

# Honorable Infidelity

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Steve and Tom are twin brothers. Steve and Grace, Tom's wife, don't get along well at all. In fact, they can't stand one another. Steve can't understand what would bring Grace to his bachelor pad alone. He's about to find out and none of their lives will be the same.

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Author's note: This is a short story of only one chapter. I wondered to myself, as an author, if I could write a story that made the title "Honorable Infidelity" work. I also wanted to see if I could write a sex scene between two people that don't like one another. This is that story.

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The doorbell chimed cheerily. I frowned at the front door. It was after 10 PM - a bit late for company.

I clicked off the TV and dropped the remote onto the couch. When I took peek through the peep-hole I cursed under my breath. Standing in the hall outside my apartment was my sister-in-law, Grace. What the hell did she want? The two of us could barely tolerate one another *with* my twin brother, Tom, playing referee. I couldn't imagine why she'd think I'd want to see her.

She knocked on the door insistently. "I can see you, Steve. Don't try and pretend you're not home. This is important. Open up."

I sighed and unlocked the door. Without a "by your leave" she breezed in like she owned the place.

"Come on in," I said to her back as she marched into the living room. "Make yourself at home, why don't you?"

She proceeded to do just that, sitting down on the love seat and crossing her legs. Her eyes shot a disapproving look at me that I shrugged off.

I smiled wryly at my own wit and sat back down on the couch. I could see what attracted Tom's interest in her. She was a beautiful woman. What I couldn't fathom was why he actually loved this shrew. Not that it mattered. After all, you can't choose your in-laws. And the law frowns if you kill them.

Grace saw my smile, closed her eyes for a moment and shook her head. She opened them and stared at me. "Look," she started. "You don't like me. That's fine. I don't like you, either. But for once in your tedious life I need you to try to be serious, if you can," she said. "If I'd had *any* other options I would *never* have come here to talk with you."

I had no idea what she was talking about, but her words stung. "You without a plan of action?" I was able to keep the sarcasm out of my voice, but it was only a near miss. "I find *that* hard to believe. You *always* know what to do when it comes to looking out for yourself." From experience, I knew that anger and sarcasm didn't faze Grace a whit. Being calm and sounding objective was the quickest way to cut her.

"This is about Tom," she said, ignoring my jab.

Grace never let me have the uncontested last word, and my snippy comment should have made her go off like a rocket. That she ignored it sobered me a little. That she was bothered about something concerning Tom flat out scared me. I loved my brother and, as much as I detested his wife, I knew she loved him without reservation.

"What about Tom?" I asked warily.

"I'm worried about him," she admitted her tone almost daring me to deny her words. "Something happened, and I'm willing to bet money he hasn't told you about it." There was a definite challenge in her voice. This was one of the things I hated most about Grace. *Every* interaction with her was a contest to prove who was superior.

I couldn't really condemn her for it, since I went out of my way to push her right back. Tom said the problem was that we were too much alike. He wouldn't take it back even after I tossed his ass into the pool behind his house.

I thought about the last few times I'd spoken to him. He hadn't mentioned anything earthshaking. He certainly hadn't mentioned anything serious enough to cause Grace to come here *without* him. Unwillingly, I nodded. "He hasn't mentioned any bad news, unless you count your wedding anniversary next month. He thinks we should celebrate. Whoop-ti-do." I swirled my finger in the air.

She rolled her eyes. "Jesus! What's with you? Grow up, for Christ's sake. No, it's not our anniversary. He's depressed over something serious."

Now that she mentioned it, he had sounded down the last time I'd talked with him. I concentrated and tried to recall the phone call without much luck. It had been a couple of weeks since I'd seen him in person. That wasn't normal, either.

"Okay," I said. "For Tom I'll call a truce. Tell me."

What she did next stunned me and ratcheted my anxiety to new heights. Grace opened her purse and pulled out a tissue to wipe her suddenly watering eyes. Her crying in front of me was inconceivable. She'd never done that in the five years that I'd known her. Some women used tears as a weapon, but I was convinced Grace thought they made her look weak.

With any other woman I would have tried to comfort her. However, while Grace might stop crying if I touched her, it wouldn't help her. Well, maybe it would, after she slapped the shit out of me - that might cheer her right up.

Her self-control was too good to let more than a few tears through at a time. She held the tissue in her lap and her expression defied me to make something of them. Wisely, I thought, I chose to decline the offer.

Then she collapsed back into her chair. "I'm afraid. I'm afraid he's thinking about suicide," she almost whispered.

At first, her words made no sense to me. "What?" I could hear my voice rising. "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard!" I snapped.

She shook her head. "No, I'm serious." Her voice strengthened. "You know we've been trying to have a baby for the last year. What you *don't* know is that we finally went to a fertility specialist."

I sat up abruptly. That *was* news. Tom hadn't mentioned a thing about it.

"After he tested us both, he said Tom had an abnormally low sperm count, with low mobility," she said flatly. "Not zero, but low enough to make having children naturally a long shot."

"How can that be?" I objected. "I've donated sperm and my count is just fine. We're twins. He should be the same."

Grace rubbed her face tiredly. "Do you remember when he had that bad fever when you were kids? The doctor said that probably did it."

That *was* depressing, as badly as Tom wanted children. But to consider killing himself? I still didn't believe it.

"That's bad news," I agreed, "but it's not the end of the world. There's always artificial insemination or adoption."

"I tried telling him that," she growled in frustration. "He wants to have a child 'of his own blood.' Adoption's out. The doctor told us that because of the low sperm count we might want to consider in vitro fertilization. He said artificial insemination was not an option because of the sperm count. The thought of in vitro sent Tom into a tailspin. I don't understand why, either, dammit. He thinks this makes him less of a man or some stupid thing."

I nodded my head slowly. "Yeah, I can see where that came from. Dad was always bragging to us that having twins proved he was a real man. He said that no real man needed anything other than what God gave him. Tom and I really ate that up when we were kids. If the situation was reversed, I don't know if I could go through with something like artificial insemination either. Not and keep my self-esteem. But that doesn't mean he's suicidal. Maybe depressed, but never suicidal."

She tensed up, and I got ready for her to tear a strip off me for daring to contradict her. Then she slumped again, a bleak look crossing her face. "He bought a gun."

I blinked in incomprehension. Tom hated guns. "I find that... hard to believe."

She nodded in agreement. "So do I. I'd never have found out about it at all if the guy he bought it from hadn't called and asked how Tom liked it. I tore the house apart while Tom was at work and found it stashed in the garage."

"Maybe he got it for protection," I said uncertainly.

Grace raised an eyebrow. "And buried it under a box of computer magazines in the garage?" she asked sardonically. "I don't think so. I moved it, of course. Then I started going back over his behavior since the last doctor's visit. I asked him about seeing someone about feeling depressed and that ticked him off. He said he didn't need a shrink. He said we just needed to keep trying and God would provide."

"Maybe that's what he's thinking," I said with my best reassuring voice.

"I might've let it go before today," she said with a tone closer to despair than I'd ever heard from her before. "I went grocery shopping and tried to call my friend Lucy when I got home. I hit redial and instead of Lucy I got the suicide hot-line."

I stood up in alarm. "Shit! We need to get over there right now!"

She shook her head. "He's not home. When I pulled myself together enough to think, I called David. You know how close those two are. I told him how worried I was without telling him all the details. He came over and dragged Tom off for an impromptu fishing trip. He promised he won't let Tom out of his sight."

I sat down reluctantly. "That just puts the problem off. The trouble's still there. We need to come up with a plan and get him help fast."

This whole thing had me turned upside-down. I couldn't imagine life without my brother and I'd do whatever it took to help him, even if it meant moving in with them and watching him every second of the day. Even Grace in my face all that time was better than losing Tom.

Grace took a deep breath. "I've thought of a plan. One that will get him out of this corner he's worked himself into. I need to get pregnant with his baby."

I tried to follow the thought but I couldn't figure out where she was going. "I thought that was the problem, not the solution."

"I knew this wasn't going to be easy," she muttered, more to herself than me. "Steve, how much do you love Tom?"

"More than anything in this world," I said without hesitation. It was true, too. Since our

parents had passed on, we only had each other. "I'll do anything for him."

"You might just have to," she said cryptically. "I know this is going to be a stretch for that brain of yours, but try to follow along with me."

I narrowed my eyes at her. Couldn't she ever be polite? "Maybe if you'd stop jabbering on and just spit out your plan we could move forward."

She slumped, the fire leaving her eyes. "You're right, this isn't about us. This isn't about what we want or like. This is about doing what we have to do to save the man we both love. We know how stubborn he is. He won't go into therapy, not even to save his life. We have to work around him and that leaves only one plan, as *distasteful* as it is, that has an almost perfect chance of making this right. The problem is that neither one of us will be very happy with it."

"I have no idea what the hell you're talking about," I assured her in exasperation. "Just tell me what your plan is."

Grace licked her lips and I realized that she was nervous. That wasn't very much like her, either. "I need you to get me pregnant."

I stared at her in disbelief. "Have you lost your mind? That is the stupidest idea I've ever heard!"

The nervousness shifted to anger on her face. "Tom told me all about the hare-brained schemes you've cooked up over the years. I'd hold off on calling one of my plans dumb. I realize this is going to be hard for you to understand, but you're an idiot. You wouldn't know a good idea if it bit you on the ass."

Paradoxically, her insults made me relax a little; this Grace I knew how to deal with. "Okay, genius. Explain the brilliance of your plan. Then I'll tell you why it'll never work."

She leaned forward and rested her hands on her knees just below the hem of her black skirt. "You're identical twins. That means that you have the exact same DNA. Any child you fathered would be Tom's genetic child just as if he'd gotten me pregnant himself. He'd never know."

"How do you know he'd never guess? He has contacts all through the medical establishment and word of someone doing the procedure would get back to him. Not to mention the fact that he could hardly miss the whopping payment to the doctor leaving

your savings account."

"I'm not talking about going to a doctor," she said with a hint of steel in her voice. "I'm talking about doing this the old fashioned way. I checked my temperature before I came over and I'm ovulating tonight. We can do it right here without anyone else knowing."

That shocked me. "You'd cheat on Tom? You'd violate his trust? If he ever suspected something like that he'd be destroyed worse than he is now. Your marriage would be over."

"I would think that you'd like that idea," she snapped.

"You make him happy. I'd never screw with that," I said in an offended tone. "If he suspected we'd cheated I'd lose him, too, you moron."

Grace gave me a brilliant smile, and spoke slowly, like she was talking to a little child. "He knows I love him too much to ever have an affair. Under any other circumstances, I'd never even *consider* sleeping with you. Regardless, I strongly doubt he'd ever suspect *us* having sex since we can't stand each other."

"Then we get to the second problem with your plan," I said. "You said it earlier: I don't like you. You don't like me. What makes you think you can convince me to do something that might make me toss my cookies?"

"You think too much," she retorted. "The simple question you have to ask yourself is 'can I make that kind of sacrifice for my brother?' I asked myself that question and, as disgusting as I find the idea, I can force myself to do it. This is for Tom, and I will do literally anything to save him. Will you?"

I stared at the TV and tried to think this through. How far would I go to save my brother's life and his happiness? Could I do this? I'd be betraying him. That was worse than the fact it meant I'd have to be intimate with her. I sighed and looked back at her. "I suppose you might be right but I don't know that we could do this anyway. You don't turn me on. In fact, you turn me off."

"Whatever," she said with a dismissive laugh. "You guys get hard with a light breeze. We don't even have to take any clothes off. It would be better for me to just bend over the couch so I don't have to look at you. Unzip and in two minutes you'd be done and I'll be out of here."

I laughed. "You're probably right but it really pisses me off to be talked about like that. Hookers treat their johns better than that. If I do this, I want to see you as uncomfortable as I'll be. That means doing this right."

She turned red with anger. "Why do you have to be such an asshole? I have no desire to touch you any more than I absolutely have to."

"And *that*," I said with a glare, "is the price you have to pay. I don't want to do this at all, so if you want to have a child then you need to decide if it's worth it to you. Take it or leave it."

We sat in silence for a minute, exchanging glares. She was furious and I knew why. She always got her way in the end. She couldn't stand someone else winning. She'd talked herself into this with the thought that I'd jump at the chance of a quickie. What I wanted was to put her through the wringer while I had her over the barrel.

She sighed and looked away. "I don't really have a choice. Fine." She dropped her purse on the floor and stood up. "Let's do this and get it over with so I can go throw up in peace." She grabbed me by the front of my shirt and pulled me up. She was half a head shorter than me. She looked up at me with hostility.

I didn't want to kiss her. That was way too personal. I put my hand on the top of her head and pushed down. "Why don't you see if you can convince my cock to cooperate?"

She swallowed and didn't bother to hide the look of distaste on her face. "At least that's better than having to kiss you," she said, unknowingly following my own train of thought.

"That's the damn truth," I agreed.

Grace rolled her eyes and sank to her knees in front of me. Her hands were rough as they unzipped me and pulled my limp cock out.

"Hey," I said, grabbing her chin. "Not so rough. I'm not into pain and I don't think you want me to return the favor."

With an evil smile, she bit my thigh right through my pants. Hard.

I howled in pain and yanked her head back by her hair, earning a gasp and a screech.



"Get out. This is bullshit, and I'm not going to play your sick game anymore."

"No," she said, suddenly aware she'd gone too far. "I'm sorry. I won't do that again. Please, don't make me leave."

I could see how much begging like that hurt her.

"Okay," I grumbled. "Though I still doubt you can even get me hard."

"Ha! That's rich," she said derisively. It didn't take much to get her spirit back. "I can get that lump as hard as it's ever been. I'm more woman than you've ever had or will ever have again."

She took my cock into her hand more gently and began jacking it slowly. I had to admit that her hand did feel good but I wasn't about to let her think she was even a quarter as hot as she thought. I thought about her personality and that quickly squashed any arousal. My cock stayed limp in her hand.

With an exasperated sigh, she glared up at me. "You're doing this on purpose," she said accusingly. "You think you can fool me into thinking I can't get even a jerk like you hard? Wrong." She unbuttoned her blouse quickly and tossed it onto the couch. Her breasts were nice in that frilly black bra, I had to admit. And with her on her knees I was looking right down her cleavage. "Maybe an improvement in the view will help little Peter along to the party."

"Maybe," I said with a malicious grin. "Let's see." I bent over and unsnapped her bra, allowing her breasts to pop free. I pulled the garment from her reluctant body and tossed it after the blouse. "That looks better."

Her face was cloudy with outrage. She didn't like it when I did things to push her further. Good. I grinned as I reached down and cupped her breasts in my hands. Her nipples were not even close to stiff but a few pinches brought an unwilling gasp from Grace and a sudden stiffening to her nubs.

"That's playing dirty," she huffed. "But it does seem to have interested Peter just a little. Let's see if I can get him onboard." Before I had time to even stand up straight, she opened her mouth and sucked the head of my cock.

Her mouth was like a wet velvet glove and I quickly lost my battle to keep my erection down. As I hardened, I watched her eyes staring at me triumphantly. She was back in

control and she knew it. When I was fully hard, she took my length into her mouth and did things with her tongue that felt impossible. Jesus, she gave head better than any woman I'd ever been with. I couldn't let her humiliate me like this. I pulled her to her feet and stared into her eyes.

She smirked at me. "I think you can take care of business now. Shall we get this over with?"

"I'm not done with foreplay just yet. Hold on to your horses."

"You're hardly a horse," she laughed.

"I'm the same size as your husband so I don't think you have too much ground to stand on," I said with a wicked grin. Her smirk turned into a gasp as I bent my head and sucked one of her nipples into my mouth. I ran my tongue across it and nipped it hard with my teeth.

She grabbed my head, but not to pull me away. She forced my mouth down on her breast and then groaned. "That feels good, you bastard. I like having my nipples bitten."

"You don't like the idea that your body wants me?" I asked softly with my lips against her breast. "That must piss you off. Too bad I'm going to have you begging me to fuck you before too long."

She threw her head back and laughed. "Get over yourself! Like Dr. Phil says, 'it ain't gonna happen!' You may look like my husband but I'm not... Ungggggg..."

Her tirade lost all headway when I dropped my mouth to ravish her exposed breasts again. This wasn't about sex anymore. This was about making her want it. Beg for it. I licked and sucked her breasts with every ounce of skill I had. The closest I got to that was an almost uncontrolled push of her hands on my head, pushing me lower.

I dropped to my knees and unsnapped her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. Her French cut panties were the same black as her bra and they covered a generous mound of dark hair. The scent of her arousal told me that her body had betrayed her. Not that my cock had been any more loyal to me.

Not giving her any time to recover, I sucked on her inner thigh and made her moan. The moan cut off as quickly as she recognized it, but it was too late. I pulled her panties down around her ankles and abandoned any pretense of light foreplay by shoving my

tongue inside her pussy.

Her damp sex told me all I needed to know and I did my damndest to make her scream in pleasure. I was going to have her cave in if it killed me. With my tongue and lips, I split her sex and sucked her clit into my mouth.

She didn't even try to disguise her panting. Her hands pulled my face into her sex hard and she hunched her wetness against my lips. I was about to slip a finger into her when she pushed forward and made me fall backward. Rather than break my knees, I went down onto my back as she rode me down.

She looked down at me with a mixture of lust and defiance on her face. "Two can play at that game." With a deft twirl of her body, she lay across me in a sixty-nine and jammed her pussy back onto my face. It was ether eat or drown.

I felt her pulling my pants off. Then her hot mouth engulfed my cock and she began working hard to regain her dominance.

With a woman's hot sex all over my face, being uninterested was no longer an option. I would just have to try to make her come so hard that I could regain the upper hand. The problem was that she was sucking my cock so well it made my eyes cross.

We pleasured each other for a few minutes before she pulled back from my cock and slid off me. Thank God. I didn't know how much longer I could have lasted. She looked down at me with such desire that it unsettled me. This wasn't right. I was not supposed to feel anything for her but disdain.

My cock started to deflate. She saw that and swung her leg over my thighs. "Oh, no, you don't! You owe me a fuck. Pay up." With a deft motion she seated herself on my cock and sank until I was fully inside her. My cock was surrounded by a white-hot volcano. I could feel the juice leaking out of her and onto my balls as she began bouncing up and down.

"Oh, yeah," she said. "This is for me. You're not man enough to make me come but I can fuck you till I get there."

That was an interesting twist of logic to try and get around the fact she was getting off. Too bad I had no intention of letting her get away with it. I began thrusting my hips off the floor to meet her every descent. I wanted her to come in the worst way now. I wanted to make her scream.

Growing tenser, she closed her eyes and bounced up and down on my cock furiously. She was lost in her own world now. Then she slammed forward and began rubbing her clit against my pelvic bone as hard as she could. I realized then that she'd been moaning steadily and now her voice rose to a wail. Her clutching pussy threatened to send me over the edge but I couldn't lose face like that.

My willpower was put to the ultimate test when she suddenly plastered her body against mine. She clamped her mouth to mine, cutting her wail to heated groans. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth and fucked me like her pussy was fucking my cock. She shuddered and collapsed on top of me. Her pussy went into overdrive, her muscles rippling all along the length of my cock.

I fought my own orgasm to a standstill. It was a close thing, but I kept from blowing my seed inside her. When that happened it was going to be by my own efforts. I rolled her unresisting body over until she was flat on her back and I was in the saddle of her hips. Her eyes opened and she looked up at me with curiously unfocused eyes.

"Now I fuck you for me," I growled.

"Do it," she urged softly. "Fuck me. Come inside me."

I grabbed her hips and thrust myself into her tight pussy. The rush of desire made me giddy. I wanted to fuck her until she screamed again and then to fill that hot pussy with my come. She looked so sexy, laying there with her hair spread wildly around her face. Her eyes were lost in the moment and she was grinding herself against me, wanting the same thing. Our mutual pleasure.

I lost control of myself. I crushed my mouth to hers and took her. She writhed against me, wrapping her legs around my hips and forcing me even deeper inside her. My cock felt like it was melting from the inside out.

Such pleasure couldn't last. I felt that indefinable moment that I crossed the line and knew I was going to come in a few seconds. Grace saw that in my eyes and began fucking me back wildly, her eyes completely out of control.

"Come inside me, Steve! Come for me!" she cried and then threw her head back in a scream of animal pleasure.

When I came to my senses, I was collapsed across her sweaty body. She had my head

cradled to her breast, her hand caressing my face. I could hear her heart thundering against my ear. The scent of her body filled my senses and I breathed her in.

She finally tilted my chin up so I was looking at her face. Her expression was troubled. "I need to go."

I pulled back from her, blinking in surprise. "That's it? Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am?"

Grace stood up on wobbly legs and I could see my come starting to run down her legs. "What did you expect to hear?"

"I guess I expected you to say something different," I said, confused by the disappointment.

She didn't say anything as she used my shirt to clean her sex with a smile before dropping it on the floor and slipping into her skirt and shoes. Only when she had her blouse on did she bend down to kiss me.

"Thank you," she said softly, "but this doesn't change anything between us. This was all for Tom." Without a backward glance, she walked out my door. Leaving me lying there where we'd just fucked like rabbits.

When I stood up, I also realized she'd left her underwear. I held her panties to my nose and wondered what that meant.

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She was wrong. So was I, for that matter. Our relationship had changed irrevocably. Surprisingly, it had changed for the better.

Our mutual loathing had morphed into something more like a friendly rivalry. The one-upmanship seemed to be friendlier. Not that Grace or I would give the other the pleasure of admitting we'd changed.

Tom changed for the better the day Grace told him she was pregnant with his baby. Seeing them holding each other and crying made me incredibly happy.

It *is* possible for a wrong to be very right, if it's done for the right reasons.