

Day three

As I roll over and look at the clock, two a.m., great! At least four more hours of laying here, that is what happens when you go to bed too early.

I quietly climb out of bed, careful not to disturb the nasal melody playing out, loud and proud, next to me. I love how he sleeps so soundly, so happily, no tossing and turning, just sleep.

I throw on a pair of pajamas and make my way to the kitchen, turn on the nightlight and get the juice out of the frig.

I set the juice on the counter and reached into a cabinet for a glass. Ice cold grape juice at night is such a favorite of mine. I fix half of a glass and stand at the back sliding glass door watching the moonlit sky.

I had been standing here a few minutes when I notice two bats flying around the backyard. I am mesmerized as they chase and dive and fly around in the dim light.

Just as I sip the last of my drink, the biggest tree frog that I have ever seen jumps eye level onto the glass door. I gasp and drop the glass to the floor.

As I carefully walk around the glass, I am thinking how thankful I was that I didn't cut my foot. I had such a great plan for later tonight.

I start cleaning up the glass while thinking of the candlelight dinner followed by dancing that I had planned out.

"Ow, damn it, damn it, son of a !!" I scream as blood is pouring from my hand as the sharp glass lay embedded just below my thumb. I start to cry as I hear Richard come running down the hall, calling for me.

He is shaking more than I am as he grabs kitchen towels from the drawer to put under my hand. He flips on the dining room light, and I can now see that the injury was not as bad as it seemed. The glass didn't penetrate deep; it slid up the side of my hand.

"Don't move while I pull this big chunk of glass out," he warns. "Baby, did you hear me? Don't move, ok?" he leans into my tear stained face waiting for acknowledgement.

He places his fingers around the glass which made it move slightly and I cry out in pain.

"Would you rather I call 911 so a hunky firefighter can dazzle you with his talents and take out the glass?" he asks without removing his fingers. As I shake my head, no, and as I answer his silly question, with lightning speed he yanks the bloody glass out and wraps my hand in a fresh towel as he raises it over my head.

"Let's get you to the table so you can sit while I clean you and the floor up and you tell me what happened," he sweetly plans.

I tell him about the moonlight, the bats, and the frog. I can tell he wants to laugh at me for letting the frog startle me to the point of dropping the glass. He looks at me, and with the most serious tone asks, "The frog, how would you like me to assassinate him? Death by boiling in the hot tub, tie his legs together and throw him up to the bats, or do you have something more vengeful in mind?"

I started laughing and instinctively brought my hand to my stomach along with the other hand as I normally would during a laughing fit. He grabs my hand, throws it back up in the air and says, "Don't make me have to tie you up just so your hand stays elevated!"

I laugh again but keep my hand up. He starts opening the towel to see if the bleeding has stopped so he can check the severity. He quickly wraps the towel back on and applies a little pressure. "Is that the menace that's walking down the door? He is much smaller than I thought from your tale; I think I can flick him and cause enough damage that he won't ever come back."

Neither of us can stop the laughter bubbling up inside of us. We both take seats at the kitchen table. He laid my arm on the table, unwraps it and checked the wound. He brought back a bowl of warm water and a wash cloth from the kitchen after I watched him searching through cabinets. As he began irrigating the cut, I am not laughing anymore! Although it doesn't cause pain, it doesn't feel funny either.

He is so careful not to touch it; he is squeezing water out of the cloth and letting it drain on the mess. While he waits for the area to dry, he kisses and strokes the palm and wrist of my good hand. There is a deep sadness in his eyes, "It isn't that bad, I do not even need stitches," I say as my heart aches seeing that look on his face.

As his eyes rose to meet mine, they are filled with tears, "It isn't that I just don't know how I will handle willingly walking out that door and leaving you when it is time to go. This time together has been more than I ever dreamed of. I love you so much, I know we promised each other we would never leave our spouses but,"

"Don't say it babe, if you say it, it becomes real. I have been asking myself the same question. How can I possibly let you leave?" I swallow a mouthful of spit as my body tries to off fight the need to vomit. "First the fright, then the cut and now a life altering discussion, I just can't handle it right now," I whisper.

He helps me up from the chair, surrounds me in his safe arms, "We will talk about it when we are both rested and stronger. I love you, let's get back to bed. I will let you sleep even though you are driving me insane in that low cut yellow flannel old lady pajama set that you are rockin!" His comment incited another round of laughter.

He makes a pile up of some pillows for me to hug and elevate my hand while I sleep. He cuddles right up into my backside, and we quickly fall asleep. Hours seemed to pass slowly as I dream of being chased by bats and giant frogs.

"You must awaken My Queen for much has been afoot whilst you leisured!" he announces from the doorway.

As I wake up, I burst into laughter; he is wearing a St Patrick's Day shirt with a huge toad in a crown. The toad is holding a sign that read, "Kiss me I'm Irish."

As my eyes travel lower, I can't hold back a groan. His boxers are black silky and snug, with a giant pink heart pouch in front for his male parts to hide in. Rhinestone wording is a little hard to read but says "Rub here for good luck."

He walks to the bed, pulls the covers back and escorts me to the bathroom. "Take care of your morning needs My Lady, and then I shall escort you to the festivities," he says as he backs and bows away from the door and closes it.

When I was ready for whatever today was to hold, I slowly opened the door more out of fear of what would jump out than anything. I am standing concealed by the barrier and trying to figure out the music that I am hearing when he appeared in the doorway wearing that same silly outfit only now complete with an elf hat. That's it, it is Christmas music!

While I slept, my Santa's helper had been quite busy, embroidered stockings with our names were now against the wall of the television. A handmade banner hung under the tv, "Our First Christmas" in huge red and green letters. There are sketches scattered throughout the six foot banner, I quickly deduce they are scenes or illustrations of meaningful times in our relationship.

"Everything here has to wait. The Easter Bunny hid candy eggs throughout the backyard," he hands me a purple Easter basket with pastel painted eggs on the side. "We need to find them before the ants do and we end up with another "critters gone wild" episode in our lives and I have to fight them off in order to save you."

He grabs my unwrapped hand and leads me to the backyard. For twenty minutes we searched for forty plastic eggs containing sugary goodness and tattoos with skulls and hearts.

Thank goodness for the privacy fence. His outfit is such a sight as the back rode up in between his cheeks as he squatted to pick up the eggs. I had to stop and stare at him, four holidays he planned a long time ago. He is amazing.

We went back in the house to sit on the floor and begin taking gifts out of the stockings. My first was Strawberry Shortcake Band-Aids. He reminds me that I told him once that I had the bedspread when I was a small girl.

He opened a He-man comb, his favorite cartoon when he was in college.

Sleeping Beauty bubble bath; which was my favorite movie as a child brought tears to my eyes. Sea critter sponges; bringing the beach to me to remind me of the time we spent an afternoon walking in the sand picking up shells and chasing crabs. A parrot hair brush, which made me laugh, I was bitten by a parrot when I was twelve.

I am sitting on the floor with this pile of memories now interlinked with his love when a loud pop draws my attention upwards. The confetti comes out of the popper lands all over my face, hair and in my mouth as I am laughing at Richard while he is jumping around the room. He yells, "Happy New Year!" and blows on the silly horn with the paper tongue sticking out. I am laughing so hard I can't continue sitting up and I fall back to lie on the floor.

Suddenly the music changes to the song best known from Dirty Dancing. He is in front of me holding out his hand to me so that I can stand up. It is hard to take him seriously as he serenades me with "I've had the best time of my life, and I owe it all to you" while wearing heart shaped sunglasses in an Elton John sized fashion. The lights start blinking around the lenses as he is dancing me around the room when Richard yells between verses "Happy Valentine's Day Shannon!"

As the song is finished, he sits with me on the couch for a short break. I lean my head on his shoulder as I look around the room at the mess we have made, the beautiful mess. He jumps off the couch, causing me to fall over and he runs out of the room to the kitchen.

I hear him before I see him, "Lunch is served My Lady," he is back to his English butler routine. I stumble and almost land on the coffee table as I see him turned a bit sideways until his profile is almost in line with my vision. He is wearing a new apron, one that he clearly made himself. In Halloween colors the classic words of "Trick or treat" were on the chest and a giant question mark

below it. Crotch level an enormous cock is protruding out of the apron as if to ask the question of is the size a trick or a treat. As he walks me to my seat at the table which is decorated for Thanksgiving, Richard keeps bumping me and apologizing for his dick touching me.

He had asked me a couple of weeks ago to buy a small turkey because he has an old family recipe that he wanted to make for me during our shut-in time. I told him that I had grabbed a sweet potato pie because it is my favorite; I add a raspberry glaze over the top when it is still warm. The completed pie was on the table also, "How did you do that? I never told you how to finish it," I ask with utter amazement at the beautiful table before me.

"I found the recipe in the drawer when I was looking for the turkey baster," he announces with accomplished pride.

The meal was incredible; he is such a great cook. I stand up and walk to him and roll his chair away from the table. I put the apron over my head and start sucking his cock while rubbing butter all over his balls that he did not see me take. He started lifting the apron off so he can watch so I yelled for him to get his hands behind his head. I continue to stroke his balls and slide a finger over his taint and to his closed up tight ass. As his orgasm approaches his thighs relax along with his ass cheeks. I know my opportunity is now and I slide two heavy lubed up fingers in his ass as I bite down at the base of his cock as the head pushes its way down my throat. I swallow hard and squish the tip of his mushroom head as I scissor cut my fingers in his ass.

Richard is screaming as he blows his load with a force that he was not expecting which lasts a long time. So long, that I am struggling not to pass out due to lack of oxygen.

I pull back enough to allow my lungs to suck up air now that the lava flowing into me has subsided and I let my fingers slip away. I love licking his sensitive shaft after he has released all his tensions; it is so receptive to the slightest of change. I reach up to the table and take my glass of chilled wine before I head back under the apron.

No doubt he thought I was going to take a drink and use my cold tongue on his cock. That is exactly why I am holding the base of his cock and guiding it down into my glass to chill every side evenly before I suck the cold right off of him. I am smiling as his dick is recovering very quickly using this newest technique.

When he is half hard I fuck the slit with my tongue a few times, slap the side of his long dick and declare it to be both a trick and a treat.

I stand up and kiss him as we both thank each other. I down the rest of my wine after I washed my hands and as I am clearing the table Richard asks me to sit at the table once again. I feared he wanted to talk about the future and while I know we need to, I am afraid of where the conversation will lead because no matter what, some kind of change is coming.

My stomach is in knots as he is sitting here, staring at me with a serious look on his face. I finally decide to start speaking, "Go ahead and ask your question," I state while trying to sound alright with it.

"Can I have my dessert since you already took yours? I would like to point out that once again, you took it without asking. This is a side of you that I never suspected," he announces with a straight face.

Maybe he felt it was not the right time, maybe he was just craving pie, whatever the reason I went to the freezer for some vanilla ice cream. "So, you do like vanilla in some facet of your life, good to know!" he smirked that sexy grin that I love.

I fixed us each a plate of pie and ice cream as we both moaned for a different reason than we had all weekend. He seems to enjoy the flavor combo as much as I do, and I cannot help but think how compatible we are.

He rolls his chair over to mine for a kiss and there is that serious stare once again. "You once told me that you do your best thinking while soaking in the tub. I would like you to go get your sleeping beauty bubble bath and go soak in there. Use the time to think about what you want to do about our situation in a couple of days. I know that we can talk it through so both of us are happy. I do my best

thinking when my hands are doing mindless work so I will take care of cleaning the kitchen and putting away food. How about I meet you in bed after I grab a shower in the hallway bath? Then we can talk, and I do know that no matter what, we will be together for the rest of our lives, I am not worried about that so unless you want that frown line to stay forever, perk up!"

I am half scared and half thrilled as he is rolling my chair too quickly down the hallway towards the carpet in the bedroom. I am bracing for a fall out of the chair as it hits the shag fibers just as he is popping a wheelie over the threshold and racing me to the bathroom. We are both laughing as I am getting out of the chair to turn the water on in the bathtub.

By the time I turn back around, he is standing here with the bottle of bubbles and sponges. He is telling me to stand still as he has an evil look on his face. I hear the bottle as it slides down into the bathroom sink while he is kissing me. Now I feel a sea creature sponge wedged between my pussy lips, another one just crawled between my ass cheeks. I have to pull away I get concerned on where he is going to shove the last remaining two. "Get out and let me think!" I squeal as he throws the shark and the sea shell cut outs at me.

I am laying here trying to figure out what we can possibly do, I love my husband Matthew and I know he loves his wife, Amanda. Neither of us want to hurt them or lose them. It is not their fault that we fell in love at first sight that day in the bank.

I gently squeeze the water out of the sponge over my body as my mind takes me back to the day we met.

It was back when I was a teller at the bank downtown. I had just handled his transaction for the first time. I had never noticed customers from a sexual standpoint until Richard. He was the complete package, handsome, well spoken, considerate and giving. The only reason he was at the bank that day was to give a check to a cause for a local family that had an unexpected tragedy and a fund was set up to assist them.

As soon as he was done, I put up my “next teller” sign and told the branch manager that I was going to take a short break. I needed to get some air, something was going on with me and I did not know what it could be.

Just an hour prior my husband had come by and text me to meet him in the back parking lot. As I got close to the car, I was silently questioning why he parked way in the back where no one goes and under the huge oak tree. I leaned in to kiss him in the open window and he said he had a donut for me. When I looked around in the car, he snapped his fingers drawing attention to his crotch. A giant glazed donut surrounded his cock which was hard and purple and in desperate need of release. I remember commenting about how Mandy’s bakery always makes him so horny, I should be paying her. He made the comment of she gets compensated enough; her baked goods come at a high price but are worth it. I climbed in the passenger seat while he was the look out, and I gave him a leisurely blow job. Took my donut with me and went back to work.

I was sitting in my truck with my hands in my pants getting myself off on my second break. I was thinking about the donut incident and the most incredible brown eyes with dark hair framing a handsome face.

My eyes opened when fingertips touched my lips as a hand held mine in place. I was him, Richard, the man I am sitting her getting off thinking of fucking. Two little words and I came all over myself, “May I?” he asked as he pushed his hand in front of mine so that he could continue to make me cum over and over as he leaned in and kissed me. He took his hand out and put it between both of our lips then graduated to three words that made me cum again, “I knew it!”

He handed me his card with his cell phone number on it on the back he already had written, “I never go by Dick, but I have one which reacted very excitedly to you today. Please call me if you felt something and would like to see where this can go.” Then he walked away.

I straightened out my clothing and headed to the ladies room to clean up before going back to the teller cage. The bank manager was looking at me oddly when I came back in and I feared she knew something or saw something.

When I got to my work station there was a yellow daisy lying on the counter. "We do not encourage our employees to fraternize with members, so I suggest you discourage that also. It is from the man that you helped right before your break, Richard something or other," the bank manager whispered.

I really hated that woman, she was so mean to everyone, so I was more than pleased to have a witty come back for her, "Good thing he is not a member of this bank then!"

Reality came in the form of a loud crash, it echoed down the hallway to my bathroom followed by "I am ok, it's ok, and it was just cupcake pans falling out of the cabinet. If you really wanted to have me killed you should have used cast iron quiche cups, they will crush a skull if they fall on me!"

I am getting out of the bath and putting on a bathrobe to go check on him, besides my hands were looking like prunes. I stopped suddenly at the entrance to the kitchen and almost slip due to my still wet feet. The kitchen is trashed as he is making cupcakes from scratch, "How do you know how to do that without a recipe book or anything?" I ask.

"I know we don't talk about our spouses but mine owns a bakery and did a lot of experimenting at home for years. I used to help her before she started spending more time at the shop creating so that she did not make messes at home. We even put in a small bedroom above the shop so she can go create when she gets the urge but not worry about being too tired to drive home," he answered proudly.

I am watching as he puts the filled pan in the oven and my head is becoming very cloudy, like I am struggling to stay focused. My first thought is that I was getting sick but then clarity took over. I went to the bedroom and got the brochure for this weekend's events where my husband is. He is an advertising executive and there is a huge food symposium this week a couple hundred miles

away. I remembered him showing me the flyer and thinking that everyone looks so happy; the photographer must have been funny.

As I am walking down the hallway back towards Richard I am staring at the photos. The only two that are actually happy are my husband and a dark haired woman holding a pineapple upside down cake together.

Flashes of memories start flooding my head which blinds me to seeing Richard standing in front of me. "I have thought for many years that my husband was seeing someone. He is gone so much more than seems necessary, it is how I am available to meet up with you so often. I always thought if he is; she is giving him something that I cannot but he is still coming home to our happy life together so I never questioned it. I think it is the woman in this photo and if my suspicions are correct, we have a lot more to think about than we planned," I am trying not to freak out as I am handing him the brochure.

Richard looks at the photo, looks at me, looks at the photo and looks at me as he walks to the couch to sit down.

"I am so confused, that is my wife Amanda, and she never showed me this. She must have known I would recognize that look in her face immediately; my wife is in love with him," Richard quietly blurted as a tear fell.

"Amanda, I am going to guess she is Mandy's Bakery. Richard, I think they were together before we were and still are. They are together at this event which has allowed us to have this incredible weekend," I am putting together the pieces one at a time.

We sit in silence for a few minutes or maybe it was closer to an hour, I am not sure. Part of me felt the need to grieve my marriage; another part felt guilt over not being a good enough wife that he went to her for more than just extra calories. Every time I glance at Richard, he has a steady stream of tears running down his cheeks as he is processing everything for himself.

"Do you trust me to do what is right for our relationship Shannon?" he asks as he has come full circle and his composure is back.

“Of course, I trust you, what I don’t trust is feelings that are not ours. If this is true there is no telling what bringing anything into the open will do to everyone,” I counter.