

Game

By Donna M.

“What’s the matter, honey?” Greg asked, seconds after he’d ejaculated.

“Nothing,” I answered. I wasn’t about to share post-coital candor with my husband.

He persisted. “C’mon, Pam, something’s the matter. You didn’t really want to make love? Is that it?”

Make love.

Was that what the past few minutes of grunting exertion was called? I remembered when ‘making love’ had been something different, something special. I remembered staggering orgasms—often doubles or triples—drenched in sweat and coursing with endorphins. I remembered a low murmur beginning somewhere at my core and working its way out of me as a full-fledged rapturous shriek. I remembered gasping inhalations, tingling nipples, throbbing nerve endings, swollen labia, skittering heartbeats. I remembered the total, utter release.

I remembered.

“Nothing’s wrong. Maybe you’re right; maybe I *wasn’t* in the mood. Don’t let it bother you,” I said, but I didn’t sound very convincing to my own ears, and he didn’t look convinced.

Greg collapsed onto his back next to me in bed. “If nothing’s wrong with you, maybe there’s something wrong with me. I guess I don’t satisfy you anymore.”

He didn’t, but that was more my problem than his. Greg was an adequate lover. Though working in a physical occupation he had always been more comfortable in the cerebral realm than in the corporal one. Too bad men’s

orgasms weren't more in the mind than in the groin, as with women's. However, I'd always been a great fantasizer. No matter the mood, when my husband fucked me I could be counted on to imagine I was with someone else: my favorite actor; the local news anchorman; the cute guy I saw at the store; one of Greg's fellow firemen. I imagined every single one of them taking me, without hesitation, without sensitivity, without mercy, ravaging body and soul and leaving me whimpering for more. How could I explain this to Greg? Not now, not ever.

"Don't make it personal, Greg. We're older now and maybe I don't feel as, you know, sexy or something."

"Pam...no fuckin' way have you lost any of your sexiness. Jesus! Mike can't go a day without commenting about how hot you are...like he's trying to get under my skin but I know he means it. No, it's not you, it's me," he declared as if it was his final testament.

Mike Jones. I thought *my, oh my, the firehouse stud talks about me!* Now that gets blood cooking and juices flowing! Unlike Greg, Mike didn't just reside in the physical world, he embraced it. The man was a lean, six-foot-two sculpture in sinew and skin. If there was a sport or physical activity out there, Mike's done it, and bragged about it more. He probably hasn't read a book since school, but then unlike Greg, that's not the world he lives in. I've included him in some of my fantasy mind-movies, wondering if his superb musculature extended toward his genitalia, and imagining it so.

Mike had never made any overt passes during times when we'd been at the same event. During a Christmas party two years ago that had been organized by local firemen, I had actually stumbled into Mike in a tipsy lack of aplomb, and felt how absolutely *solid* the man was. He acted embarrassed. I went home horny.

I broke my reverie and said, "When Mike says I'm hot what do *you* say?"

“I agree with him and let it drop. I know he’s trying to get my goat, that’s all.”

“Maybe that’s not all he’s trying to get,” I said.

“Look, hon, I know what he wants, okay? He thinks of himself as King Cock and I’m sure he’d love to claim you as one of his trophies.”

“Do you think of me as *your* trophy?”

Greg nuzzled closer. “You’re my ‘I’m-the-luckiest-man-in-the-world’ trophy. First Place all the way.” We kissed. I was aroused, but certainly not by the kiss alone, with thoughts of Mike Jones unable to escape my imagination. We fell asleep. Guess what I dreamed about.

I’m usually home from work before Greg. The next day when he came home from what sounded like a grueling shift, he surprised me by bringing up Mike Jones again.

“Let’s face it, I saw how turned on you were last night when I mentioned Mike’s interest,” he said with a slightly defeated expression. “I thought about it and came up with a solution. You’ve seen his new girlfriend, haven’t you? The goth chick Deanna with all the tattoos? I invited them over for a little pool party Saturday, the four of us.” He waited for a comment but I was speechless. “I figured you can see for yourself. Flirt with him if you want. Fuck him if you want. I’ve come to the conclusion if I can’t satisfy you then maybe I should let someone else do it.” Had I emasculated my husband *that* much through my blasé attitude toward sex with him that he was now pondering some perverted foursome, or worse?

I said all the right words. I told him I didn’t want another man. I told him I wasn’t interested in Mike. What I didn’t tell him was to call off the pool party. I realized how much Mike’s incessant teasing had gotten to him regardless of what he said, yet the fantasy that was Mike Jones couldn’t allow me to say no, and thus protect Greg’s self-esteem. The die had been cast.

Saturday was suddenly here. I wore my blue top, white bottom bandeau bikini, conservative and not very revealing. I didn't want to be throwing gasoline on an already spreading fire. I pulled on a pair of loose fitting gym shorts and steeled myself to be the gracious hostess—and whatever would happen in addition to those duties. I didn't want a scene, and I didn't want to hurt Greg either.

Deanna sure was one-of-a-kind. She seemed younger than we were, and the goth-black hair with peroxide highlights made her seem even younger still. Her entire upper body appeared to be inked. Later by the pool, I inadvertently gasped at the extent of her tattooed skin when she stripped down to a miniscule thong bikini. My body was white, dull and chubby compared to Deanna's lithe and colorful frame. *Why would Mike desire me over this girl?*

Greg grilled half a cow, at least that's what it looked like to me, as I hoped Deanna wasn't a vegetarian. After we ate we fixed drinks and retired to poolside.

The dynamics were intriguing, though perhaps I thought so only because of Greg forewarning me about a possible pass from Mike. Deanna was a smart gal. She and I ended up in great conversation I would never have anticipated from her appearance alone. As co-workers were apt to do, Mike and Greg mostly talked shop. I caught them conspiratorially looking at us a couple of times. Could Deanna be somehow 'in' on this whole thing, or was it some sort of gigantic hoax being pulled on me?

I was beginning to think 'hoax' when while we were up and fixing a new round of drinks Mike began to flirt. He told me how great I looked in my bikini. He stayed with me as we headed back to the pool. When he started with the horseplay, threatening to throw me in the pool so he could see how my nipples looked through my top when cold, I knew Greg had been right. He must have been urging Mike on, and the young buck was obliging him, now that

some liquor had relaxed his inhibitions.

Deanna was looking at him—at both of us—with perplexed curiosity, so I presumed she wasn't in on any sexual subplot after all.

When Mike asked, “How about you girls going topless, nobody can see back here?” he was looking at me, not Deanna.

She must have picked up on his tone, or maybe it was my facial expression, for she uttered “Holy shit!” under her breath before taking an almost involuntary step backward.

I think she figured out then what was going on. Neither one of us took Mike up on his dare though the drinks were loosening me up too. I looked over at Greg sitting in a lounge chair. His face revealed something between mirth and resignation. For the next half-hour or so the four of us traded conversation. Deanna conversed with Greg for a while. I wondered what they were talking about; surely not sex, though Mike may have been discussed. Mike's flirting kicked up another notch as he got closer to me and every once in a while would lightly touch me; an arm, my side, my exposed tummy all felt a brushing finger stroke.

It was working, of course. The man was chiseled, confident and insistent. I thought about what Greg had told me. About Mike's comments. About me.

“Maybe we can go for a swim now?” I said, almost in a whisper, close to him—real close.

I dove in and Mike followed. After swimming to me he touched me. Below the waterline, probably unseen by my husband or Deanna, he moved a hand up my thigh until he brushed my crotch. I gasped which may or may not have been heard by my husband or Deanna. Mike heard.

“I want you,” he whispered. “Your husband more or less said it was okay by him.” He reached around and brushed his fingers over the nape of my neck

before untying the halter strap of my bandeau top. I gasped again. “I think it’s okay by you too,” he added, still whispering.

He had me.

And he was going to have me.

I could hardly swim to the pool ladder. On shaky legs I climbed out, not worrying about the untied halter strap, since the bandeau-style bra was still cinched in back and my tits were keeping it from falling down. Barely. I noticed my nipples *did* show through.

Greg made appropriate comments about moving the party indoors. “Don’t worry about the wet suits,” he said to us, “They’ll dry soon enough.”

They’ll be off soon enough, I thought.

The pairing soon matched the new dynamic—Mike and I on the leather loveseat, Greg and Deanna on the sofa, not nearly as close together as Mike and I were. More drinks, more small talk. Mike moved ever so closer; his skin was hot against mine. How hot did mine seem to him? I had this crazy image in my head of my wet pussy acting like a suction cup on the leather surface of the loveseat if I didn’t have anything on. I almost laughed.

As I felt him against me, and smelled his musk, and sensed his strength, I grew more and more aroused. I was sure by then Mike could smell *my* musk.

Greg surprised me by asking Deanna if she wanted to swim. Deanna surprised me by saying yes. They went back out to the pool. Of course, it was not about swimming, it was about leaving me alone with Mike. Would Deanna and Greg get it on? That thought did something to me—made me hotter while pinging me with a bit of jealousy—yet what was *I* about to do?

“We’re alone now,” Mike said while reaching behind me to unclip my top.

The dam burst. The unleashed river flowed through. I breathlessly went for Mike. His hands explored me as our tongues met. When he discovered how wet I was he actually moaned.

“God, you are one hot woman!” he uttered while his fingers were probing my swollen clit and equally swollen—and soaking wet—inner labia.

For my part I was running my hands over his granite hard body, feeling every muscle, holding off on discovering the muscle I ultimately would have, and hoping it was as solid as the others.

He muttered, “Where?”

I whimpered, “Anywhere, here, now.”

I don’t remember taking off my bottoms but they somehow were off, as was his bathing suit. And suddenly there it was. I’d fantasized about his cock. He was surprisingly shorter than my husband though a little thicker, especially at the end, where his circumcised head looked very large and inviting. He was hard. Very hard. Dripping pre-cum like a leaky faucet. Breathlessly I pushed him back into the loveseat and mounted him. He sucked at my stiffened nipples as I slid down on his erect cock and began to slide up and down.

My pace quickened until I was uncontrollably screaming out in orgasmic glee.

He suddenly hoisted me off him and stood up, before lifting me upward and settling my throbbing cunt onto his swollen cockhead. He lowered me onto his shaft, and then with my legs supported by his strong arms and a hand cradling each of my ass cheeks, fucked me standing up. My arms were around his neck but he did all the work. I’d never been fucked like that—I’d never been with a man strong enough to pull it off. Mike proved strong enough.

Soon he groaned so I knew he was cumming, though his groan was pretty much drowned out by my second visit to climax-land,
“Ooooooooooooooooooooooh!”

Before we fell back to the loveseat, I glanced out to the patio in time to see a colorfully topless Deanna on her knees and giving Greg a blowjob. I couldn’t know what they had discussed earlier but I figured this was Deanna’s

“sympathy suck” or some such nonsense. Good for Greg.

“Damn, that was good, Pam,” Mike said, his hands still roaming, still exploring. “I can’t believe this...I’ve always wanted you, from the first time I saw you.”

“Can you get it up again?” I asked. Nothing like pressure; I was still in need.

“For you I can do anything,” he answered.

“Mmmmmm, I like that.” I went down on him. I can’t say it was prowess on my part though he was stiff in a couple of minutes.

I pulled him to the floor and on top of me. With my legs up and wide he got between them and penetrated me. His rhythm began at slow but that wasn’t good enough for me.

“Harder, deeper, faster, harder...” I cried as I wrapped my legs around his ass and urged him deeper. He was sapped by this time so he had difficulty in trying to match my insistence. I kept up a steady litany of pleas that harmonized with the thrusting of my hips. “Harder, faster...”

All of a sudden an array of colors entered my sex-hazed field of vision. Deanna’s tattooed tit was in my face and I went for her nipple. I suckled on her as Mike’s rhythm got a little stronger and steadier. Deanna joining in must have given him a second wind. Her twittering of pleasure couldn’t compete with my mewling cries for volume yet together we were quite a symphony. Where was Greg?

The frantic pair on the living room carpet had become a threesome as Deanna mounted my face, and my tongue snaked within her deliciously pussy. Somehow my tongue-tip found the textured surface of her g-spot and, along with the writhing push of her hips mashing her clit against my chin, set her off.

“...Oooooo... oooooo... oooooo... oooooo... OOOOOOOOOOOO!” She cried out. My face was showered by her hot juices.

Mike thrust as Deanna and I climaxed.

Since Deanna was straddling my face I couldn't see anything, though the cessation of her pleasure sounds suggested Mike and Deanna were kissing somewhere above me. Thankfully Mike never stopped thrusting. I kept cumming until the throbbing deep in my vagina signaled that he had joined me in climax.

Mike climbed off while Deanna and I continued to roll around on the floor, locked in sexual embrace. She nuzzled downward and began to nibble and tongue me. I had another small orgasmic wavelet, and when I looked down at her she was smiling, Mike's spent spunk on her lips.

I was overwhelmed by post-orgasmic glee to remember much detail of what followed. I recollect Deanna getting dressed then asking Greg for a ride home. I thought asking Greg was unusual until I realized she assumed Mike and I would get it on again, and maybe all night long. I hazily recollect getting a kiss from Deanna before they left.

My next truly conscious sensation came with Mike behind me in the shower. The hot water beat down upon me as he sensuously soaped and washed my sated body, concentrating on my breasts and vulva as only a man would. While he washed me he kept up a steady monologue.

"Oh, Pam, you're so amazingly hot. You don't know how often I dreamed about a day like this. I haven't been so horny...so able to get it up again and again...since I was a jerk-off teen looking at my dad's Playboys. And you and Deanna...wow, that was hot too. I still can't believe Greg let this happen. God, you're so hot!..."

His muscled physique held me close as he stroked my crotch while continuing to express his disbelief. Under the hot shower spray I was ready again.

"Oh God, Pam," he said, not much above a moan, as he once more

touched off my arousal; his fingertips dipped in wetness. I felt his cock twitch and grow erect.

I murmured, “Fuck me again.”

A bitch in heat.

He half-pushed, half-carried me to the bedroom adjacent to the bathroom—mine and Greg’s, the marriage bed—and still wet from the shower, propped me up on hands and knees and entered me from behind. He had a firm grip on my hips as he plunged slow and steady.

“Pam...oh...Pam...oh...” he kept repeating, almost in rhythmic time with his thrusting pelvis. “Your ass...your cunt...so tight...so warm...oh...”

Normally I’d think *so bullshit*, but not now. I was about to cum.

“Pam?” my husband’s tentative voice came from the bedroom doorway.

I caught sight of myself reflected in the dresser mirror. I saw what my husband saw: his wife, on her knees, soaked from the shower and sex-fueled sweat; hair a wet and tangled mass, half in her face; mouth open and ready to scream, being brought to orgasm by another man. Before he ducked away—I guessed in shame—I made eye contact and mouthed “sorry.” Was I?

I screamed and convulsed in another spectacular climax.

“Oh...oh...oh...Pammmmmmm,” he moaned. Then, like he’d seen way too many porn movies, he rolled me onto my back and hovering over me gave me a facial. Thankfully he was pretty spent by that time so it wasn’t much of a cumshot.

I got off the bed to go fetch a towel so I could clean off. Mike kept talking from the bed. “Baby, you’ve got game, let me tell you,” he said. “I’ve never been with a woman who came like you do. Oh yeah, you’re a gamer. I wish I could go all night...”

I tuned him out. ‘Got game?’ ‘A gamer?’ During all the Michael Vick brouhaha a couple of years ago I had heard those types of things said about the

poor fighting dogs—saying they had ‘game’ when they’d keep fighting even though mortally wounded. Mike may have thought he was flattering me, but I didn’t much think so. The words that popped into my head were more like ‘whore’ and ‘slut’ and the like. Greg’s expression when he saw us was burned into my brain, and most likely would be for a long, long time.

“It’s time to go home, big boy.”

“Can’t I spend the night?” he asked.

“Hey, look, I enjoyed all of it...obviously...but you’re not my husband, and only he spends the night in *this* bed.”

In an almost little boy’s voice he asked, “Can we do this again?”

“We’ll see. Now go get dressed and get out of here, okay?” I hoped my smile would take the edge from my voice.

Mike went home, and I went in search of Greg. He was sitting on the sofa exactly where he sat earlier, this time in the dark.

I said, “Come to bed, hon.”

“I’ll be up in a little while.”

His ‘little while’ turned out to be forty-five minutes. I stayed awake, waiting for him. I’d brushed my hair, trying to get some of the disheveled tangles out so Greg wouldn’t have a visual clue to remember what he’d had to witness earlier. I pondered my words, hoping to choose the right ones, but he spoke first when he came into the bedroom.

“Pam, I know you’re gonna try to smooth the whole thing out. It’s your way. But facts are facts; it’s all my fault for starting this with Mike. I know I haven’t been the lover you wanted and you just proved it. I haven’t seen you like tonight for so long. We have to figure out where we go from here. Maybe you’ll want to sleep with Mike more often. Maybe other men; I don’t know...”

I kissed him on the cheek and then said, “Not now. No decisions. No recriminations. You’re my husband. I love you. Let’s sleep on it and take a fresh

look at everything in the light of a new day.”

The look of simple resignation was still on his face as he climbed under the sheets and fell asleep. I couldn’t. I kept seeing the look on Greg’s face as he saw me in that state. Had I emasculated him that much, that he was ready to ‘pimp’ me out to his friend in order to keep me sexually fulfilled? I saw it now. As I’d admitted to myself before, I was the problem not Greg. Thinking back on our years of marriage he was always a conscientious lover. I was the one who wanted something I didn’t have, something unattainable, a fantasy that could never be, something someone like Mike couldn’t deliver. For all his strength and physique, Mike turned out to be quite an ordinary lover. Except for the standing up thing, he didn’t do anything for me physically that Greg had done many times over. The difference was in my head—I willed it to be—my fantasy. I should be fantasizing about being with the best man I knew, one who took care of me, loved me. I should have been concentrating on Greg, not an illusion. I shouldn’t have let this mess happen.

I needed to fix things. I had a plan.

At breakfast, I laid it out for Greg—my game. “This is what I want to do. You guys have Friday night off, so I want Mike over here...both of you...to play a little game. Call it Pam’s sex game. The winner gets to have me. The loser gets to watch.”

I could see him getting frustrated, and maybe angry, but I cut off any objection and continued, “I’m gonna be home first. I’ll tape down some of the drapes and curtains to keep out as much ambient light as possible, and there won’t be much of a moon so it should be pretty dark anyway. Then I’m gonna get naked and wait for you two. When you come in I want both of you to strip—completely—and come looking for me. In the dark. I might even play with myself a little. Get aroused enough to put out a little scent,” I said then laughed.

He said, “So, that’s what we’re reduced to? Playing sex games? Well, if

that's how you want your jollies, then so be it. But this is the one and only time, got it?"

I got it. I spelled out some more parameters for Friday night. Then I asked Greg the question I'd been dying to ask. "So, what was Deanna like? I saw you two out by the pool. Did you get anything else beside a blow job?"

My question drew a smile though it was half-hearted at best. "She gives good head, for someone who loves girls," he said.

"Huh? She's a lesbian? How can that be? She was with Mike, and they..."

"Yeah, she told me. I guess she could be considered bi, but let me tell you something. All the while she kept telling me how hot you looked and how she wanted you, and dammit I think she was jealous of Mike. That's why she joined in; she couldn't help herself." Greg sighed, and then added, "I even had to share you with another woman."

"Well, you'll just have to 'win' me Friday. Then you can lord it all over Mike and show him that I'm all yours."

He muttered under his breath, "A marriage reduced to fucking games." I heard it but ignored it. I knew my plan.

The week went by; obviously, no sex. Greg was civil yet reserved. I began having doubts about my strategy, though I knew deep down it would work. It was up to me to make it work since it was my fault to begin with.

On Friday I rushed home from work to get the house ready. I was too keyed up to think about dinner, so I didn't eat, instead going from room to room rearranging curtains and drapes to keep out as much light as possible, in some cases taping them down with masking tape. After surveying my work, I checked the time and acknowledged there was enough for me to shower before the men showed up. As I'd hinted to Greg, I did finger myself in the shower; working toward an orgasm but backing away before I got there. I toweled dry then sat on my bed and waited for the sounds of an opening door.

The combination of my anticipation with the self-propelled foreplay had me right on the edge. I didn't have to feel myself to know I was wet. Besides, my nipples stiffened and tingled: a sure sign.

There is a niche in our spare bedroom formed by the placement of a closet door and a tall chest of drawers. I went to that spot as soon as I heard one of the men climb the stairs. Before then I'd waited at the top of stairs and eavesdropped on what little conversation they had as they undressed.

I had my secret tactic: Greg always wore the same aftershave. I figured I could smell it from across a room easily enough. The man who'd come upstairs first had a different scent. Men can be so dumb sometimes. The man I thought to be Mike stopped at the threshold of the pitch-black room. I think he was sniffing too. I'd purposely avoided soap in the shower and hadn't worn cologne all day. I was hoping that was enough. I heard the man take a few tentative steps into the room before he bumped into a piece of furniture and uttered a curse under his breath. Confirmed: this was Mike.

I heard him leave the room and I finally took a deep breath. The guys wandered around a while. In the meantime I moved from the spare bedroom to the master bedroom and waited in my vanity chair. After about a minute I heard someone swear downstairs; must be a stubbed toe or a barked shin.

One of them came to the bedroom door. Different smell; this was my husband. He walked slowly into the dark room while I rose from the chair and met him halfway. We bumped chests and he said, "Ah, there you are."

His arms encircled me and he pulled me to him. Our lips came together. Our tongues darted in each other's mouth. When our lips finally parted I whispered, "I knew you'd find me. I'm yours, and I always will be."

We went downstairs, and when we put on a light found Mike stumbling out of the kitchen. Greg motioned him to follow us to the living room. "You sit over there, buddy," he said, pointing to a chair.

I said, perhaps louder than I had to for Mike's sake, "Fuck me now, Greg, do me now!"

Greg smiled and said, "Whatever my wife wants."

He sat me on the sofa and went down between my legs. His tongue moved lazily around my clitoris and labia, never staying in one place, teasing, tantalizing—and working! Just as his tongue-tip pressure picked up (and my breathing nearly stopped) he pulled his tongue back and began lightly sucking on my clit. Oh, God, my clit must be fat, swollen and out there, for I swear he was giving me clit-fellatio! I've been told my clitoris was more prominent than with most women, and an old boyfriend told me it did look like a little cock when aroused. Greg was taking advantage of my special little gift, a gift Mike had apparently never noticed.

I lost control: my legs twitched, my back arched and a low moan escaped my lips as he kept the clit blow-job going. When I felt him let up a bit, I moaned, "No! Don't stop! I'm so close..."

Greg stopped anyway. He moved from between my legs and scooted up to kiss me. His tongue was coated with my juice. He knew I would taste it. This was more teasing foreplay and it was working splendidly. A flutter went through my lower abdomen; a precursor to an excellent orgasm. I reached down, frantically searching for my husband's cock, and found it hard. Extremely hard, and dripping a rivulet of pre-cum.

"Fuck me now, dammit!" I groaned.

Greg turned me over and positioned me on hands and knees. He taunted me a bit with the head of his cock, so much so I threw my hips backward in an attempt to impale my hot and yearning pussy on his shaft. I heard him chuckle as he backed away enough to thwart my attempt before returning to the tease.

I said again, this time louder than a groan, "Fuck me now!" and added, "Please!"

Greg obliged by entering me. He had a strong hand on each hip as he went slowly and deep. My hips were involuntarily thrusting backwards to meet him but his hands firmly held me.

I heard myself muttering “Yes” over and over again, interspersed with the occasional “Ooof” or “Aaah” or “God.”

I also heard Mike mutter “Oh my God” as he sat there and watched—and most likely imagined he was buried in my cunt as Greg now was. Offhand, I wondered if he would jerk-off.

Greg kept up his steady rhythm; several quick bursts followed by one or two long, slow thrusts. I kept at my singing, with my climax coming on quickly. Greg knew I was almost there, for he pulled me up to him, switched his hands from my hips to my breasts, and kissed me just below the nape of my neck.

“Oh...Pam...I love you...I’m...cumming!” he groaned.

“Meeeeeeeeee tooooooooooo!” I bellowed as a most spectacular orgasmic wave spilled over me. I felt my abdomen scrunch up in a big contraction before all tension released from my body. I shook and screamed again, it felt that great.

By the time we paid any attention to Mike, he was cleaning up his spilt ejaculate and hurriedly getting dressed. He appeared embarrassed, and except for a few pleasantries and a “Have a good night” he didn’t say much as he made a quick exit.

“He said it. Are you ready to have a good night?” I said to my darling husband.

“You mean there’s more?” He joked.

Oh yes, there was much more. We fucked as many times as he could recharge, and that turned out to be quite a bit. Every position, every place, every intensity. My orgasms that night surpassed anything I’d had with Mike. By morning we were sore and tired—and sated.

From that night forward, I made sure I remembered the part I played in

my own sexual fulfillment. My husband had always been a good lover, but I hardly did my part, fantasizing about what I didn't have instead of what I did. Besides a renewal of the sexual part of our marriage, Greg and I learned the value of a little "game" now and then. Mike had been correct after all. I was a 'gamer' and Greg loved it.

On Sunday, Greg asked me, "You still have that little plaid miniskirt? Maybe we can play 'schoolgirl-and-the-teacher' tonight?"

Ooh yeah, another fun game!

© 2009

Donna M.

You can e-mail me at boredbutstillhot@yahoo.com

All feedback is welcome!

Click [here](#) to return to my story site