## **Spanking Scarlett**

## by Dutch Boy

It's funny how there's no mistaking when a marriage has turned bad, but it's almost impossible to forensically pinpoint that exact moment where the last surplus of goodwill dipped into the red and never recovered.

Truth be told, a marriage that's on-the-rocks zigs and zags past the Mendoza line for a while. Then one day it just breaks bad and never sees sunshine again. There's an old saying that "a ton of feathers will crush you just the same as a ton of bricks." There are a lot of feathers in a marriage; a ton of small intangibles. Hard to say when that last feather floated down and landed on the three mile-high column of feathers you'd already been carrying around on your head, finally flattening you.

Best I can deduce, it all went wrong when Scarlett's ex husband, Willis, moved to San Diego for a job. That definitely seemed like an upswing at the time, to be rid of that asshat. Things in Bozeman were great for awhile for Scarlett and myself. Scarlett's two girls? Not so much. They adored their father and didn't have much love for stepdad. Me.

Peyton and Jules (real name: Judith, after Willis' mom) were eleven and thirteen at the time. Willis did everything he could to make it hard on me. He told the girls that they didn't have to listen to a damn thing I said. "He's not the boss of you."

Perfect. Just perfect. Shitty little thirteen year old brat who was already a bullion cube of attitude on her best day: "You're not the boss of me, Alan!"

"Just eat your nuggets, Jules." I sighed and shook my head. "For fucks sake." I was always shaking my head. If you saw me sitting in a Burger King with Peyton and Jules, you'd think I had Parkinson's, I shook my head so much. All I needed was a tattoo across my forehead that said "RUSTOLEUM."

"I got the boy toy!" Peyton held up some character from the new Pixar movie I didn't recognize. "It's The Underminer!"

"That's great," I mumbled, checking Friend Finder on my phone to see how far away Scarlett was from the restaurant. I was forty minutes into "Dad Duty" and already looking to tap out.

"It's not great!" Peyton shouted. That's when I noticed that her face was flushed. "Why did they give me a boy toy! I'm a girl!"

"Hey, stop shouting." I took note of all the other diners looking at us. "It's no big deal."

"Do I look like a boy?" Peyton shouted. "Do I, Alan?"

Honestly, with that stupid short pixie haircut Willis got her, she kind of did.

"Naw you look like girl but you sound like a bullhorn, Peyton. Can you please turn it down to a four, Honey?" I made the dial-twisting motion with my thumb and forefinger. "It's just a toy. I think they are unisex toys anyway."

"I don't want a gay toy!" Peyton was not appeased. "I want a girl toy!"

"What? No, 'unisex' doesn't mean gay. It means it's for... Oh for fucks sake, give it to me." I was sighing again. "I'll see if they have another piece of plastic with boobs on it. For fucks sake."

Glorious. The kid behind the counter said there was only one new plastic character every week. It was The Underminer or no toy at all. I shuffled back to the table in defeat.

"Sorry, Peyton," I pushed the toy back across the table. "That's the only one they've-- Jules, where did your nuggets go?"

"I ate 'em."

"And the box too?"

Jules shrugged.

"Where's your tray?"

"I dunno."

I looked under the table. Her tray and food was on the disgusting floor. "Oh for fucks sake, kid! That's your dinner!"

"I'm not hungry." Jules slumped against her palm, elbow on the table.

Jules was hungry. She had wanted iHop pancakes for dinner. Peyton wanted Burger King. Nine times out of ten, Jules got her way. We always did it Jules's way. Her restaurant. Her movie. Her favorite store at the mall. Her awful parmesan-flavored salt on the movie popcorn. Little Peyton was sick of being pushed aside and I was sick of pushing Peyton aside for her ungrateful sister. And now Peyton was pissed because the one time she finally got some respect, fucking Burger King had the fucking Underminer - whoever the fuck that was -- in their Kids' Meal.

Lose-lose.

"We're not going to open Mom's Diner right before bed because you didn't eat your nuggets," I growled. 'Mom's Diner' was family code for raiding the refrigerator or trying to get Scarlett to cook pizza rolls because the kids didn't want to eat what was on the dinner table.

"Hey family!"

I didn't even see Scarlett come through the restaurant door. She dropped her purse on the padded bench seat next to me and surveyed the scene. She looked worn out. She was wearing a sharp business suit with a houndstooth skirt and jacket that made her beautiful red hair shine like a torch by contrast. I remembered that morning she had dressed for a big presentation. Some guy from corporate was flying in to present an important Powerpoint deck to the Inside Sales team. Her high heels were redder than her hair and sexy AF.

"Why aren't you eating, Jules?" Now my wife looked worn out and perturbed.

"I wanted a Whopper Junior with cheese," Jules sulked. "Alan wouldn't get me what I wanted."

My mouth opened, but Scarlett was already on me. "You didn't get her dinner, Alan?"

"Yes, I got her dinner!" I said defensively. "She threw it on the floor. Look!"

Scarlett looked under the table and then back at me with question marks for pupils. I looked down and the tray was gone. Somehow Jules had slid it somewhere with her feet.

"It was right there!" I said.

Scarlett pinched the bridge of her nose. "Alan..." Her other hand waved a little "I can't even..." circle in the air. "Alan, you had one job. Can you please get the kids some freaking food and me a salad. I need to talk to you about something important when we get home."

I pointed at Jules. "I asked you what you wanted. You said you didn't care. I said 'Do you want chicken nuggets?' You said 'I don't care.'"

Jules rolled her eyes. "I said 'I want a Whopper Junior.' You were just screwing with your phone and not paying attention."

"That's not what you said." I felt my face flush.

"That's exactly what I said!" Jules shouted. "Peyty heard me. She'll tell you! Tell mom, Peyty! Tell her I said I wanted a Whopper Junior."

I looked at Peyton, wondering if she'd tell the truth or play along with Jules's ruse.

"Stupid Burger King thinks I'm a boy!" Peyton threw The Underminer in a puddle of ketchup on her tray. The ketchup splashed onto my shirt collar.

"Alan!" Scarlett hissed through clenched teeth.

I slid out of the bench seat and walked to the counter. I ordered a Whopper Junior with cheese and a Caesar Salad. Scarlett ate the salad and most of the hamburger that Jules didn't touch.

\*\*\*\*

Scarlett had a huge closet all to herself. (My closet was in an the spare bedroom that I claimed as my mancave.)

She undressed down to bra and panties and clipped her suit back onto hangers. I sat on the padded Horchow dressing bench in the middle of the big closet. Christ, it had been a minute since we had sex and watching her stacked little package sashay around in her skivvies was mesmerizing. I watched Scarlett swish back and forth around the big closet waiting for her to start talking about whatever was so important. I tried not to be too obvious about staring at those juicy tits busting out of the top of her lacy brassiere. I won't lie, it moved a little.

She was facing me when her hands both went to the back of her head to pull out a hair clippy thing she wore to work when she wanted to look professional. She struggled with the clip, her elbows pointing at the ceiling, and for a second I was sure her big knockers were going to pop out the top of that brassiere. A big wave of long auburn hair washed over her shoulders as her elbows finally dropped. She instinctively fluffed the curtains of red hair with her hands.

"So," she finally broke the silence. "You remember me telling you about the new Life Science umbrella division that corporate was going to migrate to Austin?"

I nodded.

She continued. "Well that went down in flames. Mystic is inking a supply chain deal with Anda."

"Aw shit," I shrugged. "That sucks, Baby. I'm sorry."

"Yeah," Scarlett sighed. "It sucks. Definitely sucks." Scarlett reached behind her back and unsnapped her bra. She pulled it off and absently scratched at her right nipple, oblivious to the laser burns my eyes were beaming at those beautiful perky nips. My mouth began to water.

"But get this," Scarlett's hands went to her hips. "Danvers locks in exclusive North American supply chain rights to both Latitude and Traycon. And he's freaking negotiating with Bioserve too."

I nodded. I had no idea what the fuck she was talking about. I was hypnotized by her big round tits bouncing around with every gesture. "So that's good, right?"

"That's fantastic!"

"Super," I smiled. "Congratulations."

"Combined, those three companies would bill more than GSK does.We could double target revenue in two years."

"Great!"

"Alan," Scarlett said tersely. Her auburn left eyebrow took the shape of a Cardinal in flight. "You have no idea what I'm saying, do you?"

"More business. More sales. I'm guessing you're going to have to travel more?"

Scarlett blinked. "Alan, I've been offered Regional Sales Manager."

"Wow!" I stood and hugged my wife. She didn't exactly hug back, but I pressed hard into those bare boobs anyway.

"But..." Scarlett growled and backed me up with her perfectly manicured nails, "I'd have to move."

It didn't get past me that she just said "I'd have to move" and not "we'd have to move."

"To Texas?" I asked.

Scarlett rubbed her face. "You don't remember anything I ever tell you."

"Whah?"

"Latitude, Traycon, and Bioserver are all in California."

"Oh." I was shocked. It was a punch. I had gone to college in California. I didn't like it much, and that was back when real estate was only ridiculously expensive and taxes were only insanely high.

And that's when she looked me in the eye and said it. "San Diego, California."

I slumped.

Scarlett set her jaw. Her green eyes were dark. "We're opening a sales office in San Diego and they've asked me to move there. Dalton and Dillon think I could be a VP in a couple years."

I wanted to throw up.

"And of course, it would simplify things for the girls," Scarlett said.

"Not so much for us," I said. Willis hadn't been gone that long. Last thing I wanted was for to have that fucknut on my porch three days a week picking up the girls.

"Alan, you're a freelance writer. You can work from anywhere with Wi-Fi. This isn't a big deal."

"Oh wow, so you've already decided, huh?" I said.

"Of course not. You're my husband. I want your input."

I looked at Scarlett. I measured her expression. She had already decided and she didn't want me to input anything into her. Not even my dick. Especially my dick.

\*\*\*\*

I liked Montana: The big vistas, big winters. I didn't hunt, but I liked the vibe of Bozeman during Deer Season. I loved the eco tourists in the Summer who came to hike. I love the kids in their beater cars who stopped to buy organic groceries on their way to Seattle. Liked them even more when they left. Sometimes the hipster girls were cute, but the young girls were always paired with a young guy who looked like a tackle box exploded on his face.

I stood on our back deck and watched the mountains eat the sunset. It got cold fast, still being April.

For the first time I seriously asked myself if it wasn't the moment to just cut my losses and talk to Scarlett about a divorce. We were already on tilt and California was only going to make that worse. Displacing the girls from their friends and plugging them into the Bitch Charging Station that was their father three times a week was only going to make it worse. I was quite low and melancholy.

My mobile rang and the screen told me that it was my favorite person in the whole world: Spellman "Speed" Spitsbergen. Speed had been a buddy of my older brother, Max. He hung out around our house in Cleveland when we were kids. He always treated me well. Better than my asshole brother treated me sometimes. He was the cool kid in my orbit, too cool for Max. I liked him as a kid and when he came to Max's funeral, we immediately hit it off. He called me every three or four months between his Security contracts. Max was kind of a spook-for-hire. His claim-to-fame was that he was supposed to be one of the contractors in the Benghazi CIA outpost who ended up at the embassy before the embassy was overrun. But Speed's flight out of Turkey was grounded for mechanical problems. We'd spent a couple years debating on whether he missed out on being famous, or dead-and-famous.

That kind of spook. The kind with a lot of camo shirts.

"Spudly," Speed laughed into the phone. I don't know why he called me Spudly. That was his nickname for me when I was a kid.

"Hey Speed," I felt better already.

"How's everything in Big Sky, brah?"

I swallowed. "Great. You stateside?"

"Almost."

"Where are you?"

"Can't tell you, brah."

"Oh that's right," I said. "Sorry."

"No worries. I want to get together. Take you and that hot-ass redhead out to dinner."

"Absolutely. When?"

"Don't know yet. Maybe a couple weeks. Maybe a couple months."

I laughed. "You are nowhere near the States, are you? You're in a 'Stan somewhere, bodyguarding some bearded guy who smells like Chicken Shish and hookah."

Speed laughed hard. "Brah, if you only knew how close that was to the exact truth. How are the girls?"

I paused. "Same as always."

"Sorry to hear that," Speed said. "I thought maybe things would improve for you a little bit after Douchebagel moved to San Diego."

There were no secrets between Speed and I. He knew the story. Most of it.

"Yeaaaaah," I moaned. "About that..." And then I told him about Scarlett's promotion and the impending move.

"Holy fucking shit," Speed said. "Did you like run over God's dog or sumpthin? You have the worst fucking luck of any sumbitch I know. And I know some sumbitches on six continents, brah."

"Just fucking brutal," I said.

"Red still traveling a lot for work?" Speed asked.

"Sure, sure. A week ago Connecticut. Three weeks ago Dallas."

"Dallas, huh? Did you say Dallas?"

"Yep. Big D. Why do you ask?"

"Sorry. Too much ordinance exploded too close to my ears. I'm going deaf. Hang on. Let me grab a notepad." The phone clunked and Speed returned a moment later. He asked me some weird non sequitur questions about Willis. Like where he lived and where he worked. I was so clueless I didn't think to ask why. Then Speed shifted the subject back to the Cleveland Browns and we bitched for fifteen minutes about that before he had to go.

"Keep your chin up," Speed said before hanging up. "Every firefight ends. If you're still standing, you've won. But the trick is just to be where the bullets aren't for as long as it takes."

"Love is a battlefield," I said.

"Lame, Spudly," he said. "Laaaaaamme-oooh."

"Fuck you," I smiled.

"Later." He was gone.

\*\*\*\*

Nine weeks later -- to the day -- I was packing boxes to move.

Scarlett and the girls were in San Diego to house hunt... After she took the girls to Willis's funeral. Well, technically it was just a memorial service thing. Very small. Willis didn't have much in the way of family, and none that lived west of the Mississippi River. Mutherfucker got shot! No shit! Motherfucker got carjacked and shot! Dead! As a fucking mackerel!

Sorry to be glib about it, but that guy was a dick. My luck was turning around. That was a huge burden off my shoulders. The girls were a mess, sure, but the girls were always a mess.

The Ring doorbell app buzzed on my mobile phone. I didn't answer it because the fucking app never worked. And besides, by the time the camera finally kicked on, the package was delivered and the delivery truck was rolling out of frame in the background. Nobody ever came to the door anyway except for UPS and FedEx. I just kept packing my tool pegboard.

My Ring app buzzed again, which was weird. That never happened. I was standing in the garage next to the manual garage door button so I pressed it. The garage door trundled upward to reveal a modest Prius in my driveway with a young local sitting behind the wheel. Speed stuck his head around the edge of the garage door.

"Well that was a glaring security malfunction," he smiled. "If you were my tango, you would have just tied a bow around your own ass and jumped onto the lap of Jesus."

"Speed! What are you doing here?"

Speed waved to the kid in the Prius and the kid backed down the driveway. It had been an Uber or a Lyft. "Here to help you pack, brah," he said. "Can't believe the fam left you here to do it all yourself."

"I'm just packing the picky stuff," I said. "Stuff I don't want broken by the movers when they come to pack. Dude, if I knew you were coming, I'd have had the guest bedroom ready for you. The whole house is a wreck."

"Brah, I've slept in tree. Literally slept tied to the top of a pine tree with a 107 Barrett for a pillow. If you've got a carpeted floor in the house and a fluffy towel I can roll under my head, that's a goddamn luxury to me." Speed grabbed one of the empty cardboard boxes stacked against the wall and the tape gun hanging from the handle of the lawn mower. "Where do I start? What's the mission? What's the objective, Major?"

\*\*\*\*

Not only was Speed an amazing buddy to help me wrap up the house, but he had no place to be for a long time. Speed would not define what "a long time" meant, but he clearly didn't have to be anywhere anytime soon. After the movers packed up the house and I signed the mortgage papers to complete the sale to the new owners, Speed rode shotgun with me in the Audi on my journey to San Diego. He was going to help us unpack at the new apartment Scarlett leased, and get the rest of the boxes into a storage locker.

What a mensch.

We talked a lot in the car. I thought it was going to be a two-day trip, but Speed suggested we take turns driving and sleeping and doing it in one 18 hour banzai run from Yellowstone to TJ.

I had gotten used to Speed always sporting some variety of mountain man beard, but he had trimmed it back to perfect Don Draper stubble, the shave line high on his jaw. He was picking up lines at the corners of his eyes and a tiny wisp of grey in the temples of his exceptionally (for Speed) short haircut. I never noticed before how much he looked like Tom Brady. And that hurt, because I fucking despise Tom Brady.

I'm tall (6' 2") and thin. I'm the kind of "thin" that no high school boy ever wants to be, but as an adult, it's a nice advantage. I wear dress shirts well.

I'm not exactly sure how tall Speed is, but I look up at him. I'm guessing 6' 5" or 6' 6". He's not fat, but he's a big man.

Scarlett's nickname for Speed (when talking to me) was "Taliban Kaczynski." Fair enough. His tall frame was lean and muscular, but his hair and facial hair trended more toward the look of a mountain man or a Yemeni suicide bomber. I hadn't seen his jaw so well defined in years. Scarlett often remarked on Speed's "soulful eyes," but Scarlett wasn't a fan of facial hair. She seemed to appreciate Speed's charm offensive, but could never get past the beard. I grew a moustache one No-Shave-November a few years back and I got even less pussy than I normally did until it went swirling down the bathroom sink.

"Man," Speed shook his head, "Condé Nast used to be The Shit."

"Used to," I nodded. "Era of the twenty-thousand dollar Vanity Fair exposé is over. Bret Easton Ellis can't even score than kind of cheddar any more."

Speed was always fascinated to talk about the publishing industry. I suspected he was working on some memoirs about his military contracting, but he wouldn't admit it.

"Anything new about the option on your book?" Speed asked.

I shook my head. "Imagine is still camped on it, but there's no buzz. I think they are going to let the option expire. Some young chick I never heard of at A24 told my agent she's interested. But after all this time, I don't believe rumors, I just let it all roll. When I see a check, I'll start thinking about how to spend the money."

"And your other book?"

"Which other book?"

"The first one. The award one."

"Still selling," I shrugged. "A few high schools and colleges have picked it up, and that kind of read can cement royalties in place for a couple generation. Keeping the lights on."

"So who makes more?" Speed smiled. "You or Scarlett?"

I had to think about this. "From a tax standpoint, it's almost even," I said. "But my money tends to come in one or two big tidal waves every year. Scarlett's commissions fill in the gaps. Makes it a lot easier to budget."

"So if you were going to pull the parachute and get divorced," Speed said, "sounds like the time to do it would be right after your movie option expires, but before it's picked up again."

"If it's picked up again."

"It'll happen," Speed said. "It's an awesome novel. You've got a following. It'll happen. You'll walk that red carpet one day."

"Thanks man," I sighed. "But in the meantime it would be sure nice to walk Scarlett's 'red carpet' once in a while, if you know what I mean."

Speed shook his head in the negative and made that disapproving expression of his. "Dude, I keep telling you. The reason you're not getting any is because you're not taking any. You gotta grab her by the hair and bend her over the couch, man. Chicks love that shit. Chicks respect that shit."

"That's not Scarlett," I muttered.

"It's every woman," Speed said. "Or ninety-five percent of women, anyway. And I'll take those odds."

"Scarlett is the five percent," I said. "You don't know her like I do."

"I'd love to know her like you do," Speed smiled. "That is one hot piece of ass, brah."

"Go for it," I shrugged. "Not like I'm using it anyway."

"Careful what you say, brah," Speed said. "I might take you up on it."

The car lapsed into an awkward silence.

"You ever spank her, brah?" Speed asked.

"Scarlett?" I laughed. "Uh, no. Not hardly."

Speed looked out the window at Idaho blurring by. "Well that's your problem, brah."

There was another long silence. Minutes. Finally I had to bite.

"And what would that problem be, Speed?"

Speed turned to look at me. "Brah, quick quesh. Don't think too much about it. I'm going to ask you a question and you just blurt out the answer after I ask. You ready?"

"Sure."

"Who's the boss in your marriage? You or Red?"

I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

"Oh come on. Stop thinking. Just answer."

"I... Uh... Well we're equals," I said.

Speed rolled his eyes and dramatically wagged his head back and forth. "See, that's exactly your problem, Spudly. Either she's the boss and you won't admit it..."

"She's not the boss," I grumbled.

Speed repeated himself, "Either she's the boss and you won't admit it... And if so, that's cool. Nothing wrong with that as long as you know that's the way it is and that's the way you want it. Or, the other possibility is that she thinks you are supposed to be the boss, but you aren't stepping up. So she steps up. Which pisses her off and makes her resentful. Which pisses you off. Which pisses her off. It's a self-perpetuating cycle."

I didn't say anything.

"No such thing as 'equal' in a marriage, Spudly. A ship can't have two captains and an A.O. can't have two X.O.s. You can be partners, sure. You can treat each other with respect, sure. But when tough decisions have to be made, there's a Chief and there's an Indian."

"And you," I said calmly, "who has spent all of twenty hours in a room with my wife and I, you know that Scarlett is the Chief and I'm the Indian."

"I did not say that," Speed said. "I said that if you don't have roles defined, then everybody leads which really means nobody leads and nobody moves forward. What you aren't hearing right now, brah, is that I'm telling you: maybe she doesn't want to be the Chief. Maybe that's why she's bitchy."

"I don't think that's right," I said.

"Dude," Speed was almost pleading, "when the subject of moving to California came up, did she tell you you were moving? Or did she ask you if you wanted to move?"

"We discussed it."

Speed rolled his eyes again. "And during this discussion, did she ever ask you if you wanted to move? Like a question? 'Alan do you want to move to California?' Like that?"

"Not exactly."

"Right," Speed nodded. "And at any point in this discussion, did you say..." Speed changed his voice to sound the way black comedians imitate white people, "'Honey, yaknow this promotion thing of yours is swell, but I really don't want to live in San Diego.' Did you say that?"

I shook my head no.

"Nobody is boss," Speed nodded and slouched in the leather seat. "Everybody is the boss and nobody is the boss and everybody is equal and everybody is equally unhappy."

"And what does spanking have to do with this?"

Speed looked at me like I just didn't get it. "Brah. When there's a spanking, there's one spanker and one spankee, and when the spanking stops, there's one burning red ass and one burning red palm and not a GODDAMN doubt about who is the Chief and who is the Indian."

"And what if she walks in the other room, slams the door, locks it, packs her suitcase and moves out?" I asked.

"Then, like I said, there's no doubt about who the Chief is. If she walks, then the Chief isn't you, brah. And it never was."

\*\*\*\*

"You're early!" Scarlett blinked.

"Yeah. Drove straight through." I looked around my new apartment. Somehow I expected more for the rent we were paying. "I figured you were watching my dot on the Friends app."

"Didn't even think about that." Scarlett was blinking at Speed like she did not recognize him.

"Heyya, Red," Speed smiled.

"Spellman? Oh shit!" Scarlett looked as if she'd seen a ghost. She recovered. "Speed, I didn't recognize you without your beard! How are you?"

They hugged. Speed stepped back and pointed to a line on the underside of his jaw that I hadn't noticed. "Yeah, I had some surgery on my jaw and had to shave off my mug rug. Just been keeping it clean ever since. Mostly."

"Yeah," Scarlett smiled. She hadn't smiled to see me, but she was smiling at Speed. This was not going well. "Well it looks nice. You're a handsome man under all that fur."

"You're holdin' up pretty well, yerdamnself, Red."

Scarlett blushed. Scarlett never blushes. "You're sweet. You in town for a while?"

"Until I get a better offer."

"Uncle Speed?" Jules was standing in the doorway to what I assumed was the kitchen. Her eyes were the size of softballs.

"Oh lordy," Speed smiled. "Sweet Judith Blue Eyes, is that you? Damn, you got cute!"

"You too!" Jules could not have been more obvious. I hadn't seen her demonstrably excited about anything since the time I took her and her little friends to a Taylor Swift concert.

"Well, that is no way to greet your uncle! Got a hug from your mom, and I'm not her uncle. I should at least get a kiss from you!"

Of course Speed wasn't her uncle. Not even her godfather. Not sure where the "uncle" nonsense started. Probably with Speed.

Jules ran and hugged Speed. She kissed him on his stubbled cheek.

"That's more like it!" Speed said. "Can't get enough kisses from pretty girls, and Judith, you are a peach."

Jules blushed. It was going around.

"Are you staying with us?" Jules asked.

"No, darlin'. Just lending a hand."

"Where are you staying?"

"Hotel."

"Which hotel."

I knew Speed didn't have a hotel yet, but he didn't even blink. "The one by the thing across from the place."

Jules nodded like she understood. "You can stay here."

Speed looked around. "Honey, your mattresses are on a truck until day after tomorrow."

"We have blow up beds," Jules insisted. "You can have mine and I'll sleep with Peyty." Wow, the kid was obvious. I knew she liked Speed, but I'd never seen her swoon before. It had been a little over a year since the last time Speed came to visit and Jules's interest in boys had increased dramatically in that time.

I looked about the apartment. There was a basic living room set up of two couches, a chair and an ottoman. Scarlett had rented the basics from a Rent-a-Center. No TV. We hadn't decided how much of the moving truck we were going to unpack into the apartment and how much was going to the storage unit. We didn't know yet how long we'd be looking for a house and didn't want to unpack twice.

"Hey who's hungry?" Speed asked. "I'm buying."

"Oh, Applebees!" Jules screamed. "I'm starving for Applebees!"

Peyton materialized in a streak from the hallway. "I want In-n-Out! I want In-n-Out!"

"Applebees!" Jules insisted.

"I hate Crapplebees!" Peyton shouted. "I want hamburgers!"

"So get hamburgers at Applebees!" Jules growled.

"Ladies!" shouted Speed in a bark that was definitely honed in the military. The girls jumped. Literally jumped. "I did not ask you where you wanted to eat. And now I'm going to ask your mother where she wants to eat."

Speed looked at Scarlett.

Scarlett shrugged. "Oh I don't know. Applebee's is fine, I guess."

"No Red." Speed looked Scarlett in the eyes. "I asked where you wanted to eat. Where does mom want to eat?"

Scarlett hemmed and hawed. We'd done exactly this same routine for eight years. "Oh I dunno. We should keep it someplace kid friendly. Appleb--"

"Alright," Speed cut her off. "You won't pick then I'll pick.I know a place called Vespagio's. Great Italian."

"By the church? By the highway?" Scarlett asked. "I saw that place. It looks a little upscale for kid dining, maybe w--"

"Red, I'm not asking. I'm telling you," Speed said calmly. "I asked you once and you didn't pick. So we're going to Vespagios. All of us. Now get a nice dress on. And you two...." Speed turned toward the girls. "I know you've got a nice dress here because you both went to a funeral not that long ago. Getcher butts in your rooms and put on something that's not made of denim and doesn't have a Disney character on it. Let's go! Di di maow!" Speed clapped his hands twice.

The girls scattered. Scarlett looked at me, half-offended. Her expression was saying, "Is he serious?" Or, "Are you going to let your buddy talk to us like that?"

Scarlett nodded slowly and walked off toward wherever our room was.

Speed turned to me and bit his bottom lip as he pantomimed spanking down on an imaginary butt. He winked. "You too, brah," he said. "Grab a shower. You look like shit twice stepped in."

\*\*\*\*

Dinner was lovely... For about thirty minutes. The restaurant kitchen was slow, as it tends to be with formal dining for people who want to enjoy each other's company. But the wait gave the girls too much time to sit and get on each other's nerves.

Jules was good for a while. Speed mentioned that he could teach Jules how to surf. She thought that was a great idea. Her eyes got enormous and she was visibly excited. Watching her flirt with Speed with her smiles and her big doe eyes, I noticed for the first time in a long time what a pretty kid Jules was. She had long dark hair, taking after her trailer-trash father. She had a very pretty face with a tiny nose and her mother's pale skin. Perfect teeth with no help from braces.

She still had her kid body though. Small and compact and not much in the way of curves up top. I guess she had a bit of booty, though. I kind of wondered if she'd get Scarlett's rack. Scarlett said she had been a really late bloomer. So far Jules barely had her starter bumps.

Peyton looked like a red headed thumb, that poor kid. Her hair was way too red. Too short. Too frizzy. Honestly, she really did look like a very unfortunate boy, which made it even more unfortunate that she was a girl. I'd seen Scarlett's grade school photos, so I knew Peyton was on track to be amazing like her mom. Scarlett wasn't breaking any hearts when she was eleven, either, but by the time she was 16 she had transformed into something other-worldly.

I'm not a bad looking guy, if I do say so myself. I'm pretty sure Scarlett married me because the first part of her life had been such a struggle making ends meet with Dumbass Willis. She'd read my debut novel and we met at a signing for my third book. She thought authors were rich. I wasn't rich, but I was comfortable. She came up to my room in the hotel and sucked my cock with a lot of intensity and fervor. We emailed for a while after that. One thing lead to another. She left Willis. I moved to Montana. She figured out that the life of a writer wasn't as glamorous as she thought. We didn't live in a New York brownstone. We didn't go to posh parties with Hollywood celebrities. I just camped in front of a laptop and occasionally I got a stringer job for a magazine and flew to New York or Hollywood to interview a famous person without her.

I put her through college in Bozeman, which started her up her own career path. No thanks for that, though.

Speed ordered a shrimp cocktail appetizer for the girls to share. As soon as he told the waiter, "and the girls will share a..." I knew exactly what was going to happen next. And it did. It took all of two minutes for Jules to hook her paw in the bottom of the big glass of cocktail sauce and slide it closer to her. Peyton wasn't having it, and tried to slide it back in the middle. Sure enough, sixteen dollars of shrimp and cocktail sauce onto the tablecloth and into the floor.

"Peyton, Christ!" Scarlett hissed, embarrassed.

"Why are you yelling at Peyton?" I whispered.

"Alan, not now. Jesus!" She whispered back.

"Hey, it happens," Speed smiled and flagged down a busboy to clean up. Speed slipped him a Hamilton for his trouble.

"Great job, Dingleberry!" Jules growled at Peyton. "Now we don't have any shrimps and I'm freaking starving!"

"You did it, you witch!" Peyton shot back.

"Peyton, don't call your sister names," Scarlett growled.

Speed's head cocked like a confused Labrador Retriever. He was thinking the same thing I was thinking about why Scarlett was busting on Peyton for namecalling her sister and ignoring the fact that Jules had called Peyton a Dingleberry first. He looked at me.

I shrugged.

He nodded. He squinted and his lips formed a duck bill shape that looked like Robert De Niro right before one of his characters whacks somebody.

"Judith," Speed said. "Let's take a walk-and-talk. You and me."

"Now?"

Speed stood up and dropped his napkin in his chair. "Outside, Darlin'." He didn't stop smiling, but there was an intensity in his eyes as he stared Jules down. Speed turned and smiled at Scarlett. "We'll be right back. If the entrees arrive, don't wait for us."

Jules and Speed walked into the parking lot. I could see Jules looking up at Speed while he lectured her about something.

"I told you this was a bad idea," Scarlett said to me. "If we'd gone to Applebee's we'd be home by now."

"We're doing what adults do," I said. "Spending time with other adults. Doing adult things and having adult conversations."

"Tell that to Peyton," Scarlett mumbled.

"Oh!" I brightened. "You see her! I wasn't sure you knew she existed unless you were criticizing her for not letting her sister walk all over her!"

"Stick a sock in it, Alan." Scarlett rolled her eyes.

Peyton looked at me -- for one fleeting moment -- like she did not despise me.

"You are being disrespectful," I said to Scarlett. I said it with my Dad Voice. Scarlett was not impressed. It was becoming more and more obvious that I was the Indian in this relationship.

"What are they even doing out there?" Scarlett asked in her signature annoyed tone. She twisted her head to see through the window.

"Probably trying to teach her that it's not okay to be a total pill in public," I said. "Being as you won't."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Scarlett squinted over the top of her Chardonnay.

"And we're back!" Speed resumed his seat.

Jules slid back into her chair. She looked spooked. Her face was flushed.

The waiter was right behind them with a tray full of entrees.

\*\*\*\*

Whatever Speed said to Jules worked. She was perfectly mannered the rest of the evening. She just ate her spaghetti and didn't say much or antagonize Peyton.

Scarlett managed to relax. Speed kept pointing at her Chardonnay glass and the waiter kept filling it. Scarlett kept saying "No more!" But then she'd sip at the glass until it was empty again. She got chatty with the waiter, which is how I knew she was getting drunk.

Speed told us some funny stories, like about how he got "a package" through Paris airport customs. When the girls weren't looking, Speed made a gun shape with his fingers so the adults knew what he was talking about. The consequences made the story a lot more amusing. When he got to the part about convincing the customs agent that his disassembled receiver was a replacement part for a grandfather clock, Scarlett was almost howling.

We ended up closing down the restaurant. Peyton was leaning against the table, barely able to keep her eyes open. Jules was either listening to Speed or quietly looking at something on her phone in her lap.

I drove home. Once again Speed sat in the back seat with Peyton on his left and Jules on his right. I looked in the rear view mirror and he had his arms around both girls. Peyton was hard asleep against his rib cage. Jules was also leaning into him in an intimate way, but she was awake and looked especially nervous.

"I don't want to hear any more talk about hotels," Scarlett said over her shoulder. "After what you must have dropped on that meal, Ssssspeed, there's no way you are paying for anything else. We'll make room for you somewhere."

"I appreciate that, Red," Speed said softly, "that's very courteous and I'd be happy to crash with your family."

"Your family too, now," Scarlett waved her hand. "You're the uncle!"

"Indeed I am," Speed said.

"Jules, you are quiet as a church mouse back there," Scarlett said over her shoulder. "What got into you?"

Speed answered. "Oh she's a little nervous, mom. We had a little talk in the parking lot and I told Judith that I'm going to spank her ass when we get back to the apartment."

First Scarlett looked like she'd been slapped. Then she laughed. "Good one!" she snorted.

Speed kept very even. "No. I'm serious. I'm going to spank Judith. On her butt. On her bare butt."

Scarlett laughed again. "The hell you are! You kinky rogue!"

Speed didn't say anything. Scarlett stopped laughing and looked over her shoulder at Speed.

"I'm quite serious," Speed said. He was almost smiling. "First, I'm going to spank you while Judith watches. Then I'm going to spank Judith. Then I'm going to send Judith to bed and she can hear me spank you again, Scarlett."

Scarlett blinked. She laughed again, nervous this time. "That'll be the day!"

Speed nodded. "Today is that day, Scarlett." He winked. "And it's a day that was a long time in coming."

I had no idea where this nonsense was coming from, but when I looked in the rear view and saw that wink, I felt my pulse tick in my neck. Speed was a charming guy and a cut-up. But he had a serious side, and it sure looked like he was serious.

Scarlett shot me a "Can you believe this guy?" eye roll. But she was blushing again.

"We're here," I announced as I pulled back into the apartment parking lot.

Speed carried sleeping Peyton over his shoulder and held Jules's hand with his free arm as we all walked up the steps to the second landing. My hands were so nervous I had trouble keying into the door. For a minute I thought Scarlett had cut me a bad key. But I wiggled it and the deadbolt turned.

Speed disappeared into the back where the girl's bedrooms were, no doubt to tuck Peyton in. Scarlett plopped heavy into the couch while I stuffed styrofoam leftover boxes into the mostly empty refrigerator.

"That was frickin' delicous," Scarlett moaned and stretched.

Speed walked back into the living room still holding Jules's hand. She was as pale as Death.

"Hey," Scarlett pointed. "Bed time for you too, Little Princess."

"Not yet," Speed said. He finally let go of Jules' hand.

"Yep, it'ssss time," Scarlett slurred. She pointed at Jules. "Bed. Now."

Jules looked up at Speed. He looked back. Jules didn't move.

"The fuck are you deaf, girl?" Scarlett's eyebrows went up.

"She's not deaf," Speed said. "But maybe you are. It's time for your spanking, Scarlett Ann. Take off your dress, so it doesn't get ripped if I have to take it off you."

Scarlett blinked.

My pulse was pounding in my neck. I kind of thought I should say something, but I didn't know where to even start.

Speed looked at me, standing dumbfounded in the kitchen. "Brah, are you going to help me with this so she doesn't get roughed up too much? Or am I going to have to do it all myself?"

I gulped.

He tilted his head toward the couch. For some reason my feet started moving me towards Scarlett, but I had no idea why.

Speed walked behind the couch and grabbed Scarlett by her tiny wrists. In one fluid motion he had locked both of her hands into one of his big hands and pulled her wrists back behind the couch. With his other he reached over and started unbuttoning Scarlett's blouse.

"Get the zipper on the side of her skirt," Speed said. My fingers nervously traced around Scarlett's hips as her feet finally began to kick in protest. I sat on her thighs to pin her down while my fingers found the zipper and pulled it down.

"Knock it off, you assholes," Scarlett didn't sound mad. She sounded terrified.

I pulled Scarlett's skirt down to reveal a pair of sheer panty hose over her legs and panties.

"Don't worry about those," Speed said as he was pulling her blouse up over her arms, momentarily releasing her hands to do so and quicky wrangling them back behind her head. "That bra is a front snap, my favorite," Speed Smiled. "Undo that for me, brah."

For the life of me, I don't know why I did it. Or even how I did it, my fingers were shaking so bad. Part of me really really REALLY wanted to see Speed put that mouthy, ill-temperate bitch over his lap and make her cry.

I managed to twist the front clasp of Scarlett's lacy brassiere in opposite directions until it spilt. Then I just raised my hands. I looked at Speed. He smiled that cool smile of his.

"Leaving the honors for me, brah? Nice!" His big free hand started in a grip around Scarlett's neck, momentarily stopping her kicking legs with the sensation of being strangled. That didn't last long as his fingers splayed out and pushed downward into the V cut of her boobs, momentarily waggling back and forth like they couldn't decide which tit they were going to grope. He picked the right tit and his hand swept over my wife's breast and pushed her brassiere cup off. Scarlett's nipple had never looked so pink and juicy. I'm not sure how Speed resisted pinching it and rolling that rubbery nub between his fingers, because it's all I wanted to do.

Scarlett's bra was off over her hands as Speed kept absolute control over her once more. I saw Scarlett look over at Jules standing by the kitchen door. That's when Scarlett really began to kick, trying to get me off her lap.

"I'll take it from here," Speed said, climbing over the couch with Scarlett's wrists locked in his left hand. "Dismount and mind that she doesn't get kick you in the giblets with those knees."

As I stood off Scarlett, that's when she began to cuss a blue streak.

Speed was not impressed with her vocabulary and didn't slow down one iota. He grabbed her, lifted her into the air and sat back down on the couch with Scarlett pulled over his lap. It was one smooth action. Scarlett's hands were still locked behind her neck in Speed's left hand.

His right hand grabbed at my wife's ass in a clawing motion. He pulled up and I heard the wet ripping sound of Scarlett's pantyhose shredding away from her waist and legs. Speed gave the remaining stretch of hosiery around her legs a couple hard tugs and Scarlett's feet hinged up to her butt until her little bubble-toed feet popped free.

Boy! Scarlett kicked like a mule. I was impressed with how calmly Speed handled her, how he managed to keep control over all that angry kicking and thrashing. Speed pulled one of the feet-ends of the nylons up around Scarlett's wrists and wrapped it furiously like he was in a Cheyenne cattle roping contest.

When her hands were wrapped and locked, he kept them pulled behind her head while he grabbed her right ankle and pulled it behind her butt.

Moments later she was locked in a one-legged backbend. That didn't stop her free leg from thrashing or Scarlett from calling Speed every dirty name she knew. But it allowed Speed to relax and lean back.My wife wasn't going anywhere. It looked as if the backwards knot he tied Scarlett into hurt her, and her thrashing must have made it hurt worse.

Speed smiled at me and rubbed his hands over the globes of Scarlett's upturned pink ass.

"Get your fucking hands off me, motherfucker!" She screamed through her teeth.

"Now that's not nice," Speed said softly. "I can't believe you talk like that in front of your daughter."

"I will cut your fucking head off with a bread knife the second I get untied!" Scarlett screamed.

"I'll take my chances," Speed said. "I've faced down an Arabic Shamsir sword more than once. But you do what you think you need to do." Speed was totally groping and squeezing my wife's ass. Nothing even subtle about it. His meaty hands were all over her bum, testing it and feeling it and pinching here and there.

Scarlett's face was crimson. But she was starting to run out of energy to thrash and kick.

"Let me go," my wife seethed through her teeth. "You made your point, Spellman. Untie my hands."

"I'll let you go in a minute,"Speed said. "When I'm done with you." His hand lifted and cracked Scarlett's ass like a gunshot. Her eyes bugged.

Jules jumped. Both her feet lifted in a one-two gallup step.

After a moment Speed resumed rubbing Scarlett's upturned ass. I watched the bright red shape of his big hand slowly appear on my wife's left ass cheek. Speed started rubbing ass with his right hand while his left hand pushed between Scarlett's tits and his thigh. He shamelessly started feeling my wife's tits and pulling on her nipples while I stared in shock.

"Jules, honey," Speed whispered hypnotically, "you see what a bad girl your mama is being? Fighting her punishment and saying bad words?"

Jules gulped and nodded.

"I don't want you to be a bad girl like your mama," Speed said. "I want you to take your spanking proper. Like a good girl. You're going to see me spank your mama real hard. But I'm not going to spank you so hard. Not if you're a good girl when it's your turn. But you owe me, don't you?"

A tear spilled out of Jules's eye as she nodded.

"Yes, you owe me," Speed said softly. "And I will not be denied. Not by your mama and not by you."

"Fffffff-FUCK!" Scarlett's head snapped back on her neck and she tried to rock herself free.

"Here we go, mama," Speed said.

The impact of his big paddle hand finding my wife's ass sizzled through me, and I was only watching.

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

He spanked slow. Every hard, smacking crack of his hand into Scarlett's soft, rippling ass flesh triggered a half-second delayed sine wave of Scarlett pulling upward against her bondage and then rolling back into Speed's waiting left hand, putting her tits right back where Speed wanted them.

"Oh Christ!" Scarlett hissed through her teeth.

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

"GAH, Jesus!"

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

"Yaaaaht! Stop! Please! Please st--"

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

"Yiiiiiiiiieeeeee! Ow! Ow! No more! Plea--"

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

Scarlett made a high-pitched animal sound that I didn't know humans could make. I was sure the neighbors heard.

"Please, Spellman! Please stop! Oh God! My ass is on fire. Please stop!"

"Darlin'," Speed resumed a gentle rub of Scarlett's spank-splotched ass cheeks, "you are very disrespectful to your husband. And you and Miss Judith standing over there talk to your youngest like you found her in a train station bathroom. That shit is going to stop and it's going to stop today."

"Yes!" Scarlett panted. "Whatever you say."

Speed laughed. "No, Red, honey. We're nowhere near 'whatever I say.' Not yet. But we will be there soon enough."

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

"Yiiiyyyeee!"

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

"Oh god!"

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

"Mercy! Mercy please!"

The fight was draining out of Scarlett. She was putting everything into her thrashes. Her free, untied foot kicked up like it was trying to connect with Speed's head. It came nowhere close. Her toes curled against the bottom of her tiny foot.

"I'm going to take care of a debt with Miss Judith and you're going to wait right there in the floor on your knees while I do. Are we clear, Red?"

"Yesss..." Scarlett gasped.

Speed helped himself to a few more Pap! Pap! Paps! around the circumference of Scarlett's scarlet bottom. Scarlett sniffed and her head bobbed and then collapsed.

Speed wiggled some "c'mere" fingers at me. I walked closer. I could smell Scarlett's perfume. Speed was pointing at something. He waved me around to the back end of Scarlett's ass. I could see her bright pink slit hovering over Speed's chinos. She had peed on his leg.

Then I realized it wasn't pee. Her pussy was contracting and her fuckhole was puckering open. She was dripping pussy honey all over Speed. I knew the shiny sheen of her wanton, glistening twat. The convulsions her opening used to make when I lapped at her clit.

It couldn't have been any more stunned, so I just stayed as equally stunned as I was about the whole episode I just witnessed.

Speed grabbed the nylon that was binding her wrists to her right ankle and ripped it apart with a burst of strength. Scarlett collapsed forward. Speed stood up off the leather couch with Scarlett in his arms like a football. He gently lowered Scarlett to the floor where she slumped on her knees.

"Open your legs," Speed said in a deep voice. "Get those knees apart."

Scarlett split her thighs into a V. Her little red triangle of pubic hair pointed down at her dripping wet snatch.

"If you move," Speed said in a deep voice. "I will catch you. There is zero chance you can outrun me. And I will beat your bitch ass, are we clear?"

Scarlett looked down in shame and nodded.

Speed pinched her chin and lifted it until she was forced to lock eyes with him.

He said something to her with his eyes and and she nodded without nodding, using her eyes.

My vision locked on the big wet spot Scarlett's pussy left on his slacks. He sat back down on the leather couch, his butt barely on the cushions, and looked at Jules. He crooked his finger in a "come hither" motion.

Jules looked as if her heart wanted to walk towards Speed, but her feet were glued to the floor.

"Ain't gonna tell you twice, girl," he growled.

Jules's right foot shuffled. Then her left. She slowly walked to him. Her knees quivered. She looked right in his eyes like she was hypnotized. He looked right back into her soul. She stopped in front of Speed. He never broke eye contact. His hands just went to the clasp on the front of her pants. Then the zipper. The whole time he never looked down. They were both locked in a gaze. Her pants dropped. Without looking he grabbed the sides of Jules's little panties and tugged them down over her knees. They dropped over the tangle of pants on her feet.

Speed may not have stared at Jules's little pussy, but I sure did. I wasn't expecting the little tuft of dark silk crowning the top of it and thinning to bare half way down the slit gap. She was thirteen but she was closer to womanhood than being a girl.

Speed patted her on the thigh and she stepped out of the tangle of clothes. I waited to see her little nipples but Speed left her top on. And her socks. Speed leaned back and Jules leaned over his lap all on her own. She was really starting to cry.

Speed rested his big hand on her bare ass, not exactly rubbing, but letting her know he was there and he was ready to do business. Tears poured out of Jules's eyes, running over her cheeks and dripping onto the floor.

"Shhhhh," Speed said in his soft, deep voice. "Those tears? That's just humiliation, girl. Nobody has ever told you that you aren't the head of this family. Nobody has ever told you that you're not the boss of your mom. You're not the boss of Alan. And now you're figuring it out all at once. Your daddy told you that you were the boss, but that wasn't true. Part of you always knew it wasn't true, but now there's not really any doubt, is there? And now your Daddy is gone and your heart is broken, and you aren't sure which way is up. Is that right?"

Wow. Jules broke loose. She was bawling. Snot bubbled at her nostril. She nodded.

"Your ass is up," Speed growled. "And your ass belongs to me, got it?"

Speed smacked Jules's little bubble ass ten times. I don't think any single swat was enough to make her butt turn red. Nothing like the damage he did to Scarlett's creamy can. He was firm and steady.

\*\*Pap\*\*Pap\*\*Pap\*\*Pap!\*\*

Jules wailed from deep in her broken heart. Deep, blubbering sobs.

I wasn't sure if I was witnessing discipline or an exorcism.

Speed stopped spanking and rubbed each round buttock once. "Stand up." he ordered.

Jules unfolded off his lap and stood, her knees knocking.

"Put your pants on," Speed growled.

Jules stepped into her underwear and covered her bottom. Her crying was sputtering out, but her face was a snotty mess. She picked up her pants instead of putting them on.

"Bring it in, girl," Speed opened his arms.

Jules hugged him hard.

"That's what I'm talking about." Speed whispered in her ear. "That's my girl. That's my good girl."

"I'm sorry," Jules sniffed.

"I know, baby," Speed whispered into her hair. "We're good. We're good now. I need you to go to bed now and keep your eye on your sister. I don't want her to see me and Alan spank your mom. That's not good for her and it's not good for you."

"Okay."

Jules rushed out of the living room.

Wow. Just... Wow. If you had told me that my buddy was going to spank my wife and my step daughter, and my wife's pussy would gush on his lap and my step daughter would have some kind of cathartic breakthrough... I wouldn't have even called you a liar. I would have been laughing too hard.

The Scarlett I knew was slowly coming back into Scarlett's body. "Okay, Spellman," she said. "That's enough. You need to go." Scarlett looked right at me. Glared at me. "Speed needs to go. Everybody was a little drunk and things got out of hand. But now Speed needs to go."

Speed laughed. He winked at me. "I'm ready to hand her off, brah. You ready to finish what I started?"

"What?" I stammered.

"Your turn. Spank this bitch." Speed stood up off the couch and gestured for me to sit.

"He's not going to spank anyone," Scarlett said. "He knows better."

Speed smiled. "Bitch, you can shut it. I promised you that you had another spanking coming, and one of us is going to deliver. I think it should be your husband. Alan?"

God I wanted to do it. I really did. I was holding so much anger and disappointment inside, I desperately wanted to sit on that couch, pull Scarlett over my lap, and just light her bottom up with hard swats until she cried.

"Alan?" Speed repeated. He looked at me with a definite "C'mon man!" expression.

I froze. Scarlett was pissed off. I had no idea where this was going.

"Sheesh, brah," Speed shook his head in frustration. He turned to Scarlett, still on her knees. "Why don't you pick, Red. One of us is going to spank your pretty can and then take you in the other room and fuck you senseless. Think carefully before you answer, because the answer is binding."

"I'm not going to fuck either one of you," Scarlett said.

Speed didn't take the bait. "That dripping pussy says something different. When a bitch says one thing and a pussy says something else, I always listen to the pussy."

Scarlett looked at me. Her eyes implored me to do something. She was so fucking sexy, on her knees; her long red hair messy and tousled around her shoulder; strands of it sticking to her face where tears had been. Her nipples were hard and long, drawing bright pink afterimage laser trails through the air where her juicy tits swayed and bounced.

"Okay then," Speed said. He pulled his belt open and unbuttoned the top of his pants. He tugged his zipper as he reached in his pants. An impressive cock unfolded over the top band of his skivvies. He stepped in and pushed his pecker right at Scarlett's pursed lips while his fingers pushed into the back of her hair and took control of her head.

Scarlett's eyes were huge. Mine too, probably. Her green irises locked on me for a moment. Then Speed began to thrust and...

And...

Scarlett started sucking Speed's cock.

Actually sucking. Not him fucking her mouth, but her lips were working his shaft and I could hear the suction slurping. Speed's hand was pacing Scarlett's bobbing head, not forcing it.

"Oh fuck, that his nice!" Speed hissed.

Scarlett gave a little cat mewl moan in response.

"She's a really good cocksucker, brah," Speed smiled at me. "You are a lucky bastard. C'mon! Don't just stand there. Whip it out, man! Step in and let's show this hot little bitch what it means to serve two men at once."

Watching my hot wife suck Speed's thick cock was amazing. My dick had already been at ninety percent from about the time I saw Jules's little furry slit. The way Scarlett was moaning around the meat between her pretty babydoll lips had opened up the pumping blood between my legs to Wide-Out-Throttle. I was twitching in my pants.

Sure I had hesitated a dozen times in the last twenty minutes. But I didn't hesitate that time. I nearly ripped my stiff cock off yanking it up and out of my slacks. I stepped over the bobbing head of my kneeling wife and her hand automatically reached up and gripped my dick. I think she tried to squeeze it to make me hurt, because her knuckles went white, she squeezed so hard. It felt great.

Speed reached down and twisted the top of Scarlett's head like a lightbulb, spinning her mouth toward my twitching cock until his cock popped out of her lips in a wet slurp.

Scarlett instinctively leaned in and gave me a hard, wet, hot mouth-squeeze of joy. Oh man! It made my ears buzz. She was so sexy and submissive on her knees. I couldn't remember the last time I got a super hot suck like that. Her tongue was back and forth over my cockhead in her mouth, rubbing and coaxing. Her left hand was all up and down Speed's shaft, like a blind woman reading a really good braille book. Her fingertips were everywhere. Her hand morphed back and forth between a stroke grip and a fingertip geisha mapping of the veins in Speed's cock.

Speed grabbed his cock away from her hand and smacked the head of it against Scarlett's cheek. She took the hint and spit my cock into a stroking hand and wrapped her mouthlove around Speed's dick once more.

There was definitely something very wrong about all of this. Watching Speed tie up and spank my wife was crazy. Kuh-razy. But I never realized how angry I really was with Scarlett until she was naked and humiliated, thrashing over Speed's lap. There was a strange sense of satisfaction at watching her get put in her place... Even if that place was naked over my best friend's lap. I was well aware of how much resentment I had for Jules. No surprise there, except for whatever crazy bonding she had with Speed afterwards.

...And then Scarlett was kneeling on the floor and Speed was pulling his dick out. That was bizarre. Watching her mouth close around his dick made my stomach lurch. It was a jealous kick in the guts.

But nothing... NOTHING could have possibly prepared me for the slurpy, moan-y, slutty way that Scarlett was sucking Speed's hard dick. I was dizzy. It was 3-D porn that I could smell.

Scarlett's perfume. The sweaty musk of two cocks and four balls. The new leather couch. Scarlett's hair. And Scarlett's pussy.

I was insanely jealous and insanely turned-on at the same time.

Watching Scarlett suck cock, she was so fucking beautiful. Such a sexy redhead. Those perfect tits. Those perfect size five-and-a-half feet tucked under her curvy ass. That shaved red arrow of red fur high on her puss slit, pointing down at her clit. Her tiny cup-handle mouse ears peeking out from the ruffling auburn curtain of her long hair as her head bobbed. Her elegant little hands that made even my average-sized dick look huge when she held it.

If she had a fault, her face was slightly wider than other girls her size. Not fat. Just square like Paris Hilton's. It made her big green eyes look bigger and her mouth and nose look smaller.

I'd seen her nude in the last five years, sure, but I hadn't seen her stripped of her fucking bitchy attitude in at least that long. With her attitude ripped off like her pantyhose, I once again swooned over the sexpot that was my wife...

...My wife who was sucking my best friend's cock with increasing fervor and more kitten moans than I wanted to hear unless she was sucking my cock. I had to have those moans. I pulled her head off of Speed's dick and shoved mine in her mouth. She looked up at me. Her auburn eyebrows asked me a question, but I wasn't exactly sure what it was.

She really gave it to me. She sucked so hard. My balls lifted into the base of my shaft and I felt the waves start to build. I wasn't going to last much longer. She started moaning for real and I started losing it.

Speed seemed to sense this. He grabbed the back of Scarlett's hair and popped her mouth suction away from my twitching meat.

"Okay kids," Speed said. "Bitch here still owes one of us a spankin'." Speed lifted Scarlett up off the floor and placed her on the couch, her arms over the back, her feet facing us, and her ass dancing in the air. Speed stuck his fingers in her pink slit and you could have heard the gush of wet pussy from outside in the parking lot. Scarlett uttered a trembling sound, deep and animal.

"Jeez, your girl is a slut," Speed said. "Feel that, brah. Stick your fingers in that wet pussy."

I did. I circled fingers around Scarlett's engorged clit. She was sopping wet with pussy honey. Her little feet kicked and her toes tried to fold into her soles in a sexy involuntary clinch. Her head came up, tossing red locks down the tight V of creamy skin framing her spine.

"Oh yeah," Speed smiled. "That's what I'm talking about. There's a little red-headed tramp with a wet pussy and a clear understanding of who's boss. That right honey?" Speed asked. Before she could answer he slapped her ass cheek hard.

"GYITE!" Scarlett jumped on her knees.

Speed's hands clenched around her waist, positioning her right back in a doggy all-fours with her abused ass pointing at us.

"Why don't you do the honors, brah?" Speed said. "Why don't you spank your bitch and then take her back in your new room and fuck the daylights out of her?"

I breathed heavy through my nose. I pushed two fingers into her slippery tight fuckhole. Scarlett's shoulders rolled and she moaned. The tiny pea-sized pink divot of her her virgin asshole quivered.

"You want a good fucking, slut?" Speed barked. His hand rubbed all over her spank-splotched butt cheeks.

"Yes," Scarlett moaned.

That was the first certainty that I had that Speed wasn't totally misreading the situation. The way Scarlett moaned "Yes" was unmistakable. Whatever got us here, it was now green light consent all the way.

"You want your husband to spank you and fuck you like a little bitch, Red? Like a little slut?"

"No," Scarlett whispered.

"Did you just say 'no,' bitch?" Speed asked.

"I want you to spank me," Scarlett whispered. Then she turned her head to lock eyes, first with me. Then with Speed. "And I want you to fuck me."

The floor dropped out beneath me. My knees buckled.

"Bitch, you don't mean that," Speed said. Suddenly it seemed as if the evening had taken it's first detour from Speed's script.

"Okay," Scarlett whispered meekly.

"Okay what?" Speed demanded.

"Whatever you say. I'll do whatever you say."

Speed jerked his thumb at Scarlett. "G'head, brah. Spank that bitch. Spank her hard. Show her who is boss."

My head was still spinning. I finally understood what Speed had been doing. He hadn't been stealing my wife away with his brute Alpha Wolf charm. He was trying to teach me something I didn't understand about my wife. He was showing me how my unhappy wife responded to calm male strength... Like a bitch in heat. Scarlet's fuckhole was dilating and her ass was wiggling involuntarily. Her big cocksucking eyes had reduced to wanton slits of black masara as she waited for the what-comes-next when she looked over her shoulder. She'd stopped barking orders and complaining, and she was whispering, waiting to be told what to do.

I really wanted to do it. I did. I was so irrationally furious with Scarlett in that moment. I burned to pull her over my lap and spank her harder than a girl had ever been spanked before. I wanted to spank her until I heard her girls in the other room crying in empathy for their broken mother.

But I froze. Again. "No," I said. "You do it."

"Dude!" Speed's eyes pointed at the ceiling and his pupils made a windshield wiper motion. He was exasperated. He thumbed at Scarlett again and pursed his lips. "C'mon, man. Take your bitch," he growled through his clenched jaw. "Take her back. Take her back from me. Take her back from the bad place. Show her how it works now."

I shook my head. "No. She wants you to fuck her. It's okay. Really. She's earned it. Spank her and fuck her, Speed."

Scarlett looked over her shoulder at me. The bafflement in her eyes cut through me.

"Dude, quit fucking around," said Speed. "I'll do it. I will fuck your woman. I made a promise and I'll make good on it if you won't."

I nodded. "Do it. Break that ass, Spellman."

Speed's face flushed angry. "Fine." And he did exactly that. This time the spanking was a lot harder and obviously hurt Scarlett even more than the first time Speed spanked her. But she didn't fight nearly as much. She squirmed and tried to roll away from the determined hand that lit up her rippling buns.

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

\*\*CRACK!\*\*

My heart was breaking, but my cock was throbbing. Watching that sexy little bitch jerk and flop and squirm under Speed's capable strength was kinetic art. Scarlett's pain-wracked face and the alphabet of agony that her mouth was shaping as she yipped and cried and pleaded for Speed to stop... It burned a tattoo onto my soul. It hurt me to watch and the hurt was as satisfying as it was unwelcome.

Something flashed out of the corner of my eye. I was sure I just saw Jules's head duck back around the corner of the hallway. I probably should have said something. Or at least stopped stroking my cock slowly if I knew she was watching. But fuck it. I was watching the end of my marriage anyway. The fuck did I care if Scarlett's daughter caught a glimpse of my engorged rod?

Tears formed mascara rivers down Scarlett's apple cheeks.

Speed stopped spanking and leaned back in the couch. He stared at Scarlett's ass and sighed.

"Okay." Speed sounded exhausted and disappointed. "Red, get your ass in the bed. Or the mattress. Or inflatable mattress. Whatever it is."

Scarlett pulled herself to her feet and rubbed her makeup-stained cheeks with her palm. She looked at me with a guilty glance. Then she scampered down the hall.

Speed stood and looked at me. His mouth opened to say something, but closed into a set jaw of disappointment. He walked down the hallway into a bedroom I'd never seen to fuck my wife.

And fuck he did.

I flopped on the couch and pulled Peyton's princess blanket over my knees. I stared at the ceiling and let the room spin with the sickening cumulation of my failure as a husband.

Scarlett let out a yippy sound from the other end of the apartment. Speed was doing it. He'd mounted my wife, apparently hard and fast. Soon after I heard the unmistakable drum beat of Scarlett's sexy cat mewls as Speed's cock must have been banging deep into my wife's wet pussy. It had been a long time since I heard that sexy moan squeak out of my sex-kitten wife. Years.

My mind filled-in the possibilities with visions of what I was hearing. Was he fucking her on her back? Missionary? Were her legs bent back with her heels resting on Speed's shoulders, the way Scarlett would climb on me when she was super horny so she could get my dick extra deep inside her? That's what it sounded like. It sounded like she was taking it really deep.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Scarlett yipped. That was what she did when she was about to come. Wow, that didn't take long at all. "Fuck! Yes! Fuck! Oh! Fuck-fuck-fuck-shit-FUCK!"

The girls had to be awake by now. Scarlett and I never fucked hard-and-loud the way she and Speed were going at it unless the girls were at their dad's house.

"Ewwwwwww-ahhhhhh!" Scarlett made her signature animal sound. She was definitely cumming. I absently pulled at my rock hard cock, stroking slowly to that beautiful sound.

"Eeeeeeyyyyyeeeeww-uhn-uhn! Uhn! Uhn!" Wow, it was an extended orgasm. She was cumming hard and long. I waited for the after-"uhn!"s to fade out. Scarlett's hard orgasms always tripped my orgasm. This is the part when I was collapsing on top of her and burying my face in all that sweaty red hair.

"Uhn! Uhn! Uhn!" Scarlett was still taking cock after her orgasm.

My sensitive cock was an oversquelched antennae. Every vibration from the far side of the apartment was being absorbed by my blood-engorged dong. I wanted to squeeze harder and jack faster to the sound of my wife taking Speed's fuckstroke. It wouldn't take more than thirty seconds of tight stroking to feel relief and the hot rain of my own come spraying all over my chest. But I knew if I came and had to sit there and listen to Speed keep fucking my wife, I'd go insane. I couldn't let myself cum until after the sex sounds stopped.

It didn't stop. Scarlett's post-orgasmic grunts just became sex mewls again. I could feel the hair follicles on top of my head stiffen. I was going more insane by the second trying to imagine the kind of sex that could spin Scarlett's ears and just keep going. She had to be on her back with her heels up around Speed's shoulders. Or maybe Speed was doing the thing I sometimes did, where I'd grab Scarlett's heels and push them back toward her head so I could really bury my cock deep in her little pink hole.

I couldn't take it. I could not take the sounds another second. I was either going to have to jerk the cum out of my balls or I was going to have to see how Speed was fucking my wife to get that kind of quick cum and prolonged after-sex pleasure out of her.

I kicked off Peyton's blanket and willed my wobbly legs to lift me off the couch. Then I walked in a hypnotic trance down the dark hallway toward the sex sounds. I could see the open door at the end of the hall with moonlight spilling out with the moaning. What I didn't see was Jules squatting outside the door until I almost stepped on her. She hadn't heard me coming and she made a frightened sound as she turned to stare right at my stiff dick, not five inches from her nose. Her eyes were huge with surprise. Jules's frightened "Yaug!" sound had a paralytic effect on me. We were both interlopers to the scene in the room. I scared her. She scared me. We both were scared that Jules had just given us away.

Panic. She and I both panicked.

The fucking sound stopped.

Jules didn't move.

I didn't move. My cock twitched silently, but the rest of me was an ice sculpture. Then the fucking sound again. This time I was close enough to hear skin slapping skin.

Jules and I exhaled at the same time. She looked at me, waiting for me to do something adult and responsible. Then she just turned and looked back around the door frame like I wasn't even there. I looked over the top of her.

An empty air mattress lay in the floor. Scarlett was posed doggy over the back of an ornate padded dressing chair I'd never seen before. Must have been rented. Her arms were on top of the chair back, and her hands were dangling. Speed was bitch-fucking her from behind like a sex machine. His hands locked on her hips. His knees swayed between the wide set of her splayed feet. They were right by the window, so they were backlit by the streetlights in the apartment complex parking lot. They were at 90 degrees to me (well... me and Jules) so I could just make out the shadow of the base of Speed's thick cock as it came out-and-back-into my wife's pussy.

Speed's jaw was set. His ass and thighs were rippling with the muscular effort. He was doggy-fucking the living hell out of my beautiful redheaded wife. Her head was swiveling around her neck like she didn't know whether to shit or go blind. I noticed her heels kicking a little. Her head stopped swiveling and it looked like she was concentrating. She started to clamp forward into a C-shape while her feet began to really shake.

"Oh fuck!" Scarlett gasped. "I'm going to... I'm... Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck!"

Scarlett's lips twisted in ecstacy. Her teeth clenched. She was going to cum again.

"OHSHITOHFUCK! YES! Yes! Yyyyyeeeeeeesssssss! GAH!" The last utterance was an explosion of that ultra high pitched sound I'd heard earlier.

Scarlett collapsed, but Speed didn't stop giving her hard dick.

"Wow."

The sound had been a tiny mouse whisper. I thought it had leaked out of my brain. Then I realized that Jules had whispered it, probably involuntarily; not loud enough for Speed or Scarlett to have heard over the sound of Speed's stomach crashing into my wife's ass and Speed's balls swinging up and spanking the front of my wife's pussy.

"You had enough, girl," Speed growled. "You ready for my first load of cum?"

"Oh gawd," Scarlett mewled. "Oh please. Yes. Yes, sir."

Sir? What the fuck was with 'Sir?'

"Mouth or pussy?" Speed asked. "Where do you want the first?"

"Anything you want, Sir," Scarlett panted between crushing cockthrusts into the deepest parts of her cunt.

"I asked you, bitch," Speed said. "Mouth or pussy? Where do you want my cum, girl?"

"Pussssssy, please Sir!" Scarlett sounded like she was drunk. "Fill my pussy, please."

"Okay," Speed growled. "But my next load is going down your throat. Do you understand?"

"Yesssssir. Uhn. Uhn. Uhn." Scarlett's head was back in bobble-mode, jostling with the impact of Speed's hard fucking rocking her spine.

Speed stepped back. His dripping slick cock pulled out of my wife's pussy and high-fived him against his flat stomach. He grabbed Scarlett by a handful of her red hair and pulled her to her knees in the floor.

Scarlett didn't have to be told what to do. She latched on to Speed's cockhead with her mouth and moaned and sucked like a whore. She bobbed her head and slurped. She twisted her mouth in semi-circles to pleasure Speed's cock. Speed arched and his shoulders pushed way back. I was certain he was seconds from unloading in my wife's mouth. There's no way I could have resisted that kind of sexy sucking from Scarlett. I would jerked off and sprayed cum out of my own pulled cock in that moment had Jules not been squatting underneath me. It was such an amazing sexy tableau to witness in moonlight. I couldn't remember having ever seen porn as smoking hot as those two going at it; first with their animal fucking and now with my wife giving speed a slurpy, submissive hummer.

Just when I expected to see my wife's throat bobbing with the onslaught of Speed's cum pouring down it, Speed backed off again. He reached down under Scarlett's arms and lifted her off the floor and up to his chest. He positioned his big dick at her slit with one hand while cupping her ass with the other. Then bang zoom wowie.

Scarlett's legs and arms flailed into the shapes of Hebrew Shibboleth as Speed leaned back and fucked my wife standing up. Her expression was mesmerizing. Speed's expression was determined. He wasn't fucking Scarlett to please her. He was fucking my wife for his pleasure, and apparently doing a fantastic job of wringing every drop of satisfaction he could from my wife's abused, deep-skewered pussy. Scarlett's heels kicked to find the back of Speed's knees in a desperate attempt to lift herself off the excruciating bottomed-out cervix punching from gravity double-teaming her with Speed's merciless gutter fucking.

Speed was playing with her.

Scarlett knew it. I knew it. Jules had to know it.

I could hear Jules breathing out her nose in ragged stop-starts. The sound was nervous and highly charged. It sounded like the way I breathe when Scarlett is asleep and I'm jerking off in bed next to her.

"Yeah bitch," Speed growled. "Take that cock, bitch. Take it. You needed some hard cock, didn't you, little slut?"

"Yessssss!" Scarlett mewled.

"You needed hard cock in that tight pussy. So tight. You're not getting enough cock, are you slut?"

"No! No sir! I need more hard cock. Uhn! Uhn! Uhn! Oh fuck, I'm going to cum again. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

"Don't you cum, girl!" Speed bared his teeth and reached up and pulled Scarlett's hair so she was forced to look him in the eye. "You fuck me, girl. You don't cum. You're here for me. Don't cum."

"Yesssssir. Oh, but I have to cum, Sir. Please! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I can't help it!"

"You better not cum, bitch," Speed hissed. "I will beat that bitch ass of yours again if you fucking cum, you fucking wet pussy slut."

"Oh sss-suh-suh-sir! I'm try-try-try..."

"Yuuuuuungh!" Speed threw his head back and his fuckstroke slowed to match the heartbeat pulse in my neck. Thrust. Thrust. Thrust.

"Oh Master!" Scarlett begged, "Please!"

"Cum bitch," Speed grumbled. "Your turn. Cum now."

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Scarlett yipped, jerking involuntarily at Speed lifting her ass and dropping her all the way down on his slowing fuckstroke. "I can feel all that hot cum inside me! Fuckfuckfuh-huh-huh-oooooowwwwwww!"

"There you go," Speed said in a soft, even, daddy-voice. "That's my girl. That's a good little obedient slut."

I felt something brush my knees and it was Jules scurrying back to her bedroom. The show was over, at least the First Act. I watched her to try and see if she was naked or half naked or anything. She was wearing her long T-shirt, like she always wore to bed. Before she disappeared in her bedroom her fingers lingered on the doorframe. She turned to look me in the eye. I could barely make out her expression in the shadows.

I didn't know what she was trying to communicate. "I'm sorry?" "You're an idiot?" "Come on in with me and we'll both sex-out our pent up horniness at what we both just saw?"

Then she was gone. Her door closed quietly behind her.

I looked through the crack in the door. Speed was still holding Scarlett aloft by her ass; his cock still buried up in my wife's pussy. They were slow-kissing like lovers.

Well, that was that. It was over. Everything was over. I'd lost her.

I slunk back to my couch. I didn't cover up with the blanket. I was uncharacteristically hot and sweaty. It was safe to finally orgasm and hopefully then sleep would come and I'd never wake up. Or perhaps I'd wake in a hospital room to find that I had choked on an oyster at the restaurant and it had all been a crazy, super-vivid dream.

My cock was a hot wire. It didn't feel like a dream. My cock felt like hot, repressed, need. Every nerve in my body was needy and sizzling for relief. I felt my balls and they were tight as drum skins. My hand pulled up the length of my cock and my fingers closed around the dripping head, soapy with pre-cum.

I gave my needy dick a few strokes and thought about my wife acting like a total slut for my best friend. I thought about earlier in the evening how bitchy she was when she was on her knees on the floor.

"I'm not going to fuck either one of you!"

Two minutes later:

Slurp! Slurp! Moan! Suck! Slurp! Moan!

Fucking slut. Fucking bed-hopping little whore.

Give Speed credit. He read her perfectly. I read her wrong. Scarlett growled at me and I backed away. Scarlett growled at Speed and he closed in on her and took what he wanted. What she wanted too, it turned out.

Goddammit.

I hated Scarlett even more. And I longed for her even more. I longed to be the one who made her head roll around her neck and cum three times in a row. I'd never made her cum three times in a row. I couldn't NOT cum when Scarlett came. I was always unloading my balls while she was still thrashing the back-half of her orgasm.

But fuck, she was so sexy taking Speed's hard dick. She was such a sexy slut, even if she was my wife and fucking my best friend. Such a little trampy kitten slut.

I startled to the awareness that somebody was standing next to me. My eyes focused. It was Scarlett.

"What?" I mumbled, still stroking my horny cock.

"Shhhh." Scarlett knelt next to me in the floor. "Come here. Sit up."

"What do you want?"

"I have to suck your cock."

"You have to?"

Scarlett nodded. "Master's orders."

I sat upright on the couch and Scarlett didn't wait. She folded to her knees. She leaned in and latched her soft wet mouth onto my burning hard need and sucked it. "Mmmmm," she moaned.

"Oh fuck that feels good." I moaned.

"I know," Scarlett whispered.v"I'm an excellent cocksucking slut."

She slurped away. Every nerve in my body was bending toward her talented wet mouth, bobbing and sucking and slurping."

"You're certainly a slut,"I said.

"Shhhhh." Scarlett came away from my dick. "You're going to wake the girls."

"Oh please," I laughed. "You two both already woke them with your carrying on and you screaming like a tramp in heat. Suck!" I grabbed a wad of hair on top of Scarlett's head and jammed by throbbing member back down her throat.

Scarlett grunted and then started sucking properly. She pulled off long enough to whip her soft wet tongue all over the front of my cock. "So you heard us fucking?" she asked.

"Everybody heard you fucking," I said. As soon as it came out of my mouth I realized that I sounded like a petulant little bitch. A long way from Speed's calm certainty.

"Mmmm," Scarlett said. "Okay. I guess the girls know too then." Her mouth dropped and she really gave it to me. She sucked like a whore and moaned like a slut. Right when I was sure I was going to bust a nut in her mouth, she pulled off to lick again. "I guess there's no secret anymore that that the girls must know that their mama is a submissive cocksucker who can be taken by a strong man." Scarlett sucked a couple hard mouth tugs and pulled off again. "And my husband knows it. Everybody knows I'm a submissive cockhungry slut. Secret's out."

The casualness with which my normally high-strung wife was talking about being another man's sex toy spiked my blood pressure. I did not recognize this woman at all. I was as angry as I was ready to blow my sperm all over her face.

"Everybody knows," I growled.

"Okay," she said simply. "Hurry up and cum. Every minute I'm gone is ten swats that he is going to spank my pink ass."

"He doesn't know you're here?"

"Of course he knows. He sent me." Suck. Suck. Slurp. Deepthroat that made my ears wiggle with pleasure. "I've got to get back and suck His cock. Master's cock. It'll be hard and waiting by the time I get back." Suck suck suck suck slurp. "I guess my daughters will hear me sucking His cock." Slurp. Suckasuckasuckah. "And I guess you'll probably hear it too."

I was coming unglued. "I've got to fuck you!" I panted. I knew I wouldn't last more than three strokes, as far gone as I was, but I wanted my cum inside my wife, my seed battling Speed's cum for dominance. "Get up here! I'm going to fuck you!!"

Scarlett didn't move. "I can't," she whimpered. "He says I'm not allowed to fuck you. Just suck you. Hurry up and come, because I'm already getting so many spankings because your cock is so hard but you're holding out, Alan. Just fill my cocksucking mouth with cum so I can get back to Him." Slurp slurp schllllurpp... Suchk. Suchk. Schlurp-puh.

That was it. Every fiber in my body rushed through my urethra at once. I pumped gush after gush of semen into Scarlett's moaning mouth. She gulped and latched her puffy lips around the crown of my cock and sucked with everything she had to empty my balls. More pulses ripped through my lower body and I felt more hot cum unloading into her mouth. Scarlett kept sucking. I normally push her mouth off me because I hate the sensation of being overstimulated after I spunk. But that time I just flinched and gritted my teeth and shook and flopped. She wasn't going to quit until I pushed her off. I wasn't going to push her off. She really laced the rough flat of her tongue onto the face of my burned-out cockhead and sanded away with wet, soft, heavenly licks.

Even in my post-orgasmic throes, the symbolism wasn't lost on me. Scarlett was connected to me, exactly the way I longed for her to connect with me. As soon as I pushed her off my sparking skin fuse, I was ending more than a blowjob. I was ending us. Once sex was over, we were over. If I could take her suck forever, I would be the guy in the movie who was leaning over the helicopter skids, gripping his woman's outstretched hand for dear life as she dangled a thousand feet above the treetops.

With nowhere to put the overstimulation that short circuited my brain, all that frustrated heat ended up in my hand as it slapped at the couch until I lost the battle and finally pushed her forehead. She was still sucking and my cock popped out of her mouth loudly. I could barely hear it because my ears were ringing with overstimulated pleasure whitenoise.

She patted my knee, stood, and left me.

My chest heaved as I fought to catch my breath. I was still gasping when the first of sixty spanking swats crackled across the apartment. Give Speed credit, when he said he was going to do something, he did it. Scarlett was crying to the point I could hear her, somewhere in the mid thirties. It sounds terrible, I know, but the sound of Scarlett's agony lifted my spiteful spirits. She was sobbing pretty hard by the time Speed made good on Swat Number Sixty and things went silent.

My ears perked up. I listened for any tell tale sex sounds. I held my breath to hear anything. Sure enough I heard Speed start to grunt. Then I heard wet squacking sounds. My wife was sucking my best friend's cock. No doubt.

"C'mon," I heard Speed grunt. "Harder. Suck harder. You want another thirty swats on that ass, girl? No? Well then you better show me something. Yeah. That's better. Oh yeah, now we're talking. That's a girl who knows she's owned. That's what I'm talking about, Red. Deeper. Deeper! Here, let me show you what deeper means, woman."

The unmistakable sound of Scarlett gagging while Speed fucked her throat echoed down the hallway.

My pulse ticked in my neck again and my jealousy started to kick me in the stomach again. My treacherous cock made an attempt to thicken, even though it still hadn't recovered from Scarlett's blowjob. I absently rubbed my nutsack. I contemplated just picking up my overnight bag, slipping out the door, and leaving forever.

I heard footsteps in the living room. I assumed it had to be Jules. I reached down and threw the blanket in the floor over my sticky junk. Peyton slid next to me on the edge of the couch. I turned sideways into spoons to make more room for her.

"Jules is acting weird," Peyton whispered. "I can't get to sleep with her being weird."

"Okay," I said. I was thinking 'You're hearing your mom take a spanking, fuck, and suck cock like a whore, but Jules is being weird?' But what I said was "Okay," because I couldn't think of another fucking thing to say other than "Okay."

"Can I sleep here with you, Alan?"

"Sure, baby." I guess I wasn't leaving yet.

"Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Scarlett was taking The D again. There was no way she could possibly cum another time.

"Mom and Uncle Speed are doing it," Peyton whispered matter-of-factly.

I cringed. "Uh huh."

"Are you and mom getting a divorce?"

"I dunno," I whispered. And I truly didn't.

"I hope not," Peyton said. Then "Jules is playing with her vageen-o."

"Is she?"

"Yeah. Boys make girls weird. I hope boys never make me weird."

I sighed. "They probably will, honey."

"FUCK!" Scarlett came again.

Momentary silence.

Then Speed's voice, low and masculine: "Oh, that's it. More. Deeper. Good, baby. That's it. Oh here it comes. Swallow every drop. GAH!"

Peyton grabbed the free end of the princess blanket and pulled it up and over her legs, forming an S-shape with both of us rolled into different atmospheres. She snuggled backwards and forwards in the covers, looking for comfort from the blanket and me at the same time, the adorable way that kids do. Her hair smelled like No More Tears shampoo.

I heard her breathing drop into deep sleep. I was right behind her.

\*\*\*\*

I'm a light sleeper. I've been known to be startled awake to the air conditioner kicking on.

I woke to Peyton getting off the couch. The sun was up. I fought my way to consciousness and sat up, still naked from the waist down under the princess blanket.

Scarlett was in the kitchen ten feet away from me. Something was sizzling on the stove. That was the crazy part. Scarlett had been cooking for some time and I hadn't woke.

I tucked the edges of the princess blanket around my waist into a purple and pink kilt. I stumbled toward Scarlett.

She looked up. "Hey Alan," she said plainly. "I poured you some coffee. All we have is powdered creamer, sorry."

"Oh. Wow. Thanks." The coffee smelled amazing and I took a sip from a cup that said "World's Okayest Stepdad." A passive-aggressive turdbomb gift from the late Willis delivered through the payload of the girls. I can't believe they packed that stupid mug in the boxes they drove to San Diego.

"I've got enough food in the fridge to make us egg scrambles with sausage and peppers," Scarlett said. "Is that okay?"

"Sounds good," I mumbled. "Speed still sleeping? You wear him out?"

"What?" Scarlett looked up. "Oh no, he was up at the ass-crack of dawn. He took Jules to rent surf boards and give her a surfing lesson."

I looked at my watch. It was 10:20. "Seriously? I didn't hear a thing."

"You were snoring," Scarlett said. "You were out of it." She stabbed at a mass of sausage in the pan with a spatula. "Spellman texted me. They're on their way back now."

"Hence you cooking breakfast," I said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I guess the key to triggering your domestic side is to fuck you right," I mumbled.

Scarlett rolled her eyes. "I've cooked you breakfast dozens of times, in spite of..." She seemed to think better of continuing.

"In spite of what?" I pressed. "Not making you cum three times in an hour?"

"Shhhhh!" Scarlett looked around the corner for Peyton. "Can we not do this now? Please? Discretion? Please?"

"Welcome to the light of day," I shrugged. "where yesterday's bad decisions come to preen and crow as this morning's rooster."

Scarlett blushed, but didn't take the bait.

Jules burst through the apartment door. Her face was one big ear-to-ear smile. Her eyes were popped. "Alan! I surfed! I got up! I caught a wave!"

"Very cool," I said.

"Hey brah." Speed nodded at me as he walked through the door and closed it behind him. "Jeez, forgot how cold SoCal water is. Even with wet suits. I had to turn on the heater in your car."

"My car?"

Speed laughed. "Yah brah. We weren't going to walk to the pier."

I heard my mobile phone ringing. I kicked around until I found my jeans in a bunch on the floor and dug my mobile out of a pocket. It was almost dead.

It was a courtesy call from the moving company. The truck was two hours away. We needed to hurry up and eat and meet them at the storage facility. After that they'd bring the remaining load to the apartment and we-- er... Scarlett would set up her temporary abode with mattresses and nightstands and lamps. I didn't know what I was going to do next.

"Oh man, this is good." Speed forked eggs into his mouth. "Got any hot sauce? No? That's okay. I needed some good protein after all the carbs at Vespagio's last night. Good call, Red."

Speed looked down at the princess blanket wrapped around my waist as I retrieved my bowl of breakfast from Scarlett. "And what highland family do you represent, brah? Clan MacAriel?"

"I need a shower," I mumbled. "I think my travel duffel is still in the trunk."

"It's in Scarlett's closet," Speed motioned with his thumb extending from his fork. "I brought it in before we took your car."

"Thanks," I said. "I guess you're going to be taking off soon, then?"

Speed blinked at me. "What? No way, brah. We've still got work to do. I'm not going anywhere for awhile."

"Because the movers can probably unload everything..." I trailed off.

"We can clear the objective faster with a full platoon," Speed said. "And I'm here, so."

I don't know why I really thought that was going to go any different than it did.

I showered in a shower that was already overflowing with female notions. Foot scrub. Face moisturizer. Arm moisturizer. Leg moisturizer. Left elbow soap. Right elbow soap. Fucking crazy the shit women buy when a bar of Dial soap will do it all, including washing your hair in a pinch.

Anyway. Cleaning up and getting in fresh clothes improved my mood. I still didn't know what was happening.

I drove Peyton and Jules to the storage facility in my car. Scarlett and Speed traveled in her BMW, Speed driving. We had no more rolled out of the apartment parking lot when Speed texted me to say Scarlett's car was low on gas and they'd be a few minutes behind us.

The girls and I waited in front of the storage facility. And we waited. Thirty minutes later there was no moving truck and no Scarlett.

I texted Speed. They had to be lost. He texted back, "Almost there."

I checked the Friends tracker. Scarlett's phone was somewhere in an industrial park where tractor trailers loaded up. It wasn't moving. Then I finally figured it out.

Five minutes later, the dot started moving. Scarlett and Speed showed up 90 seconds after the moving truck. Jules had the key and I unlocked the door and rolled it upward.

Scarlett and Speed walked around the back of the truck and waited for the movers to lower the ramp.

Scarlett saw me staring at her and raised her eyebrows in a question.

I tapped the corner of my mouth with my index finger.

Scarlett seemed confused. She tapped the corner of her mouth in the same place I pointed using her own finger and wiped away a huge bauble of cum she had failed to swallow. She looked at the cum on her finger, momentarily confused and shocked. Then her mouth closed around her finger and she sucked it clean in a wet snap. The pointy tip of her tongue snaked out to clean any remaining residue of Speed's spunk away. The whole time she looked at me defiantly with almost a smirk of "Whadderyagonnado?"

Scarlett walked over to Speed and looked at me, smiling, while she whispered conspiratorially in his ear, letting him know I'd figured it out. She laughed.

Speed smiled and whispered something in Scarlett's ear.

Scarlett froze. I swear the color left her face. Whatever Speed said had shocked her.

\*\*\*\*

On the way back to the apartment behind the moving truck making its last leg, Speed took my car with Jules and Peyton. I drove Scarlett in her Three Series.

Awkward as fuck. She mostly stared out the window.

"So," I broke the silence. "Are we over?"

Scarlett turned slowly. "Is that what you want?"

"I didn't say that."

"Who said it then?" Scarlett said. "Who just said anything about anything being over but you?"

"Given how flagrant you are about you and Speed..." I started.

"Oh hell no you don't!" Scarlett interrupted. "No you do not get to play that fucking card, Alan! You let him spank me. You let him stick his cock in my mouth when you were standing there. You gave him permission to take me in our room and fuck me. Do not even put this on me! This is one hundred percent you!"

"And sucking his cock on the way to the storage unit?" I asked. "That was me?"

Scarlett blushed and smiled. "No. That was my idea."

"Yeah. You have a good time?" I asked sarcastically.

"You bet I did," Scarlett smirked. "His cum is fucking delicious and there's so fucking much of it."

We lapsed back into awkward silence.

"Okay," I said finally. "I'll grab my bag and clear out when we get to the apartment."

Scarlett sighed. "Oh c'mon. Don't be like that. Things have just gotten out of hand. I'm not leaving you for Spellman."

"You could have just said that in the first place," I said softly.

"Look. I won't lie to you, Alan. It was nice to have a man act like he wanted me. It was really sexy to be taken like a plaything. He's a great fuck. And that's not saying that you aren't a great fuck too, but Spellman is some crazy unicorn freak of nature. It was fun. You set it up, you set all this up, so you can't really be pissy that I gave in and let him take me. Not like I was going to stop him all by myself anyway."

"Did you really cum three times last night?" I asked. "Or were you putting on a show?"

"I came four times. He woke me up to lick me out in the middle of the night. Or morning. I didn't know which way was up at that hour, I was so tired." Scarlett was speaking in her matter of fact tone, so I knew she was serious.

"Holy shit," I said. Just thinking about it was making my cock thicken in my pants. "Is he a good pussy licker?" I don't know what possessed me to ask. I did not want to know the answer unless it was "no."

"Of course he is," Scarlett said.

"What makes him a good pussy licker?" I braked for a red light. Speed and the girls were in front of us and kept going.

Scarlett shrugged. "I don't know."

"C'mon," I goaded.

Scarlett thought about this. "He knows just when to tease and just when to please."

"What does that mean?"

"Like he knew just how to lick that crazy spot under my clit until I was squirming. And then when I couldn't take the anticipation one second longer, that's when he'd latch on and suck my clit hard until my hair was on fire, and when I was right on the edge, he do something else. Stick his tongue in my hole. Or kiss and suck my pussy lips. I don't know exactly what it was, it's not like I had a mirror to watch when he was licking, or where he was licking. He just kept me on edge for what seemed like an hour, and then he stuck his fingers up in me and wiggled them while he sucked my clit and that was all she wrote."

"You came on his fingers?" My cock was throbbing in my pants listening to my wife recount the story of cumming on Speed's horny mouth. I absently pulled at my erection as the light turned green.

Scarlett saw this, finally noticing the bulge in my jeans. She sighed. "Alan, I telll you what. Make a right up here. Here, turn. Okay follow this way around the turn. Left. Now pull into this lot by the sign here."

We pulled into a stripmall doctor's office park. Being Sunday afternoon it was vacant. Scarlett unbuckled her seat belt and flipped the middle console arm up she leaned over and pulled the button on my pants apart. I lifted up and pushed my jeans down to my knees. That was all she needed. That was all I needed.

My twitching red cock was burning with need when she latched her cocksucking mouth around the head and sucked hard. Her tongue traced letters to a prayer across the front of my cockhead while her mouth held me close in suction. Then she moaned and bobbed, moaned and bobbed. A little deeper ever time until my cum hole bounced off the back of her throat. She wasn't messing around.

I rocked back and forth in the driver's seat and kept my foot forced down on the brake, as I'd never even put the car in park. Watching that mop of pretty red hair dance in my lap was hypnotic. But she was sucking the skin off me, she was sucking so hard. My balls started to tighten. I didn't want to cum so fast.

"Let's crawl in the back," I moaned. "I've got to fuck your pussy."

Scarlett popped off my cock and looked me in the eye while her hand took over pleasure duty.

"I can't," she said. "It's not my pussy. It's Spellman's pussy. He said I can't give it to you."

"The fuck?" I grunted. "You are my wife. Like he'd even know!"

"He'll know," Scarlett said. She resumed sucking my cock and the wet warmth of her slurping mouth was absolutely amazing. "Anyway, I'm not taking any chances. I don't want to get on his bad side."

I thought about flooding Scarlett's whore mouth with my seed. Then I remembered the scene back at the storage unit.

"What did Speed say to you at the storage locker?" I hissed. Really I wanted to take my mind off cumming so I could last a little longer. "You looked like you ate a bug."

Scarlett stopped sucking. She froze. Her mouth came off my cock and her hand stroked me, but not as vigorously as before.

"You don't want to know," Scarlett said, looking up at me with that same blanched look on her face I'd seen back at the storage locker.

"Tell me," I demanded.

"Seriously, Alan," Scarlett said, staring me in the eyes. Her hand moved faster and the shicka-shicka-shicka sound of cockstroking got louder in the interior of the car. "You really don't want me to tell you what he said."

I just let Scarlett return to her cocksucking, her head bobbing away. She started moaning again. I didn't want her to stop sucking ever again. But I had to know.

"Scarlett, what did Speed say to you?" I asked in my deepest, most dad-est voice.

Scarlett popped off my cock, but didn't look up. She didn't stroke. "He said he's going to fuck my ass tonight."

I actually laughed out loud. "Yeah. Right"

Scarlett sucked again. So warm, wet, and tight.

"Is that really what he said?" I pressed.

"Yesss," Scarlett hissed between sucks.

"Seriously?"

"As a heart attack," Scarlett rimmed the underside of my cockhead crown with the tip of her outstretched tongue and returned to hard cockhead suction. The skin began to peel away from my thighs with the overstimulation. I was losing it, fast.

"Did you tell him you don't do that?" I asked, knowing full-well that she hadn't said a word after Speed whispered in her ear.

"Like I could stop him?" Schlurp-schlurp-gulp-schlurp!

"You're going to let him fuck you up your ass? Really?"

"I told you," Suck-suck-schlurp-suck! "It's not my ass. It's his." Slurp-lick-slurp-twisltylick-right-across-my-cum-hole. "If he wants it, he's going to take it."

"So do you want it?" I breathed heavy. My body was vibrating in long waves. There was no stopping it now."You want it in your ass? You want Speed's cock in your little virgin ass?"

"Of course not." Suck-suck-suck. "But that's not going to change anything. He's probably going to fuck my ass." Schurp-suck-schulorp! "Definitely going to fuck my ass. If he says he's going to do something, he does it. He's definitely going to fuck my ass."

"Oh gawd," I hissed. The waves amplified. "That's going to hurt. He's packing."

Schurp-schlurp-suck. "You're telling me," Scarlett mewled. "I'm going to cry so hard. You might have to take the girls somewhere, Alan, so they don't hear me crying when Spellman fucks my ass."

Boom! I blasted a hundred of jets of cum into Scarlett's mouth. My back ratcheted backwards over and over, pounding against the seat as my entire essence rushed up my legs and down my stomach on it's way through my pumping orgasm. The car rolled forward against the curb when my foot lost pressure on the brake pedal.

Scarlett pulled off and swallowed hard. "Shit, Alan. You never cum that much." She coughed, wiped at the corners of her mouth, and checked her makeup in the passenger vanity mirror. "You about drowned me. C'mon. Pull your pants up before a cop comes."

\*\*\*\*

It took three hours to unpack the remaining furniture (including the beds) into the apartment. Mostly because Scarlett kept changing her mind about where she wanted Speed and I to move the heavy stuff. I was almost like moving three more times. Scarlett had some kind of plan in her head that never seemed to work out because the bedroom window sills were too low and the living room window sills were too high, and the dining room table was too square, or some such nonsense. Speed was good humored about Scarlett's woman-ness, but then again Speed was fucking my wife and I was not.

I got the WiFi bandwidths set up while Speed used a ladder to move Scarlett's winter clothes to shelves high in her closet.

Jules and Peyton unpacked their clothes into two chest of drawers from IKEA that Speed and I had worked together to assemble quickly. Jules and Peyton were uncharacteristically not-combative all morning. Aside from the peculiarness of my best friend fucking my wife, there was something else really odd about the day. I finally figured out that the strangeness was Jules and Peyton not fighting constantly.

Jules actually thanked me after I told her the WiFi was working. She had been waiting to watch surfing lesson videos on YouTube.

"You're welcome," I nodded.

Jules looked at me. She was trying to tell me something without saying anything once again. She sighed and gave up, flopping on her re-assembled bed and pulling her phone in front of her face.

"Password the same?" she mumbled.

"Hey!" Speed was behind me in the doorway. I flinched with surprise at the suddenness of his voice behind my ear. I realized he was talking past me to the girls. "Why don't you two think about a movie you'd like to see tonight?"

"We're going to a movie?" Peyton asked with excitement.

"You and your sister are going to a movie. Alan's going to take you." Speed winked at me. We would not be around to hear Speed breaking Scarlett's asshole with his big wang.

"Can we see an R rated movie?" Jules asked.

"NO!" came Scarlett's shout from another room.

"Maybe," Speed smiled. "What kind of R-rated movie?"

"One hundred hearts?" Jules asked. "I read the book, so it's not like it's porn or anything."

"Oh yeah," Speed said. "With whatsherface from the Grimwald series. She's freakin' adorable."

"So can we?" Jules pleaded.

"NO!" Scarlett shouted.

"I dunno," Speed said. "Alan, brah, can you suffer through two hours of a sexy romantic bodice-ripper?"

"I guess," I said. I knew nothing of this movie. "But I don't think Peyton wants to sit through a romance."

Scarlett: "SHE IS NOT GOING TO SEE A SMUTTY R-RATED MOVIE!"

Peyton shrugged. "I'd love to see One Hundred Hearts. I hear everybody cries at the end because the boy dies."

Scarlett: "NO!"

Speed looked at me. Then back at Jules. "You heard your mother. You all should go see the new Paddington movie." Speed winked big at Jules and nudged me with his elbow. Even Peyton understood.

"Okay," Jules smirked. She raised her voice so her mother could overhear. "Paddington Sets Sail. Sounds good to me!"

\*\*\*\*

I had no idea that there was so much graphic sex in One Hundred Hearts. I should have figured out that was why the girl selling the tickets looked at Peyton and then looked back at me with an expression that said, "Are you kidding?"

I'm not sure why the movie wasn't NC-17. It was about two high school age girlfriends who end up sexually sharing the boy who couldn't choose between them. It was practically porn, given the number of scenes where both girls were bare-ass naked and rolling around with young Mr. Abs.

Every uncomfortable sex scene, I looked at Jules she looked back at me. Then back at the sex scene. Peyton was expressionless, munching on a big bag of M&M that cost me about as much as a thoroughbred horse. She might as well have been watching a Paddington movie.

All I could think about was how Scarlett was in our bedroom, writhing in pain as Speed took his pleasure from her virgin ass. She was probably going to suck his dick and fuck him too. But my best friend Speed was definitely going to break my wife's ass. It had probably already happened. She was probably covered with sweat, soaking the sheets. Her little pink asshole was probably stretched and red, pulsing a flexing ring of sore agony. I was getting a boner in the theater, and it was only partially related to the blonde actress with the ridiculous nerd glasses and luscious long nipples.

As a writer I was trying to figure out how Mr. Abs was going to die. The whole climactic school shooting scene at the end was blatant manipulation. I was slapping my forehead right up until he ran back in the school with three bullets through him (oh please) to save the bookish girlfriend.

When the credits finally rolled, so did my eyes. Jules and Peyton were both crying. On the drive home I got pretty nervous. I was wondering if I should try to call and let them know so the girls didn't walk in and see their mom bent over a couch, getting pounded from behind. Then I figured they had to know how long the movie was, and two and a half hours was plenty long enough for what Speed said he was going to do.

As soon as we walked back through the apartment door, Speed was waiting for us.

"Hey brah, I'm going to take the girls to dinner. You and Red can have a few minutes of quality time. She's in the bedroom. She says she wants to talk to you."

"I have to pee," Peyton said, resisting Speed's effort to herd her right back out the door.

"Pee at the restaurant," Speed picked Peyton up and faced her toward the door again.

They were gone.

I nervously walked down the hallway. "Scarlett?" I pushed the bedroom door open.

All the air ran out of me.

Scarlett was tied to the bed. Her legs were tied from the ankles to the newels at the top of each side of the headboard, so they were open really wide. It looked like it must have hurt Scarlett to have her legs stretched so wide open. Her ass floated over the sheets. Her cute little toes pointing at each side wall were curled in and flexing against the stress. Her wrists were bound together and pulled above her head with a rope that disappeared over the top edge of the mattress. Speed had fashioned some kind of tit bondage wrap out of braided rope. It forced Scarlett's big jugs into hard balls with chewed up pink nipples pointing at the ceiling. As I walked closer I could see the little rose-colored capillary hickey breaks where Speed had chewed and sucked the living shit out of those sexy tits and nips.

Scarlett had a ball gag in her mouth that was attached to some leather straps. She was drooling around it, spilling onto the sheets and matting in her hair. As I walked closer I realized it had locks on it so I couldn't remove it. No blow job for me.

But her pink pussy was dripping.

And her abused red asshole was flexing and gaping, just like I'd imagined it. I could see how stretched and sore it was, just by looking at it.

Scarlett moaned against her ball gag. Her eyes were looking up at something, trying to show me something. There was a Post-It note stuck to the headboard.

"Brah! This bitch's tight little ass is AMAZING! You should fuck it! I highly recommend it. Also: Pussy is still mine. Stay out. Sure, I can't stop you from fucking Red's tight, wet, cunt, but Red knows that if your cock goes in MY pussy, she is in serious trouble. You don't want that for her, so just fuck that ass! Enjoy! (I sure did!)- SS"

As a writer, I cringed at the use of so many exclamation points. But as a man, I marveled at my squirming wife, and how competently she was tied up. The knotcraft was impressive. If I wanted to untie her, I don't even know where I'd begin.

But I didn't want to untie her. Seeing her in bondage distress triggered my already horny cock to nearly bust my zipper open. I rubbed her tit balls and pinched her chewed up nipples. Scarlett squinted and made an angry sound-mumble through the ball gag that sounded like "Dammit!"

"Oh, did that hurt, little tied up slut?" I don't know what was happening to me. I never called Scarlett names, not even in the throes of sex. But I was pretty mad at her. Mad and turned on. I pinched and twisted the nipple and Scarlett squinted and screamed around the ball gag. She rocked against her ropes but didn't really go anywhere. "Aw, poor baby," I said. I leaned over and sucked on the pink nubbin closest to me. I could feel the heat of it. I could feel the sore heat of her chewed nipple on my tongue.

Scarlett rocked back and forth again, but not as much in pain. The way I sucked her made some kind of pleasure-pain, or at least it seemed like it.

"Did Speed fuck your little pink ass?" I asked.

Scarlett nodded slowly.

"Aw, that must have hurt so bad."

Scarlett's eyes got big and she nodded rapidly.

I assume that meant "Hell yeah, it hurt." It made me happy to think about Scarlett getting her ass raped. I hoped it hurt a lot.

"And did you suck Speed's big cock?"

Scarlett nodded.

"Did Speed cum in your little whore mouth, Scarlett Ann?"

Scarlett shook her head no.

"Oh I bet he fucked this pussy, didn't he?" I stuck my fingers in Scarlett's upturned pussy and it was drenched with her silky whet.

Scarlett moaned like a whore and humped against me.

"Did Speed fuck this pussy, Scarlett? I asked you a question."

To my shock, Scarlett shook her head no.

"He didn't? Really! Huh. So you sucked his cock and he stuck it in your ass?"

Scarlett nodded.

I rubbed a circle around her clit with my fingertips and she moaned deep and lifted her ass higher off the bed, trying to rock her hips against my pressure.

"So, he licked your pussy after he fucked your ass, then?"

Scarlett shook her head no.

"Really? So did you cum when he fucked your ass?"

Scarlett seemed to think about this too long before she shook her head no.

"Yes or no?" I demanded.

Scarlett tried to say something through the ball gag. "Ahhhm-muuuh."

"Almost?"

Scarlett nodded.

"You almost came, but you didn't cum?"

Scarlett nodded. I rolled my fingers around the sopping wet folds of her pussy and she moaned deep and animal. Her head rocked from side to side with frustration.

"But Speed came, didn't he?"

Scarlett nodded and moaned, her ass struggling to move against her restraint.

"Did Speed put his cum in your little pink ass?"

Scarlett shook her head no.

"No? Then where the fuck did he put his sperm?"

Scarlett looked ashamed. I didn't understand. That's when I noticed the frosting all over her forehead and cheeks and neck. Speed had unloaded on her face and left it to dry. Scarlett fucking HATED to take a load on her face. That had been Willis's go-to move, and Scarlett had a shitload of resentment for it. That's why she always insisted on swallowing my cum. She said it was less messy.

"Oh, you got your face painted, didn't you, slut?"

Scarlett's face flushed and I could see she was angry.

"You poor thing," I said with mock pity. "First you get your little pink ass fucked and your asshole broken. Then you don't get to cum. Tsk tsk. Then Speed paints your fucking whore face with his sperm and marks you as his own. Poor baby."

I rubbed her clit hard and she turned out to be way more interested in the attention she was getting on her twat than the grudge and shame she experienced from me gloating over her facial.

"Speed is breaking all your fussy little rules, isn't he, little whore?"

Scarlett closed her eyes and nodded. A drizzle of thick drool crested the corner of her mouth and ran under her ear and into her hair.

I stood off the bed and pulled my shirt over my head. I unsnapped my pants and let them fall. My cock was already out of the top elastic band of my underwear, dripping.

If this was really the endgame for my marriage, there was no fucking way I was going into divorce without ever knowing the sensation of fucking Scarlett's ass. I was going to fuck Scarlett's sore asshole and then cover her face with my hot sticky load, just the way Speed had done. Only this time I would mark her last and with even more manseed.

I mounted up on Scarlett and pushed the head of my cock into the bruised divot of her bung. Scarlett looked at me pleadingly and emphatically shook her head no.

"Oh that's no way to treat your husband, little whore. Giving your ass to another man and then telling your husband 'no.' That's just not polite." I stabbed forward, just a little bit, sinking the top of my cockhead in her asshole and feeling the heat pour back into me.

Scarlett looked at me, and over to the nightstand. I followed her eyes. There was a little tube of lube with the cap off.

"Oh, little whore wants some lube? Did Speed use lube on this pink ass?"

Scarlett nodded enthusiastically.

"Speed used lube and your ass is still this red and sore?"

Scarlett nodded. Her eyes were pleading.

"This little ass is so sore, though. Maybe I should just fuck your wet whore pussy instead." My thumb circled her clit and she melted. She was confused. I could tell that's what she really wanted. She was burning to be fucked.

"Maybe I could fuck this pussy and it would stay just between you and me," I said, repositioning my cockhead in the tight pucker of her fuckhole.

Scarlett moaned and squirmed.

"I don't see you saying no," I said, leaning forward and feeling her sloppy fuckhole take almost my entire crown.

Scarlett moaned. Then she seemed to change her mind and she shook her head no, looking me in the eyes.

"No? So you'd rather be fucked in the ass than the pussy? You'd rather be fucked in your sore, broken asshole than your slut pussy?"

Scarlett looked like she was ready to cry. Her conflicted eyes were wet. She nodded yes.

"Because if I fuck your pussy, you're going to be in a lot of trouble with your boyfriend, aren't you?"

Scarlett nodded slowly. Her eyes were big. She was pleading with me. She grunted a "Plauuh nuh." around the ball gag. "Please no."

"Too fucking bad for you," I said. I buried my cock in her pussy, all the way to my balls. All the way until I felt it crash against her upturned cervix.

Scarlett moan-screamed. She looked at me, panicked. Then she slumped and rolled her chin to the ceiling and I fucked her. I fucked her hard. I fucked her fast. I fucked her deep. It was sheer heaven. Her pussy gushed it's approval. I banged her so hard that her ankles stretched wider against the pull of the ropes and she yipped.

I leaned forward and bit her rock-hard nipples.

Scarlett started undulating against her restraints. I straightened to my knees and grabbed around her waist. I fucked her slow and deep while I reached forward and tugged her nipples and squeezed her bound breasts. They were starting to turn purple against their bondage and I thought they could use some circulation.

Scarlett's pussy loved the attention, because she thrashed. She flopped and thrashed as hard as she could against the ropes. Her eyes rolled back.

Then I heard it around the ball gag. "--Uucch! --Uucgh! --Uuuuuughhhuuugh!" She came. Her little toes folded in against the bottoms of her tiny feet and she shook in an orgasm that went on five times longer than any I'd ever given her before.

She panted and hissed through her nose, looking up at me with astonishment. Apparently she was impressed with me as I was with her.

My cock was lit. I was close, but not there.

I backed out of Scarlett's pussy and fisted my cock to firmly align it with her upturned asshole. I pushed in. The object was definitely to hurt Scarlett. Turns out there was still a fair bit of lubricant left from Speed, so after the resistance of the hot ring of Scarlett's butthole, my cock hit some slippery and buried deep in her ass. Scarlett clinched into one hard body knot. Her eyes bugged. I wasted no time finding a fuck rhythm. Scarlett never unclinched from that first hardness. Her muscles were straining against every point of bondage, trying to climb or pull or move away from my piston-assault on her hot ass.

Oh, it was good. So damn good. The best part was her agony, to be certain, but fucking that tight little ass was amazing.

I pumped and thrusted. Pump. Thrust. I moved my hips and fucked different sides of her hot pink hole.

She never stopped her singular, hard clench, like she was having a baby with one final push. Tears spilled from her eyes. Her face was bright red from straining every muscle in her body at once. Her ass cheeks went from soft round globes to angular slats of muscle-on-bone. She was so beautiful. So distressed and so honest and real in that agony that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; by far the sexiest thing I'd ever witnessed.

I turned into a white bolt of energy. My balls crawled into the base of my cock and let go. I pumped sperm deep in Scarlett's ass. I grabbed both of her wrapped purple wrapped tits like they were handgrips on a climbing wall.

Scarlett started making a sound I'd never heard. She was vibrating hard. Her expression was crazy. Her teeth were bared, biting at the red rubber ball in her mouth. She was cumming. Those perfect white teeth against that red ball were the sexiest contrast. I thought about how sexy it would have been to stick with my plan to coat those teeth with my pearly cum. I wondered if my seed would drip around the edges of the ball into her mouth.

Instead I came in Scarlett's ass. Pump-after-pump. Thrash-after-thrash. Heat-begetting-steam. I couldn't stop cumming and neither could Scarlett. She looked like an exorcism. Her red face turned white with exertion.

At least I was kind enough not to collapse on top of her. It could have broken her legs if I did, as tightly as they were pulled apart; just enough for her enticing ass to hover over the sheets.

Scarlett started crying for real. Not agony crying, but frustration crying. Humiliation crying.

"Relax," I hissed, trying to catch my breath. "Relax. I won't tell him I fucked your pussy. He won't know."

Scarlett leaned up and motioned her forehead to something behind me. I looked over my shoulder at the deco print that Speed had hung on the wall earlier that day. I wasn't sure what that had to do with our secret.

Then I saw it.

Perched on top of the print was a little square block, the size of a child's alphabet block. My eyes focused on the little black letter on the front of the block and I realized it wasn't a letter. It was a camera lens.

"Whoopsie," I mumbled. "I guess you are getting Speed's punishment after all."

I looked at Scarlett.

She looked like she wanted to murder me.

This delighted me.

I made a few attempts to untie Scarlett's ankles, but I couldn't figure out the knots Speed used. I guess a guy who abducts bad guys for a living knows something about how to tie people up. I might as well get cleaned up.

By the time I stepped out of the shower I heard Jules's voice in the apartment. Scarlett rushed into the bathroom and squatted on the toilet to pee for what seemed like five minutes. She was rubbing her wrists and ankles. I had no more stepped onto a towel when Scarlett pushed past me roughly on her way into the shower stall. Her jaw was set and she was pissed. I had witnessed Hurricane Scarlett spinning up before.

For once, I really didn't care. It was liberating.

Speed was lying on my bed (was it my bed? I hadn't slept there.) watching something on his mobile phone. I heard my grunts and Scarlett's grunts coming from the phone. Speed was smiling and shaking his head.

"Beautiful!" He was grinning from ear-to-ear. "Oh man. Nice job, brah. You broke her brain."

"You broke her ass," I nodded. I reached in my duffle for clean clothes.

"Her ass will bounce back," Speed said. "Not so sure if her brain will ever recover from that fucking. Nicely done."

Still weird as fuck. "Ah, thanks?" I said.

"You have to be starving," Speed said.

"Actually, I am."

"Me too," Speed said.

"You just got back from eating."

"Naw. I took the girls for fast food. I'm not eating that corn syrup shit. Steaks on me, brah? That sound good?"

God, it was fucking bizarre how casual Speed was about all of this. I was dizzy, but he acted as if my best friend fucking and spanking my wife was as common as air conditioning.

"What about Scarlett?" I asked.

"What about her?" Speed asked.

"Is she hungry?" I asked.

"Who fucking cares," Speed shrugged. "If she's hungry I guess she'll eat something. You and I are going to a good chop house."

And that's what we did. Speed insisted that we Uber so we could drink without worrying about the Federalis.

And this is the crazy part. We both had a great time. All the weirdness washed away when it was just two buddies drinking and shooting the shit.

Which is not to say we didn't talk about Scarlett, just not for awhile. Not for the first hour and a half.

Eventually I had to ask.

"So are you two going to be a thing now?" I asked.

"What?" Speed looked at me over the top of his glass. "Are you talking about me and your wife? Of course not, brah. I don't want your wife. Not long term. I've got a couple girls I'm connected with. No offense, Scarlett is hot as a firepoker and a great fuck. Man, she's got some seriously repressed slut in her. So much fun."

"You seem to bring it out in her." I took a sip of bourbon.

"It's not important who unlocks the slut in your wife," Speed says. "It's enough that the door is open again and we keep it open."

"We?" I asked. "So this is going to keep going on."

"Soon enough that will be entirely up to you. When you take her back."

"Which will beeeeee? When exactly?"

"Brah. I had no idea how fucking mad she was at you. And I'm not talking about today. There is some serious resentment going on between those little ears of hers. She's fucking pissed at you. Has been for some time. Turns out there was a lot more work to do with you two than I first thought."

"Really?" I arched my eyebrows. "What did she say? Why is she mad?"

"What she said to me is between me and her," Speed said. "But really, brah, I shouldn't have to tell you your wife's heart. You should know this. You should know why she's got resentment flu. That shit can be fatal. You two were kind of on borrowed time before I showed up."

My head spun. I couldn't think of why Scarlett was mad at me. What had I done? What had I said? What had I NOT done that she THOUGHT I did?

"I don't get it," I said simply.

Speed did a stunning Yoda impersonation. "That... is why you fail."

I laughed. It wasn't really funny, the deeper truth. I was failing. I never thought I was dumb, but I was oblivious to something critically important.

"So seriously," I pressed, "when are you moving on?"

"No clue."

"Oh come on. You've got another assignment coming up. You're headed back to somewhere in West Asia or Africa soon."

Speed shrugged. "Nope. There were some complications on my last assignment. In the parlance of your government betters, I am on 'extended cover stop to mitigate a misshapen and compromised battlespace.' In your language, I'm waiting for some fuckups to blow-over and some paranoid true-believers to whack each other before I show my face outside of deep cover."

I looked at Speed.

"I've got nowhere to be," Speed explained. "This is a good place. I can do some good here."

"I'll ask this one more time," I said. "When do I get my wife back."

"When you take her back."

"So I have to fight you? For Scarlett?"

Speed rolled his eyes and sipped. "That'd be dumb. You're not dumb. Also, don't look past Judith. If you don't fix Judith, you're never going to fix Scarlett. If you don't fix Scarlett, you won't fix Judith. They are different trees twisted around each other, leaning on each other, pulling stability from one another, but fighting one another for dominance. Both rooted in the same soil." Speed emptied his glass and swished the ice. "You can't do shit about the twisted trees, Spudly. Those trees were fucked up by the time you showed up and any attempt to untangle that twisted mother-daughter relationship will kill one of them, perhaps. Most likely killing the other in the process. Thereby negating both their need of you."

"I'm the dirt," I said.

Speed raised his eyebrows. "Nice. See, I told you you were smart, Spudly. The nutrients you add or subtract to the dirt is all you can do. But it's important, those nutrients. Critical. Without nutrients in the soil, everything dies. Everything."

"So what happens next?"

"I don't know about you, brah, but I am fucking baked. I can barely keep my eyes open. And dude, I'm so spent after fucking your wife's ass, I don't think I can go again today. Can you fuck your bitch again? Today?"

I sighed. "I don't think I can."

"Well, I know Red can't take another cock for a while without bursting into flames. She's tapped. Literally."

"Yeah, you say that now, but when you're in bed with my wife..." I said.

"No no no," Speed waved his hand. "I seriously need to sleep hard and for a long time. Plus, Scarlett needs to be brought down a notch. She's going to sleep alone on the couch. That's a humiliation gut check that can do Red some good."

"We're going to sleep together, you and me?" I asked. "I'll pass, Speed."

"Yeah, Spudly, I love you too. One of us sleeps with Peyton. One of us crashes with Judith."

"I don't want you sleeping with Judith," I said. I realized I sounded angry.

Speed smiled. "Bravo, Spudly. That's a start. Little Peyton it is, then. More bed for me. I'll let the girls know."

\*\*\*\*

I was pretty drunk and my brain was shutting down.

Scarlett was sleeping on the couch. And she was quite pissed about it. She didn't take it well when Speed told her how it was going to be.

Speed and Peyton were crashed on the King Size in the master bedroom. (Note that I did not say "my" bedroom. I still didn't know if it was even "my" apartment any more.)

I was flopped on Peyton's twin bed, still in my clothes.

Jules was in her bed. Or at least I thought she was. I woke to her rustling around the room. She was standing at her door, peering down the hall.

"What are you doing?" I mumbled.

"Nothing," Jules whispered. "Shhh."

"If it's nothing then why should I be quiet?" I muttered.

"Uncle Speed is in the living room with Mom," Jules whispered.

"Really? Can you hear something?"

"Shhhh. Yeah."

I don't know what was wrong with me. I was half drunk and half asleep. "Are they talking?"

Jules sighed deeply. "Alaaan." She said my name, but what she meant was "Dumbaaass."

"Oh," I mumbled. "Go back to bed, honey."

Jules ignored me.

"Jules, close the door," I said.

"Shhhh. Hang on." Jules slipped out of the door and silently walked toward the living room.

"Goddammit," I groaned. I pulled my feet to the floor and waited until the room stopped spinning to stand. I shuffled to retrieve Jules before she walked in on her mother getting fucked by Speed.

Again.

I found her perched behind the hallway corner. Jules turned around when she heard me approaching and pressed a finger to her lips. She stepped toward me and leaned up to my ear.

"You can't see anything," she whispered. "But I think she's sucking his penis."

At that moment I realized that Jules thought that she and I were members of some kind of voyeur perverts club. The way we both watched Speed and Scarlett go at it the first time with my hard dick bouncing above Jules's head, I guess I shouldn't have been surprised that Jules was confused. As far as she was concerned, I was another kid in the house and Speed was the dad.

"Go to bed," I grumbled.

I walked past Jules into the living room. Approaching from the back of the couch, I could see Speed's head and shoulders, his arms winged out in each direction over the back of the couch. His neck was tilted back. Jules was undoubtedly correct. Speed looked like a man getting a blowjob.

I walked around the couch to see my nude wife on her knees, slurping away at Speed's thick cock.

"Oh hey, Alan." Speed seemed surprised to see me. "Are we making too much noise? I was trying to be quiet.

"Spent, huh?" I asked.

"Got my second wind," Speed said. "And when I put punishment on a girl, I don't like to go too long without making good on my promise."

Scarlett never slowed down or acknowledged me. Her little rosebud mouth just bobbed and she made helpless little moans. My eyes focused in the dark and I saw Scarlett's wrists were tied behind her back.

"You tied her?"

"Yeah," Speed said. "She's a really good slut cocksucker, or at least she has been since she realized she's not in charge here. I had to slow her down a little. Make that nice cocksucking last a bit longer." Speed flinched. "Ah, shit! Yeah! There you go, little slut. You're getting close. Don't stop. Suck! Suck cock."

Scarlett answered with little kitten squeaks of exhaustion. She must have been sucking Speed's cock for a while. She looked tense. Probably the way she had to hold herself on her knees, bent forward without the support of her hands. That would test a woman's core strength.

I just stood there and watched Scarlett's tits bounce and her neck strain. Drool was leaking out from around Speed's shaft and dripping onto the tops of her thighs. She looked so fucking sexy and sweaty. My cock thickened.

"I'll take some of that," I said. I pulled at my cock and realized it was still in my jeans.

"Mmmm. Not tonight, brah. Sorry." Speed said. "I'm going to finish up here shortly in Red's little slutty mouth. Maybe I'll paint her face. Maybe both, I haven't decided yet. Then she's got to get some sleep. She's got important errands tomorrow, and I need her fresh and ready to go when she takes her big punishment tomorrow night."

I blinked. "This isn't her punishment?"

Speed laughed. "Sucking cock? Ha! No, this bitch loves to suck cock. Don't you, Red? Answer me." Speed reached down and grabbed the top of Scarlett's hair. He pulled her mouth off his big dong. "Answer me. Do you love to suck cock?"

"Yesssir," Scarlett sprayed spittle everywhere when she talked. She gulped and tried to get control over the saliva in her mouth.

"Say it," Speed said.

"I love to suck cock," Scarlett batted her eyes. "I love to suck your cock, Sir."

"Do you want to suck Alan's cock tonight?" Speed asked.

Scarlett's eyes found mine. Speed still had control of her head, his fingers wrapped into the tousled red tangle. She had to strain against Speed's grip on her hair to look at me. Her eyes went dark and angry. "No Sir, I do not."

Speed looked at me and shrugged. "Sorry brah. That's a negative. Maybe tomorrow. You want to see her take her punishment tomorrow? You want to watch? Watch me pay her back for allowing your cock in my pussy?"

I flushed with anger and didn't say anything.

Speed pulled my wife's lips back on his cock, pulling her deep and thrusting his hips until she gagged and coughed hard at the force of his manhood. He let go of her hair and relaxed.

Scarlett returned to bobbing and moaning her little squeaky moans.

"Oh yeah, that's a good girl," Speed mumbled. He looked at me standing beside them. "Did you need something else, Spudly? You're keeping Red on her knees even longer." He jerked. "OH GOD! That's good, slut. Yeah."

"The kids can hear you," I said.

"They'll be fine," Speed said. His voice got exponentially louder, probably to defy me. "Oh shit. Oh fuck. Oh! Oh!"

Scarlett was slurping away. Her head was a blur. Her moan was deep, and she was bouncing Speed's cockhead off her tonsils. Man, she was chasing it hard. I could hear the garking drum sound of her gagging herself with her deep suck on Speed's member.

Speed hissed. I could see his balls tighten. "Okay, here we go, slut. Don't stop sucking until I tell-tell-tell yoooouuuuuu.... GAH!"

The base of Speed's cock pulsed. A moment later, I heard Scarlett gulping and saw her throat flexing as she took load after load of Speed's seed down her gullet.

Speed stood up abruptly. His cock slipped out of Scarlett's mouth and bounced off his stomach. He gripped it hard and put three amazing squirts of liquid pearl in a Cross of St. Andrew pattern across Scarlett's cheeks, nose, and forehead. Scarlett flinched and her eyes fluttered as she helplessly tried to keep cum out of her eyes. Her hands pulled against the wrist restraint instinctively.

"Oh yeah," Speed exhaled. "You're going nowhere until my sperm dries on that pretty face."

"Yesssir." Scarlett's chest bounced as she caught her breath. Her beautiful breasts heaved in big waves.

Speed turned and looked at me. "Dude, I told you. We need a little time alone, Red and me. We'll see you tomorrow." He looked at me with piercing eyes. It was a moment where we were either going to fight, or I was going to leave.

I left.

I flopped back in Peyton's bed, steaming mad. I hated that fucking treacherous little redheaded whore. How dare she! How dare she say she didn't want to suck her own husband's cock!

I could still smell Scarlett's pussy in my nostrils. Then I realized that it was way too thick in the atmosphere of the girls' room. Jules had been masturbating. She got out of her bed and slipped in next to me, crawling into my arm, snuggling against me.

"It's okay," Jules whispered.

"Is it?" I asked.

"Alan," Jules whispered. "Will you please listen to me for a minute?"

I bit my lip.

"When I was little," Jules whispered, "younger than Peyty... I asked my daddy to marry me when I was old enough. Isn't that embarrassing? I think every little girl says that. I think every little girl thinks they can grow up and marry their daddy. Alan, I'm not a little girl anymore. If something happens with Uncle Speed and Mom, you and I could get married. Like in four years I'd be old enough. Maybe younger. In California there isn't a minimum age if your parents sign a release. I read that on the Internet. I bet Uncle Speed can get mom to let us get married sooner. You and I can move back to Montana and then come back and get married in a couple of years."

All my anger was replaced with a metric ton of confusion. Jules hated me. Jules had a huge crush on Speed. There was no surfing in Montana. It made zero sense.

"That's flattering," I said. "I'll think about it. I promise."

"Don't patronize me, Alan."

I sighed. "Okay."

Her little hand moved over the front of my jeans. I didn't have a boner anymore, so it roamed around, squeezing folds in my jeans where she thought a cock might be.

"You don't have to do that, Darlin'" I gently moved her wrist away.

Her hand was right back on me. "I don't mind, really," she insisted.

"You are a total sweetheart," I said. "I may take you up on that one day, but I've got a lot on my mind tonight."

"You don't want oral sex?"

It was almost quaint to hear my step daughter talking about sex so clinically. "Maybe tomorrow."

"Promise?" Jules asked.

"I didn't say I promised," I said. "I said 'maybe.'"

"Will you pat my butt?" Jules asked.

"Spank you?"

"No! Just pat it. Like you pat a baby butt."

"Why?"

"It's soothing," Jules said. "It'll help me fall asleep."

"I don't think that's a great idea."

"You used to do it all the time when we were watching TV," Jules said.

"Did I?"

"All the time. I see you pat Peyty's butt now, but you stopped patting my butt."

I considered this. "Well, you aren't little anymore. Patting your butt is different than patting Peyton's butt. You're a young woman now."

"C'mon," Jules goaded.

I sighed. I reached my hand around and gently patted Jules on her can.

"Hang on," Jules said. She pulled her night dress up. "Okay, now."

My hand clapped against bare skin. Jules had a round little keister. She was growing up alright. Pubes and a sweet ass. I remembered her upturned ass quivering under Speed's spanking. I remembered hoping that Jules's shirt would slide up so I could see her budding tits. I hadn't seen Jules's chest since a few months after Scarlett and I married and I had bathtime duty.

"Soft," Jules said. "Cup your hand a little. Softer. Okay, not that soft. That's it. Like that, Alan." Jules hooked the back of her knee over my thigh and pushed the warmth of her uncovered pussy against my leg. "That's perfect, Alan."

If it was perfect, Jules didn't seem to be winding down. She got squirmier. She was practically humping me. Well, I guess that's exactly what she was doing.

"You need to settle down, girl," I said in a deep, annoyed Dad voice.

"I can't help it," Jules whispered. "I feel crazy. I can't sleep. Can I touch myself while you pat my butt?"

"Uh... I guess." Could this shit GET any weirder?

"Okay," Jules said. She rolled to her side so that I could keep my hand tapping on her butt cheek. Her upward leg bent, her knee pointing at the ceiling, and her toes pressed off my thigh so she could get her legs open far enough to push her hand between. I felt her fumbling and then heard her little pussy whet begin to slick-a-shicka between her fingers. Her pussy smelled really strong and musky once she began moving it around. It didn't smell like Scarlett's pussy.

Jules breathed through her nose. She tensed. I thought she came, but she didn't stop rubbing. "Alan can you kiss my neck? Please? It would help me." Jules tilted her head and exposed the side of her neck to me like a vampire.

I leaned in and pushed warm lips into the skin underneath her ear.

Jules made a breathy sound. I guess I was doing it right.

Jules masturbated for a long time, it seemed. Fifteen minutes of me kissing her neck and patting her ass while she wiggled and frigged away at her virgin teenage twat. I sound pathetic, but I was still drunk and tired, even if my cock was now rock hard. If Jules had reached for my dong again, I wouldn't have stopped her. But she didn't. Still, I was getting sleepy and cranky.

"Are you going to cum or not, girl?" I growled in her ear.

"I'm trying," she whimpered. "I don't usually do it like this."

"How do you do it?" I whispered, inches from her ear. She had to feel my warm breath on her skin as I talked.

"On my back," Jules panted.

"Why don't you do it like that, then?"

"I don't want you to stop patting my butt," she whispered.

"Here," I said. I pushed her hand out of the way and stuck my own fingers in her very wet young beaver. She was dripping. I kissed her neck and frigged her clit rapidly.

Jules tensed. I thought I was going to get her off in seconds.

"Too much," Jules whimpered, pushing at my wrist. "Too much! I can't take it! That hurts! Too much!" She was shouting.

"Okay okay," I whispered. "Shhhhh. Quiet down."

"It's too much," Jules twitched. "I can't take it right on my spot. Go around it, but not on it."

"You're too young to be high maintenance," I said. "Hang on."

"Where are you going?" Jules asked, concerned.

"Nowhere." I slid down on the bed and rolled Jules on her back. I pushed her knees back and lowered my mouth to her little pink. My tongue stabbed into her wet fuckhole and then pulled up to circle her clit. Up close I could see Jules's clit was enormous. Even in the dark I could see it. It was bigger than a dime. It stood up like a shark fin.

"Uhhhnnnnnn!" Jules rolled her butt in a circle. "Oh my ga-- Oh my gawd. Ohmygawd."

Man, her pussy tasted strong and sharp. Her mother tasted like sugar and sweat. Jules tasted like strong tea brewed from a packet of rust. "You like that?"

"Ohmygawd!"

"Keep it down or I'm going to end up in jail, girl."

"Sorry," Jules whispered. "Ohmygawd that's amazing. Yeah yeah. Like that, yeah, don't stop Alan. Ohmygawd."

I made fish lips and sucked the outside edges of Jules's giant clitoris in my mouth.

Her heel kicked into my spine like she was spurring a horse. Hard. I think it was involuntary.

I returned to licking a ring around Jules's clit. She sounded like a pressure cooker hissing off steam in bursts.

"You like that," I said.

"Ohmygawd!"

"Is that what you wanted?" I said in a deep Daddy voice.

"Yes. Yes. Yessss."

"What were you thinking about when you were playing with yourself?" I asked.

"I was thinking about Uncle Speed. The way he picked me up and showed me how to stand up on a surfboard," Jules hissed. "And the way he looked in his wetsuit. And the bulge his thing made in the wetsuit. And his hair when it was wet and his smile."

"I don't want you thinking about him," I growled. "I want you thinking about me licking your wet pussy."

"Okay, yes," Jules whispered. "Okay. Don't stop. Please."

"Think about me."

"Yes, Alan. I'm thinking about you."

I sucked around her clit again, and that did it. Both her heels crashed into my back and her butt hinged up off the bed as she smashed her vagina into my mouth. I can't even describe the loud animal sound she made as all the tension rushed out of her mouth and nose at the same time. When her butt lowered I did a couple circle licks until Jules quivered and pulled away.

"Can't take any more!" she groaned.

I thought about unzipping my fly and pulling her virgin mouth on my hard meat.

Then I thought about how much jail sucks, and how I was already in enough trouble for licking out my step daughter.

I left Jules rolling around and stumbled to Jules's bed. Jules was still tossing and squirming when sleep finally took me.

I woke to blaring lights. I couldn't have been asleep for long, because I only half woke to see Scarlett's face in the doorway, her hand on the light switch. She was looking back and forth between Jules and I suspiciously. Her hand moved. The room went dark. I was gone instantly.

\*\*\*\*

There was some commotion. I heard Peyton's voice in the room. I heard Scarlett barking orders.

"What the fuck?" I grumbled. Scarlett entered to retrieve something from the girls' closet. "What time is it?"

"Coffee is in the pot," Scarlett spat.

"Wha?"

"Girls register for school today. Don't worry about it."

"Oh. Do I need to sign anything? Do I need to go?"

"No."

I woke enough to remember that I had licked my thirteen year old daughter's pussy the previous night. The taste was still in my mouth. I don't know where my mind had been the night before, but in the harsh light of morning, I was sick to my stomach with worry.

"Where's Jules?" I asked.

"Brushing her teeth."

"Is she... okay?"

"Why wouldn't she be okay, Alan?"

Guilt rolled over me like a Buick. "Just asking."

Scarlett's eyes narrowed. Her sightline was burning a hole in my forehead. "Why wouldn't she be okay, Alan? Why are you asking?"

Did I really give myself away? Really? "Somebody found their bitch button early," I yawned.

"Kinda weird that I walked in her last night and you were in Jules's bed and Jules was in Peyton's bed. That and how much it smells like sex in here." Scarlett was snippy. This was major danger.

"I think Jules is exploring... herself," I yawned. "And really, you should have been a lot more suspicious if you'd turned on the light and seen us in the same bed."

"You are really fucking casual about the craziness going on in this house," Scarlett snipped. "For a man who is supposedly so concerned about his impressionable step daughter. You sure brought a lot of chaos into this house with you, Alan. But now you're concerned about Jules's well-being? Really? Why now?"

With no cards left to play, I went on the offensive. I had never been so mad at Scarlett that I bared my teeth at her when I talked to her, but... "Oh, I don't know. Because her mother is a flagrant runaround whore cocksucker? Because your daughter has twice not been able to sleep because you've been having sex with Speed like a fucking moaning pornstar? Maybe that, you roundheeled fucking whore!" Wow. I never talked to Scarlett like that. I don't know where it came from.

Scarlett flushed red with anger and embarrassment. She bit her lip and left the room.

Jules rushed back in to her room to grab her backpack.

"Hey," I reached out for her arm.

"Gotta run, Alan," she said.

I was trying to read her. I had to know if I was going to jail today. "Hey," I grabbed her arm and forced her to stop. "Is everything okay?" My voice dropped to a whisper. "Are we okay?" I felt my nervous pulse ticking in the side of my neck.

Jules nervously eye-checked the door. Then she smiled broadly. "We," she emphasized, "are great, Alan." She kissed me on the lips and winked. "Don't worry. I'm not an idiot. I gotta go." Before she walked out of the room she turned around and backed the door open while she mouthed a big, silent "Thank Yooou!"

I still felt sick to my stomach. I couldn't believe I'd been so stupid.

\*\*\*\*

By the time I found the coffee cups I realized the apartment was empty. I guess Speed drove the girls to the school to register. How's that for an alpha move? Jesus!

Scarlett returned to the apartment alone, a little after one.

I looked at her as she dropped her purse behind the door and pulled off her jacket.

"Girls are registered and sitting in orientation," Scarlett explained. "I didn't expect them to start school on the same day I showed up with paperwork, but they did. Some rule in California. I guess they wanted another day of Federal matching money."

"How are they getting home?"

"Bus. Peyton gets home at 4:30. Jules's bus gets here around four. Drops off in the side parking lot there by the leasing office."

"Do they have keys to get in the apartment?" I asked.

"I cut some dupes on the way home," Scarlett said. "In case you aren't here to let them in." She asked me a question with her eyes. Will you be here, Alan?

I didn't say anything.

Scarlett leaned on a chair and looked at me.

I looked at her.

She slumped a little and walked forward until she hugged into my chest. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "I'm sorry I jumped your shit this morning. That wasn't fair." She pressed her face into me.

I couldn't help but hug back. "It's okay. I get it."

"I really do love you, Alan. I've been a shitty communicator. I've been blaming you for everything that was making me unhappy, but the truth is that I'm a shitty communicator."

"If I'd known you were unhappy..."

"You're kind of clueless, Alan. Sorry. But it's true. I'm passive-aggressive and you are oblivious."

"Okay, I accept that." I hugged Scarlett harder. I looked down at the crown of her perfectly styled hair. Not a single red strand out of place. A far cry from the messy sex mop I'd seen the night before.

"So how do we get better?"

"I think it starts with better sex," I said. "Speed is obviously scratching an itch of yours that I wasn't reaching."

"Kind of," Scarlett said. "But it has all got so... Sordid. If the girls weren't here we could all be more adult about it. If Willis was still... If the girls could go to Willis's for a couple days, the three of us could all sort this out. The girls don't even have friends who will invite them to a sleepover yet."

"Where is Speed, anyway?" I asked. "I figured he was with you."

"No, he Ubered to a car rental place this morning," Scarlett said. "I haven't heard from him except for a couple texts."

"Yeah?"

"He's trying to figure out my work schedule, when I start back to the new office."

"Why?"

Scarlett looked up at me. "So he knows when he can beat my ass and fuck me without the girls being here, Alan."

"Oh. That's still on?"

Scarlett shook her head in despair. "Alan..."

"Sorry," I mumbled. "Oblivious."

We hugged.

"Sorry I fucked you," I said.

"Don't be," Scarlett said. "It was the best sex we've ever had. I shouldn't have been such a prude about my ass. You should have fucked it by now. I creamed really hard. You're cock is perfect for my butt. Speed's was too big. Is too big. But you... You hurt, sure, but it's a good hurt. Speed was just bad hurt."

"That's it," I said. "He's not stepping foot near you again."

Scarlett sighed. "It doesn't work that way, Alan. I belong to him. He owns me. And he'd kill you."

I laughed.

"No, seriously. I seriously think he would literally kill you, Alan. I'm not totally sure he didn't kill Willis."

"That's dumb," I said. "Willis was carjacked."

"That's a theory based on some sketchy witness statements. Nobody knows that for sure. The cops haven't caught anyone."

I flashed back to me, standing on our deck in Montana, answering what I thought were just curiosity questions about where Willis worked and where Willis lived. Could it really be true? Was I really that oblivious?

"Uhhhh...."

"Anyway, Alan. Just keep riding the bull. He'll get tired of me soon and move on. Don't rock the boat."

"You can't be serious." I blinked. "You expect me to stand by and just let him rape you?"

"It's not rape, Alan. He's taking what belongs to him."

"WHAT???" We'd come full circle back to crazytown.

"Just ride the bull, Alan. You can do it. For us."

I stepped back from Scarlett. I looked into her eyes. "Who are you? Is my wife in there?"

"I'm here, Darling."

"Then let's end this. I will end it. We will start over. We'll work out our problems."

Scarlett laid a splay of crimson-tipped fingernails on top of my heart. "Soon."

"Now!"

"Soon."

My fuse burned short and my temper exploded like it never had before. "Maybe you need a lesson about who you really belong to!"

Scarlett startled at my outburst and took a step backwards. "Okay. Now I'm wondering who you are. I know who I belong to, Alan. I'm sorry. I'll belong to you again soon when Steadman lets me go. Until then, I'm not going to cross him. Those punishments of his aren't fun, Alan.

My brain flashed back to the long ride here and my conversation with Speed: "You gotta grab her by the hair and bend her over the couch, man. Chicks love that shit. Chicks respect that shit."

And that is exactly what I did.

Scarlett was wearing a skirt. I pulled it up over her waist and dropped her panties to her knees with one hand while I gripped her hair and pushed her top over the back of the couch with the other.

"Alan! No!" shouted Scarlett.

"Shut up," I said, fumbling my zipper open with one hand. My cock was thickening by the second. "I'll teach you to tell me no."

"Alan, dammit! Not yet! I can't!"

"You don't have a choice," I growled. "You're my wife, dammit. You take my cock."

"Alan, I can't! I don't belo-- OH SHIT!"

I stabbed my cock into Scarlett from behind, hard and deep. Her head rocked up in my hand. Her pussy was surprisingly wet considering how fast I'd taken her, stripped her, and mounted her.

"Why is your pussy so wet?" I asked.

"I can't help it."

"You can't help what?"

"I'm a slut. I like strong men. I like to be taken and used by forceful men."

Oh my God. Who was this woman? Where had Scarlett gone?

Who cares. It was great. I let go of her hair and grabbed her hips. I pounded her pussy so hard that the back couch legs jumped off the floor.

Scarlett moaned deeper and sluttier the harder I fucked her.

That set me off. My cock was itching to blast away in that tight pink snatch.

Scarlett's knees were stretching apart as far as the panties stretched between them would allow. Her toes lifted up off the floor and she took all her weight onto her hands on the cushions of the couch.

"Alan!" Scarlett moaned. "I can't wait. I'm going to cum now."

"The fuck I care," I spat. "I'm going to keep fucking you until you can't walk." I looked down on her little pink asshole, tight and small again after healing up from Speed and I taking turns in it. "And then I'm going to fuck your cute little ass."

I'm never this bossy during sex, but my patience with all her "Speed owns me, you can't have me" bullshit was at an end. I was definitely making a point by crushing Scarlett's ass with my thrusting piston fuck.

"Oh gawd!" Scarlett moaned. "I love it when you take me so fucking hard. Oh fuck! Fuck! Alan, I'm going to--- OH FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Her toes clenched and her heels kicked. She came hard.

The sight of her arching upwards and her perfect white teeth biting her bottom lip as she writhed in ecstasy was too much. I unloaded into her with hard, brutal slaps of my lower stomach against her ass. My balls swung up and spanked her clit firmly.

The last aftershocks of post-orgasmic cum were squirting into my wife's pussy when I heard the key rumble the lock. Speed walked in on the both of us still locked together and panting.

"Well, hell, kids!" Speed smiled. "Will you look at you two? You're a sight to see. Unfortunately Red is already in big trouble for the last time she broke my rules. And you, Spudly, you don't seem to respect the house rules either." Speed closed the door behind him.

"This isn't your house," I said, summoning my courage. "And it's time that you move on, Speed. Thanks for everything, but it's time for you to go." I talked as tough as I could with a shrinking dick hanging out of my pants.

Speed just smiled. "Brah, I've still got to make good on the punishment Red owes me. Make that two punishments, now."

"Enough," I said. "She's my wife. I'm the only one handing out punishments in this house."

The tougher I talked, the wider Speed smiled. "Sorry brah, but that's not how it works. Scarlett, get the rest of your clothes off, honey. Now's as good a time as any to spank your pussy. Before the girls get home." Speed checked his watch.

"No," I said. "Get your stuff and get out, Speed."

"Spudly. Stop. You're embarrassing yourself."

The way Speed wasn't taking me seriously -- not one bit -- tripped my anger. I punched him. It was a really good punch; from the shoulder. Direct. Compact. Fast.

Speed's expression didn't change. He was still smiling when he head-slipped my flying fist and his knuckles blasted right into my stomach in a blur. I collapsed forward. I wanted to fall to the floor and wait to die, but somehow I managed to stay on my feet.

"Spudly, I told you," Speed said. "Don't do that. That was a really good punch, by the way. I'm proud of you, brah. Scarlett! Get those clothes off girl. Now!"

I was bent over and seeing nauseating pea-green stars. I didn't watch Scarlett taking off her clothes. Speed's hand pressed between my shoulder blades. "You okay, brah?"

I was definitely not okay. "Yhhesss," I wheezed.

"Good, I want you to see this. C'mere."

I forced myself to look at the way Speed had posed my wife on the couch with her legs akimbo and her pussy leaking cum spread wide. Her big tits were firm and anticipating the what-comes-next.

Speed walked into the bedroom and then the kitchen. Left alone together, Scarlett looked really sad. She started to cry. Speed returned to the living room with a ropes and a broom. He unscrewed the bristlehead off the broomstick and tied the ends of the broomstick to the tops of Scarlett's ankles. Her legs split wide

"Brah, stand behind the couch and grab this," Speed said, pushing the broom backwards to open up Scarlett's pink folds..

I shook my head no.

"Oh c'mon," Speed said. "If you don't I'll double the number of pussy spankings."

I sighed. I stepped behind the couch and pulled the broomstick back. Scarlett's legs pulled way apart. Her ass lifted off the couch. Her pussy was wide open to Speed's big hand.

"Here we go, Red," Speed said calmly. "Twenty-five for each time you broke the rules."

PAP! Speed's fingers cracked hard into Scarlett's pussy and she trembled with the pain.

PAP! PAP!

"Oh shit, that hurts!" Scarlett cried.

"Don't hurt me one bit," Speed smiled. PAP! WHAP! SPAP! SPAP!

"Oh Spellman, PLEASE! I'm sorry! It won't happen again!"

"It has already happened again," Speed growled. "That's why I'm getting Alan's cum on my fingers when I show that little pink pussy who it belongs to."

PAP! PAP! PAP!

Scarlett's legs were trying to pull forward to escape Speed's onslaught. It took some strength to keep my grip on the broomstick. Watching her pussy quiver with shock after each smack that Speed left on it was pretty cool. Just sayin'.

But the way Scarlett was crying became harder to endure.

"My paw is getting sore." Speed looked at me. "Why don't we switch and you smack this pussy for a while."

I shook my head no.

Speed looked at me and blinked. He opened his mouth, but closed it. He looked down at Scarlett. "It's time, honey," he said to my wife. "Time to tell the truth."

Scarlett's chin was in her chest because of the way the back of her head was pulled into the couch cushions by the bondage. She managed to shake her head. "I'll take the pussy spanks instead."

"Nope," said Speed. "You tell him or I'll tell him. Now."

"Tell me what?"

"Please, Spellman. No. He can't take it. We can't take that."

"Take what?" I asked.

Speed looked at Scarlett.

Scarlett took a deep breath. "I've been cheating on you, Alan. But it's over."

"Cheating with Speed?"

Speed laughed. "No. Tell him, Red."

Tears poured out of Scarlett's eyes. Her face contorted. "Willis. I had sex with Willis. After you and I were married."

"What?" It just didn't make sense.

"I ran into little cocktrallop missy there at the San Diego Airport," Speed said, "back when you said she was supposed to be in Dallas. I noticed her right away, that big mop o' red hair. I was following her, going to sneak up behind her and surprise her. Then I saw her run out of the terminal past the TSA checkpoint and jump on ol' Willis and plant a kiss on his mouth that left no doubt."

"How long?" I asked. "How long was this going on..."

"Tell him," Speed said to Scarlett.

"The whole time, pretty much," Scarlett said. "Starting about a year after we got married."

Speed's gut punch was nothing like what Scarlett's confession did to me. I put my hands on my knees and tried to catch my breath.

Speed clucked his tongue. "Little Runaround Slut here was warned that she better tell you the truth, or I was going to pay her a visit and show her what happens to girls who whore on their man. I warned her that if she didn't 'fess up, I was going to fuck her in every hole, didn't I? Willis also got a warning, didn't he, Red."

"Yessir."

"Oh my God." The room spun faster around me. "Why? Why, Scarlett? Why did you even leave him and marry me if you were just going to keep fucking him?"

"I didn't love him," Scarlett sniffed. "I didn't ever love him. He was just a guy in high school who I fucked. And then I turned around one day and I had two babies and a terrible life and I was a checkout girl at Joe's Parkway Market. And then I met you, Alan. I love you. I love your books. I love your insights. I love the way your words make me feel. I love that you're smart. I love that you are great provider for the girls. I like that you're serious and you're good with the girls. You believed in me and put me through college, and my life is so much more because of you. I owe you so much."

Scarlett sighed.

"But," she continued. "After a little while, I just had an itch to be screwed proper. To have a strong man take control of me. The first time was just an accident. I stopped by his house to pick up the girls, but they were still not home from Bianca's sleepover. I was waiting for them to show up and he poured us some drinks. Then Willis kissed me. I tried to leave, but he wouldn't let me. Then he pulled me into.his bedroom. He practically raped me. But I came so hard, Alan. I came so hard when Willis forced me to suck his hard cock and fuck him. Then the next time it happened, it wasn't as accidental and I didn't fight as much. And then I started fantasizing about it and looking forward to leaving work early and stopping by his house on my way home for a quickie. You are really sweet, Alan. You are a great guy and a great husband. I was just selfish. I had an itch that you weren't scratching. Willis was a shitty excuse for a human being, but he knew how to fuck. He knew how to fuck me. That's the only thing he knew how to do. It was like... You were ninety percent of everything I wanted in a man. But Willis was the other ten percent. When I had you both, I was complete."

"Funny," I growled through clenched teeth, "you were only fifty percent of what I wanted in a wife, but I didn't run around Bozeman sticking my dick in the other fifty percent. I tried to make you happier and give you more and be more understanding when your star finally started to rise."

"I'm sorry, Alan. I don't know what else I can say. I am so, so sorry You are a good guy and a sweet lover. But I needed something rougher. Something more animal."

I was unprepared for how angry her apology would make me. It was so lame. So unfair. My vision turned red.

"Spudly, how's about you finish up the pussy spanks on this cheating whore?"

I clenched my jaw. I stared at Scarlett, finally seeing her for the unfaithful slut she was. I looked at Speed. I finally understood what this alpha shit was all about. He was working with me, not against me. He was teaching me what I needed to know to own Scarlett completely.

I nodded.

"Great!" Speed said. He picked Scarlett up by the waist and spun her until her knees were in the couch cushions. He damn near broke the lamps in the ceiling fixture with the broomstick when her bound legs twisted up like a tornado funnel.

Speed posed Scarlett bitch, with her feet dangling in the air in front of the couch, her knees in the cushions and her face in the back. Her legs were plenty far enough apart for me to get every bit of my hand on Scarlett's pussy.

SWAHP!

"OH CHRIST!" Scarlett screamed. "NO!"

SPAP! I really put my elbow into it.

Scarlett arched upward like a cat and howled. Somebody in the apartments was going to call the cops.

"Hey!" Speed whispered in my ear. "Don't put her in the hospital man. Calm strength. That's what she responds to. Calm strength. Not psychotic. Calm." Speed put his hand on the small of Scarlett's back and pushed it down into a U-shape. "Put your free hand here and push down," Speed said. "That tilts her pussy up where it can't hide from your hand."

I did what Speed showed me. He was right.

PAPP!

PAP!

PAPT!

I was getting every bit of Scarlett's attention now. The backs of her thighs were trembling. Her toes were knotted into the soles of her little feet.

"Run around on me," I growled.

"SPAPT!"

"Oh Alan! Please! Please no more! I'm sorry!"

"You sure are," I said through my teeth.

"WAPT!"

Speed was grinning ear-to-ear. "That's what I'm talkin' about! That's it! Spank that little runaround pussy, brah. Show that bitch who's boss!"

"PAPT!"

Scarlett's pussy was swelling into bloated red peach. Her face was a twisted towel of pain-drenched agony. Her eyes squinted away. Her perfect hair was melting across her sweaty forehead.

CRACK! PAP! SPAP!

I stepped back and seethed air through my teeth. Scarlett's crimson, swollen gash quivered with hot pain. Her round ass cheeks flexed and wiggled. Her little bubble toes clenched and then splayed wide. Then clenched again as another wave of hot pain washed over her. Her mascara was all over her cheeks. She was spent and sweaty and used.

It was absolutely breathtaking how sexy she was in that moment. My cock hardened.

Speed stepped in and roughly pushed two fingers right into her upturned fuckhole. Scarlett's eyes snapped open wide.

"Oh brah," Speed shook his head slowly. "Oh man. I'm sorry to tell you this, but your wife has a wet pussy. A very wet pussy."

I could hear it. Even before I saw the honeygush on Speed's fingers when they were pulling out of Scarlett's pussy, I heard the sloppy, slutty, slather of a horny girl tunnel.

"Yep," Speed sighed. "You've officially got yourself a pain slut now. If you thought keeping a runaround whore in line was hard work... Brah, I just don't know what to tell you. Keeping a pain slut in check is exhausting work." Speed untied the broom from Scarlett's ankles.

"And brah, I'm not entirely sure whose slut she is now," Speed's fingers were all over Scarlett's swollen red mons. "I thought this was my pussy, but it sure seems like it responded more to your punishment than mine. Huhn." Speed looked at his watch.

I looked at my watch. We had an hour before the girls' bus arrived.

Simultaneously on cue, Speed and I both reached for our zippers. Scarlett was still waiting in her all-fours bitch stance.

"Spudly, you take firsties."

"Gladly." I stepped in and shoved my hard dick into Scarlett's slit.

"Ohmuhgaaaaaahd..." Scarlett moaned.

I'd never fucked her when she was this wet. That pussy sloshed around my shaft. I grabbed her hips and pulled her into a hard piston fuck. That tight, soft gash was amazing. I could feel the sensation of all that whet dripping down the front of my ballsack.

Speed stepped a foot up on the couch and grabbed Scarlett by the hair. He pulled her mouth on his big cock and she immediately reciprocated, slurping and sucking at Speed's dick like she was starving for it. Watching my wife suck another man's cock was even better when I was stroking away in her dripping pussy. My balls tightened.

Scarlett schlurped and bobbed and gulped away at the jawbreaker pulsing in her mouth.

Speed's shoulders relaxed. He made slow thrusts into Scarlett's cocksucking mouth. I could see how hairy his wide chest was. Scarlett probably liked that.

"That's it, slut," Speed said, "suck that cock. Suck it good. Maybe I'll take a couple pussy swats off your book if you suck me right."

Scarlett moaned deep and slutty.

I fucked her extra hard. I wanted to bring back her attention to the cock in her twat.

Scarlett grunted acknowledgement as I forced her throat deeper onto Speed's shaft.

I was boiling fast. It was a sexy scene, and I was living it. I stepped back and let my cock fly up in the air. For a second I thought I was going to make a cum fountain. I was too late.

But nope, I kept control. Another half second and I would have cum.

Speed saw where I was. He pulled Scarlett's slutty mouth off his pole. She didn't want to let go. He had to pull her hair back to pop it out of her teeth. Her tongue stretched out longingly trying to keep contact with the tip of Speed's dong.

We switched places.

Scarlett's eyes looked up at me and I mounted her face. There was something crazy in her expression that I had never seen before. It was real lust. It was wanton need.

"Oh crap," I flinched as Scarlett put a trampy suck on my cock. She was holding nothing back.

Speed aimed his pecker at Scarlett's pussy. He had a lot more patience than I did, because he just put the head in and moved it slowly. Scarlett moaned hard. Then her curvy ass started wiggling, trying to back up and get more of Speed's dick. Speed grabbed her hip with one hand and smacked her ass cheek with the other.

I had never heard Scarlett moan like that.

How could I have been so wrong about my wife? How could there be this much fire in her that I wasn't seeing?

My blood was hot and my sperm was pressuring up in my balls.

Scarlett deep throated me for a long time. She sucked upwards slowly and locked a capillary bursting suck on the head of my cock, I lost it. I gushed in her mouth. She greedily swallowed and bobbed and sucked harder. I had to tap out.

Scarlett licked her lips and looked at me.

I sat down in the chair.

Speed grabbed around Scarlett's waist and lifted her. He never stopped fucking her, but he sat back on the couch and fucked her reverse cowgirl. I could see every bit of his thick cock screwing up into my wife, even with her mons still swelling from our punishment swats.

Speed's hands were all over Scarlett's tits, tugging at her nipples and palming the globes from underneath. Scarlett was grinding her hips. She looked like a porn vixen, rocking her bottom over Speed's impalement.

One of Speed's hands slid down and his fingers started trilling Scarlett's popped clitty. Her eyes bugged and she trashed against Speed's strength.

I saw her skin ripple. Her neck hinged back and her head dropped over Speed's shoulder.

She started with her "fuck-fuck-fucks." She rocked hard against the lock of Speed's big arms.

"GAAAAAAHT!" Scarlett screamed. A little spray of clear whet shot out of the tangle of skin ribbons over her piss hole.

Wow. I'd never seen Scarlett squirt before.

"Ahyeah," Speed groaned. His nuts tightened. The base of his cock pulsed. He was filling my wife with cum.

Scarlett moaned in appreciation of being Speed's cum sponge. It had been a busy afternoon for that slut pussy of hers.

I looked at my watch. We'd only taken twenty minutes. Plenty of time until the girls got home.

Scarlett just stayed in place as Speed's cock softened and dropped out of her. She looked at me, wondering what was going to happen next.

Speed put Scarlett in the floor on her knees. "Clean that up, Red. Get the cum and pussy off it." He relaxed.

I couldn't see anything but the back of Scarlett's hair as she went to work. I heard her licking and making little sexy moans as she cleaned Speed's cock with her mouth.

Speed sighed and smiled. "Spudly, as much as I hate to say it... I think my work here is done. You're going to have to figure out how to keep this little whore busy. And brah, I'm not sure your going to be able to keep runaround here in check unless you feed her some strange cock every once in a while."

I nodded.

"Don't take it personally, brah," Speed said. "Your wife is an amazing girl, but some girls are cock hungry little tramps. That's why we love them. But that's also the cost of keeping them. If you owned a snake, you'd have to feed it mice. That's their nature. Red's nature is to please men. If you don't feed her some men, she's going to turn on you."

I weighed his words. Of course he was right. He'd been right about everything.

I was still insanely angry with Scarlett, but there was another something in my head and in my heart. Something new. Something like a plan, a path, a way to get from where we were to where I wanted to us to be.

I thought about how fucking sexy Scarlett was to watch when she was being dominated by another man. That wasn't a bad thing. If I could kill off my crazy jealousy, it could even be a way Scarlett and I could grow together.

Scarlett twisted around and stared at me. She was asking a question with her eyes.

This time I understood what that question was: "Do you still love me? Can we make this work?"

I did.

We could.

But there were going to be some new rules and I was going to be the one to enforce those rules, even if it meant punishing Scarlett in a harsh manor.

I looked at Speed. "I'll take it from here, brah. But do let us know next time you're in town. I think Scarlett would like that, wouldn't you, Red?"

Scarlett smiled. "Seriously? Oh fuck yes."

\*\*\*\*

"Peyton, knock it off! Give it back."

"Bite me, Jules. It's not yours. It's mine."

The apartment was just too small. House-hunting was going nowhere. Speed was gone Scarlett and I were better than we were since... ever. A few days after Speed left, we had one more monumental blow-out fight that ended with me packing and moving into a hotel for a week.

Scarlett begged me to come back. Part of her surrender was the product of realizing that my new rules were probably good for her and the girls. Part of it was -- I think -- the realization that without my income, she couldn't even afford the transitional apartment, much less a seven hundred thousand dollar house in a decent neighborhood.

And the girls were back to being the girls.

"Cool it!" I stuck my head in the bathroom. Both girls were only wearing panties. In my old life I would have apologized for the intrusion and closed the door. Not anymore. "That's Peyton's brush, Jules. You lost yours at school, remember? I'll get you a new one. Peyton! Share your brush with your sister."

"No!"

"Don't tell me no, little one," I said. I gave her my "not-amused" eyes.

"I'm not sharing!"

I nodded. "Alright then. You've been told twice, I'm not going to say it again. Go to your room. Get your clothes off. Kneel in the floor. I'll be in in just a minute."

"You're going to spank me over a brush?"

"No, I'm going to spank you over A, not listening to me, and B, the fact you are still talking when I've given you instructions. Now you've got double coming to your little ass. Twenty. You want to try for thirty?"

Peyton's face pinched. She flushed red. She stomped off toward her room.

Jules looked up at me, astonished and blinking. "Nice job, Alan."

I smiled. "Thanks, baby. You're in for fifteen as well. You get your sweet little ass in that room. Strip. Kneel. Wait."

"Really?"

"Twenty."

Jules ran into her room.

I always left them alone for a bit too long after sending them to strip and wait for a spanking. It gave them time to think too much while they knelt and waited for me to come serve justice on their bottoms.

Spanking Peyton was a different kind of fun. With longer red hair she was getting cuter. She had Scarlett's creamy pale Irish skin, the kind that really held a handprint after I put it on her ass.

Which is exactly what I did. I took it easy for the first ten swats. I could tell Peyton was holding out, trying not to give me the satisfaction of her tears. But repeated layering of my handprints on her bare butt eventually won out. She cried and jerked. Some of her tears were pain, but mostly it was humiliation. Which is how it's supposed to be.

Jules always watched closely when I spanked Peyton. She always asked to watch when I spanked her mother. Jules's mouth did a thing like she was drooling. She gulped a lot and I could see her tongue fluttering around in her mouth.

After twenty, I set Peyton on her feet and she immediately tried to rub the pain on her ass away. Her little nips on flat tits were so rosey pink. Adorable.

Jules's titties were coming along nicely. Six more months of puberty and her fourteenth birthday had gifted her with a C-cup. Her nips were dark and long, just like her brunette hair.

"Okay, Jay, mount up." I patted my lap.

Jules hopped up. "Sir, permission to address my master?"

Formal rules that I invented.

"Bitch, you may address."

"Sir, permission to beg?"

"Bitch, you may beg."

Jules held up her forearms pressed together from wrist to elbow. "Sir, will you please bind my arms so I don't flail and get in trouble?"

She loved to have her arms tied this way before I spanked her. She wanted me to use long leather straps, and then leave a long part of the ends still dangling.

Why?

I have no fucking idea why this turned her on. But it did. I didn't mind doing it.

"Okay," I said. I got off the bed and pulled the leather straps out of her nightstand. I tied her forearms together the way Jules liked it. I left floppy straps hanging off the way Jules like it. I pulled on the loose ends of the straps to stretch Jules arms forward from her shoulders, the way she liked it.

"Over." I patted my lap and Jules tilted over me. She was already breathing hard.

I did not go easy on Jules. I lit into her ass with a firm hand. It was loud. Peyton flinched every time my fingers crashed into Jules's curvy bottom. Jules roiled and jerked with every blow. She was crying by the fifth blow. Blow Number Twenty had snot running out of her nose and a screwed up ugly-cry face.

Once the spanking stopped, I let Jules her roll around on my lap for a while instead of putting her back on her knees. I gently rubbed the heat on her buns, feeling the pain steam off her tender skin. I followed the curve of her ass inward to her thighs and all the way into Jules's pussy. It was as drenched wet as I expected. No doubt when she finally left my lap, I'd have a soggy spot on my right pant leg.

"Peyton, get your clothes on and go fetch your mother."

Peyton complied instantly.

Jules tried to stand but I grabbed the loose ends of her arm bindings. I snapped her back over my lap. As soon as Peyton ran out, my fingers were back in her wet slit. Her little butt began humping back in a circle. I gently pinched her clit. She made an amazing sound.

"Wassup?" Scarlett pushed her head through the door.

"You were going to pick up Peyton's art supplies today?" I asked. My fingers never stopped diddling Jules. I saw Scarlett's eyes lock onto my hand in her daughter's pussy. Her eyebrows told me that she was not happy. Her mouth held back.

There's a chapter of the story I skipped over, a big chapter between the time Speed left and the time Scarlett walked in and saw my fingers in her oldest daughter's twat. It was complicated, but the short version is that Jules told Scarlett about some inappropriate stuff that happened with her and Willis. Scarlett put Jules in therapy, but Jules didn't want to be in therapy.

The therapist's advice was to keep a close eye on Jules and expect her to crave a lot of attention from older men.

Somehow this had spiraled into Scarlett's decision to look the other way when I licked out Jules. I even figured out a way to use pussy lickings as a reward for good behavior. She craved my pussy lickings.

Anyway, Scarlett had kind of been expecting me to spank the girls on a weak premise because of a conversation we just had. So she wasn't surprised to have heard the spankings or open the door and see Jules squirming around in my lap while my fingertips teased Jules's clitty.

"Yeah. I was going to finish laundry first," Scarlett said.

"Leave it until later. I'll finish it when I'm done with Jules. But I want you to leave now. Jules and I need to have a talk about those things you and I talked about yesterday."

Scarlett reluctantly nodded. Her sightline was locked on my fingers in her daughter's pussy. "As you say." That was her version of "Yes sir" when I gave her an order.

I kept diddling Jules's pussy and working her into a frenzy until I heard the front door close.

"On your knees." I whacked Jules hard on the ass.

Jules didn't move. "Sir, permission to beg?"

I knew what she was going to beg for. She was crazy horny.

"Permission denied, bitch. Floor."

Jules reluctantly slid off my lap and kneeled in front of me.

"Girl, your mother and I discussed the Halloween dance. This is what I decided: I'm going to let DeShawn take you to the dance."

"Thank you, Sir!" Jules's face lighted up.

"But," I interrupted, "your mother and I both agree that the sexy nurse costume you picked out on your Amazon wish list is too sexy and inappropriate for high school."

Jules slumped. "But DeShawn is going as a doctor."

"You can go as a nurse, but not that costume. Less sexy. Okay?"

Jules exhaled. "Ooookay."

"And this party after the dance? I'm going to let you go. But I want you in this house by ten thirty. Not a minute later."

"Ala-- Sir!"

"Not debatable. You're fourteen. It's that or stay home and pass out candy with me."

Jules looked pissed. I was really close to baiting her into putting herself back over my lap for another round of ass blisters. But she checked herself in time.

"Is it because DeShawn is black? Is that why you don't trust him?" Jules pouted.

"Nice try," I smiled. "Don't try that racist shit with me. I could give a fuck what the melanin density of DeShawn's skin is. I'm way more concerned that he's a boy and you are a very pretty girl. I know he's going to kiss you at that party. And probably grab your boobs. But you absolutely will not let him touch my pussy. Do you understand?"

"Yessir."

I wagged my finger. "I mean it. I'm going to strip you and check that pussy and your panties the minute you walk into this house. If anybody has had their fingers in my girl, I'm going to know. That slut pussy will give you and your boyfriend away. If your pussy doesn't tell on you, the wet spot in your panties will tell the truth. You know it's true."

Jules sighed and nodded. "Yessir."

"And one last thing," I said. From my back pocket I pulled out an envelope and unfolded it so Jules could see the return postmark stamp of her high school. "Your grades are here."

Jules's face fell. Her shoulders slumped. "Oh no," she moaned.

"Yep. You already know what I'm going to see when I open this, little girl. Anything you want to say before I open the envelope."

"I really really tried to do better, Sir."

"Okay," I said. "Let's see how much trouble you are in." I ripped the end off the envelope and pulled out the half sheet of paper with Jules's first quarter grades computer printed.

"HOLY SHIT!" I cried. I looked at Jules. "HOLY SHIT, JULES!"

A little smirk hooked the corner of her mouth. "Gotcha!"

"HOLY SHIT!!! Three A's!"

Jules forehead wrinkled. "No, four A's."

"No, three."

Jules jumped up and practically pulled the slip of paper out of my hand. Her finger pulled down the column. "FOUR! One, two, three, FOUR."

I shrugged. "I'm not counting your gym class. That's not a real A."

"The fuck it's not, Ala-- Sir."

"Language, Missy!"

"Sorry, Sir. It's just I had to run a seven minute mile to get that A, Sir. I actually had to bust my ass and practice."

"Oh. Okay," I relented. "I guess that counts then. So four A's times four pussy lickings, that's..."

"Sixteen!" Jules clapped her hands. "Sixteen pussy lickings! Can I get one now?"

I smiled and nodded.

Jules jumped off the floor and into her bed. Her legs spread like warm butter.

"Uh, Jules..." I held up the paper. "... about this D in Civil War History. Honey, we can't just pretend that didn't happen."

"We only had one test, Sir. I bombed one test, but I'm going to bring it up next quarter. It's only the semester grade that counts on your record."

"Yeah, but... Rules are rules, babydoll. It's still a D. You know what that means."

"Do I have to?"

"Ten school days," I said. "Ten school days with the remote vibrator up your ass."

"It hurts!"

"Good."

"It's all I can think about all day. I can't concentrate with that thing in my butt. I'll get shitty grades."

"Language! Well if you get bad grades, that's just more days I'll strap that plug up your ass next quarter."

"Okaaaaay."

I arched an eyebrow.

"Okay, Sir."

"That's better."

"Will you please lick me now?" Jules hand dropped into her pussy.

"Hand off. That's mine, not yours."

"Please, sir?"

I couldn't help but smile. "There's one other thing I wanted to talk to you about," I said. "But it can wait."

I pushed my face in Jules dripping snatch and lapped at her labia. Her bound hands went over her head.

"Can you please tie my hands to the headboard?" she asked.

"Sure." I did.

Jules tested the bondage, pulling against it. "That's good. Thank you, Sir."

I went back to kissing Jules on the twat. She squirmed, trying to put her clit under my kisses. I didn't give her what she wanted. It drove her crazy. Crazier.

I tested her pee folds with the tip of my tongue. Jules squeaked. She was good to go. She was ready.

"You want anything special?" I asked. "Ladies choice."

"Mmmmm. Ohhhhh. Please, can I have 'Mean Daddy?' Please?"

I knew that's what she was going to ask for. "Okay, Little girl," I said. I laced my tongue through her cunt lips and her ass wiggled. "Mmmm. This is such a bad girl pussy, I can taste it. A bad bad little girl who needs to be put in her place."

I looked up past Jules's heaving breasts. Her face was rapture.

"One more bad grade," I growled in a deep, rough voice. "And I'm going to have to fuck you, girl. Fuck you hard."

"Ohhhh," Jules moaned.

"I'm going to tie you to the bed and fuck this little wet pussy so hard!"

"Mmmmuuuh," Jules moaned.

I had never fucked Jules and had no serious plans to start. But this kind of rough talk is what drove her crazy.

I sucked her clit. She started humping my mouth. "Oh Daddy! Please no!"

"Don't tell me no, little bitch. I'm going to find an excuse and I'm going to tie you to the bed and fuck you senseless." I lapped the ramp under Jules's clit. She loved that.

"Ohhh, Daddy, I'll be good! Don't fuck me, please! It would hurt so much to have your big thing in me."

"I'll show you, little girl," I growled. My tongue flittered circles around her button.

"Oh god, yes, Daddy. I'll be good! I'll be a good girl!"

"Good. Bad. I don't care. I'm going to fuck you so hard."

Jules quivered and arched. I sucked her clit and she exploded. She went stiff as a board. I knew just when to stop sucking her clit. I got every bit of her orgasm and left her flopping.

"Fifteen left," I smiled.

"That one was too fast," Jules pouted. "I cum too fast when we play Mean Daddy. I shouldn't ask for that one."

"Well you did."

"May I please be untied, Sir."

"Yeah. Sorry. Hang on."

"Thanks, Alan."

"No problem, Sweetie. Good job on the grades. I will help you with your History class if you need it."

"Okay. Thanks. What was the other thing you were going to tell me."

"Oh, I almost forgot." I licked Jules's pussy honey off my lips. "Uncle Speed is coming for Thanksgiving."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"Oh crap! Peyty and I are going to be at Grandmas! I'll miss it!"

"Well that's what I was going to talk to you about. What would you think if we sent Peyton to Minneapolis by herself and you stayed here? With us? And Uncle Speed."

Jules's jaw dropped. "Are you kidding me? Is that a joke?"

"No joke. Your mom thinks you might be ready to give your first blowjob."

"Seriously?"

I nodded.

"But Uncle Speed is so... Big. Shouldn't I start with you?"

"Jeez, Jules."

"Oh, I didn't mean it like that. I just meant, I don't think Uncle Speed's thing will fit in my mouth."

"It'll fit. But only if you really think it's something you want to do."

"That would be awesome! And mom really signed off on this?"

"No fucking, though. Nothing but a blowjob. And watching."

"You won't let Uncle Speed lick my kitty, Alan?"

"Oh, that can probably be arranged."

"I don't know how fucking can be better than having my kitty licked."

I cleared my throat loudly. "Ah-hemm!"

"Sorry. Your kitty."

"That's better."

"I'm IN, Alan!"

"Okay. I'll tell your mom."

"After I suck Uncle Speed, can I start sucking you, then?"

"Ahhh. I'll tell you what. Uncle Speed will come in late on Wednesday. We'll have a family Thanksgiving on Thursday. And then we will all mess around Thursday night and most of Friday. But Friday afternoon you and I are going to spend the night at a hotel. Maybe you and I could try to start something new then."

"Hotel? Without mom? Why?"

"Uh... Uncle Speed is bringing one of his military friends here on Friday. And they are, yaknow, going to be with your mom."

Jules jaw dropped. Literally dropped. "WOW!"

"Easy. She's not crazy about letting you know about that part. So keep it on the down-low."

"WOW!"

"I know you'd figure it out when we went to a hotel anyway. Be discrete."

"Alan?"

"What, Darling?"

"Do you ever think Peyty will ever be part of our... Our thing."

"I dunno, Darling. I don't think so."

"Why?"

I shrugged. "She's not like us. She's not wired like you and your mom. I don't think. I could be wrong. We'll see."

"Okay."

"Get dressed. Your mom will be home soon."

"Alan?"

"Yes Darling?"

"Why am I like this? Why does thinking about men and boys make me stupid and crazy? Why do I like you to tie my hands up? Why does the way DeShawn looks at me make my knees feel soft and squishy? Am I weird? I am weird, aren't I?"

"You are so not-weird, Jules. You're you. That's all that matters. You're you. Your mom is your mom. And it's not so hard for me to be the man you both need."

"Is Uncle Speed going to have sex with Mom?"

"You know full-well that he is."

"Is he going to spank her?"

"Probably."

"Is he going to spank me?"

"Maybe. Is that what you want?"

"Yesno."

I nodded.

"So instead of Thanksgiving it'll be Spanksgiving!"

"Oh jeez." I facepalmed. "You just said that."

"Alan?"

"What Darling?"

"Can I have another one? Another licking? Use another marker?"

"Now?"

"Yeah, but slower. Maybe play 'My Little Princess' this time. That one doesn't get me over as fast."

"That one takes forever. My jaw falls asleep, you take so long." I looked at my watch. "Your mom and Peyton are going to be back before you cum."

"So? Lock the door."

I locked the door. Jules pushed her panties back off.