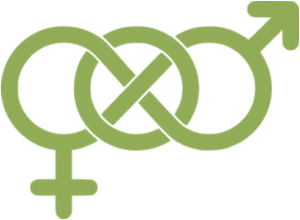
**Only a Game...**

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**By Jim Sweetman**

She was panting from the first orgasm as I turned over and pushed into her from behind. With my hand I covered her mouth, pushed two fingers inside.

Take his cock, you bitch, I hissed. I knew you wanted to suck it ever since you saw it.

She tried to say no but my fingers were working pushing the cheek out.

And now you want another cock, don’t you? You want me to let him fuck you. I know what you’re like.

I eased myself out, then pushed hard back in. That’s what you wanted wasn’t it, you slut and now they’re both going to have you, face fucked and all. I pumped again and felt my orgasm surge through me. She felt it too and came at the same time. I let my hand drop from her face to caress her breast and snuggled up against her.

Mmm, that was good, I said appreciatively, she murmured something similar and then I fell asleep.

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We were drinking a glass of wine the next evening. There was nothing to watch on television and the wood burner was flickering contentedly. She was curled up on one end of the sofa and I was at the other.

I enjoyed that last night, I said.

So did I, she replied. I like it when you talk to me. No one’s ever done that before.

Well it certainly turns you on.

And you as well, don’t pretend you just do it for me!

I think you like the thought of being had by two men.

Maybe you do.

Would you really like it?

Yuk, no. First off, I would have to fancy both of them and second think of all the organisation and preliminaries. And you wouldn’t like it either.

Wouldn’t like what?

Watching me doing it with some other guys.

How do you know?

I just know you that’s all. Well, would you like it?

I don’t know.

I don’t think you would.

Are you saying you would like it but you wouldn’t do it because of me?

No, I didn’t say that.

It was sort of what you implied.

Pour me another glass of wine, she said.

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A couple of months later and we are having some work done on the house. There were two men who had been working at the back for a couple of days laying a new patio in the sunshine and putting in a barbecue area. I got home as they were packing up and walked into the back garden.

How’s it going? I asked.

Good, replied the older one.

We should finish tomorrow, said his younger helper.

It’s looking really good. We’re really pleased with it.

Yes, your wife said that this morning. I’m glad you like it. The brown stone gives a softer feel to it doesn’t it. I think it was a good choice. We’re finishing a little bit earlier today because we put the filler in between the stones and we need it to let it set good and hard. It should do that by tomorrow morning and then we’ll give it a brush and clean to finish up. It should look great.

Why don’t you stop now then? How about a beer? I think you’ve earned it.

Sounds good to me, said the younger one.

Thanks very much, it makes a change from a cup of tea!

I nipped into the house to get some beers from the fridge. When I came back the two of them were by the low wall where the new barbecue was going to go. The younger one was sitting on the wall and the older leaning against it.

He stood up as I came back the beers and took two from me. Thanks, he said, by the way I’m Gerry and this is Wayne.

I’m Joe, I said and the beer is local. Cheers.

You done a good job, I said taking a pull on the beer. Is this the kind of work you normally do?

It varies, said Gerry. We don’t work for your builder. He just knows we do quality stuff and luckily we were free at the moment. Most of our work these days is kitchen fitting, not the IKEA stuff but bespoke units. They’re not cheap but they look good. I’ve been doing it for a long time and Wayne must be coming up to ten years now. He’s actually learning something and getting almost competent!

He’s just saying that, said Wayne, he wanders around talking to the clients while I do all the work.

Well you make a good team, I said.

I heard my wife’s car pull up at the front, the door slammed and her key was in the front door. She tapped across the hallway on her heels and looked out of the back door.

Wow, a party, she said. And, what a fantastic job. I love it, Gerry.

I didn’t know you had been introduced, I said jokingly.

We were just chatting this morning, she said. I was telling them how I chose the brown stone for the slabs when you would have had it looking like a pavement on a council estate to save a few bob. It looks really nice now.

Yes it does, I answered.

And I think it must be prosecco time if it is a party. I’m certainly ready for a drink, she said turning on her heels.

Actually, I said to Gerry, I think the brown slabs were really my idea. I just planted the idea in her mind and let her think it was her choice.

My wife came back out of the kitchen into the garden. She was holding a bottle of cold Prosecco from the fridge and a couple of glasses. She put them down on the wall.

Can you open that? And I’ll get some more beers. As she turned to go back into the house I noticed she had taken her jacket off. Still hot, she said as she went in.

Fancy another beer, I asked.

Well, I’m not sure, said Gerry. It’s very kind of you.

I’m up for it, said Wayne.

And it is a hot day, added Gerry.

My wife came out with three cans of my favourite strong lager. We’ll be under the table, I said, by the time we’ve finished these.

Live a little, she said. It’s a lovely evening. She carried her own glass over to the wall where Wayne was sitting and he moved along a bit to make space for her. Help me Wayne, she said as she eased herself up onto the wall in her tight skirt. She held onto his arm as she found her balance. Cheers, she said lifting the glass and taking a hefty swig. That’s refreshing, now I need a top up.

It was Gerry who picked up the bottle and walked over to where she was sitting and poured another glass. He filled it very full. Now that’s what I call a drink, she said. Have you ever thought of becoming a butler? She laughed.

No, I prefer the building work. You meet different people when you do these kitchens.

Lots of grateful women you mean, said my wife. If you do the work this well they must be queueing up.

You never know your luck, said Gerry, sharing the joke but I have to let Wayne join in as well.

You could always send him back to the yard for something, she said.

No, he likes helping out said Gerry. It takes two of us sometimes when the clients are really grateful.

And their commuting husbands are home late from the city.

Gerry laughed. The most important thing is that we get paid, he said. He was pouring my wife another glass. I could see that she was enjoying the attention in what was actually quite a flimsy blouse under her jacket.

More beers, Butler, she said to me. Our guests are clearly parched and in need of more refreshment.

Smiling, I went into the kitchen. I heard her say. And of course the customers have still got to be satisfied. They were all laughing. While I was in the kitchen I turned on the music. I had just installed the outdoor speakers at the weekend so this was a good chance to hear how well they worked.

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The next day was Friday and my wife was working from home.

Make sure you behave yourself, I said as a got my things together for work and she was coming down the stairs. She wasn’t dressed yet just wearing her robe.

What do you mean? she asked.

The builders, I replied. She laughed, a slightly throaty laugh and a chuckle. Somehow, I sensed it was slightly forced.

You know what I mean, I said. Satisfying the customers!

She laughed again. Well, you did suggest it would be a good idea.

Did I?

You hinted. But don’t worry, I’ll be good. As she said this, she opened her dressing gown. She was wearing her matching black underwear with the lacy knickers.

That’s what I’m worried about, I said.

Go now, she said, or you’ll be late.

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It was a busy day at work. Everything seems to speed up on Friday as people try to finish for the weekend but I managed a bit of a longer break at lunchtime. I often did on Fridays! I didn’t have time to think about my wife until I was on the way home. She was still working when I got in, doing something on the computer. Normally, she would have finished that earlier on a Friday. She called to me. I’ll be another two minutes, just got to finish this and send it off. Make us a G&T.

I got the glasses out of the cupboard, ice and lemon from the fridge and the bottle of gin from the cabinet. I noticed there were a couple of wine glasses on the side by the dishwasher. The builders and all of their equipment were gone and outside the back door the new patio looked spick-and-span. It really was an excellent job.

Looks good doesn’t it, said my wife coming into the kitchen.

What time did they finish? I asked.

Just before lunch. They worked hard though.

It looks as if they had time for a drink.

Well, just a white wine to toast the finished job. They turned up with a bottle to say thanks for last night and popped it in the fridge when they had their morning tea so it was nice and cold.

I can see why you had to work late.

She smiled. Just that report. Robert wanted me to send over a copy so he could have a look over it at the weekend.

So, did they give you satisfaction as well as the wine?

Ha, ha, I was working.

And drinking. I know what you’re like.

What do you mean?

And your flashy undies. I can’t believe they didn’t try anything on with you.

Well, maybe they did. She was leaning back against the worktop, sipping on her gin and tonic and looking up at me. Would you have minded?

Too late now, I said.

Another one? She said. The gin was still in the kitchen.

Is that what you said at lunchtime? I asked.

She came closer, over to me holding out my refilled glass. Do you really want to know?

Yes.

Well, it was Gerry that started it. We had the wine and he bought the glass back over to the sink where I was rinsing the other ones. He came up behind me, put the glass down and I could feel him, sense he was close. He put his hands on my hips and said something about me being a great customer and good to work for. I turned round and he kissed me. I wasn’t expecting it, it was a surprise.

But you liked it?

Maybe, didn’t seem any harm in it. It was just a friendly clinch. He backed away as Wayne came in.

What did Wayne do?

He was laughing, saying something about him having a kiss too and I thought, well, why not. It’s harmless. I went towards him and kissed him but it was a bit more than just a kiss and his tongue was in my mouth and he was holding me tighter. Then Gerry came up behind me and I was sandwiched between them. I couldn’t stop myself then. And then Gerry put his hands down on my hips again and began to lift up my skirt while Wayne was still kissing me and stroking my breasts.

If you hadn’t said all that stuff to me the other day I could have stopped but I remembered it. I thought if he doesn’t mind and maybe he’ll enjoy me telling him about it. She ran her hands down the front of my suit trousers. Do you want to know more? she asked.

Go on, I said. I didn’t know how I felt but somehow I couldn’t stop wanting to know.

They led me into the sitting room. I couldn’t resist. Then Gerry was kissing me and I was lying out on the sofa and I can remember Wayne easing off my panties and felt his tongue on me. And then Gerry got his thing out, and I can remember thinking I’m not going to suck this and then, all of a sudden, he seemed to be in my mouth. I couldn’t stop myself, it made me come.

Was that it?

No, not quite.

What else? They rolled me over so then I could suck Wayne and my butt was up in the air and then I felt Gerry pushing hard into me. I remember him saying something about this being what I really wanted and I was gagging for it and then Wayne came in my mouth, suddenly young and hard, and Gerry pulled out spurting on my bum.

Fuck, it was hot, she said, just like you said it would be. She was unzipping my trousers, putting a hand in to my boxers, tugging rhythmically. It was what you wanted. I knew that. You wanted me fucked by two men. I was.

I couldn’t speak, I didn’t know what to say at first. Was it what I wanted? Had I encouraged it? I was just so confused by the moment. She was clearly excited and I wanted to have her. There was something primaeval about it and also anger mixed in. I stuck my hand between her thighs. She didn’t resist, she was excited and ready.

I turned her round, she bent over I pushed hard into her. She was wet. Now, I’m going to fuck you hard, I said. This is fuck Friday. I don’t know what made me say it. Maybe it was keeping up with her or just something in the moment. I expect also I’d been feeling a bit guilty about the doublecrossing. Anyway, I went on as I pumped into her. I had Stella today at work, at lunchtime, fucked her in the storeroom just like this while you were doing those two. She’s so fucking hot, I couldn’t stop.

Suddenly, she braced, stopped. You did what? she asked. She pulled away from me turned to face me. You fucked that big-titted fat tart, the one you say that everyone fancies? Tell me you didn’t!

My look must have given me away. You stupid, stupid bastard, she said.

Well, I knew what you were up to.

No you didn’t, you didn’t know anything.

But now you’ve told me.

You’re so stupid, she said. It wasn’t the first time was it? I was quiet. It wasn’t was it?

It wasn’t of course. I didn’t say anything for a moment. It was nothing, I said, nothing like having two men when your husband is at work.

Did you really think that I would do that? You are so completely fucking stupid. I just made that up, I thought you’d like it. Me and the builders had one glass of wine and they went. The rest is in the fridge. But you, you really had to go and fuck the office slut, didn’t you. And you had before the Christmas party. I could tell really. How long has it been going on? Months?

About a year, I said.

She pulled her clothes together, hurled the glass into the sink where it shattered.

I’m going out, she said.

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I live in a flat now in the town with Stella. My wife paid me off for the house as part of the settlement but it cost me a lot of money. Stella likes watching Eastenders and she is looking for a new job so I’m keeping her as well. She didn’t like being at work at the old place once she let the story out about the two of us. She’s put on quite a lot of weight as well now that she’s at home and when she gets grumpy she says she knows I still fancy that bitch of a wife of mine who got more than half because I was too easy on her. It hasn’t really worked out too well.