



It's Parisian

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“What’s wrong?” a voice under a white sea of bedspreads and pillows said. “Did you not like the sex? Did I do it wrong?”

Grace tossed the bedsheets in a monsoon of frustration and picked up her black lace undergarments strewn about on the floor of the expensive L.A. hotel room. She clicked on the table lamp, which silhouetted her large breasts on the wall shaking lively as marionettes. They had been a point of shame growing up, having developed a C-cup at the age of 9. Her flat-chested classmates had laughed and pointed. They look like my mom’s! or, Look how they bounce when she walks! was bullying that scarred her for life. Even today she occasionally felt embarrassed of her 36DDs. Reminded of how her mom and siblings made her feel better at that time, she swirled her blonde hair into a single tress, and rolled it into a low bun, all in one swift move.

“Seriously,” said the voice. A man emerged from the covers and reached out his hand to meet her perfectly formed back dimples, as if drawn by a curious finger on freshly wet sand. “What’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong?” she said, standing up from the bed and walking toward the window. The sun was gone and the homeless people were setting up camp outside the posh French restaurant they had shared a romantic dinner at a few hours before. “What’s wrong is that I have a fucking Ph.D. in Literature, work at a top university and I’m still having sex with you in random hotel rooms in LA.”

The man got out of bed and walked toward the window. Still naked, he wrapped his arms around Grace from behind and kissed her cheek, barely brushing his mustache-lined lips on her flushed skin. Aside from the nearly 9 inches dangling between his legs, he had been blessed with a life filled with women who adored him. When Grace first met him at a mutual friend’s party, he was dating a girl that went on and on about how big he was and how deep he had gone inside of her. That was all that was required of him.

His stud mentality went unchallenged for most of his relationships because most of his relationships lasted no more than a few months. He never had to try because they did all the trying. He was Latino, with a swimmer’s body, who wouldn’t want to try? he always thought. Grace had been the only one who had gotten to know the man beyond the enormous penis. After a few years, she found out that in addition to being a good kisser, and a brilliant salesman, he was also a man insecure about himself.

She took on the role of cheerleader and coach to him. They were a terrific match. Now she was getting tired of it and so was he.

“I know you’re here, right now,” she said, turning around and shifting her hands to his bearded face. “But what about when you get caught in the moment and just want to fuck somebody else?”

He looked away in fear of getting lost and stranded in her forest green eyes and the cuddled feeling his arms once brought her felt like chains. She broke the embrace and walked toward the bed. As she walked away, he looked at her large buttocks, the first point of attraction for him. She saw him looking out the window, and how he had let himself go a little. She never cared about his physique because although he was athletically fit in years past, it wasn't what first drew her to him. It was his energy, his love for life— a force that had opened her eyes to international travel and truly enjoying the moment spent with a lover. Most importantly, his love for sex, and how he used to make her feel as if she were the only woman on earth; if not the only, definitely the sexiest. This irrepressible force that drove them to make love on an airplane and at her mother's church bathroom, was now creating a rift between them.

“Well, that’s the way I’ve always done it, and you used to love it,” he said. “Raw and hard, I remember you used to yell at me after you’d slap the shit out of me if I didn’t give it to you that way.”

“I only said those things because I thought you liked it, and I wanted you to be happy.”

“Well, I did and still do.”

Her eyes started to well up, her teeth clenched and lips quivered. It was hard for her to see in the midst of her tears and rage. She wasn’t crying because what he was saying was hurtful, but because it was true. Somewhere along the way, she had lost that drive to please him; that joie de vivre to give him her all. It all felt labored. Fake. She was either hurting her own feelings by giving in to his desires, or hurting his by refusing him.

“Do you want to break up? Separate for a while?”

“No! And I do like it when we fuck that way. I also want to be romanced, kissed gently on the lips, and taking it slow from time to time,” she said. She wiped her tears with the bedspread, smearing her heavy mascara and eyeliner on the immaculate white. “I want to feel appreciated and get the feeling that you enjoy my body. Sometimes I feel like your come-rag.”

The snuffles grew louder the closer the man walked to the bed and sat next to her.

“I do appreciate you,” he said. “I’ve counted myself so lucky ever since you gave me a hand job outside of the Getty museum. I told myself, Damn, this is a girl I want to marry someday.” The absurdity of his comment brought a smile to her face. “Believe me, I want to give you what you want. Now, what do you want?”

She took his bronzed hand, placed it between her pale thighs, and looked down on it.

“I want—” she sighed. He felt warm tears trickle on his hand. “I want you to make love to me at home on the bed my husband bought for me. The bed you and I bought together after our honeymoon in Paris.” Her grip grew tighter. “I want you to make me feel like Mrs. Ignacio Herrera again.”

He held her hand and kissed it, and pulled her chin up with the other.

“Baby,” Ignacio said. “You know how well that went the last time. I couldn’t even get it up.”

“I know, but you were probably nervous. The doctor—”

“Fuck what the doctor said. I feel worthless when I can’t do what I love most in life with the person I love most in life.”

“Well, we can try the pills again.”

“No, not that again. I rather not go through that emergency room nightmare again. I couldn’t pee comfortably for a week.”

Ignacio, or Iggy as Grace liked to call him, stood up and stormed into the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him. Grace started to cry in silence, getting her fill as he didn’t like her to cry for his problems, it made him feel like less of a man. She wanted to do whatever it took to help her husband, but everything she seemed to say or do only made matters worse.

She noticed that he was taking longer than usual to get out of the bathroom. She pressed her ear against the door and heard Iggy panting heavily. He was either masturbating which she noticed him doing more often than usual in the last few weeks or pumping out pushups of which he was now doing 25 every hour. She heard the doorknob rattle and ran to the bed, diving just in time before the door fully opened.

“You know what?” he said. “I’ve been thinking about your friend Olivia.”

“Really? Oh my god, did you see something on Instagram?”

Grace knew that Iggy followed her friend and even went as far as putting cute, flirty comments on whatever she posted. It bothered her that he was more invested in her friend’s account than in her own, but she figured that at least she could keep an eye on anything nefarious that could unfold between them.

“No, silly. I don’t know, I’ve just been thinking about her. A lot.”

She realized what her husband was getting at. It made her uncomfortable and wanted him to shut up as soon as the thought crept slowly down her spine. Olivia was like a sister to her.

“Why are you thinking about her so much?” Grace said. “Are you worried about her?”

“Kind of,” Iggy said. “I don’t think the guy she’s with is good for her,” he said as he nestled next to her on the bed, reaching for the TV remote. “I can’t explain it.”

“He seems fine to me. He’s cute, successful, and she’s already met his parents the last time they went to France on vacation.”

“Regardless, he seems like a douchebag.”

Iggy flipped through the channels as if he were racing the people in the next room to see who could get through all 1,500 channels the fastest.

“Could you slow down?” Grace said. He did this whenever he was nervous. “I can’t even see what’s on.”

“Why? What?”

“I want to watch that. Besides, Olivia can take care of herself. She grew up poor in East LA. If she can stand up to low-lifes trying to pick her up and force her into their cars, she can defend herself from a guy with a tight ass who went to Harvard School of Medicine.”

“That’s what I mean,” he said, continuing to flip through channels, “he’s too much of a dweeb, and a loser. He looks like Olivia can’t make him come.”

Grace knew where he was taking this little exposition and wanted to save them both a few hours of bickering back and forth. She was fed up with him bringing up other women and feeling sorry for how the men they were with weren’t good enough, how unfair that was, and how if he were single, he would make them feel like queens. Then suddenly she realized what this was about.

“Do you think she could make you come?” Grace said.

His flipping through channels stopped. “What— ”

“If you were single, I know,” Grace said.

“What are you trying to say?” Iggy said.

“I know you like my friend. I’m not stupid. I’ve noticed how you stare at her. I know she’s pretty and has a beautiful body. Trust me, we were roommates in college, whatever you’re fanaticizing about in your dirty little mind while you’re jerking off behind my back doesn’t do her justice.”

He put the TV on mute and looked over at Grace.

“What are you talking about?” he said.

“I’m talking about you wanting to sleep with my best friend,” she said.

“I don’t want to slee... I just think that her boyfriend might be closeted gay, that’s all.”

“Really? That’s what you said about my ex, and he’s happily married with lots of kids.”

“He totally is. Things of this nature reveal themselves in time.”

Grace threw the covers over herself after she flicked the table lamp off. Iggy kept watching TV with the volume two ticks from mute.

“If you were to sleep with her— ” Grace said muffled by the covers.

“What’s that?” he said.

“I said, if you were to sleep with her, can we work toward fixing this?”

“Fixing us?” Iggy turned the TV off. “Yeah, we can work on us.” The excitement on his face immediately furrowed his brow in suspicion. “Wait. What’s the catch?”

“There’s no catch. If you’re comfortable passing me off to another man, with him touching my naked body, kissing me and sticking his penis in me, then I’m fine sharing you with Olivia. Rather her than some random whore.”

His smile returned.

“Oh man. I can’t believe it,” he said. Iggy kissed her with so much love and passion that she almost didn’t recognize him. “I’m getting hard just thinking about it.”

She immediately regretted ever bringing it up. Had she done the right thing? To face the harsh reality head on instead of hiding her head under the covers as she had since they first started dating? She realized it was a bigger risk than she thought.

“So?”

“Okay, we’re doing this, but only if you promise me that we’ll restart marriage counselling and start making love at home,” she said.

“Yeah sure,” Iggy said, “but I get to do whatever I want to Olivia. You know, sexually.”

“Okay.” Grace knew how adventurous Olivia was and part of her regret in suggesting such ill-fated affair was that she and her husband would be a little too adventurous. She imagined the use of ropes, knives, and fire extinguishers to put out the literal flames that would be ignited on the bed. “What do you mean by ‘whatever’?”

“Bareback, of course.”

“Sure.” She knew Olivia to be overly promiscuous, but also overly paranoid. As far as she knew, her best friend got a yearly pap smear and a biyearly S.T.I. screen.

“We also have to be completely honest with one another, and share details of the experience. That means answering any questions I have about what you do.”

“I wouldn’t want anything else.”

The car ride with Olivia to the hotel was quiet and longer than expected. He snuck a peek every now and then, and noticed that she was looking at her phone or out the window. Her legs were long, though thick; firm, but they still had a pleasant bounce when she walked. They were shaved smooth as legs made of fine mahogany, patiently lacquered and sanded in layers for months, and polished with a thin coat of paste wax. He was distracted from the traffic and from Olivia.

He kept thinking about the way Grace had looked as she came out of their bathroom. She had a glow, something he hadn’t seen in years. She was wearing red lipstick, and her hair looked blonder.

“Did you do something to your hair?” he had asked.

“Yeah, I got it touched up with blonde. Why?” she said as she placed her legs, one by one, in the thin hoops of her mini G-String.

“Did you do that for him?”

“No. I got this done weeks ago. I’m surprised you haven’t noticed before.”

The dress she wore was black and strapless. It hugged her large buttocks and her small waist. It had a plunging neckline that gave anyone who placed eyes on her a view of her massive breasts pushed up without the aid of a bra. Iggy wanted to ask whether she had bought a new dress, but he had not wanted her to know that he was feeling jealous.

It was their night to try something different, like being swingers.

“Are you okay?” Olivia asked, uncrossing her legs in the passenger seat.

“Oh, yeah,” Iggy said, looking at his phone, not out of necessity, but as an excuse not to seem lost in thought. He had checked out every hotel, motel and lodge in L.A. during the past 8 years he had been married to Grace and he could get to them blindfolded. “I’m just looking at the E.T.A.”

“So, what is it?”

“What is what?”

“The E.T.A.?”

Though he was looking straight at his phone, Iggy kept thinking of the smile Grace had given Olivia's boyfriend, André. She never smiles at me like that, he thought. Seeing her getting into his car was more difficult than he had imagined. But Olivia looked amazing. She was wearing a skirt so short that it barely balanced on the tightrope between nightwear and lingerie. The perfume cocktailed seamlessly with the pinot grigio in her sighing breath. Its scent was so pleasant that for a while Iggy felt that he himself was inebriated. But even those were not enough to distract from the sight of André's long, gangly fingers on the small of his wife's back.

"So, are we close?" Olivia said.

"Yeah," he said, "we're here."

André was a true gentleman; opening doors, pulling chairs, dining and wining Grace. He even bought her \$20 flowers off a street vendor and gave him a 100% tip. When they arrived at the 5-star hotel, Grace had to pretend that she hadn't been there before because she sensed that it would mean more to him if she thought it was her first time there. She hated herself as he tipped the busboy, mainly for always wanting to please her men, husband or lover. As she aged from her 20s to her 30s, now at the door of her 40s, she thought that this coddling of men would eventually stop, and she could start being honest as she originally wanted to be in her teens.

The room was a presidential suite, lined with candles André had arranged for ahead of time. Two bottles of Dom Perignon were chilling in a stainless steel bucket next to a silver platter of glossy strawberries. André turned on soft jazz as she sat on the bed and slid off her heels. As he walked toward her, he unbuttoned his shirt and revealed lines and ridges of pecs and abs. The bumps and ridges protruding smooth from beneath his creamy skin were like Braille for the seeing. A message she not only read, but interpreted as sex. He was perfect. Boy is Iggy wrong, she thought. André is anything but lame. He's hot.

André had brought in a black leather bag with him. At first, Grace didn't question its purpose, but as he was approaching her with it, her stomach was full of butterflies in anticipation. She wasn't afraid of what would await her in the bag, but what another man's touch would feel like. Her skin was like an underwater cavern, unseen and untouched by human contact, only familiar to the fish that inhabited it.

He sat next to her and placed his hand behind her ear. She noticed how strong, yet delicate his hands were. André gently moved her head toward his face, and they kissed. It was just a peck. The second kiss was longer and with a little more tongue. She pulled away not because it was bad, but because she was afraid to admit that André was the best kisser she ever had.

Grace had indulged Iggy when he wanted to watch porn with her, and she did enjoy some of it, especially when there seemed to be a deeper connection between the

performers. It was the kissing that really turned her on. With Iggy, as of late, it was as if their lips were fighting, one trying to impose its kissing style on the other. With Andre it was more of a dance, a tango that was buoyant and physical, yet seamless, with a sense of security that his lips would catch her as she let go of herself onto their rhythmic undulation. His lips were soft and only seeking to please hers. She almost felt selfish in how good she felt, and bad that her husband wasn't able to enjoy this with her.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yes, yes. I'm fine." she said. His soft, velvety French accent calmed her. "What's in the bag?"

"Oh, yes." He looked over and placed the bag on his lap. He unzipped it and pulled out a long, braided leather whip. "Voilà."

André placed it on Grace's lap and smiled expectantly.

"What is it?" Grace asked.

"It's a whip."

"Okay. I know that." She laughed nervously and cringingly burrowed her buttocks deep into the bedspread. "What I meant to say is, what's it for?"

"I want you to use this on me."

"I thought the strawberries might be exotic. Why a whip?"

André smiled. His lips found their way to hers before she could even process it. His tongue was doing things to hers that she had never thought possible. Grace wrapped her arms around his neck and he pulled her over to his lap. As she was straddling him, his big hands squeezed the round mounds of flesh resting on his thighs. At first, his strong grip startled her. Grace wasn't completely foreign to the idea of a man touching or lightly spanking her buttocks, but the way André was massaging deep into her muscles and spreading her cheeks released in her a sense of danger and desire she hadn't felt in a long time.

"You see?" André said.

"See what?" Grace said.

"Sometimes, a little pain applied at the right time can be euphoric. It can take sexual pleasure to a new level."

Grace looked at the deep blue in his eyes, burning her retinas. Every time she had imagined herself being confronted by a 6'2 man with a runner's body, she had always fantasized of being ravaged by his big arms, supported by his bulging abs and legs; but she never thought that pain would be part of the equation.

“But why can’t we just have normal sex. With no pain?” she said.

André laughed.

“Doesn’t Iggy like to spank you or pin you down when you make love?” he said.

“Oh no. I have to lay down on my side as he spoons me and let him suck on my nipples in order for him to come.”

“Huh, really? Not even a light tap?” Grace nodded in the negative. “I could’ve sworn he was the kind of guy who liked things rough.”

Grace nodded and looked down. André kissed her forehead, then her ear, lightly biting its rim and nibbling on the soft earlobe. She slowly looked up and kissed his lips. The sensation of his engorged penis on her pelvic bone triggered a need to grinding on it slowly. He started to breath deeper, and wrapped the small of her back in the strong coils of his arms.

“Do you have condoms?” she asked.

“Yes,” he whispered as he worked his way from her lips to her neck and down to her breasts. “But if it’s okay with you, I’d like to do this without one.”

She remembered Iggy’s request, that of sleeping with Olivia without using a condom. Well, if he’s doing it, then why not me, she thought.

“Okay,” Grace said.

She dismounted him and slid her dress down. As she readjusted the G-String André had tousled around while playing with her cheeks, he slid back onto the middle of the king-size bed, slipping out of the remaining clothes he was wearing, including his socks. Grace rolled her panties off and noticed how wet she had gotten. The only other time this had happened was when she and Iggy had closed escrow on their house. Seeing André lying expectantly on the bed, his penis pulsing hard, she realized that Iggy had given up on her, just as she had given up on him. Iggy doesn’t take his socks off because he’s cold, she thought, he does it because he doesn’t care that it bothers me.

“Ready?” André said, reaching his hand out to Grace.

She took his hand and crawled on the bed. This made her feel like a huntress about to gorge on her prey. Grace was ready to let go and allow herself to be wild as she had never allowed herself to be. There was nothing standing between her and a night she would probably never forget. She had her husband’s blessing, and André’s strong body to satisfy the needs she barely knew were there.

“Yes,” she said. “I’m ready.”

When Iggy came out the bathroom, where he was doing 25 preparatory pushups to get his pecs hard, he was shocked to see Olivia completely naked on the white bed. Not under the covers for him to slowly unwrap like a kid on a white Christmas morning, but simply hanging out like a strip of sizzling bacon on a fine china plate. He was looking forward to stripping the dress off, unhooking her bra with one hand while sticking his fingers in her wet depths, then in her mouth. He wanted to get on his knees, kiss her navel, bite the elastic on her panties and slide them off all the way to her ankles, where he would then kiss her feet and suck on her toes.

As he walked to the bed, he thought about how Grace and he used to play a game where he would only use his mouth to undress her. Undressing her was one of the things he looked forward to when making love. Their sex was predictable, and everything outside of the act felt like they were just friends or siblings.

“When are we going to fuck?” Olivia said.

Her forwardness turned Iggy off. He wasn’t used to a woman talking to him that way. With Grace, he was the dirty one; the one who read articles on fellatio and cunnilingus on the internet. Regardless, by the time he climbed on the bed, he was already hard. It wasn’t difficult for him to do so as he was 8 and 3/4 inches long— his Tinder profile boasted 9, but he often told people he was 9 and a 1/2. He crawled toward Olivia and she spread her long, sun-kissed legs. The smell of vanilla bean lotion mixed with the strong scent of her wet vagina added the extra pump of blood to his head that made his penis completely hard.

“I want you to touch me,” Olivia said, rubbing the inside of her thighs.

He lay flat on his stomach and inserted his fingers into her vagina. He spread her lips. The scent was intoxicating.

“Lick me,” she moaned as her head convulsed on the pillow.

Iggy put his face between her legs and tasted her come. It was warm, and sweet with a slight hint of sweat. It tasted different than what he was used to, but he kept going. She was humping upward, rough on his face.

“Lick my clit, you dirty bastard,” she yelled, gripping the short hairs on the back of his head. “You’re a dirty guy, aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” he said, not really knowing how to reply to such a question. He liked to play rough, but only when he was leading the play. Iggy was enjoying her body, but not his own. But if he was going to, he needed to get into it. “Yes, my queen, I’m a dirty boy.”

She got up and flipped him over. She climbed on top of him and sat on his face.

“I’m not your queen, you worthless piece of crap,” Olivia said. “Shut up and stick your tongue out and lick,” she screamed.

He did as she ordered. She moaned and squealed in a high-pitched voice that annoyed him a little. Olivia flailed her arms and dug her nails so deep into his chest that at times he thought she had drawn blood. The violent display of affection excited him to get harder and harder. He was used to silence during sex with the occasional hummed moan.

“Oh my fucking God,” Olivia yelled. She jumped up and down on his face as if a prize fighter were pummeling his face with a right hook, one after another. The fear that a few more bounces would surely chip one of his teeth distracted him from the fact that she had been stroking his penis all along. Olivia took a break from pounding the back of his head deep into his pillow by rocking her hips gently on his lips.

“Yeah, that feels good,” he mumbled from under her.

“You like that, Ignacio?” Olivia said.

Iggy did like her using his formal name. He really liked the way she said it. She continued to stroke his penis, slow and gentle. Then she jerked harder and faster, something Iggy wasn't completely comfortable with. If he complained, then she might stop. Her jerking was irregular, but different, and because it was different he felt strangely erotic.

“That's it,” he moaned, “don't stop.”

“That's it, is right,” she said as she dismounted his face.

“What's wrong?” he said. “What happened?”

“You came. Didn't you feel it?”

Iggy looked around and saw drops of semen all over his round stomach. He saw Olivia using his boxers to wipe the come that had seeped between her fingers. Had he been so into the pain that he forgot to notice and enjoy his orgasm?

“I guess we should head back,” Olivia said.

“What do you mean?” he said. “Don't you want me inside of you?”

“You moron,” she laughed. “We can't have sex because you won't be able to get it up again.”

“I can get it up again,” he said indignantly.

“Okay, show me.”

“I can't do it on command, you know.”

“No, I know.” Olivia sat down next to him, staring at his penis. “I'll give you a minute. Starting now.”

Iggy knew that he wouldn't be able to get hard again. Grace probably told her about that, he thought, how after I come, I'm done. He thought of all the best porn he ever saw, about the first time he saw Grace's big beautiful breasts dancing before his eyes. He looked down at his crotch and his penis looked as though it had collapsed into itself.

"Time's up," Olivia said proudly, as when scientists present a new discovery in a forum comprised of their peers. "Come on, get dressed and take me home." She clumped up his clothes into a ball and threw them at him. "If we hurry, I might still be able to finish myself off before André gets home."

André and Grace. Iggy dared hope that some of their night was going as bad or worse than his whole night was with Olivia. "Do you think they're ready for us?" he said.

"André?" she said, laughing uncontrollably. "He'll stop when he hears your car." She saw the look of panic in his face. "Don't worry, André is a complete gentleman. He'll take good care of her."

Iggy stared at his come-stained boxers and slid them on. His semen had gone from hot to cold on his upper thigh.

"Come on, hurry up," Olivia said. "I need to not be here anymore."

"Harder, pound harder," Grace yelled as she pushed her butt out in the air. In all her years of being sexually active, she never imagined herself being on top but not doing all of the work. Grace liked how André was exploring her breasts' tenderness, by squeezing them with different types of grips. Some too tight and others just right. Iggy's policy regarding her breasts—that titties cleavage was meant to be fucked—was also bouncing around her head. The whole experience wasn't what she had expected. She had imagined just lying on her back as André fucked himself tired. Although she knew that if she didn't try something completely, out-of-the-ordinary crazy, then she might lose her marriage and the life built on it.

Now she was ready to receive another man's penis in her body for fear of losing it all. But the thought of Olivia riding and grinding on her husband, making his eyes pop open, made her cringe. What if the sex is so good that they decide to be together? she thought. Did I just cause what I wanted to prevent by doing this thing in the first place? Grace was lost in thought and in a trance of pleasure. André wasn't as big as her husband, but he knew how to move his hips. Not just up and down, but in circles and side to side. For a moment, Grace fantasized what it would be like to go out dancing with him. The sweat running in between his pecs, cascading down his stomach told her that she was better at this than she thought. Then, André stopped his motion.

"Woman, I want you to grind on me," he said.

Grind? she thought. Grace had always been passive, but in this case, André wanted her to be the star. At first, she bounced awkwardly up and down. She could see him thrashing his head with pleasure on the pillows, but after a while, he just stared at her.

“Do you like this?” she asked, almost as if she was asking herself.

“It’s good, so good,” he said. “But I want you to relax. Just breathe and let yourself go.”

“Okay.” She let out a long sigh, allowing the full weight of her curvy physique melt into his lap.

“Okay, now just motion your hips back and forth as if you were trying to dig a small ditch with your butt.”

As soon as Grace followed his advice, André’s face changed from flesh-toned to red flushed. He let out a loud moan she associated only with porn movies. At first, Grace thought that he was faking it just to make her feel better and forget that she was such a bad lover. But the moaning intensified the faster and deeper her large behind dug into his body.

“Yes, yes, yes,” André yelled. “Woman, hand me that black bag.”

It was placed on the nightstand, next to the black leather whip. She reached over with him still inside of her. Taking him out would release the warmth they had both worked so hard to create. It was a heat that had lived inside of her for many years, but was held captive, not by Iggy or her past lovers, but by her own mind as a wife. Wife, what a word, she thought. Having André’s body at the mercy of her hips made her feel desired, someone worth someone else’s jealousy. In this case, her husband’s.

She placed the small bag on his sweat lined chest and unzipped it.

“Take out a small bottle with clear liquid in it,” he said.

Grace dipped her hand into the bag and felt around for a bottle-shaped item. In her blind expedition, she felt things that were sharp, fuzzy, poky, and smooth. What the hell does he use all these things for? she wondered, as she rummaged through the contents. After she located it, Grace pulled out the unlabeled plastic bottle.

“You found it.”

“What is it?” Grace asked as she shook the liquid within.

“It’s lube,” André said with a smile, more diabolical than delightful. “I want you to pour some on your hands and rub it on me.”

Grace unscrewed the cap and poured the oily liquid into the palm of her hand. It filled her hand fast, seeping through her fingers, dripping it on André’s hard stomach.

“Oh my... I’m so sorry,” she shrieked.

“It’s okay,” he said.

“I think I may have used too much of it.”

André smeared the excess lube in his hands, emulsified it, and placed his big hands on her lower back, where it began to curve into the roundness of her buttocks.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “there’s no such thing as too much lube.”

With the lube that hadn’t escaped her hands, Grace squatted over André’s penis, feeling its exit in her vagina as when a car window is opened on a hot summer’s day. Even after an hour of sex, André was still as hard as when they first started, if not more so. By minute 30, Iggy had already come twice. She stroked his penis, which wasn’t as big as Iggy’s, but whatever was in her hands was making her feel sensations she had only read about in romance novels.

“Squeeze the head,” André said.

Although Grace like the fullness that Iggy made her feel, there was very little else that she could do with its massiveness. She felt incapable of fitting its entirety in her mouth without gagging, so she only did so on anniversaries or after big fights.

“This stuff smells great,” she said. “Where did you get it?”

“It’s Parisian,” he said, his eyes squeezed closed.

Grace gripped André’s penis and rubbed it on the rim of her vagina. He let out a suppressed moan, heaving his chest high off the bed. She dipped the head and pulled it back out. With André, she felt as though she could experiment and be playful; trying things without consequence. Trying moves that felt good to her, not really caring how they made him feel.

“Oh god,” André begged “just lay those big cheeks on me. You’re going to make me blow.”

“Hey,” Grace said, laughing. “I’m not done with you yet, big boy.” She was enjoying his body, and the way being in complete control felt like. “You’re going to come after I do.”

André grabbed onto her hips and forced his throbbing penis into her. She gasped at first, but then interlaced her hands with his and shook her butt up and down like a maniac.

“You want to come for me?” André panted. “You want to come all over me?”

“Yes, I want to come,” she yelled. “I want to come for you.”

André used the excess lube on his abs and rubbed it all over her breasts. He hugged her hips tight and pounded up into her. Not really understanding what he was doing, Grace held onto him, simply letting him take control of her body. Soon what felt foreign became exactly what she wanted. Not just the intensity of his hips beating against her, but the amount of interest and sensitivity he was showing to her reactions.

“How does that feel?” he asked.

“That...feels...good,” were the only words she could manage to speak.

He left one arm wrapped around her waist and placed the thumb of the other hand in the tight gap between his and her sacrum. Grace found it hard to breath as she felt her entire body catching fire. It was a heat coming from within, as if her body were a clear glass filled with boiling water. It was though her skin was about to explode.

“Oh, I can tell you’re close,” André smiled his devilish grin.

Her jaw dropped and locked in an open position. Grace couldn’t manage to keep it closed, let alone speak any words from it. She stiffened for what felt like hours and let out a small gasp as if her last before drowning in a watery grave.

“That’s it,” André said, gyrating his hips gently.

Her body gelatinized and fainted over his body. His strong hands massaged her loosened back muscles, as he felt her vagina pulsating around his buried penis. She lay on her side looking up at him with a smile.

“You feeling good?” he asked.

“Mmmmm,” she smiled and kissed his lips.

“We should probably head back, huh?” André said after looking at his Rolex.

“Really?” Grace said, reaching toward him. “But you’re still hard.”

Iggy was pacing furiously, back and forth, trying not to think of what Grace could be doing with André. I hope that he indeed is gay and that they’re merely talking about guys over a fruity glass of wine, he thought. He was jealous, but wouldn’t even admit this fact to himself. Doing so would only open up a door full of secrets much darker than he was willing to shine a light on. He knew that he hadn’t been a good husband to Grace, and that this whole swinging thing wasn’t going to solve much, if anything. What happened with Olivia, in his mind, wasn’t worth sacrificing his wife for. Sex hadn’t been good between them. She was a knockout, he and every guy that looked at her knew that, but she had a selfish, crude way of making love. Some of it was him too. He was a bad lover in many ways. The therapy and the drugs weren’t fixing his

problems. He had convinced himself that the only way of fixing his marriage was to do a threesome or a wife swap. Obviously he had other issues to work on in himself.

The clock read 1:20am and the pacing seemed to make time go slower. Where the hell could they be? he thought. I truly do wish that she's having a good time because this is the last time she's going to spend time with that fruit.

As he took a seat on the couch, the living room was flooded with headlights. He stood up and walked toward the front door. The sound of high heels on the freshly paved and remodeled driveway, the careless jangling of keys on the door lock, and the unlocking of the door made Iggy's heart race faster and faster. He didn't know how to react to his wife's arrival. Part of him wanted to make her feel bad for coming home 25 minutes late and the other wanted to show her how much he missed her and how jealous he had been over the whole thing. How sorry he was, not just about tonight, but the last couple of years, and how he wanted to change.

"Oh, hey sweetie," Grace said, as she tiptoed into the tiled floor. "I didn't know if you were going to be awake."

He gave her a death stare and then stormed off up the stairs into their bedroom, and slammed the bathroom door shut.

After 10 minutes— 8 spent masturbating to a fantasy of him and Olivia having sex "his way" and the other 2 pumping out 25 pushups— Iggy emerged from the bathroom to find his wife in bed, wearing her nightgown, thick-framed glasses and hair up in a bun; the housewife he knew her as and loved. He walked toward the bed and worked his way between the sheets. She didn't look at him, just kept reading a book on Goethe's writings.

"So, how was your night?" Iggy asked. "Mine was okay."

Grace closed her book and looked over at him. "It was good," she said.

"Really? How so? Did you have sex?"

"Yeah, we did. It was good."

"How good?"

Iggy's jealousy was palpable, she could see it in the way his hair was disheveled and his eyes bloodshot. It pleased her to torture him a little. "The man knows what he's doing," she said. "How was Olivia?"

He scratched his head trying to calm his nerves, which were ready to make his heart jump out of his chest, punching through his ribcage.

"Uh, she was okay," he said. "So, how big is he?"

Grace loved her husband, more than the way André had made her body feel. She knew that aside from their dysfunction in the bedroom and in their marriage, Iggy

was a good man who loved her dearly. She knew that he would give her the world if she asked for it. Besides, she had her fill of his jealousy.

“He wasn’t as big as you, that’s for sure,” she said with a side smile.

Iggy cleared his throat and transitioned his body into a seated position. The rising bedsheet told Grace that Iggy was ready to give their love life another try. He reached his arm over her, but she blocked it.

“Woah, hold on there,” she said laughing. “I’m in charge here.” She pressed him flat on his back and straddled him. She was eager to put in practice the skills she had learned only a few hours ago. She realized that part of the reason why their marriage had lost its spark was because she too had tuned out. It was difficult for her to see that she had grown complacent, unwilling to try new things or speak up and challenge her husband.

“Oh Grace,” Iggy cried, “this whole night was a fucking bust. I wanted to sleep with your friend and used our problems as an excuse to do it. All I wa— “

She shut him up with a kiss.

“I’m serious, Grace,” he continued. “I’ve been a jealous mess all night. I came within minutes of— ”

“I know,” Grace said. “I saw your face when I got into André’s car. I know what you look like when you’re not having a good time. I mean, we’ve been together for like 16 years.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

She lay on his chest and he kissed the crown of her head.

“So,” Iggy said, “no more swinging?”

Her silence made him nervous.

“Well,” Grace said. “I wouldn’t say that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, André was good, and I think I want to be with him again.”

“Really? That good, huh?”

“Yeah.”

They both lay in each other’s arms in silence.

“But I don’t think Olivia is going to want me again,” Iggy said. “I was pretty pathetic.”

“Don’t worry about her,” Grace said. “I’m sure I can convince her to give you another chance. She loves Latin men with big penises.”

“What happened to you, Mrs. Grace Herrera?” he said. Iggy was turned on by his wife’s new approach to life. It made him jealous that she was so infatuated by André and his lovemaking, but it also inspired him to improve on his own. He was determined to wean his wife off him. He also wanted to conquer Olivia and give her something to tell André about.

Grace reached over with her free hand and flicked off the lamp. Neither of them could see what they were doing and neither of them cared. Figuring out what would happen next was like stoking dying embers in a fire until they ignited anew.