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Title: Who Was It?

Summary: Hayley's attraction to a new neighbor leads to an awkward moment. Who was it that just made love to her? Was it her husband or a clever ruse? (MF)

### Who Was It?

Hayley was pulling weeds from her flower garden at the side of the house when the moving truck pulled in to the house next door. The house had been sold a couple of months earlier, but it had remained vacant for the past several weeks awaiting its new occupants. Hayley was optimistic that they would be trading up from the last couple that lived there. The Langs had been nice enough, but they shared no common interests, other than the neighborly expectation of mutual pet sitting and mailbox tending when away overnight. Helpful. Nice. Anonymous suburbanites transplanted from and now returned to the North, where unsociable people should really learn to remain. Ho hum.

Based on the size of the U-Haul, the new neighbors were probably moving from an apartment or were newly married. There was only one in the truck and in his wake was another car with a couple of guys, no doubt helpers for the unloading. Although she was somewhat hot and perspiring, she felt it best to introduce herself as it would be rude to ignore them. She went inside, checked herself briefly in the mirror, rinsed her face, and towed it dry, for all the good it would do. The rest of her, well, too bad. Then she searched the cabinets for their cheap plastic pitcher and poured the brewed sweet tea she had made earlier into it. She had been looking forward to that after gardening and a shower, but she could make more later. With a bucket of ice and Solo cups in hand, she headed over.

By this time, the driveway was already littered with some loose ends from the U-Haul: weights, bicycles, a set of golf clubs... okay, the guy was active physically. Of the three, the man she estimated to be the owner was just exiting through the garage door. He was maybe 6'2", about 30 years old, with brown hair, blue eyes, and an athletic build. Nice to look at, indeed. Hopefully, he was married, as for whatever reason, it was easy to observe that singles hung out with singles and couples, couples. Why? She really had no idea. Approaching, she spied the wedding ring.

She introduced herself, and he said that his name was Craig. She set the tea, ice and cups in the shade of the garage, at the same time welcoming him, wishing him well during his move-in, and extending an invitation to dinner some day when he was settled and ready to get to know people.

She was disappointed to find out that he was a pharmaceutical salesman and often would be out-of-town. He was married, and his wife would look for a job once she arrived in town. She was going to quit her job in Texas anyway, but her mom had taken ill and she remained there to care for her. As airfare costs between North Carolina and Texas were substantial, at least for their budget without her working, he would essentially be single until her mom recovered, which may take several months. She had visited to help find a home, at least, and would return briefly the following weekend to give him her thoughts for colors and other improvements. A nice man, and he certainly qualified as eye candy.

A week later, Craig rang the doorbell and introduced Kim. She was about 5'5", with black hair, blue eyes, slender, and with the kind of smile that could light up the room. Steven, Hayley's husband, was also home, so introductions were made all around. Hayley was encouraged that they might be fun for dinner, cards, movies, and generally going out, at least once Kim was able to return.

Over the next several weeks, Steven and Craig got together surprisingly often. Things seemed to click faster between them, maybe because they were both in sales. In any case, Steven helped him around the house as he moved furniture, painted, hung shelves, and other projects. As a result, she learned some bits of information, such as finding several photos of Kim in a beauty pageant, and learned that she had been first runner-up as Miss Texas several years before she had met Craig. They had gotten married only a few months earlier, and most of Kim's furniture was still at her apartment in Texas. Her belongings would follow eventually, and they had yet to really live together as a "real" couple.

So what do guys talk about when they work on projects together? Probably sports and business, she guessed. But as Steven continued to gather information, he didn't consider it a breach of the brotherhood to share what he learned. Experience had taught her, in a fun way, that Steven relished teasing her with topics on sex, wherever he heard them, so it wasn't so shocking when he gave her a clue as to their new neighbor's frustration with his lack of a sex life.

Phone sex, check. Letters, for a throwback type of surprise. And even a few videos, of what specifically, Craig hadn't said and Steven hadn't asked. Essentially, Craig could sense that they were driving each other crazy with frustration. Still, for Craig to share just these bits, Hayley couldn't help but wonder how much Steven had shared in kind about their own sex life. Were those things bartered? Well, they were between women. Huh.

One late afternoon while Steven was out of town, Hayley was planting several flats of pansies by her doorstep and heard a lawnmower grow louder. She hadn't been paying any attention to it, happily focusing on one of her favorite hobbies. She looked across the yard to see Craig moving to the front yard, having mowed the back.

It was hot outside, and he wasn't wearing a shirt. His skin was tanned, and she was mesmerized watching the rippling muscles in his arms, shoulders, and torso as he pushed his mower up the incline to the front yard. She was surprised to hear a small gasp escape her lips at the sight. He was sweating, and his body looked wonderfully slick as he glistened under the sun. The sweat had also dampened his gray shorts along the waist, seeming to form a dark triangle pointing to the conspicuous bulge between his legs. Stop that, brain! But it was a nice... package.

She hadn't intended to stare. But... she had never had a neighbor worth staring at! Self-awareness crashed in on her when she realized Craig had looked up from his mowing path to find her, well, her absence of eye contact. Pretend it didn't happen? Or... she waved and gave him a brief perky smile, which he returned, before turning to mow in the opposite direction. She was really done, but... maybe there was reason for her to go ahead and water the bushes while she was out. Yes, probably so.

Having been very productive in the yard and satisfied herself as much as she could with the "view," she opted to trade up from a shower and enjoy a bath instead. It offered a better opportunity for a little self-gratification, and besides, soap bubbles were never a bad idea. Once happily ensconced, her fingers between her legs, she noiselessly brought herself to climax. It was only then that she realized that the water had become chilly. How long had she been in there? It hadn't been that complicated a fantasy!

Steven called from his motel in Nashville after dinner, and she realized she missed more than just his presence. Her general mood was quickly perceived, and they devolved into sexy chat. She wasn't worried he was going to cheat, but he did like pushing her buttons about how nice his favorite female client looked, always dressed to impress... the men, it seemed. Hayley let on about her time in the tub, her subject being only a very fit, sweaty man mowing the yard. She wasn't into

sweat, but she didn't mine the shimmer. In any case, he hadn't asked for her inspiration, and she hadn't provided it. They made an "appointment" with each other in two more nights, when he was due home.

At bedtime, she changed into her favorite oh-so-comfortable nightie and climbed into bed. It was so familiar, as she had worn it since before she was married, and it remained a favorite of Steven's. It was simple white cotton, but worn thin through use and many machine washes.

Still warmed by her conversation with her husband, she lay back in bed, her eyes closed and began to play with herself, thinking of, well, how to make the impossible possible. She was just getting into it when she was interrupted by her Labrador, who was technically Steven's dog, who jumped up to place his paws on the edge of the bed. Oops. Clearly, he needed to go outside, and she had forgotten all about it.

Their yard was not fenced, but Fellow being a good fellow didn't stray, tending to use one area of the back yard. However, he would *only* do his business if she stood on the patio where he could see her. He wandered off slightly, taking slightly longer than his usual measure of time to sniff at the wind and to find his toilet. The breeze was a good one, though, especially in the warm night air. The fireflies started ascending into the trees, and she stretched her arms as she watched them. It reminded her that yoga class was the next afternoon. Stretching and bending, she realized she needed it. Squatting in the yard had made her muscles tight. Fellow finally returned, and as she held the door open for him, she noticed a light from the screened back porch behind Craig's house, apparently from his laptop. She couldn't see him in that light but presumed he was getting some work done. Their former neighbors had never used the porch.

Her nightie. Her flimsy nightie. Any other time, she would have worn shorts and a shirt. Or Steven may have taken the dog out. But on those nights, she hadn't been lost in fantasy land and forgotten poor Fellow. This all occurred to her in the instant that she considered the prospect of Craig being on his porch and the comparative blinding sun from her other neighbor's yard lights.

She raced inside, knowing that her silhouette may as well have been painted for him if Craig was on his porch. It wasn't quite a gut punch, but it caused a guttural sound from her. Every curve would have been revealed, especially considering how long she had enjoyed stretching while she had waited. She ran up the steps, wishing for a yard with privacy, and picked up where she left off before the dog had so rudely interrupted her... and found that the thought of him seeing her... well, her fingers were in the right place.

She didn't see Craig the next day and was thankful for it. Debating whether she would be embarrassed kind of warred with whether she should feel embarrassed, or not at all. She hadn't done anything wrong, after all. Maybe he hadn't even been on the porch. In any case, she was very happy when Steven returned the following afternoon. Any sex between them always included the comfort of their relationship, but... she had needs, and he had to work to keep up, poor guy. As they snuggled afterwards, he asked, sensing something was up. She found that her anxiety about answering him had less to do with what turned her on and more with how he would react.

Running her fingers up and down his softened shaft, hoping for a second round, she realized, she began to describe what was going on in her head. This was not unusual, as they had shared fantasies before.

"Well, I was out working in the garden Wednesday afternoon, and I sat on the front porch steps just to sit a minute and drink some water, because it was hot. I heard Craig running his lawnmower, so I looked his way. He's got a nice body, you know, and he wasn't wearing a shirt, so... I looked. He

has that small waist and broad shoulders and... well, you get the point. It's not that he was turned on, that I know of – can you get turned on mowing the yard? – anyway, I could tell there was a good-sized lump in his shorts. I'm afraid he caught me looking... there, and probably other places too, but I don't know for how long."

Steven replied, "So, you were turned on by our new neighbor, and then, what?"

"Nothing. I finished with the flowers and went inside and bathed." She decided not to tell him about the possible evening show she had put on. Not yet. Later. Maybe.

"Come on," Steven said, "I guessed it when you were talking about dreaming of a sweaty mowing man when you were in the tub."

Ah, yes. Busted.

"So, more specifically, what were you fantasizing about, *hmm?*" he said, in a teasing voice.

She wasn't sure who was playing who, here. "Oh, nothing specific about Craig. I don't even know him, really. I just imagined what it might be like being with another guy who happened to look pretty much exactly like him. See? It wasn't like 'cheating' was included. And I don't like fantasizing as if I was still single. I kind of had the idea that you knew, or that you were there too." She could feel Steven's cock hardening in her hand, which she encouraged by stroking.

In only a few moments, Steven shifted her to her side and moved behind her back, spooning her as he inserted himself between her legs, penetrating deeply and then barely moving. He began to whisper in her ear.

"So, what was it like? Was it a fast, hard thing? Or was it a slow screwing?"

The feel of Steven's cock in her cunt and the lingering fantasy in her mind combined to form words that were said without much editing, never a good thing. "Oh, it was both. Fast the first time, and slow like you are now, like we both knew we had the one opportunity wanted it to last. There's that idea, and it always works until the "Oh yeah, I'm married" thought hits. I wish there was a way of having sex with someone you wanted without knowing you were... if that makes any sense."

Steven removed his hand from her breast, and placed it over her eyes, saying "Sssshhhhusshhh" as he increased the tempo of his thrusts. Hayley quickly picked up on the idea that he was pretending to blindfold her and provide the illusion that he might be someone else. Her sex drive went into high gear with the thought of a nameless, well, Craig, fucking her cunt, because it certainly wouldn't be making love. And it would be okay for her to fuck him too, because her husband wanted her... fucked. Huh.

By the time they both came, they were exhausted, both understanding that this little fantasy worked. As they were drifting, she whispered, "Let's repeat that fantasy, soon."

The next day, Steven again helped Craig, this time removing an interior wall, which became a major project. Hayley had worked outside, which was always better than inside, disappointed that there was no sight of "her men." Much later, after Steven had showered and eaten, she enjoyed a bath and drained the tub, drying herself with a towel. She wasn't surprised when Steven entered and took her hands, letting the towel fall to the floor. Her open bathroom door policy was a green light for receiving just that kind of attention.

However, he had never led her down the steps from their bedroom, never mind through their den and into their kitchen. Naked. Perhaps fun with food? This was something new.

"Remember what you asked for last night?"

She nodded. It was a really good fantasy.

He removed a blindfold from the back pocket of his shorts. Placing it on her head and checking that it was both effective and secure, he turned her to face the end of the kitchen counter. He pressed gently on her back, and she bent over, finally resting her upper body comfortably on a soft blanket he had placed there. She hoped he was more original than a cold cucumber. That might be fun, but she didn't consider how it played into her fantasy

He pulled her arms across her back and fastened them together with one or two of his silk ties, she guessed. Like her blindfold, these, too, he tested to ensure that she was secure, but not uncomfortably so. The blindfold they had played with before, and he had tied her to the bed. She was okay with light bondage. But he had never tied her like this. Whatever, she was eager for whatever he had planned.

"Alright. I need a little help. The counter is a bit too high." She felt his hand at her ankle, so she lifted her foot and, ah. High heels.

That done, Hayley imagined herself as Steven would see her and teased, "So, do I look like a good fuck?" He liked it when she talked dirty.

"Honey, you look like a dish ready to be served. Now, just wait there. I've got to go down to the garage to get something... special." She heard him open the door to their basement steps and descend down the steps.

Not long later, maybe as short as 30 seconds, she heard the front door of the house open behind her. She hoped it was her husband, realizing that, bent over as she was, her naked cunt was pointing directly through the hall towards the front door.

His shoes sounded rough and heavy on the hardwood floors, especially in an otherwise quiet house. She heard him unzip his jeans. A hand reached under her and felt at her warm wet cunt lips, inserting slightly, spreading her. "Fuck, yeah" is what she said, directly unfiltered from her brain.

She briefly felt the head of his rock hard cock thrust into her, but he didn't stop for a moment's acclimation, as Steven normally would. Instead, he grasped her pelvis with both hands, rocking her backwards to meet each of his thrusts. He continued stroking wordlessly, she supposed as a means of keeping this "anonymous" fuck anonymous. Yeah, she had figured his ruse, and she was all for it.

By their quickening speed, she could tell that he was about to cum. Damn, he was big! And deep and... he wasn't cumming... he just kept... fucking. She began to whimper, then squeal with the feel of his massive cockhead plunging in and out of her. Knowing that her husband was doing her fantasy right, she managed words between her panting, with "Yes, give me that cock! It's huge, just like I imagined. Keep fucking me. I'm going to cum! Don't... stop!" Multiples. Dearest.. Multiples. How long had it been since she had felt that?

To his credit, he kept fucking her until after her orgasms subsided, his hands still at her hips, pulling her balls slapping into her. She squeezed and decided to give back to the fantasy as he had given

to it. "Come on, Craig. I want to feel you shoot your cum inside me, baby." That apparently worked, as he withdrew and shot his hot fluids up her back and on her arms. Although her heart was pounding in her ears, but she could tell that he was breathing heavily. That had to be one of his best fucks ever! He stayed hard for so long!

As the excitement of her needs wore off, rational thought began reaching in, and she marveled how good he had felt within her, so much the same, and so different. Thinking, and hoping, that the anonymous fantasy was the cause, she began searching for some clues to spoil his charade, or, more specifically, that it wasn't Craig.

She felt his hands wipe the cum from her back, then he straightened her up and rubbed it on her breasts, slowly, not massaging, but as if making a painting. That was something her husband would not have done. He would have just grabbed her breasts and pinched her nipples. She began to consider that this was Craig, and her nervous excitement caused her to hope for other tricks Steven might have in his bag to make her think so. After all, Steven would never set this up!

Surprisingly, she began to respond to his continued fondling, well, his careful attention to her breasts. She began to breathe more heavily, caught between a shocking desire to be fucked again, so soon, and growing impatience to know for a fact that this wasn't Craig. They had never even talked about swapping partners with another couple or... whatever, but that involved some sort of a relationship. And even her little fantasy might involve a blindfold and a "promise" not to look, but to be tied up and simply fucked by another man? Why, then, did she quietly plead, "Please. Fuck me some more."

She could sense that her mystery lover had moved to her side, where he could see... all of her, really. He placed his hands on her shoulders, forcing her to squat. He teased at her mouth with the tip of his cock, which... she licked, tasting their juices. She hated the not knowing. But as he pressed against her mouth, she took him inside. There is a smell to a man, and one to his cock, and one to his cum. She tried to find a way to convince herself that this was Steven. It could be, but she was trying to figure out whether that was because she wanted it to be or because it was. She felt his shaft with her tongue, and just as she was thinking she needed to feel more as this might actually be Craig, he removed himself and rather hurriedly returned her to her position bent over the counter.

She heard him pull his jeans up and re-zip them, then she felt a very quick finger at her oh so wet cunt lips, possibly followed by what might have been a taste of his finger at his lips... then she heard him quickly retreat to the front door, open it... There was still a moment to be seized in the game, to fuel what must be her husband's own fantasies... "You can fuck me again anytime, Craig," she said, loud enough to be heard. A lengthy pause, a shuffle of booted feet, and the door shut.

A minute later, or less, she heard her husband come up the stairs from the basement, and shut the door behind him. "Look at you; you're a fucking mess!"

Just to light him up further, she said, "Yeah, your cocks are a lot alike, but Craig lasts much longer. But, if you're up to it, he left some unfinished business."

It was strange that Steven didn't reply. Their relationship was all but defined on spirited jabs. He began to untie the knots at her wrists, but... she stopped him, even though her arms were getting sore. "Honey, if this is the way you want another man to fuck me, you should probably do me this way, too."

She heard him lower his... sweatpants, then he slipped his cock between her legs. He had recovered quickly, it seemed, and as he fucked her, she didn't feel *him* as much as she searched for, and maybe felt, a *difference* in him. It wasn't as physically exciting when she thought about his cock so clinically, but it was mentally mind blowing. Was he that good an actor? It all felt so familiar, while it hadn't... earlier. And, in standard Steven time, he emptied himself inside her. As he withdrew, she was all but weighing his load after realizing she didn't exactly respond to him as he had fucked her. Had he noticed? And could Steven cum twice and have that much? It couldn't have been Craig! Could it?

"No shower tonight, honey. I want you in bed with me, nice and slutty, the way that you are just now." Thankfully, that would not include the blindfold or the bound wrists, which really only pained her after they were free. She half expected Steven would tease her through the evening's events, with a "Got you!" finale. It didn't come. He had a very satisfied look, though, and they held a close embrace in bed amid a silence that endured until sleep came.

The next morning, as she was gazing at herself in the bathroom mirror before taking a shower, Hayley noticed the dull reflection of dried cum on her breasts, and, turning, on her butt and back. Really, the amount of cum on her, and in her, had been tremendous. Record setting.

It was a diabolical conundrum. If it had been Craig, then that would explain how her husband managed to be so hard when he came up from the basement... and why he had cum so much and so quickly. And, when she thought of it, why he seemed dry as he had entered her. A towel could have done that, though. He would have listened, perhaps on the steps. Or watched? The door had been left open to the basement, so it was possible. Everything, all the details, made sense if he had actually allowed Craig to fuck her.

To make that happen was... unfathomable. She couldn't imagine Steven wanting another man to have his own wife. Or letting him. Or even asking him.

The other more rational option, that he did it all, required dissecting the events... the change in pants, shoe types... those could be trickery. He had enough time, she supposed, to change those and run from the garage to the front of the house. It... didn't explain how "Craig" wouldn't be at least a little winded from running, though, out the rear door, up the driveway, along the sidewalk and to the front door. Not a long distance, but not a short one for the sprint required.

Steven also wasn't winded when he arrived after "Craig" departed, either. They were both about the same height. She hadn't felt a difference in the angle in which they entered her. She realized with a start that when Craig grabbed her pelvis, his hands were rough. Of course they would be, with the work he was doing in the house. Steven's were, well, maybe they weren't softer as he had been helping with the work. She'd have to check his hands. The cock in her mouth, though. If she had to bet on it, she'd say it was different. But she wasn't exactly in her right mind at the time, and the details were already blurring. And, Craig's balls had slapped against her. That was hot. Steven's balls usually remained tight, and she didn't recall a similar sensation on his "turn."

Conclusion: The likely way he pulled it off was fantastic, but it left irregularities. The unlikely way... all the details were entirely consistent with the notion that Craig had...

She positioned herself facing the sliding mirrored doors to their closet, and she bent over, placing her hands behind her, taking in the reflection of her reflection. If it was Craig, and he entered a door to see her like this... Wow. Just... wow. It made her feel like such a slut. And the invitation she had offered as he left... "anytime"... and his pause at the door. Wow. Why wasn't she upset? Why did it turn her on?

The shower took a little longer than expected, but she found it urgent to do more than bathe. Afterward, she found Steven in his recliner, reading. She asked, "It was you, both times, right?"

His grin, combined with his slow, lustful look that passed over her robed body, did nothing to comfort her. Neither did his reply. "Why don't you ask Craig, and tell me what he says?"

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