underneath her. Her arms. She's wearing sweatpants, and a hooded top—hardly very sexy. And yet I can use my Superman X-Ray vision to remember how she looked in that dress she wore for Fisher the last time they went out. It strikes me that I didn't see her in her underwear that evening, before she put on her dress.

Come to think of it, it's been a while since she paraded her underwear in front of me. Since she decided to put on her jewelry or her makeup using the living room mirror downstairs. She's stopped referring to Fisher as much recently, too.

I notice these things. She always thinks I don't notice stuff, but I do.

It's been ages since she talked about the dads at Marty's soccer practice, and since she talked about her yoga classes. I don't ask about them if she doesn't raise the subject—I respect her privacy.

'What?' she says, catching me staring at her.

‘Nothing,’ I say, blushing slightly, I think. Embarrassed she caught me staring.

‘Everything okay?’

‘Of course.’

She looks at me funny, trying to figure me out.

I’m trying not to look at her, but I suddenly find myself remembering that night when I found her panties under our bed. Remembering the scent of her pussy on the tiny little scrap of black lace. God, how I would love to go down on her right now. When we used to have sex regularly, did I do that kind of thing with her? I can’t think of a time I did, although I assume I must have. I did it with women before Brianna, didn’t I?

‘What?’ she says, irritated but also slightly amused, as she catches me staring at her again.

I want to tell her we should go upstairs, fuck like rabbits. That I want to suck on her pussy until she’s as wet as she was when she was wearing the panties I found under our bed. And yet I feel a strange block on my mouth, on my brain. I can’t do it, I can’t tell her I want to sleep with her.

My own wife.

Whereas before, around the time we last had sex, it didn’t seem like a big deal—it seemed like we didn’t have to have sex right now when one or the other of us was tired, because we could just have sex the next time, since we did it all the time—now, it’s been so long since we had sex, it would seem odd that we suddenly just jump back into it. It feels like we need a grand occasion to justify getting back into it. Maybe we need to wait two months for our next anniversary. Or four months, for her birthday. Right now, she’s dressed in sweatpants, so she’s obviously not in the mood for sex. Maybe it’s even her time of the month.

I panic, I don't want to pressure her about sex. I don't want to be rejected, either.

Some words tumble out of my mouth, from my recent memory banks. I say something like, 'You seeing that Fisher guy later this week?'

'No,' she says, and her tone is one of surprise, defensiveness. Like, *why would you ask such a thing? How dare you?* I feel pretty stupid.

'Oh... it's just... you know, you haven't mentioned him for a while...'

'Oh...'

she says, a little puzzled that I would notice, I think, because she thinks I don't notice anything. 'No, Fisher got a new job in Lincoln. I don't see him anymore.'

'That's a shame,' I say, thinking that there's one more friend Brianna doesn't get to go out with in the evenings.

She looks at me funny, again. Trying to figure me out. I don't feel like I'm all that difficult to understand, but hey. Then she says, 'I'm going out for drinks with Phoebe and Caroline tomorrow night.'

'Great,' I smile, happy that she's got plenty of other friends to spend time with—I know how important it is for her to get out of the house without Marty in tow sometimes.

Out of the corner of my eye, I catch her staring at me a few times later that evening. Still trying to understand me. It amuses me that she can't figure me out. Women over-think things sometimes, don't they? They think men are much more deceptive and complicated than they really are.

I don't suggest sex that night. It feels wrong, somehow. I don't know if she'd start getting suspicious of me, suddenly paying her attention in that way. Or she wouldn't be in the mood, and it would be embarrassing for us both. I think, maybe I'll wait until our anniversary. She has to be

expecting us to have sex on that night. And then, while we're having sex, I could casually drop in the suggestion that we should do this sort of thing more often.

I could, while we're at it, find a moment to go down on her. I'm getting a little obsessed by that, if I'm being honest. Ever since that incident with her panties, I've noticed how religiously she puts her clothes in the washing machine after coming back from a night out, or an evening gym session. But one time, I think she'd been out with her girlfriends, and she'd clearly been drinking, and when she put them in the washing machine she forgot to turn the thing on. While she was in the shower, I swiped a pair of blue satin bikini panties from the load she'd crammed into the machine, and hid them so that I could enjoy them another time, while she wasn't around.

When I did get to enjoy them, it struck me that she must have been highly turned on at some point the previous night, while having drinks with Phoebe and Caroline. What did they all get up to?

THREE

Me and my business partner Garcia are over on the other end of town, we've got an apartment building that needs a complete HVAC overhaul, only the landlord's not there to meet us when we agreed so we can provide him a quote for the work. It turns out, he's twenty minutes away, there's been some plumbing emergency at one of his other places. No problem, no problem. So Garcia and I go find a Starbucks nearby to up our caffeine levels while we wait.

'Hey, isn't that your Mrs, that just came in?' he says, flicking a hand toward the counter while we lounge in a booth off to the side.

I look up, and sure, there she is, I'm surprised he recognized her now she's gone blonde again, but it's definitely her, wearing the kind of clothes that make her look more like an office worker than a retail assistant—crisp blue shirt, smart dark pants. There's a guy with her, also wearing a shirt and pants, with a tie that gives him an air of authority.

'Uh... yeah, I think that's her,' I say, confused, because

this is the other end of town, a good fifteen-minute drive from where Brianna works, and definitely not the closest coffee shop, not even the closest Starbucks, to the store where she works.

‘Who is that guy?’ Garcia asks.

‘I don’t know... I think, maybe, it’s someone she works with.’

He looks like her boss, the way he’s dressed looks like management. The thing is, while Brianna is standing at the counter waiting for the lone barista to finish making a coffee for the previous customer, her friend is standing behind her in a way that makes it look as though they’re together. Like, *together* together. His hands are on the counter either side of her, he’s leaning into her, but is kind of standing over her, as though he’s shielding her from a blast of radiation coming from behind them. It looks like he’s claiming her as his territory, for God’s sake.

And Brianna’s not objecting to the way he’s standing so close. She looks comfortable with him like that, chatting about something casually, pointing to the menu board while he stands there like that.

‘They look pretty friendly,’ Garcia says, and I find myself flushing, embarrassed.

‘She’s like that with everyone,’ I say, dismissively. I almost believe it myself, too, except that it looks wrong.

The barista comes over and smiles, asks them what they want. We can’t hear what’s being said—we’re a little too far away, and this place is pretty busy, pretty noisy—but the barista is talking to them like they’re a couple, and Brianna is smiling, and glancing at her friend, like they’re a couple.

For the first time, I feel an odd mix of emotions—fear, for obvious reasons; but also, a strange excitement that I can’t entirely explain.

Brianna looks so fresh, so bright, so happy. I like that. I like the way she looks. I like that she glances at her friend and smiles, and she's so obviously happy. She's glowing, she's excited to be with him. I don't know why, but it's like I'm sharing some of her excitement.

At the same time, I'm not stupid. I'm aware that it looks like they're a couple, they're flirting with each other while they're chatting with the barista—all smiles, easy laughter, touching each other on the arm to make a point or a joke.

I feel a sudden, strong chill sweep over my body.

Is he just a friend? Is he just her boss? Or is something more going on?

I feel a growing sense of panic—she wouldn't cheat on me, would she? And yet, at the same time, I feel this weird excitement. It makes me feel a little breathless, all hot inside, and then there's that tickle between my legs, the early signs of sexual arousal.

My dick is getting hard, for God's sake.

'You okay, buddy?' Garcia says, and I guess I probably went a bit pale.

'Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine.'

He's looking at me, like he's waiting for me to decide what to do. Waiting to see if I'm going to tell him to go up there and break the guy's knees, or something. But I don't want Brianna to think I'm stalking her. I don't want her to think I even suspect her of something—how would she react to that? She'd probably feel like I'm invading her privacy. She'd be creeped out by it. Maybe it would damage our relationship.

Besides, I'm quietly intrigued to see her with this guy. To see if there are any other signs that she's *with him* with him, not just with him.

I don't know why that prospect excites me so much, when it also terrifies me.

'It's nothing,' I say to Garcia. 'She's like that with everyone.'

But then they're waiting for their coffees, and chatting and laughing, and the guy puts his arm around her, touches the flat of his hand to her lower back.

Another claim of territory, it seems to me.

Jesus. She doesn't even object to it, doesn't wriggle away from it. She just lets him hold his hand there. He strokes her back.

Jesus.

Garcia tries to look as though he's not watching them. He says, 'You know, last summer my old lady took up yoga, and she's never been interested in that yoga stuff before in her life. I mean. And she says she likes the teacher, right? He's really good. I think nothing of it, but a guy teaching yoga? That's women's stuff, isn't it?'

That makes me laugh. 'I'm not sure about that, man.'

'Anyway,' he says, continuing his story as though he needs to distract me from what's going on with my wife, as I glance out of the corner of my eye to see her and her friend picking up their finished drinks. 'I drive by her class one night, thinking I'm right here, maybe she'll want a lift home or something. And I can see right into the yoga class through the windows from the parking lot. And I can see it's just her, and this yoga guy.'

'What were they doing?' I ask, caught by the suspense, though I'm still carefully watching Brianna. I keep my head down while I'm watching her, but really, she's not looking around at all, she doesn't even suspect there could be any risk of her being discovered. I guess this isn't our neighborhood, it's not anywhere near any of the places we normally go to.

‘Just talking, you know? But it was the way they were talking. The way they were standing. I don’t know... I can’t really describe it, but you know when you see it. She was *interested* in him.’

Garcia’s a good guy. I don’t know if this story’s made up, but even if it is, at least he’s trying to make me feel better about Brianna. Making it sound as though it’s happening to everybody, everybody’s wives are looking for opportunities to cheat.

He thinks I’m distraught. It makes me realize that I probably should be. And yet, I’m watching Brianna and that guy head for the door, oblivious to the possibility that anybody they might know might be here, noticing them, and I don’t feel upset at all. I feel like I want to see what happens next in this story. Like, it’s one of those plot twists in the soap operas that Brianna likes watching when she’s home with Marty.

‘What did you do?’ I ask Garcia, feeling like I want to distract *him* from watching what Brianna’s up to.

Brianna and her friend start walking across the parking lot, presumably to whichever vehicle brought them here, and the guy puts his arm around her shoulders while they walk—in a clear sign that they’re a couple. Jesus.

She’s cheating on me.

Have they slept together?

Was that why she’d lost interest in sleeping with me?

Brianna takes a sip of coffee, and then I see the guy stopping her—holding her upper arm, pulling her back for a moment. They’re talking about something, and then Brianna grabs his tie with the hand that’s not holding her coffee, and leans up, tilting her head to meet his.

She kisses him. It’s not just a peck on the cheek farewell, because now they’ve got to go back to work in separate cars. It’s lingering. Like, it’s a last little treat for

them both before they go back to work and pretend there's nothing going on between them.

'Oh, you know, I walk in, and she's all surprised, and I tell him I'm her husband, and she's not taking any more of his classes, and we go home. She got the message.' Garcia shrugs, like life is just simple, you just have to react to things, go with your gut.

I'm thankful that he didn't see that kiss. He was too busy with his story.

But I did.

FOUR

After that, the landlord phones to say he's arrived at the building where we were supposed to be meeting him, so we go over there to look at the situation, and discuss what kind of system he's hoping for.

I'm acting pretty calm and collected the rest of the afternoon, but inside, it's like there's a nest of snakes in my stomach. Garcia doesn't mention Brianna, or anything about our little break in Starbucks—he acts like he doesn't even remember anything happened. I'm grateful for that.

But then Brianna texts me asking me if there's any chance I can pick Marty up from nursery, because Sarah from work is having a birthday and everyone's going out for pizza and beer, and she's got to go because otherwise it would seem really mean.

Is she lying to me?

I text her back, sure, of course, I'm just finishing up a project in Thurlow Park, so of course I can go pick up Marty. I tell her to have fun, I tell her not to worry if it ends up being late, I'll be fine with bedtime. She says

thanks, and adds a couple of little kisses. Are those lies, too? Does she even love me anymore?

The fact that she's probably lying about Sarah-from-work's birthday is hurtful. Weirdly, it's more hurtful than the thought of her kissing that guy, even sleeping with that guy. And yet, somehow, it's understandable. Even forgivable, in a strange way. I can understand that she wants to spend an evening with the guy she's with. Her friend. Her boss?

Her lover.

It feels weird, referring to him as that. And yet, I guess he is.

I feel like forgiving her, because, somehow, she deserves a little happiness, a little excitement on the side. Yeah, I know, guys everywhere will think me a sap, a complete idiot. But Brianna works hard, every day, to take care of Marty, and then contributes to our finances with shifts at the store, Montego's. She needs a break from it, sometimes.

And even though I'm the wronged party, I feel like I can understand the attraction of a secret affair. It's not just the sex, it is the sneaking around, too. Feeling like you're getting away with something. The sex is hotter, because it's forbidden, it's wrong. And it probably makes her feel better about herself, that guys are showing her some attention, even though they aren't obligated to do so by their marriage license.

After how she felt about herself immediately after Marty came along, I'm happy something—or someone—has come along and helped lift her confidence.

I'm not heartless, I appreciate what she does for our family. And I couldn't run the business I run without her being willing to play that part.

Once I'm finished sorting out the mess at Thurlow Park, I'm heading over to pick up Marty from nursery, and

I'm feeling much calmer than I was. I haven't stopped thinking about it for a minute, but somehow my thoughts have become more positive, more peaceful, more hopeful. Instead of wondering if I've lost her, and what I've done wrong that might explain her need for another man, I've been thinking about why she's still with me, why she still treats me as though she loves me.

Sure, we don't have much sex anymore. But I don't think that's purely her fault. For a long while, I wasn't interested in sex all that much. She was the one who got me back to thinking about it, when she went blonde, when she started wearing nicer, sexier clothes, new perfume. When she started going out more in the evening.

God, was she cheating on me back then?

Was she sleeping with Fisher?

The yoga guy?

I find myself driving Marty home from nursery, smiling because I'm thinking maybe it was the same yoga guy that Garcia discovered flirting with Mrs Garcia.

Strangely, I find myself hoping that something happened with the yoga guy. And with Fisher. Like I'm hoping she's really fucking that guy from Starbucks as well. Every few minutes, I'm thinking about her with that guy. I'm thinking about them having sex. And it only makes me desire my wife more and more.

I think, maybe, I'm going nuts. This is my own personal way of coping with the stress of discovering that my wife is unfaithful. It should have destroyed me, but I'm dealing with it by having my brain convert the pain into pure, powerful lust.

I'm not upset about her cheating on me, I'm turned on.

It's kind of embarrassing, though. I wish Garcia hadn't been there when she came into Starbucks with her lover.

I get home with Marty, make him some dinner, play with him until it's time for his bath. He has his bath, needs his hair washed. I get him ready for bed, read him three stories, and it takes an hour and a half before he falls asleep. I know it doesn't look like much on paper, but I'm just exhausted by it. By the time Marty is asleep, and I can take a breather, I'm so tired I feel like going to bed.

The funny thing is, I feel grateful that I can sit down, on my own, and just chill out. Rest. I don't have to worry about whether Brianna is okay, whether she's having fun. I think about her infidelity, and taking a guess at when it all began, I consider how much happier she's been ever since.

How much is it worth to have a happy wife? Priceless, if you ask me.

And if she's had affairs with Fisher, with the yoga guy, and now with this boss guy, perhaps it proves that she can have fun, and then move on to the next guy, and all the while she stays married to me. That's the important thing, isn't it?

Once I've had a chance to sit down, however, rested a bit, my mind doesn't stop thinking about Brianna. Is she really having birthday drinks with everyone from work? Or is she in a hotel room somewhere, riding the big, hard cock, of that guy from work?

I'm hoping it's the latter.

My cock's thickening up as I think about what she might be up to.

I think about her sneaking around, and I feel the urge to sneak around, too.

I go into the bedroom, look through a few drawers, her drawers. I find the sexy underwear that I've never seen before, that she didn't buy to turn me on. It's way too sexy to be just smart stuff for work, it's way too uncomfortable

for her to wear just to make herself feel better about herself, sexy under her skin.

Beyond her lingerie collection, however, there's precious little evidence of anything. I pick up her iPad, but she seems to have changed the password. Is that suspicious? Anyway, I don't think I like the idea of looking through her iPad, even glancing at her Facebook page. What if she discovered me snooping?

I'm fairly disappointed with my detective work, actually.

I'm still strangely excited, though.

Why is it so thrilling to know that my wife is unfaithful? Perhaps it's just the thought that she's probably having a lot of sex. And because I'm not having a lot of sex, that's arousing to me.

Brianna sends me a text, later on, apologizing that she's still out and it's getting late. She never used to let me know when she was expecting to be home late, let alone apologize. Has something changed?

I wonder if her relationship with the boss guy is new. Maybe she messed around a few times with Fisher, or with the yoga guy in the past, but this is something new and significant. She starts feeling guilty about her husband being at home on his own with the kid.

I text her back, telling her not to worry, that I hope she's having a fun time.

And I'm hard as a rock. Thinking, perhaps this is her first time with him tonight. She might have been secretly dating him for a little while, but tonight she's going all the way.

Brianna urges me to not wait up for her. I'm very supportive in my reply.

It's 2 a.m. when she finally gets in. I'm awake, but I have to fight the urge to get up and ask her how it all went.

I prefer to lie there and pretend to be asleep. I don't want her to think I've been waiting up for her. I have to fight the urge to think how erotic this experience is, too. I don't want her to come to bed and spoon up against me and find a raging erection.

It's difficult to keep calm, not least because when she does get home, and tiptoes into the bedroom before ducking into our en suite bathroom, no matter how carefully and quietly she moves, she can't avoid affecting the air in our bedroom as she passes through to the bathroom. I can smell her—her perfume, sure, but that can't hide everything; there's also an underlying earthiness, a muskiness that I recognize too well. It's not just perspiration, although she might have worked up a sweat tonight.

She's had sex, I can tell.

It's not just me wishing that it happened.

I feel frustrated that she's gone straight into the bathroom to shower. She's obviously feeling self-conscious, needing to shower before bed. All those times before, when she went out, and showered on her return, even though it was really late. Was she cheating then, too? Probably. I hope so.

I lie in bed, and my cock is thickening. I can't stop it. I wish we'd never stopped having sex. I should have kept it going, even when it seemed a chore. Because now, I desperately want to have sex with her—I want to take her, savor her adulterous body, devour her cheating pussy, rub that wicked scent of her betrayal all over my cuckolded face—but it feels like there's no appropriate way to initiate anything between us.

She'll be tired, of course, tonight. Tomorrow will be inappropriate, because Marty's around.

Maybe she would find any excuse to reject me, even if

there was an appropriate time, because now she's saving herself for her new guy.

I don't want to be rejected. I don't want to have to make her reject me.

For now, I wait. I enjoy knowing that she's cheating on me.

FIVE

If I was a murderer, of the Agatha Christie type, then Garcia would be the one weakness in my otherwise perfect crime. He is the only one who knows, or even suspects, that Brianna is cheating on me. If this was Agatha Christie, Garcia would probably have a nasty case of food poisoning, specifically having consumed a dose of strychnine or arsenic. I used to love all that detective stuff when I was younger. Don't get much time to read these days.

Anyway, afterward, I talked to Garcia, and told him a pack of lies about confronting my wife, that in reality nothing had been going on—that guy we saw her with, he's gay. He was just having a hard time getting over the death of his grandmother, and Brianna was trying to raise his spirits.

Well, Garcia didn't see her kissing the guy, at least.

He seemed to buy it.

I mean, I say 'seemed', but Garcia's a decent guy, even if he does still suspect something, he won't bring it up publicly.

Life settles down. In fact, if anything it improves. Brianna is cheerful pretty much all the time, there's nothing that can bring her down. She's really sweet to me, too, acting all affectionate and thankful when I help out and take care of everything so she can have another evening out with 'the girls'.

She loves me, she says, much more frequently these days.

She seems happy and healthy. She dresses nicely. She never goes anywhere without makeup. She goes to the gym three times a week, and she's not doing yoga anymore, but cardio, and compound lifts, and strength training, and super sets. She looks better than ever, but that might also be the general glow of contentment about her.

And of course, she goes out in the evenings. Twice, or even three times per week. She stays out late, and we don't need to say anything about it, because it's become nice and routine. She thinks I'm asleep from about 11pm on, anyway, so it doesn't matter how late she comes back, I'll be asleep anyway.

I know people will think I'm a coward, but I don't need to confront her, I don't need to denounce her for the occasional little lie she slips out about her whereabouts, or the greater truth she is keeping from me, about the whole affair thing. I find I can just appreciate her infidelity—from the little things, like the way she smells when she comes home from fucking him, to the big things like the whole transformation of her mood.

I lie in bed, breathing in the air laced with the scent of her infidelity, and keep that in my memory until the next time I get a little private time to myself. Sure, I'm masturbating a lot more these days. But the experts tell us that's okay.

And some day, I hope that Brianna will be ready to

have sex with me again. And then, I'll be able to really appreciate her infidelity.

Anyway, for now I am happy. The routine is comforting. She has no need to change it, she doesn't look as though she needs to rethink her married life, to run off with her lover or anything like that. She seems to love me. If anything, she seems to enjoy spending time with me more than she did. She's more relaxed, more friendly, more willing to chat about trivial things. We go do stuff as a family, visit parks together, museums, malls. She seems happy in this life.

After a while, she's only seeing her guy once or twice per week. It's okay. We run into a couple of her good female friends at the mall one day, and they greet her like they haven't seen her for absolutely ages. I can see Brianna blushing, feeling awkward, glancing at me to see if I pick up on the issue. Because she's supposed to have been going out with them two or three times each month for the past however long.

I act as though I'm not paying attention, as though I missed all that. Sometimes it's useful that she thinks I never pay attention to stuff. She's somewhat relieved when I act as though I didn't pick up on that little evidence that she's not been going where she said she's been going certain nights.

One of the byproducts of a sustained routine is that Brianna seems more and more relaxed about everything. She believes I don't even suspect anything, and so she doesn't worry about making little mistakes along the way. She talks about work, and casually mentions Noah more and more frequently, not even realizing how obvious it is that Noah is her lover. Noah's so funny. Noah's so nice to the staff. Noah's helping her get a qualification in manage-

ment skills so she might be able to get into management someday.

She comes home sometimes, late at night, and she forgets to shower after being with Noah. Often, she will get up at the butt-crack of dawn to shower, thinking I've been asleep all night anyway, so I won't have noticed anything. But I notice. I lie awake, breathing deeply, savoring the proof of her infidelity, her ferocious libido.

Sometimes, when she comes home late, she remembers to shower, but she forgets to put her clothes in the laundry. This is more often the case when I can smell the slight hint of alcohol about her, when she's been partying. I wait until she's asleep, and then slip out of bed for a visit to the bathroom, and then I can find her freshly worn clothes, and quietly appreciate the physical evidence of her adultery.

I can see what sexy lingerie she wore for Noah tonight, a touch of lace or satin, some feminine pink cotton or scandalous see-through thong. I can see how wet she gets for him, I can appreciate her wicked scent. I can imagine what they did, how they did it. I can tell that they use condoms, but she likes him to come all over her body, as though it's some big rebellion against monogamy. I can detect that part of the scent on her underwear that comes from him, her lover. It's somehow dangerous, dark, desperately depraved. It would probably horrify other men, but it only drives my desire for Brianna further.

She's a goddess. Men desire her. And she's my wife.

Anyway, what was I saying? Oh yes. The routine made her miss a few things, it made her a little less careful. But, as it turned out, it also made me a little less careful.

There I am, in the bathroom, her drenched black lace thong in one hand, my big, hard cock in the other, eyes closed as I inhale that dark, spicy scent of recent sex and female

arousal, imagining Brianna on all fours, being taken hard from behind by her lover. I only remember his face from seeing them together in Starbucks all those months before.

Then I hear her voice above me.

‘What on Earth are you...?’



SIX

There she is, standing in her nightshirt, hand on hip, her expression confused and vaguely horrified, though she's still a little sleepy, still a little drunk. I'm so embarrassed, I can't move. The deer frozen in the headlights—the most dangerous thing I could do would be to just stay still, and yet the fear and humiliation gives rise to indecision, and suddenly my body tenses up and can't figure out which way to go.

'Are those *my* panties?' she asks, starting out all self-righteous, indignant.

Well, I am violating her privacy.

'What are you *doing*?' She grabs them from me. She looks down at my hard cock, and I see one of her eyebrows rise up. She's intrigued. Curious.

I sheepishly pull my boxer shorts up, pointlessly concealing my erection, feeling the heat of shame in my cheeks. I don't really know what to say.

'You were using my *panties*?' she says, realizing that she didn't really need to ask what I was up to. She's a little

amused, and quite obviously surprised, as though she'd thought I didn't have sexual desires anymore.

'How long has this been going on?' she asks, her voice surprisingly calm, level. I can't tell if she's angry, or disgusted, or simply tickled by my secret.

'I don't know...'

'You never seem like you want to... you know... with me anymore...' she says, toying with the panties, stretching them, twisting them, vaguely appalled at what state they're in after her evening with Noah, and that I would find sexual pleasure with them. 'But you like jerking off into my panties?'

I shrug.

God, my erection just won't go down. It probably doesn't help that she's standing over me so that I can look up her nightshirt, I can see her plain white panties. And I can still smell that scent of sex from her old panties.

'What do you think about when you do it?' she asks, smiling so I think she must be mostly amused at my perversion, rather than particularly angry.

'You,' I say, a little hoarse. Then, because I don't want her to laugh at me, that's the very worst thing that could happen, even worse than her being livid at my depravity, I throw the spotlight back onto her, adding: 'You... and him.'

She catches her breath at that, genuinely shocked, and all the energy drains from her face.

'Are you angry with me?' she says, and I guess I'm as hard to read as she is, because she's probably expecting me to be mad at her for being unfaithful, and I don't seem to be mad at all.

'No,' I say, quietly.

'Why?'

'Because I love you.'

That seems to knock her off-guard for a moment. Her face seems to melt into gentle affection, as though someone just showed her a picture of a really cute kitten snuggling up to an adorable puppy.

'How did you find out?' she asks, as though she's only interested to know where she went wrong in covering up the crime. Like I'm Poirot, and I've told the assembled suspects that she is the one who did it, and there's no point in denying it because, hell, this is Poirot, the most famous detective in the world after Sherlock Holmes, and all she has left is the curiosity about how he figured out the solution.

'I saw you in Starbucks with him a few weeks ago,' I say. No point in hiding the truth.

'And you didn't... say anything?'

Another shrug.

'You didn't want to know why it happened? You didn't try to stop me from seeing him...?'

'You've been in such a good mood,' I say. 'I like it when you're in a good mood.'

She looks at me, puzzled, and I think she's trying to detect any hint of sarcasm in what I'm saying, because surely most husbands wouldn't simply allow their wives to continue cheating on them after they discovered the affair just because it puts them in a good mood. But then she looks down at her panties, and remembers that I was jacking off with them, and that apparently while I was doing it, I was thinking about her having sex with Noah.

It's obvious I've been sexually aroused by the idea of her cheating on me. That's why I never stopped her seeing him. And I can see in her eyes that this negates my innocence and victimhood in the face of her infidelity.

You let me cheat because you get off on it, her eyes are saying. So I don't have to feel guilty about cheating on you.

She stretches her panties with two hands right over my face. 'I was wearing these tonight,' she says, peering at the damp, messy black lace.

'Uh-huh,' I say.

'Isn't that kinda gross?' she tilts her head, and I feel uncomfortable, I really don't want her to humiliate me.

'Not to me,' I say.

Does she think I'm pathetic? I am, sure. It feels ugly. It strikes me that if anything were to push me away from her, if anything was to threaten our marriage, drive me to the divorce lawyers, it wouldn't be her infidelity, it would be the fact that she thinks I'm pathetic. That she doesn't respect me anymore. That she teases me, taunts me, humiliates me, even when it's just the two of us in private.

And that's my fault, really.

If I'd simply had more self-discipline, if I'd managed to avoid acting on the strange impulses I felt about knowing she was being unfaithful, I would be the one holding the moral high ground right now.

I've fucked up our marriage. I feel a breathtaking sense of panic. Marty will grow up in a broken home because I couldn't keep my dick in my pants. Or my boxers.

Brianna drops the panties, kicks them away. But that smell, that wicked, spicy smell of her adulterous sex is still in the air. It takes me a moment to realize it's coming from her. She never did take a shower after coming home. She's standing over me now, so close that I could lean forward a couple of inches and press my face against her crotch.

'So you like to smell my panties after I've been cheating on you?' she asks me. There's a note of cruelty in her voice, and in her smile, as though she's so amused by my secret that she's already planning on telling the world about it.

But she's not angry. She's definitely not angry. Her

eyebrow is raised, in that way that makes her look curious, not angry.

I don't answer her, I don't know how.

She leans back against the counter beside the sink. 'It turns you on, does it?' she says, lifting herself up to sit on the edge of the counter. I can look up her nightshirt easily enough now. 'Here I am, thinking you're not interested in sex anymore, certainly not interested in me... and you're jacking off thinking about me *cheating* on you?'

I shrug again, but the dread inside me is fading. Her tone of voice wasn't taunting me. If anything, she was just trying to figure me out.

She shakes her head to get her blonde hair out of her face, and says, 'Show me. I want to see it. Show me how hard you are.'

I pull myself up to my feet, and now I don't need to hide the big tentpole in my undershorts. Her eyes run down my chest, and take in the size of the bulge even before I pull my cock out. I like how surprised she is, how her eyes widen, and she draws in her breath.

She looks at me, open-mouthed, as I slip it out above the waistband of my boxers, and it points toward her, stiff as it's ever been. Has she forgotten what it was like? Has it really been that long?

'Poor you,' she smiles, gazing at my hard-on. 'I guess I interrupted you, huh? You must really be desperate to finish.'

She looks at me, and I don't know what she means, what she wants me to do.

Then she says, firmly, 'Go ahead.'

I'm a little confused, but I hold my dick in my hand, and start stroking. She smiles. There's still a hint of amusement in her expression, but at the same time I can tell she's

turned on by this, she's not looking at me with any kind of contempt, she's not trying to taunt me.

'Do you like to look at me when you do it?' she asks, no doubt noticing that I am looking at her while I stroke it, and why not? She's gorgeous. And she's been freshly fucked. I don't normally masturbate standing up, but from here I can see down her nightshirt, a nice glimpse of her cleavage.

Her hand slips down between her legs, and then she's pulling up the hem of her nightshirt, showing me her white panties as though to help me get off.

I groan as she brushes her fingers over the front of her panties, over her sex, and then afterward, I can see a damp spot in the white cotton.

'You wanna see?' she says, brushing her hair out of her face again, over one shoulder. 'You want to see where he fucked me?'

She's looking intently at me, now, and there's no longer any amusement there. She's genuinely trying to get me going, to turn me on, and now it's definitely turning her on, too.

'Uh-huh,' I grunt, continuing to slowly pump my shaft, taking in the sight of her in that tight nightshirt.

'You want me to show you my pussy?' she says quietly, and I can't believe she's talking like this, so dirty. She was never like this with me before.

It makes me think she's picked up the habit from someone else.

She tugs on her panties, and it's just beautiful. She slowly pulls her underwear down, and I'm waiting to see that little mousey brown fuzz between her legs, only there's nothing there. Just smooth skin. Now she pulls her panties to the side instead, but for a moment or two, her hand conceals it while she gently touches herself there, a long,

slow stroke. Then she pulls her hand out of the way, and she's just holding her panties aside so that I can see her glorious pussy, her cheating sex, her adulterous cunt—and it's totally bare, every hair gone. It looks unbelievable.

She shaved her pussy for him?

'It's beautiful,' I say, only it seems like I'm not in control of my mouth, the words just fall out.

She sits back a bit further on the counter, spreads her legs wider, tugs her panties further out of the way and touches herself right in front of me.

'You want to touch it?' she asks softly.

'Uh-huh,' I nod, and it's so exciting, even the anticipation. It's not like I haven't touched one before, it's not like I haven't touched this one before, but somehow this is all-new. This is not just any pussy, this is my wife's *cheating pussy*.

I touch a single finger to her pussy lips. She's so hot there, it's unbelievable. She's so wet. Her pussy is so slippery. And the thought crashes through my consciousness that the slipperiness may not be solely due to her own arousal... Did she use a condom?

'Smell it,' she says, almost a whisper. I bring my finger up to my nose, instantly obeying her. I breathe in that wicked, spicy scent. God. This isn't secondhand evidence of her infidelity, this is straight from the source. It's powerful. It makes me shiver.

'Lick it,' she says, firmly.

I do as she tells me. I'm fairly sure they used a condom, though its subtle chemical smell is overpowered by Brianna's own arousal, but anyway, I can't help myself. I kind of like her telling me what to do. It feels safe. I touch my finger to my mouth and slip it inside. She watches me intently as I taste my digit, savoring the subtle saltiness. It tastes of her.

‘You like that?’ she says.

‘Uh-huh.’

I feel like a high school senior again. Sitting in class with the faint smell of my first girlfriend on my fingers, not quite believing it really happened with her, that I actually had sex.

‘You want to lick this?’ she says, holding up her night-shirt, looking down to her pussy to make it clear what she means.

‘Uh-huh,’ I nod.

‘Lick it,’ she says, all sexy and assertive.

I kneel between her legs, and I’m nearly overwhelmed by the scent—the smell of sex. I’m more familiar with it by now, but this is so strong, so powerful, so intoxicating. Dominated by the scent of her arousal, but there’s an underlying floral note of her perfume, and perhaps his cologne. There’s an earthiness, a mustiness from their sex. And yes, there’s that hint of chemicals that tells me they’ve been using protection.

I breathe her in, and then I’m easing forward, touching my nose to her pussy, and then my mouth. Kissing her there, pressing my lips against her hot body, sucking on her. She gasps as she feels it, groans as my tongue slips into her sticky cunt, leans back over the sink as I suck on her clit, and she clunks her head against the mirror on the wall behind.

It’s just so intensely *sexy*; lapping at her pussy, sucking on her lips, teasing her clit with the tip of my tongue, breathing her in as I savor the fresh, tangy flavor of her unfaithful sex, gazing up her body as I do so, taking in the sight of her responding to my attention.

How did I not do this with her all the time while we were actively having sex?

But I know I’ve gradually become obsessed with doing

this with her during our dry spell, and while coming to terms with the knowledge that she has been cheating on me. And now that I'm here, I embrace that new obsession head-on, so to speak. I celebrate her infidelity with kisses, I revel in her wickedness with my tongue, I worship her adulterous sex with my eager mouth.

I love how she sighs, how it turns into an irregular panting, as she gasps for breath. How surprised she is when I don't just stop two minutes in and try to get my dick inside her, I just keep going, on and on, until she's moaning and whimpering and flailing about a little. Shaking as though the earth is quaking.

'God, you really like that, huh?' she says, breathless, when she comes down from her high. 'You like eating my dirty little pussy?'

'Uh-huh,' I nod, gazing up at her like the worshipper I am.

She pushes me away, smiles wickedly, and still leaning back against the sink and the bathroom mirror, lifts her feet so that she can brush them over my hard cock, checking I'm still hard.

'Take them off,' she says, and I struggle a little to remove my boxer shorts, not least because my feet and legs are throbbing with pins and needles from kneeling on the hard bathroom floor for so long.

Naked before her, she starts fondling my cock with her feet.

'I forgot how big it can get,' she says, seemingly amazed that she could have forgotten such a thing. 'Is this because we haven't done it in forever?'

She lifts a foot, rubs it over my chest, taking in the sight of me, naked before her. I've always been in pretty good shape. Running my business keeps me in pretty good shape—I'm fairly hands-on with the work, even though I have

10 employees these days. And ever since I discovered Brianna was cheating, I've started using the rowing machine in our basement.

'Or maybe...' she says, with a wicked glint in her eye, 'it's because when we did it before, I wasn't *cheating* on you.'

My cock twitches when she says that, and it makes her giggle, her feet moving back to stroke my shaft some more.

'Well,' she says, flashing her eyes knowingly, 'I think that answers that.'

She sits up, and pulls me toward her. 'Do you hate me for cheating on you?' she asks me.

'No, honey,' I say.

'Are you sure?'

'I'm sure.'

She clamps her hands on my back, and pulls me to her, crushing her lips against mine. I open up to her kiss, passionate, sweet, but also somehow dangerous. She sucks on my lips, uses her tongue. We haven't kissed like this for a long time, it feels like. It's oddly intimate. It feels more like we're re-connecting than anything before, even when I was going down on her. I can smell him on her. Noah.

A shiver sweeps through my body.

I imagine her kissing him like this. I imagine her going down on him. Wrapping the lips that are currently sucking on mine around his big, hard dick.

'You want me to stop seeing him?' she asks me, breathless, when our kiss is finally over.

'No, honey,' I say, though I do get the sense that, perhaps, she would listen to me if I said I didn't want her to see him again.

She smiles, genuinely surprised at my reaction, even though she knows I'm turned on by her infidelity. 'No?'

'I don't want you to stop seeing him,' I clarify.

'Really?' she says, pausing a moment to let it sink in.

'Really. I want you to be happy.'

'Seriously?'

'Seriously.'

'Come with me.'

She slips off the counter, stands, leads me back into the bedroom.

'I'm seeing him again on Friday night,' she said, before telling me to get onto the bed. I climb onto the mattress, turn over onto my back. She climbs onto the bed, too, kneeling between my legs, stroking a hand gently up over my hard cock, and then past it to skirt over my stomach, my chest.

She says, 'I'm going to have dinner with him, and then we'll go back to his place.'

'Uh-huh.'

'Then he's going to spend the rest of the evening fucking me,' she continues, her hand returning to my cock, brushing over it, teasing it. 'You're okay with that?'

'Yes, honey.'

She strokes my cock, fondles it, plays with it like a cat toying with a ball of wool. She's reacquainting herself with it. I get the impression that, perhaps, Noah's cock isn't quite as big as mine. I don't believe all that stuff about cock size somehow relating to how much of a man you are, but I'm quietly pleased. I like that she's so impressed with what I can offer her.

'You'll be here, waiting for me like a good husband,' she says, smiling as she ducks down slowly, her pretty face approaching my big, hard cock. 'You'll be waiting at home while I cheat on you,' she adds, and the slight jerk of my cock is confirmation that she's pressing exactly the right buttons to get me going.

'And you'll be okay with that?' she asks, blowing gently on my cock to tease me.

‘Yes,’ I say.

‘And then, after he’s done fucking me, maybe if you’re a good boy,’ she says, ‘I’ll come home and you can have some fun, too.’

‘Yes, please.’

‘Are you saying ‘yes, please’ because you want me to suck your cock?’ she laughs, ‘Or because you want to lick my pussy the next time after I cheat on you?’

‘Both,’ I groan as she strokes my shaft with her nose, and then plants a little kiss on my balls.

SEVEN

We're much happier now. Brianna doesn't feel like she has to hide anything—in fact, she flaunts it in my face, and she knows I love it.

Friday evening, she dresses up in insanely sexy underwear and a sleazy dress while I get Marty ready for bed. I get little glimpses along the way, of course, to get me going. I slip into the bathroom while Marty's finishing his supper, to see her preparing herself in the shower, soaping her gorgeous tits, shaving her sweet pussy, rinsing off her long, golden hair. While Marty's watching a little TV before bed, she asks my opinion on which underwear she should wear for him.

She's open about where's he's planning on taking her, what they're planning to do.

She kisses me long and slow before she leaves the house for her 'date', just after Marty's gone to bed. She lays a hand on my hard cock, stroking it through my pants, enjoying how turned on her infidelity gets me.

Then, after she goes out, she texts me throughout the evening, giving me little glimpses of how she looks before

meeting him, how he looks, scenes from their date, a picture of their hotel room where they go afterward. A selfie of her with him, just before they get down to the real dirty part of the evening. Each time my phone buzzes with a new message, it makes my heart skip a beat, and my cock thickens up to full hardness again, my breathing deepens. As I open each message, I feel a little squeeze of jealousy, a few butterflies in my stomach, a throb in my hard cock, and it all contributes to an incredible build-up of excitement within me, I can't get enough.

He thinks she takes selfies just for her. He's happy to be included within them. She gives him the impression that her husband doesn't pay attention to her, he'd never find any pictures on her phone.

I share in their evening together, because Noah thinks she's taking sexy pictures just to look at when she's on her own and she needs to get off. A flash of her on her knees on a hotel room floor, Noah standing over her, his hard cock in her hand as she kisses it just under the glans. A shot of her lips stretched around his girth, her eyes closed as she takes his dick inside her mouth, enjoying the sense of wickedness in taking this cock that is not her husband's. A picture of her lying on her back on the edge of the hotel bed, Noah standing over her, resting his cock on her perfectly shaven pussy, ready to slide inside her. In the next one, he has a condom on, and his tip is just nudging against her entrance. She bites her lip, gazing into his eyes intently, ready to take him, knowing her husband's going to see this picture, and nearly come while he sees the next one, as Noah enters her, shattering her wedding vow, sliding his hard cock into her sweet, pink, married pussy.

She's pretty good at selfies. Then it gets better, she sends me little short video clips of him fucking her. I come instantly, the first time she sends one of those. After that,

I'm better prepared, better able to control myself. Watching the hypnotic quality of his manhood actually sliding inside her, the actual moment of her adultery.

Another man has a part of himself inside my wife, actually buried within her most private part.

She gets a shot, or a clip, where the phone's been propped up on the bedside table, as Noah takes her from behind. Stuffing that stiff cock into her pussy, pounding into her while she lies on her stomach on the bed, maybe even looking at the camera, gazing into my eyes, knowing that I'm looking at the picture. Her expression says *this is for you, sweetie, I'm thinking of you getting all hard looking at this picture, I'm turned on by the thought of you watching us, while he's fucking me.*

She's fucking him, but she's doing it for me, too, now.

I see them fucking in the en suite bathroom, on the floor of the room, in one of the chairs by the window, he's fucking her all over the room, standing up, sitting down, lying down. Her body gradually getting more and more shiny with sweat, her hair getting more and more damp, her skin more and more flushed as the fucking progresses.

I get a picture as she kneels in front of him, taking his cock in her hands again—the condom now gone—before he sprays his cream all over her, in her mouth, over her face, splashing onto her fantastic tits. Or perhaps she's lying on the bed, and he streams it all over her stomach and her wide open pussy.

She smiles up at him, a wicked glint in her eyes, asking him to mark her with his come, sully her with his seed, tarnish her cheating body with his thick, white cream. He thinks she's reveling in her secret debauchery, rebelling against her boring husband, indulging in the physical signs of her adultery because her husband will never figure it

out, but she'll have proof for herself of how naughty she's been.

She'll feel his come all over her, sticky, cool, smelling of him, while she sits in the taxi on the way home. He thinks she'll probably even touch herself when she's home, in the shower, making herself nice again for her inattentive husband.

And yet when Noah is settling down for the night in his otherwise empty bed in his apartment, I have my arms around my stunning, freshly fucked, but still horny wife, kissing the soft skin under her ear as she spoons up against me on our bed, inhaling the wicked scent of her infidelity from her exquisite body, her hair still damp from her adventure, her skin still salty from their perspiration, her breasts still sticky from his come.

This is the main event for her, now. She comes to enjoy the secrecy, the wickedness, the taboo of being a cheating wife, more than simply the ability to have sex with another man. She spends her time fucking him knowing how much it's turning me on, and then when she returns she gets to fully enjoy how hard I am because of her adultery, and how much more I want her because she's just been taken by another man.

She loves that other men can confirm how desirable she is. She is free to bask in the feeling of a different man's body, a cock that is not her husband's. She relishes the ferocious energy of a new sexual relationship with a man who can't believe his luck that she would fuck him. But then she knows she's coming home to a man who worships her absolutely, she warms to the sparkle of joy in my eyes when I first see her again, how thrilled I am that she's done what she's done. She delights in telling me all about her encounters, showing me the lingering evidence of her wickedness, and then rewarding me for my loyalty, my

unquestioning support for her adventures, my burning desire for her.

She tells me to touch her there, to feel how wet her cheating pussy is for me, now, that another man has finished with her. She demands I lie between her thighs and taste how naughty she's been, gently service her juicy, well-worn pussy until she's ready to take another cock inside her. Or she sits on my face and grinds her adulterous sex all over my eager face, using me while also indulging me, knowing how obsessed I am with her flavor, her smell, her wetness.

These days, she doesn't only fuck Noah. Sometimes she sees a guy she met in a nightclub while out on a genuine girls' night out. Occasionally, she swings by the apartment of one of her exes, a guy who had a particularly big dick, bigger even than mine. Once or twice, we've sifted through Tinder together, hooking her up with the kind of guy she might never had been able to meet in 'real' life.

But she always comes home to me after seeing them. Always shares in the details of what went on while she makes me suck on her breasts, or bury my face in her cheating pussy. I'm special to her, I can feel it when she's sitting on the edge of the dinner table and I'm eating her out, and her hand is clamped over my head, pressing my face to her soaking pussy. I can tell, when she tells me to remove my underwear and let her see how hard I am for her. When she takes hold of my stiff shaft and envelops me in her hot mouth.

We've never been stronger, our bond is now forged in steel. When I look into her eyes, as she slides my cock inside her well-primed pussy and begins to ride me, I know how much she loves me.

Sure, there were moments in our marriage where there was a chance that we might hit the rocks. Back when she

thought I was too focused on my work, so inattentive of her presence in my life. She doesn't think like that now. Business is going well, and these days I've learned to delegate a lot more. I can spend a lot more time with my family. I can go shopping with Brianna to pick out a hot new outfit and some sexy underwear, for her next encounter with another man. I can take Marty to the zoo all day, while she drives down to see the guy she could never quite win in high school, but now has wrapped around her little finger. She knows I'm thinking about her almost every moment of every day, in the quiet moments at work, or the calm stretches taking care of Marty, when I'm on my own waiting for her to come back to me, or if I'm between her legs, celebrating her sweet pussy with my mouth, or my cock.

It's all our secret, although a couple of her friends occasionally know when she's having an affair. When I see them, I notice the subtle look of pity in their eyes, because they think I somehow suffer from my wife's little indiscretions, even though I'm a perfect husband, a wonderful father. They're her friends, so they support her. I think they even like sharing in the secrecy, the wickedness of knowing of her little dalliances with other men. At least one of them is cheating on their partner, too. She makes it sound as though it's just a natural part of a modern marriage.

And, you know, now that our marriage is the way it is, things are never, ever boring. Things are never predictable. Some guys might think I'm weak, even pathetic, but look how gorgeous my wife is. She can't get enough of me. And I get to enjoy a settled life with a happy wife. I don't need other women—sex with Brianna never seems familiar anymore, it's always different, I never know quite how it will be, in part because she sees different guys.

Marty gets a little older, and now he stays with his

grandparents from time to time. Brianna and I go out together, perhaps for a little dinner, a movie, or an adventure in a bar or a nightclub. I sit at a table and watch her flirting with strangers, letting them buy her drinks, dragging her out onto the dance floor. I watch her acting the single girl, toying with them, rubbing herself up against them, making out with them.

Sometimes, she gives me a little wink, and I know it's time for me to go home as quickly as I can. I park the car around the corner from our house, walk the rest of the way. I let myself into our house without switching on any lights and go up to our spare room to wait.

I hear her bringing the guy home. Sharing a drink or two with him downstairs, perhaps while making out with him some more. I listen intently as she shows him upstairs, into our bedroom. I can hear everything, even when she tells him her husband's out of town. Away on business. So he knows she's married. The doors are open, and I can hear them tearing each other's clothes off. I can hear the wet sounds of them kissing, their breathing deepening. The silky slide of skin on skin, of sighs and quiet moans. My wife taking his cock into her mouth.

My wife taking his cock into her sex.

I get bolder, and tip-toe out into the hallway. The doors are all open, so I can see inside our bedroom. She has him facing away from the doorway, in case I want to watch from the shadows. I watch her riding him, and I'm almost knocked out by the power of experiencing this right in front of my own eyes. I'm not watching it on a screen, I'm not hearing about it from her afterward, I'm not sitting on my own imagining it happening. There's a man lying on my bed, a few feet away from me, and his big, fat dick is pistoning into my wife's juicy pussy, right there. I can see everything in perfect detail. I can hear the wet sound of his

cock thrusting into her. I can smell her arousal, his cologne, their sweaty bodies.

She even turns around, to face me while she rides him. Smiling as she sees me there, watching. Gazing into my eyes as she fucks him, she enjoys my response as I see her legs spread wide over him, his big dick buried in her soaking pussy, his shaft disappearing again and again as she rises and falls on him.

She doesn't save herself this time, since I'm watching. I get the sense that it gets her especially worked up when I'm watching. She comes, hard, as he fucks her like that, as she looks at me, and it feels strangely as though I'm the one making her come, perhaps using him as some kind of sex toy.

I'm careful, hiding myself away as they change positions, keeping out of sight when I sneak a look and see that he's facing toward me now, fucking her missionary-style, the muscles of his butt, his legs, his arms all working hard as he squeezes that big dick into her again and again. I keep out of sight when it's too risky, but then I can watch again when it's safe, when he fucks her from behind, and they're both facing the bedstead.

When he slides into her ass, and both of them have their eyes shut tight.

He's a big guy, impressive. Powerfully built. Muscular.

It's only later, when she's lying in the bed, recovering, and he's putting on his clothes ready to flee the scene, that I hear them talking about yoga, and he says how great she's looking these days, and he reminisces about the last time he fucked her on this bed. I realize this is the yoga guy, and when Brianna talks, I find out that this is the first guy she ever cheated with. She brought him here while Marty was at nursery and I was at work.

She fucked him on our bed.

She giggles when she tells him her husband almost found out about their affair. That one time, after she fucked him on this bed, she accidentally left her panties on the floor, under the bed. She said how careful she used to be to clear up any signs that she was cheating on her husband, but that one time, he could easily have discovered those panties.

I smile, remembering how I had actually found those panties. How I'd enjoyed them, even though I'd thought, naively, that they had simply revealed that my wife had been lying in bed, touching herself.

Anyway. I let it go. Brianna tells the yoga guy that he should call her. That they should do this again, maybe the next time hubby is away on business. Then yoga guy is out of there, leaving so he doesn't have to deal with waking up with someone in the morning.

As soon as the front door closes, I wait a few heavy heartbeats, just in case there's a sudden knocking, or a doorbell, because the yoga guy realized he forgot his keys or something. Then, I'm on my feet, high on excitement, almost gliding into the master bedroom, taking in the sight of my beautiful wife lying there on the bed, freshly fucked.

'Hey.'

'Hey.'

She's wearing little sheer red panties, and nothing else. Her skin is shiny with sweat and come, her body flushed from the effort of riding him, from fucking him, her hair is damp, and messy, but I stand and watch her tie it back.

'You never told me you fucked him before,' I chide her.

'I thought you figured it out.'

'He's pretty good, then?'

‘One of the best,’ she smiles.

‘And he’s going to call you?’

‘He wants to fuck me some more. Come here.’

I do as she tells me, of course. I lie over her, breathing in that strong, heady mix of her arousal, her perfume, and the lingering hints of yoga guy and his condom. Her body is so hot as I slide between her legs, her skin so sticky.

I show her how hard I am, pressing my stiff manhood against her little red panties, against the intense heat behind the sheer material. It makes her smile, and then she pulls me into a kiss. Her lips taste a little different, but it only drives me on. All of it drives me on. Everything that provides complete and incontrovertible proof of her recent adultery.

This is the best part of all of it. The way she looks at me, adoring me with those big, blue eyes, the way she smiles, grateful for what I give her, what I allow her, ecstatic that she can excite me in this way, by cheating. I love the warmth of her body, the softness of her skin. The stickiness as I press myself up against her, again, evidence of her transgressions.

I kiss around her mouth, and she can’t stop smiling, ear-to-ear. She holds my head, pulling me back to kiss her mouth when I’m distracted by her breasts. As we kiss, she wraps her legs around me, uses her feet to pull my hips against her, to press my hardness more firmly against her sex.

After a while, she lets me explore her breasts, suck on her tits, lash her stiff nipples with my tongue.

I kiss my way down her stomach, and she raises her hips a little, thrusting her pussy upward, as though begging for attention. She’s teasing me, though, because whatever she really wants, she tells me. I do as she asks.

That’s not to say I’d get away with only doing as she

asked. I have to anticipate things, too. I have to sense what she needs. Sometimes she gets tired of being the boss.

I bury my face between her legs, drawing in a deep chestful of that wicked smell, the scent of sex. And then I open my mouth, tasting her, lapping at her adulterous pussy, and it isn't long before she comes again.

It doesn't get much better than this.

EIGHT

Most of the time, I don't get to see her with her guys. However, I don't mind. The important part is that she comes back to me afterwards.

The truth is, I quite like the guessing game. Trying to figure out what she's up to.

Sometimes, it's obvious—she lets me watch her taking a long, leisurely bath before one of her dates. She lets me wash her body, shave her pussy. She lets me pick out her underwear, her dress, although she always gets the final say on what she wears. I know she's going out on a date, I can stay at home and imagine what's happening, waiting patiently for her to come home to me.

Sometimes, I have to pick Marty up from nursery, and maybe we stop by McDonald's, or Chuck E Cheese. And Brianna is already gone by the time we get home, and she texts me telling me simply, *don't wait up*. She gets home late into the night, wearing a tiny little dress that hardly covers any of her thighs at all, and some sexy high heels, and when she comes in through the front door I can only assume she's been with another man all this time. When I

go to greet her, she pushes me up against a wall, then stretches up to kiss my mouth, and I can confirm that she's been with another man. She kisses me, and grabs hold of my cock through my pants, and I know she's confirming that I'm still turned on by all this.

Because although all this started out as Brianna sleeping with guys behind my back in order to get her rocks off, it's different now. Now she does it partly because it turns me on so much.

We stand there by the front door, and she simply gazes into my eyes while she fondles my hard cock, and she can't help slipping her other hand up her dress, into her panties, touching herself as she touches me, turned on by how turned on I am by her infidelity.

She kisses me again, hard. She takes what she wants from me. It's just thrilling.

She pulls up her dress, and slides down her panties to mid-thigh, and as I stand there, I get a powerful waft of that scent straight from her pussy—a scent to which I am now addicted, of course.

'He made me so wet,' she declares, rubbing her hand all over her sex as though I need proof.

I ask, 'Did he make you come?'

And she surprises me, for the first time in a while. She says, 'No. You make me come.' And then she reaches for me again, both hands clamping hold of my head before she pulls me into another forceful kiss, sucking on my mouth as though it's the only thing that will deal with her thirst.

Then she's leading me to the basement. We have a bed down there, now. Far enough away from Marty that any noises from our lovemaking will not carry.

She pushes me down on the bed, and stands in front of me, and now when she raises up her dress and tugs down

her panties again, she slowly bends at the hips and removes her underwear completely.

I reach for her, but she swats away my hand. She steps forward, pushes me down onto my back on the bed, and then she climbs onto me. She straddles my head, her knees either side of my ears, and when she lifts up the hem of her dress, her cheating pussy is right there, just above my mouth.

She takes control swiftly, leaning a little back so she can look down at me as I begin to lick her. At first, she holds herself up, so that I can enjoy her, breathe her in, savor her wicked pussy fresh from sex with another man.

But she's not kidding when she says the other guy didn't make her come—that she saved herself for me. Soon enough, she's quite obviously desperate for release, the slow swaying of her hips over me as I tongue her pussy accelerates, and the pressure of her body clamping down on my face intensifies, and her panting starts to become gasping and crying.

She's grinding her soaking pussy against my willing mouth, using me to reach her long-awaited climax. I love being so intimately connected with the center of her infidelity, the way she marks me with her wetness, the way she claims me with her quivering thighs clamped around my head, the way she honors me by giving me her orgasm, allowing me to experience it firsthand.

I feel proud as she shakes and shivers and yells out loud. While society might think of me as somehow less than a man for allowing her free rein to sleep with whoever she chooses, I feel powerful and dignified that it is increasingly me she needs to reach climax.

I lie back, her flavor still on my lips as she disengages, and slides down to pull my hard cock out of my pants. She takes me in her mouth, smiling up at me so I can tell how

pleased she is at how hard I am for her. She explores my hardness with her mouth for a while, giving me a good idea how it must have been for her lover, earlier.

But I don't get the attention of her mouth for too long. She's up again, swinging a leg over my thighs, lining my cock up to slide inside her well-used pussy.

She squats over me, and holds there, so that I can thrust my hips upward, I will put in most of the effort of fucking her. Her pussy is so wet, it feels a little strange to think that she may have another man's come in there, still, helping to lubricate mine.

Then she leans back, taking back control as she fucks me, her legs spreading so that I can look down and see everything, my cock buried within her pink-flushed pussy, my shaft wet with her juices. I never felt more alive, my gaze running up and down her adulterous frame, imagining where he touched her, where he kissed her, where he shoved his dick. Getting her all flushed again, all sweaty, just like she was when she left him.

She goes on her back, or on all fours, telling me to fuck her, now. I slide my cock inside, and perhaps she's been with a bigger guy; her pussy feels different than it did the last time I lay with her like this. She's been stretched a little. She's gotten used to an absolutely enormous cock.

Or maybe, as with one or two of her guys, she's been with someone a little on the small size. She's tight when I enter her. And that explains more of why she's so desperate for my cock.

I like to mount her from behind. The stag claiming his doe after another stag has attempted to steal her away.

She comes easily, and loudly, like that, too.

These days she tells me less and less about her time with other men. She doesn't tell me how good they were, she doesn't tell me how big they were, she doesn't tell me

they took her in the ass. She lets me work it out for myself. There's definitely plenty I can work out from the state of her when she comes home to me.

When it suits her, she slips me a quiet little detail, and purrs as she sees how it affects me.

'He thought I was a hooker, because I met him at the hotel bar. Even tried to offer me money afterward.'

Or maybe, 'You know what, he shaved his balls? It made his dick look absolutely *enormous*. Maybe we should do that to you.'

Or something like, 'He just wanted to stick his dick between my breasts the whole time, but I've never seen so much come...'

Sometimes, it seems like it's been a long while since she last went out on a date. I start to wonder if she's slowing down, if she's starting to feel satisfied, like she doesn't need quite so much attention from other men. She doesn't go out so much in the evening, and when she does, she really does see her girlfriends. She texts me evidence she's at the movies, or bowling, or hitting the cocktail bar with her buddies. I hope she might meet someone later, but she comes home and she's clean, fresh, untainted.

Sometimes I come home on a day that I know Marty's been at nursery, hoping to find her in bed with some young stud. Or yoga guy. Or the guy from work. But she's in the kitchen, baking. Or watching TV, or even working on her MBA.

I start feeling a little down. Maybe the adventure is coming to a close.

Then I reach under our bed one morning, searching for a dropped sock, and my hand falls on something, which turns out to be a little scrap of blue lace. A pair of Brianna's panties. They're damp, sticky with come. I've never seen her wear panties like these. I'm instantly hard as I

realize that she's been cheating on me. Properly cheating on me.

It's seriously hot.

She doesn't ever lie to me about where she is, or where she's been. She just doesn't always reveal everything about herself.

Later, I'll confront her, and she'll admit to everything.

'Sure, I cheated on you. And I liked it.'

She knows that I'm all right with it. She knows that I like it. She knows I'll be instantly hard—brutally hard—as soon as I discover her latest little transgression.

She knows she can simply walk up to me and rub her cheating little pussy in my face, and I'll love every moment of it.

I love the little surprises she gives me. Life is never predictable anymore.

Now why is Garcia's truck parked in our driveway?

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