



Rediscover
Forever...

THE

Edwards

SECOND VOWS: BOOK 1

KATIE NIGHT

Katie Night
The Edwards

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Anna

I'm not sure where it all went wrong, I think to myself. While sitting here at the small bistro table, sipping on a cup of coffee, it's an early spring day, but the sun is shining. It's the perfect day for a light sweater.

I can't help but feel a wave of sadness wash over me as I reflect on my life with Greyson. I can't believe I'm waiting for my attorney.

We've been together for over twenty years now. And yet, something feels off. And it has for a while, and now that our two kids are all grown, our youngest just left for college this past fall, leaving him and me alone.

It's a strange feeling, this empty nest thing. It seems to be even quieter. With how things are with Grey and me right now, it seems to amplify the silence. Maybe that's why things are so strained. There's no buffer anymore, but it's more than just that. I do know that I can't keep going on like this. Something has to give.

If I'm being honest, our problems started way before the kids left. I can't pinpoint when, but we used to be so in touch with one another. We couldn't wait to see each other. And couldn't stand to be apart for more than a couple of days. But that's not the case. Not anymore.

Things have taken a hit, like my confidence, for one. I'm simply not myself anymore. I remember when I would put on something sexy under my robe, the one I like to wear while I do my nighttime routine and settle into bed at night. I love the way

he made me feel when I would get up from my reading chair to take it off to turn the lights off.

With deliberate slowness, I would slide it off. His heated gaze fixated solely on me. I refused to face him, feigning indifference as if this were an ordinary night. But despite my nonchalance, I could sense the intensity of his stare, a searing heat that engulfed my entire being.

I dropped one shoulder, then the other, until the garment cascaded down my body, pooling at my feet. Turning around, I found myself lost in his piercing ice-blue eyes, which seemed to vary in shades of blue with each passing day. I waited for his command, knowing how much he relished in telling me what to do. As we intertwined, our surroundings would fade into nothing. Leaving only the intense connection between us.

I wipe a stray tear with the pad of my finger. I can't even remember the last time I felt sexy enough to do something like that. Let alone the last time he looked at me like he would devour me. But the lack of sex isn't the only issue, or even the biggest; granted, it brought up a lot of negative thoughts and insecurities. The usual "Is there someone else?" "Am I not attractive enough?" and, worst of all, "Am I not good enough for him?"

The distance between us seems to grow every day. We don't go up to bed at the same time anymore, and most mornings, he's not even in bed when I wake up. On more than one occasion, I woke in the middle of the night, missing his warmth, only to get up in search of him. I was shocked the first few times when I found him asleep in another room. I guess he didn't want to share a bed with me anymore.

As I sip my coffee, I try to clear my head of the negative thoughts that keep spiraling out of control. I catch a glimpse of the attorney I'm scheduled to meet. It's a brief moment, but enough that I need to take a deep breath and compose myself for the impending conversation.

The gravity of the situation is not lost on me, my mind races with all the potential outcomes and consequences. But I steel myself for the tough conversation ahead, determined to see it through. I shake my head, as if the act would physically clear my head of those negative thoughts that always seem to spin out of control, just in time to see the attorney I'm meeting with cross the street.

Just enough time to compose myself for the topic ahead: asking my husband for a divorce. I stand as the lawyer comes to my table, and I reach to shake his hand.

"You must be Mrs. Edwards; I am Mr. Davis. It's a pleasure to meet you." I shake his hand and nod in response.

"It's nice to meet you too; please have a seat." I gesture to the empty seat at the table. He sets his briefcase down and unbuttons his light pink blazer. On most, it would look silly, but against his olive skin tone, with his sandy blonde hair tied in a knot at the base of his head, the crisp white shirt, and navy slacks, it just works for him.

Once he's seated, the waitress comes by to see if we need anything, Mr. Davis places his order, and I just ask for another coffee with coconut milk creamer. Not that I need more caffeine, I can't stop the bounce of my knee under the table or the shake of my hands.

I tried to conceal my nerves by placing my hands in my lap, only to reach out for my now cold coffee, taking a sip with trembling hands before sitting it back on the table. If he notices my discomfort he doesn't let on, instead he picks up his briefcase, opens it, and takes out a notebook. Next, he takes the pen out of the holder at the top of the pages.

He then sits back, and as he flips the front of the notebook to the back, he brings one ankle up and rests it on the other knee, then braces the notebook on his leg. "Mrs. Edwards, my secretary tells me that you aren't one hundred percent sure you want a divorce. Is that correct?"

I simply don't know. "That is correct, Mr. Davis." He holds up a hand with a small smile on his face and says, "Please call me Robert; Mr. Davis is my father." I manage a polite smile. "Okay, Robert. Yes, that is correct. My marriage has not been great, and I am simply exploring my options."

"I understand, Mrs. Edwards, that is exactly what this consultation will do. Now I must know, do you and your husband have children?" I'm slightly taken aback by his directness. But I answer all the same.

"We do, two, but both are off in college now. So there won't be the need for a custody battle." He simply nods as he takes notes.

"Are there any additional properties or land that may need to be divided?" He asks as the waitress appears with our drinks and his scone.

"There's just the lake house, but it's my parents. They have a will set up, and it's meant to go to both him and myself. But if I go through with the divorce, they will amend the will. So that's not an issue either." He takes a sip of his coffee as he continues with his notes.

"Are you interested in getting alimony?" I stare at him. My nerves are rising with each question, and with them my composure starts to slip. With all the time I have spent preparing myself for this meeting this past week, it never crossed my mind to demand that he pay me monthly payments.

"No, not at all. I have a great job, and so does he. If I decide to do this, I want it to be civil. I don't want our children to feel like they have to choose sides. I just want to be prepared for the worst. I am hoping that after tonight when I tell him about this meeting, I can come to a decision. But a small part of me suspects he's having an affair. So this is just a precautionary meeting." I say.

"That makes sense; we can work at your pace. Is there anything specific you'd like to try to fight for?" A pain shoots

through my heart, my hand raises and rubs the place above my heart. My eyes sting, I try to swallow back the tears. This is really where we are in our lives right now.

“I... I don’t know. I never thought about that.” I start to spin. How can I decide what to keep and what to let go? Twenty years worth of memories, the only thing I know for sure I want to keep, something I seem to have lost a long time ago, and that is myself.

“I’m sorry; excuse me. I just need a minute.” I stand, grab my purse, and head straight for the restrooms. I make my way through the crowded coffee shop, the smell of coffee wafts around me as I pass the counter, keeping my head down to conceal the tears in my eyes.

Once I am in the bathroom and have the door locked, I stand over the sink and look in the mirror. Sure I have the same long brown hair, and brown eyes, but I hardly recognize myself anymore. I’m not happy in my marriage, yet I don’t think I am ready to completely walk away, but at the same time, how can I hang on if I’m the only one trying? Ever since I was fifteen, Greyson has been by my side. I could always count on him. But now the only thing I feel will help will be space from him. Maybe I just need time to figure things out.

With a new plan, I wipe my tears, gather myself and head back to my meeting. I sit down and take a sip of my coffee. “I’m sorry, but I think this was a mistake. I’m sorry for wasting your time. But I don’t think I want to divorce my husband, at least not at the moment. I think I need to separate from him for a while and find myself. But I will call your office and have them bill me for your time. I can’t handle this right now; if anything changes, your office will be my first call.” I begin to gather my things.

“Mrs. Edwards, if I may,” he pauses, giving me a chance to deny him, but I nod for him to continue.

“I see this all the time. Let me ask you, is there a specific reason why you decided to get in touch with a divorce lawyer?”

He asks.

“If I’m being honest, I think he may be having an affair. He hasn’t been putting in as much effort at home as he used to. I am inclined to believe he’s putting in an effort elsewhere.” He simply nods.

“I’m sorry to hear that. There is the option of legally separating. If that is something you wish to do, how about you take the weekend to decide? If you wish to do so you can go through a lawyer or just take some time apart from your husband. If you decide to go the legal route, give my office a call, and we can go from there.” I nod; I can’t find much else to say. On the one hand, I don’t want to give up on my marriage, but on the other, I can’t give up on myself either. How am I supposed to balance the two?

“Thank you, Robert.” I pull out my wallet and lay down a twenty to pay for our coffees, and we go our separate ways.

On my way back to the office, I called Sara to finalize some plans for her husband’s surprise party next month.

Throughout the rest of the day, I tried to make a decision. But the more I lean one way, memories of our life together had me leaning the other. The more I leaned that way, the stronger the desire to find myself would become. Until I came to the realization that the only way I can know what to do next is by confronting Greyson tonight at dinner.

Greyson

I've been home for less than an hour, and Anna is already upset with me. She's silently fuming while she makes dinner, I sit back and study my wife.

Things haven't been easy lately, and I'm not sure how to even begin fixing things. It seems like she's always upset about something I did, or rather didn't do. I guess that happens after fifteen years of marriage, though we've been together for twenty. We are high school sweethearts, so from a young age, I knew she was it for me. She still is; I just don't know how to prove it to her.

She is stunning, her light brown hair pulled back into a ponytail and her bangs tucked behind her ears as she chops veggies for dinner tonight. She took off her navy blazer with the white polka dots when she got home and slid out of her red stilettos. I watched as she did, her navy slacks almost covering her heels, but as she stepped into the house and I took her in, I could just make out the red of her heels peeking out with each step. She has on a cream blouse with a bow that goes up around her neck, and zips in the back. I bet she wore her red lipstick today too. My wife is simply breathtaking.

I think about walking up behind her, sliding the zipper down the back of her shirt, kissing down her spine until I can pull it over her head, and spinning her around so I can see what color bra is caging her breasts. I would cup them, then I would pull it down so I could take her nipple in my mouth.

She always complained, thinking they were too small, but they fit in my palm like they were made specifically for me. I could almost hear the breathy moan she would make while I

pinched her other nipple through the fabric. My cock starts to harden, I have to stop these thoughts before I'm completely hard.

I remember she had a meeting today and went to bed earlier than normal last night. When I asked how she slept this morning, she said she was nervous about today and didn't sleep well. So, I know if I try any of that, she will just shoot me down, again.

"Greyson," she snaps. "Are you listening to me?"

"I'm sorry, I was lost in thought." Her demeanor changes; she looks almost heartbroken. I see something flash in her eyes, but it's gone before I can even decipher it. I'm about to ask her if she's okay when she visibly shakes it off.

"There's something I want to discuss with you, but over dinner. Please set the table, then go get cleaned up for dinner. It'll be ready in twenty minutes." She turns to the stove before she finishes speaking. I don't like the feeling I get; a sense of dread.

I shake it off and stand from my place at the island, heading to the cabinet that has the plates and cups. I look over at her and see she's preparing the last of the salad now, so I grab two bowls as well. Once I have everything, I head for the dining table, get it all set up, and head up to take a quick shower.

Upstairs, I strip, then I start the water and look at myself in the mirror. Things are so strained right now; maybe Tommy was right. Maybe she's seeing someone else; oddly enough, that doesn't change how I feel at all. I would do anything to keep her in my life. Anything she asked me to, as long as she's happy, I don't care.

When the shower is ready, I step inside. I just stand there for a minute; it won't take me long to shower, and Anna did say that I have about twenty minutes before dinner is ready. I take this time to reflect on the last few months.

Everyone warns you how hard the transition is to becoming an empty nester. But nobody said it would be this hard. I feel like we are living our lives parallel to one another; we coexist, that's it. Even when we are in the same room, it's like we are miles

apart. When we are home together, she's reading, and I'm watching TV or playing on my phone. We go out with Tommy and Sara and go to dinner with her parents, even the occasional dinner with her boss.

On weekends, she busies herself with housework. And she just tries to relax and recharge for the next week. Sometimes work runs late; it happens to both of us. But lately, it seems like we have run out of things to say to each other. So if we aren't snapping at each other or talking about the kids, we don't really have anything to say to each other. And that's the part that worries me. I force myself to stop that train of thought; nothing good will come going down that road.

I grab my shampoo and wash my hair first. The familiar scent of cedar and citrus filled the space. Moving on to my body, I grab the bar of soap that smells the same as my shampoo. Once rinsed off, my thoughts turn to my wife. All I can think about right now is all the things I wanted to do to her downstairs.

Causing my dick to harden immediately as my thoughts pick up where they left off. After I took her nipple in my mouth I would unbutton her pants and slide them down. When she stepped out of her slacks, I would drape her legs over my shoulder and kiss my way from her ankles to her sweet, wet center.

Grabbing the bar of soap I start to work myself slowly. Then I picture moving her panties to the side as I run the flat of my tongue over her entrance to her clit. I would take it into my mouth sucking once, before kissing my way up her body. Pausing at her breasts once more.

The thoughts are flooding in, the faster they come the faster I work myself. With the next thought of ripping her panties off I nearly come. I would sink into her wet pussy in one thrust, I know I wouldn't last long we haven't had sex in two maybe three months.

I can't help but thrust into my hand at the same pace I would thrust into Anna. It doesn't take much more for me to be grunting and spilling onto the shower floor.

I quickly rinse, then turn off the water, grab the towel to get dry, and head into the bedroom. I go straight to the dresser; we aren't headed anywhere for the rest of the night, so I choose sweatpants and a plain white t-shirt. I still have about five minutes before dinner is ready, and I'm not quite ready to head down and have whatever discussion she has in mind. So, I head out to the balcony, taking a seat on one of the chairs.

I start to think about what she may want to talk about. Is she going to tell me she's been having an affair and is leaving? Or will she try to apologize and want to work things out? Could I get past it if she did? Frustrated with the thoughts running through my head, I rub my hands over my face and head down for dinner. Not knowing what I am walking into.

Anna

While Greyson is in the shower, I cry. I know that look in his eyes, that look on his face, and the way he adjusted himself. He was thinking about something that was turning him on, it couldn't have been me. I was standing right there; he would have done something if I were the one on his mind.

That alone builds my resolve even more, I still plan to follow through with it. But my love for that man knows no bounds. When I talked to Sara on the way back to the office after my meeting, she suggested I offer counseling. If he's willing to go, there may still be hope; if not, then he doesn't care enough to try.

Greyson comes down just as I start to put food on the table. He comes in and reaches around me to grab the pasta off the counter. I can feel the heat of his chest seeping through my blouse into my back as his arm grazes mine. I can hear him inhale my perfume, when he does, his solid chest brushes my back. That alone makes my nipples harden.

He leans, inches from my ear, "Everything smells delicious, Anna." I know he's not just talking about the food. My thighs tighten with his words.

"Thanks," I say breathlessly.

We haven't been this close or this intimate in months. I clear my throat, and he steps back, heading to the table. I turn and see he's showered and changed. He's no longer in his suit and tie, but rather in gray sweatpants and a white t-shirt. He comes back into the kitchen to get a glass of water, and as he's walking towards me, I can't help but take him in.

His toned muscles are framed well in the shirt, I can almost make out the shape of his cock through his sweats, it seems to begin to harden under my gaze. My eyes snap up to meet his icy blue. One side of his mouth lifts into a cocky smirk, he knows I was looking. Lifting his arm to run his fingers through his already messy brown hair, my eyes now move to his bicep as it flexes with the movement. I take a deep breath to calm my nerves, not quite ready for the impending conversation.

“Dinner looks great, Anna.” He says as he passes me.

My thoughts are all jumbled after that, and I want my husband, and I want him now. But the thought of him thinking of another woman kills that need like my entire being was dunked into an ice bath. I have a moment to compose myself before he sits down, and our normal daily small talk begins.

“How was your day, dear?” He asked as he served himself pasta and the chicken breast, then garlic bread. I made one of our kids’ favorite comfort foods, chicken parmesan. Cooking for the kids always brought me a sense of peace.

Lately, the thought of cooking my husband’s favorites has made me tailspin. I wonder if the other woman ever cooked it for him. Did he like hers or mine better? I was always bitter and short with him when I cooked for him.

He then passes me the chicken, and I pass him the salad. Once our plates are filled, I look at him. “Fine,” I respond, “I talked to Henry this morning. He called between classes, and he said he wants to bring his new girlfriend home for spring break this year to meet us. He asked if that was alright, and I told him I’d talk it over with you.” He has a small smile on his face. Henry is our oldest, and after a bad breakup last year, he hasn’t been serious about anyone. I can sense the relief he feels knowing our son has found someone he wants to bring home.

“That’s fine with me, as long as you are okay with it. He knows the house rules.” That last part brings a smile to my face; he implemented the ‘house rules’ about three years ago when our

daughter, Sasha, had her first boyfriend over. She is the definition of a daddy's girl; she once brought this boy over, and they tried to hang out in her room with the door closed. But Greyson wasn't having it. I didn't mind so much; I trusted our daughter. Not that Greyson doesn't; he's just an overprotective father.

When he got home and I told him she had a boy in there, he made rules: no boyfriends or girlfriends in bedrooms with doors closed. If they spend the night, we've gone on overnight trips with them before; they do not share a bed or a room. Typical parent rules, but Henry is twenty; I don't think we need the rules for him, but Sasha is only eighteen. And there is no bending that rule; if it's a rule for one, it's a rule for both.

"Don't give me that look, Anna; I will not bend the rules for him. Especially since Sasha called and said she and Daniel would like to come and asked if we could go to the lake house for the weekend," he shakes his head.

"I will not have my little girl alone in a room with a boy under my roof until she is married." That made me giggle a little. He knows me so well, and that made my heart swell.

"Oh? When did she call?" I was also a little hurt that he didn't tell me sooner. But a small wave of guilt sinks in. I didn't give him the chance to tell me anything when he got home. I had asked him last night and once before he left for work to empty the fridge and then take the trash out since it was trash day. And he didn't. I feel like to get him to do things to help me, I have to resort to nagging, which I don't like to do.

"Just last night, after you'd gone up to bed to prepare for your meeting today," he said with a softness to him I hadn't seen in a while. But the mention of the meeting overshadowed the warmth.

"Oh," is all I can muster. After a moment of silence, I add, "I'm glad both our babies will be home, and they will be happy this

time, it seems.” He’s the one to chuckle this time, and it sends a thrill down my spine.

“Don’t let them hear you call them babies; you know how they love that,” he says jokingly.

I am taken aback at how sometimes it feels like we can fall back into the rhythm of things, like nothing has changed. We fall into a comfortable silence, but my mind is racing. I don’t know how to tell him what I want after all that. Things seem different tonight, lighter even.

But I also know this won’t last; it never does. But I also know if I don’t, it’ll be in the heat of the moment, during an argument, and there may not be a chance to fix things if that happens, and I want to fix this, to fix us.

“How was your meeting?” He asked after a sip of water. I look down at the tablecloth, my fingers fidgeting with the napkin sitting on the edge of the table. My eyes sting, trying to hold back the tears, because it seems my husband has brought up the dreaded topic all on his own, without even meaning to.

“Greyson, there’s something I need to tell you,” I manage, I look up as the tears start to fall. My heart hurts so much seeing the confusion and hurt on his handsome face. I study him through the tears; his features may be blurry, but I know this man better than myself sometimes.

He runs his hands through his hair, again, making it messier than normal. My eyes roam over his features almost like I am memorizing his handsome face. Taking in his narrow nose, and his strong angled jaw. My eyes were drawn to his lips. Would this morning’s goodbye kiss be the last? He must have taken time this morning to trim his beard; he never keeps it long. He prefers it short, like a few days of stubble. I love it that way, too.

I look back at his beautiful blue eyes, so full of pain and worry; he looks panicked, and that makes my eyes water even more. “What is it, Anna?” He sounds so pained.

Greyson

My heart is breaking; another crack is formed for every second that ticks by as I wait for her to respond. And based on how she reacted when I asked how the meeting was, from the way she looked up with tears in her beautiful chocolate brown eyes, to the way she looked like she was trying to memorize my face, like she'd never see me again.

This has to be when she tells me about the other man. She's too silent. I can't take this torment. I slam my palms on the table, making her jump.

"Damn it, Anna! Stop staring at me like that and tell me what the fuck is going on!" I don't mean to cuss at her or raise my voice, but I am barely hanging on to my sanity right now.

The woman of my dreams seems to be slowly slipping through my fingers. As of right now it doesn't seem like there is anything that I can do to hold on to her, to what we used to have, to what I so badly wish we could get back again.

Her lips part like she's going to say something, but then she closes them. She curls her arms around herself as if it physically hurts her to speak the next words.

"Do you love her?"

I am so confused, that I don't even know what to say. Her who? Our daughter, without a doubt. But she knows this, and judging by the way she's acting, that's not who she's talking about. I don't understand what she's talking about, the confusion must show on my face because before I can find my voice and ask who she is talking about, she answers my question.

“YOUR MISTRESS! DO YOU LOVE HER?” She yells at me. It’s her turn to slam her palms onto the table.

What? What in the actual fuck is she talking about? When have I ever done anything that would suggest there is someone else? This is the absolute last thing I thought she meant when she said she had something to talk about tonight.

I am livid; how could she think I would ever want anyone but her? Sure, we’ve been going through a rough patch, but that doesn’t mean I would ever or could ever do that to her. Is this the kind of man she thinks I am? If things get tough, I’ll just go and find someone else?

Maybe that’s why I shot back. “Not any more than the piece of shit you’ve been fucking, dear.” I sneer. She gasps; she truly looks offended, or maybe she’s just surprised I caught her. It’s hard to tell when I feel like I want to throw my plate across the room in anger.

“You can’t possibly think I wouldn’t suspect anything. After how distanced you have become,” what I don’t add is how close we used to be; even after we first had kids, we made time for each other. And we were definitely more sexually involved then. It was like every other day, at least; she used to love to tease me. Wearing shorts that had her perfect ass hanging out to the things she would wear under her robe just for me.

One time, she got home from a business trip early to surprise me. I walked into the house after a long day, ready to call her to see if she’d made it to the airport on time, only to find her kneeling by the door with nothing but my, now, favorite tie around her neck. She had been gone for a week. I took her by the hand and pulled her up to kiss her. We barely broke apart to make it as far as the kitchen. The kids were both away at a summer camp, so we weren’t worried about being discovered.

I backed her into the kitchen, against the island, and picked her up to lay her down on the counter. While she was lying there, I remembered that we had just had a family ice cream night and

we had some chocolate syrup. I told her not to move as I retrieved it from the fridge. I drizzled it on her breast, making her nipples harden.

Then I brought my mouth down, licked, and sucked it all off. She gasped and moaned my name as I did, switching sides, and I showed the same attention to her other breast. When I was done, I trailed kisses down her belly and swirled my tongue around her navel, causing her to moan with the knowledge of where my tongue would go next. Shaking my head, I cast aside the memory; things are so different now.

Now I don't feel like it's worth the effort of trying; not that sex is the only important thing in the relationship, but I miss the intimacy with her. Everything from laying in bed late at night, talking and laughing with each other. To her occasionally dragging me to the nail salon to get pedicures together.

To the spontaneous moments where we would get so caught up in each other, that it didn't matter where we were, we needed each other, and everything in between. I guess what it came down to was, I missed my wife. Eventually, I stopped trying, right around the time the kids left the house.

"Well, maybe if you didn't stay up watching games or screwing around on your phone and actually tried, I wouldn't have distanced myself!" She yells.

"Every time I tried, I got shut down." I snap back.

"You always had an excuse: 'I'm too tired.' or 'I have an early meeting I have to prepare for.' or the most common, 'I have a headache'. Tell me, how exactly am I supposed to try?" I am genuinely curious.

"Those aren't excuses, Greyson! Maybe if you put in as much effort at home with me as you do with your mistress, we wouldn't have an issue." She is livid.

Don't get me wrong, my wife is undeniably sexy; she has curves and an ass to die for. Where she sees flaws in her cellulite or whatever and stretch marks, I find her irresistible.

Even now, she could ask me to fuck her in the heat of the argument, I wouldn't say no. I would drop to my knees before her, lift the skirt, and taste her very sweet core, but I know she won't. Just like I know all the things she hates about her body are all things I love. She has stretch marks from barring two of my children. If a man doesn't find that attractive, well, then find a new man who does. I have told her this before, but she never believes me.

"The only issue here is that you believe I am cheating, so you decided that if I was, you could too. Isn't that right, dear?" I spit out.

I stare her down, waiting for her to deny it, or admit it, but I'm more surprised when she doesn't. I can't just sit here; I need time to think about where we go from here and where I go from here. I know that if I tell her I'm not cheating, she'll think I'm lying, especially after I didn't deny it as soon as she accused me.

So, I stand and head for the garage. I need to do something, anything; I need to be anywhere she isn't before I say something else stupid. I feel the ever-growing void between us multiply into something I'm not sure we can get through.

As my hand twists the doorknob sharply, I hear her say the one thing I never thought she'd say, the one thing we swore when we were just teenagers would never be an option, the thing we promised to avoid at all costs, it makes ice run through my veins and makes me stop dead in my tracks. Looking back at her, all I see is her retreating form. I am so hurt and so full of disbelief that I don't follow her.

And yet, at this moment, there is one thing I know for sure, and that's that I still love my wife because I know I will still do anything to keep her.

Anna

I am so hurt and crushed. How could he possibly think that I am sleeping with anyone? Maybe it's just because he has that makes him think he can justify it by accusing me of cheating.

At this point, there is no fixing this. He has to have a mistress, he didn't deny it, if he didn't he would have told me so. Yet he claimed I was sleeping with someone else. I mean I know we haven't had sex in god-knows-how long. But I have not given him any reason to think I have gotten it anywhere else.

I understand I have been career-driven for a while. The last five years or so have been great for my career. I've gotten a few promotions over the years. I started working for an event planner as an intern.

But I never stopped wanting him. I stopped trying because I didn't feel sexy anymore, but he always looked at me like I was everything and more. And he would come up behind me in the kitchen, much like he did today, and I would press my butt back against him. He's an ass man, hands down; he was always looking and touching, I would just encourage him from there. I definitely wasn't waiting for him at home naked anymore. But then one day he just stopped all the teasing touches, he stopped reaching for me when I crawled into bed; he just stopped.

He used to do sweet things too, stop on his way home and get me flowers, or surprise me with something I had been looking at in a store when we would go shopping for the kids. One time he even had a new pair of diamond earrings sent to my work for our tenth anniversary. I have a feeling that was supposed to be a

surprise later. But I thought he had forgotten that year, he used to make me breakfast in bed on our anniversaries.

But he didn't, and that was because that year he planned a romantic evening just for the two of us at the lake house. Well us and the private chef he hired so we could just be with each other.

He was sent away before dinner was finished; it was in the oven, and we just had to pull it out when the timer buzzed. I almost smile at the memory; we got so lost in each other out on the deck that we didn't hear the timer, only the smoke detectors.

That year was my favorite. We haven't been lost in each other like that since. But all the little gifts and all the little things he used to do stopped. Like he can't put forth the effort anymore. Like I'm not worth it anymore. That thought alone makes the next words come out of my mouth.

"My meeting was with a lawyer, a divorce lawyer. I can't do this anymore, Greyson." With those final words, I get up and rush up to the bedroom. Locking myself in the bathroom.

Wrapped in a towel, I run a bath and realize my robe is in the bedroom. Darting out, I grab it quickly and silently. I shut the door behind me as quietly as I could. I lean my back against the door and slide to the ground, bringing my knees to my chest.

The faint scent of Greyson's shampoo and soap hangs in the air, and I remember when he switched. I was pregnant with Sasha, his old go-to soap, some generic store brand, was bothering me. He had bought five or six different ones to try, none of them worked; they all smelled so bad to my hormonal nose. So one day he took me to three different stores and had me find one I could stand. Being hormonal, the scent on him made him more irresistible; he never went back.

Tears start to fall faster. I need someone to talk to me, to tell me things will be okay, even if right now I don't think they will be. I grab my phone and call Sara. She picks up after a few rings, "Hey babe, what's up?" When all I can muster is a sob, she knows something is wrong.

“Anna, what’s going on?” I take a breath to steady myself, and the events of the rest of the day rush out.

“And then I told him I can’t do this anymore. Sara, my marriage is over.” My chest constricts. I can’t sit still; I stand and pace the length of the bathroom. This is it, isn’t it? There is no going back now.

“That jerk! How could he accuse you of cheating? Does he not know how crazy you are about him? I should come over and kick his ass!” Sara says it angrily.

All of these years, down the drain, the last twenty years are gone. My best friend, my lover, and the father of my children will all be lost in one night. What will I do next? When should I call the lawyer back? Should I try to talk to Greyson before I do? I don’t want us to be over; is there any way we can come back from this? Is that something I can do? Is it even something he wants?

Oh god. What if he doesn’t want to try? What if he has feelings for this other woman?

Sara’s voice makes its way through the dark fog of my mind. “Anna? Are you okay? Do you want me to come over?” A bitter laugh breaks through.

“How could I possibly be okay? I’ve lost him, Sara.” How could I not have? I asked about the other woman and then told him about my meeting today, and when I ran off, he didn’t even follow me. Another sob escapes my throat, and I cover my mouth before another one can, too.

I don’t hear much of what Sara has to say after that; my mind drifts back to what the lawyer asked, what possessions would we want? I wouldn’t want the house; there are too many memories with him in it. But it’s also the house that our kids grew up in.

We moved in when Henry was nine, and Sasha was seven by then. I had been back to work for almost two years, so we were able to buy our first house faster than we thought we ever could. We had dove past this house several times, and one day it had a

'For Sale' sign in the yard, so we stopped by. We didn't think we could afford it, but we tried anyway.

My mind is sucked back to his feelings for this other woman. Would he want to keep the house and have her move in with him? Looking back, I know we met when we were young and we never had time to explore anything with anyone else, for me, that never mattered because we loved each other, but now that that thought has entered my head, I can't stop it.

What if it's not just another woman, but multiple? Is this his midlife crisis? Is he exploring? If so, why didn't he just tell me he wanted to? I would have been open to trying just about anything.

"Anna? Damn it! Tommy, I'm headed over to Anna's. Yeah, tell Greyson..." The sound of her voice no longer makes its way through the fog of my mind.

All I can think about is, what if it wasn't just one? I fall to my knees, sitting back on my heels, my phone forgotten. My hands come to my chest, and my heart hurts so bad.

I can no longer hold back the sobs, and the tears fall freely. My breath is ragged and short. I find some relief as I rock back and forth on my knees until the thought and image of him in bed with another woman crashes into my mind. It plays on repeat, and my vision becomes unfocused, and I stay there, rocking back and forth.

Greyson

This can't be happening. She wants a divorce? I don't know what to say, I don't know what to do. I can't lose this woman. She is my everything, my best friend, my better half, my lover. I am frozen in place with shock, I hear the bedroom door slam upstairs, followed by the sound of the water running, she must be taking a bath.

I head out to the garage and then call Tommy, he and his wife are our best friends. He picks up after the second ring, "Man what the hell is going on over there? Anna called Sara in a panic. Sara is threatening to come over and rip you a new one, ranting about 'how can he be so dumb?'" I run my hand over my face taking in a shaky breath.

"She accused me of having an affair, man. I blew up and threw my suspicion back in her face." The realization I may lose my wife hits hard and I try to swallow back the tears. "She didn't even deny it. She met with a divorce lawyer today, it's over man. My marriage is over, I lost her." I whisper the last part as tears start falling. I don't care if it's not 'Manly' to cry because I will over her.

"Man, that's not good. Did you talk more about it? Did she file, or just consult one?" He questions

"What does it matter? If she met with one, she's done." More despair fills me, my heart cracking even more, my very foundation is crumbling. She is my everything.

"Listen, man, Sara just grabbed her bag. She said Anna needs her, I'm coming with her, okay, we may be able to help." How

could he possibly help me? My wife doesn't want me anymore, she's done. I don't want this, but how can I convince her of that, and that I didn't step out on her? And convince her that I want us, I want what we had. Sure we were young when we met, and when we've only ever been with, and known each other. Maybe that's the problem, maybe she felt like she missed out, am I not pleasing her well enough? Or am I just not enough period?

I'm lost in thought not sure how much time has passed until I hear the garage door leading to the house open and close, based on the fact that Tommy is standing in front of me, about twenty or so minutes have passed.

He looks at me, no shame for the tears, not from him. He and Sara almost split a couple of years ago and after only two months things were better than ever. It was like they just met. All I know is Sara took him to a therapist. I never quite got the details, every time I tried things kept coming up, then my issues started.

"Look man, all the way here Sara kept saying you're an idiot. And I guess I'm to blame, I never should have planted that seed of doubt. You know when I said maybe she had a boyfriend, I was only kidding." I nod at him, looking past him, half expecting Sara to appear and lay into me, "She went up to get Anna. We think we have a way to help you two, but only if you're both willing to try." My head snaps to him.

"I made a vow to her, for better or worse. And I doubt it can get much worse than this. I will try anything to keep her. You know this." He smiles. I guess I am willing to try even if she is with another man.

"Good, because I told Sara the same thing. We are meeting them in the living room once she's calmed down, she wasn't doing well on the phone, man. Sara kept having to tell her to breathe. But she couldn't get her to calm down. She was crying and wasn't responding to Sara."

What the hell? I should have followed her, I should have made her talk to me, make her understand there is nobody else.

But instead, I let her believe there was someone else.

She doesn't have anxiety or panic attacks often but when she does they are bad. Like all a dam with a crack, little by little things get through, until one day it just bursts and it all comes rushing out.

I rush past him, through the house desperate to get to my wife. I take the steps two at a time when I burst into the room to find it empty, but the muffled sound of Sara's panicked voice directs me to the bathroom, where I find my strong, sexy, independent, and confident wife, a shell of herself.

Arms wrapped around her middle, on her knees, rocking back and forth, her eyes unfocused, looking at everything and yet nothing. Her ragged breath is so shallow like there is a vice grip on her chest preventing her from taking a deep breath. Seeing her like this makes those cracks in my heart grow more. This is my fault.

Dropping to my knees in front of her, ignoring the glare from Sara, I grab her face between my hands wiping the tears off her face. "Anna, baby look at me. I need you to take a breath okay? I'm right here, copy me okay." Normally she'll nod if she registers I was talking to her, but right now she's too lost in her mind to hear me.

So I lean forward and give her a light, lingering kiss. Then press my forehead against hers when I feel her slightly respond do that. "Sweet girl, I need you to listen to me okay?" I pause searching her eyes, I see the moment she starts to come back. It's not much, but I can tell she's looking at me, not through me.

"Breath with me, sweet girl. Ready?" With a slight nod, I don't hesitate I take a deep breath, hold it for a second, and exhale. I repeat that a few times until she can take deeper breaths. She comes back, a little more with each breath. Her hands reached for my wrists on either side of her cheeks staring into my eyes.

"That's it, sweet girl, you're doing great. Keep breathing, I'm right here." I pull her onto my lap holding her "I've got you,

always." I whisper into her hair.

She's silently crying, but I hear her whisper "You called me sweet girl."

Anna

Sitting on Greyson's lap with him holding me, drawing small circles on my thigh just below the towel I'm wrapped in, I take a moment to recall what happened. I ran upstairs and started the bath. I had called Sara.

I see movement out of the corner of my eyes and there she is. When did she get here? I also see Tommy holding her to him, "Anna, oh my goodness, are you okay? I was so worried!" She said, her blonde hair pulled back into a high ponytail. She's in leggings and what looked to be one of Tommy's shirts. They must have come right over when I started to lose it.

I nod "She just needs a moment, we'll meet you both downstairs in a few minutes okay?" Grey says gently.

Sara doesn't seem like she wants to leave. "Come on babe, let's give them a moment," Tommy says as he pulls her behind him, I don't miss the look she's giving Greyson. Then she looks to me, all it takes is a small nod for her to understand. And she follows her husband, she pauses and looks back at me, "I'll make you a cup of tea, okay?"

"Thank you, Sara." Grey says to her, knowing it takes me a little bit to be able to communicate beyond simple gestures after one of my 'episodes' as my mother called them. But like every other time I've had them over the years, Greyson was there, pulling me back to reality, out of my head. Like he said he's got me, always.

Realization slams into me. My head snaps to him, "You called me sweet girl, you said you got me, always." One side of his lips

lifts slightly.

“That’s because you are, and I do,” he said. Then he searches my eyes, “Are you okay? I am so sorry I didn’t follow you. I was just so mad. I just needed a second to collect my thoughts.” I shove at his chest, I need space. I can’t be in his arms right now.

“Are you just upset you got caught? Do you call her ‘sweet girl’ is that why you don’t call me that anymore?” The words sound crazy even to me as they leave my lips. Is that what I’m most upset about? Him possibly calling this other woman the name he’d whispered countless times while he was buried so deep inside of me that I could feel him in my very soul. The name he gave me after the first time he feasted on me with his head buried between my thighs.

“Sweet girl, you can’t possibly think that there is anyone else in this world better suited for me than you? Do you?” The hurt I see in his eyes does something to me. It makes me doubt myself, if there wasn’t another woman then what is actually wrong with our marriage?

“Don’t ‘sweet girl’ me, Greyson. Is there someone else or not? Tell me the truth.” I demand.

“I will tell you everything, after, you tell me who this other man is,” he states, with a calm that sends chills down my spine. I look at him dumbfounded, how could he possibly think there was anyone else?

“If you think I would ever do that to you Greyson, then you don’t know me at all!” My voice rose slightly with every word, “You are everything to me, I would never jeopardize losing you over anyone. You are the only man I see, the only man I want, the only man I need, the only man I crave.” I state.

“There, I told you the only man for me is that one right there.” I point over his shoulder, he glances at his reflection, then back at me. With a look on his face and something crosses those blue eyes that I don’t have time to decipher before it’s gone.

I feel the heat of his gaze as he takes me in, I know I look like a mess. But he's seen me at my best, and my worst. And this man looks like he's two seconds from losing control.

And I don't know how I feel about that yet. He takes slow measured steps towards me, I back up slowly until my back hits the door jam. He reaches me, and he raises one hand to rest on the wall next to me, drawing my attention to the muscles of his arms. The other comes up to brush some hair off my cheek, he leans in.

His lips brushed my ear, sending a thrill through me, "You want to know everything, don't you, sweet girl?" I can't speak I look up into his eyes and I nod. Not sure why, why would I want to know if he's calling someone else, sweet girl? Why would I want to know everything? I must be crazy.

His arm drops and he tugs me to him, pulling me away from the wall. He looks down at me, "I don't think you can handle the truth." My breath hitches, and tears start to sting my eyes. This is where he tells me everything. "Do you want me to tell you her name? How crazy she makes me?" His breath is hot against my ear.

"Do you want me to tell you how I fantasize about this woman, how my self-control is tested every single day?" He continues, and with each question, my heart sinks more and more, while the tears gather and one by one slip down my face.

"How my days aren't as bright when she's not around? How seeing her a shell of herself breaks my fucking heart? And just the thought of losing her drives me mad? Those are the questions you want me to answer?" He asks as he wipes my tears, before I realize what I'm doing I nod my head yes, crazy indeed.

He moves and pulls my hips closer to his, I can feel his hardened length through his sweatpants and my towel. This is turning him on, I go to shove him away but he won't budge, he only pulls me closer.

“I think I will start by telling you her name.” he leans in, kissing under my eye, capturing a tear with his lips, moving his head so he can whisper into my ear, and then the very last name I ever thought he would say leaves his mouth. One that has me gasp in surprise, and makes fresh tears spill over, once more.

Greyson

Once I got Anna calmed down, she was able to talk. She demanded I tell her everything when I agreed only if she told me who the other man was. Well, needless to say, I was shocked when she said she craved me. Well, that is one thing I can happily oblige to.

I don't give two shits if our best friends are downstairs waiting for us. My sweet girl said she needed something, and it is something I will happily give her. But not until I have a little fun of my own.

"Her name is Anna Edwards." I leaned in and whispered in her ear, then took her earlobe into my mouth, grazing it with my teeth. Then I pull back, and for the first time since I walked us into the bedroom, I watch as shock rolls through her. She was so certain that I would say any name but hers.

"I see that shocks you, but I can assure you that there has never been and never will be another woman for me." I capture her lips in a slow, sweet kiss, my tongue sweeping out along her bottom lip in the way I know she likes.

She pulls back, searching my eyes for the lie that I know isn't there. "Swear it, Greyson. Swear there is nobody else." She demands.

I grab her towel and pull it until she lets go and lets it fall to the ground. I'm already hard for her, but seeing her naked before me makes me painfully so. I'm staring; I know she's waiting for me to say something. But I won't, not yet. She needs more than just words, she deserves more.

Her arms raise like she's going to cover herself, then her chin lifts like she's daring me to do something, and her hands fall nervously to her sides. I reach up and cup her cheek, looking into her eyes, and let the truth out.

"You, my sweet girl, are absolutely beautiful. I know I haven't said it as often as I should, but you are everything I could ever want in a woman. There could be no other." I trail my fingertips gently down her cheek, down the side of her neck, over her collarbone, and then the peak of her breast. When her nipples harden under my palm, I squeeze, causing her to gasp.

"And you were made for me, see?" I grasp her other breast with my other hand, avoiding her left nipple. I then lean over, flicking my tongue over it, and look up at her. "Perfect fit."

She's now taking shallow breaths, not the kind that scares me, but the kind I crave. I take her hand and lead her to the bedroom, to the foot of the bed.

"Lay back on the bed, sweet girl; I have more I need to say." My dick throbs when she lays back. Her face is already flushed, and I have barely touched her.

I kneel on the bed; her legs are straight out, and she's looking at me like she's not sure what to do. Understandably so, we have never done anything intimate like this when we haven't worked through the fight. We should be talking and figuring out where we should go from here; she basically asked me for a divorce. We accused each other of cheating, but this right here feels needed.

"Grey?" She says my name in a way I haven't heard in probably a year; it causes me to groan.

"The things you do to me, sweet girl," I say as I plan my next move. How am I going to tell her what she needs to hear while giving her what she craves?

I see her thighs rubbing together, I know what to do. "Spread those pretty thighs for me, sweet girl. Let me see how wet you are for me." Her legs rub together once more before she does; she looks a little nervous, though. I scoot back a little and start to

lower myself between her legs. I haven't seen this pretty pussy for a long time. My eyes snap up to hers when I hear her sharp breath.

"Do you remember how you got the nickname 'sweet girl'?" I ask, and she nods. I hold her gaze as I lick her clit first, her back bows. She is so sensitive to my touch already.

"Grey," she half moans, so I flatten my tongue, running it along her entrance, gathering her wetness on my tongue.

"Still as sweet as the day I gave you that name." I start to lazily lick her, swirling my tongue around her and pulling her clit with my lips and teeth. Her chest is rising and falling rapidly. She's close, but I have more I need to say. I slip my tongue inside her, I feel her tighten around it. The action makes my balls tighten. I need to be inside her, but not yet. I flatten my tongue once more then replace it with one finger, slowly pumping it into her.

Her moans are still quiet and breathy. "Now you listen to me, sweet girl; you are my everything. I don't want nor need anyone else." I rub her clit with my thumb, making her gasp.

"Greyson, please." She moans my name so sweetly.

"I know what you need, but not yet, sweet girl. I have more to say." I add a second finger; her moans are growing louder.

"Are you listening, sweet girl?" I ask, pausing until she responds. She nods frantically, her walls clenching around my fingers as I start again. "There could be nobody else. Why would you think that?" I don't mean to ask that, but it slips.

She props up on her elbows and looks at me. "I know everything there is to know about you, Greyson." Her using my full name catches my attention, causing my hand to still inside of her.

She looks down at me and says, "I know when you're turned on." She grinds on my hand, seeking the pleasure I have denied her, but it's my turn to listen.

“When you want me,” her head falls back, a deep moan reverberating through her as I find the spot along her walls that’s a little different from the rest. “And lately you have that turned-on look, the wanting me look, but no...” She’s about to come, so I pull back slightly.

“No, what, sweet girl?” I kiss her inner thigh.

She groans in frustration. “Action Greyson. You’ve been lacking action. Usually, when you get turned on, you turn me on and then devour me like you are now. Like when I was making dinner and you got turned on, you did nothing.” Her lip quivers. “If you were thinking of me, you would have acted on it. You did nothing.” A small tear escapes her gleaming eyes. My beautiful, sweet girl caught that. She does know me well.

“I was turned on at dinner. Do you want to know why?” I ask, moving my hand inside her again; this time she’s working herself too.

“I was thinking about you.” Her walls tighten in anticipation. “About coming up behind you and unzipping your shirt.” Another flutter; she’s getting closer. I lean over her and kiss her breast then suck her nipple into my mouth, flicking my tongue over it, before moving to the other. I kissed the center of her chest and kissed my way down her body, “Kissing my way down your spine, then taking it off, and spinning around to face me.” She’s moaning softly, but only because she wants to hear what I’m saying. She’s getting wetter and tighter around my finger with each word.

“Then taking your nipple in my mouth like this.” I suck her clit into my mouth and pump my fingers faster and harder, hitting that spot again, making her come.

Looking up at her as she moans my name is a sight to behold. She is absolutely stunning.

Anna

Having Grey whisper all those sweet things while doing absolutely filthy things to me had me so turned on. And knowing that I was who he was thinking about earlier makes me feel even better. He pulls his fingers out of me while still staring into my eyes. He lifts them to his mouth and sucks my juices off then groans. “So sweet,” he says. My pussy clenched at his words.

I just came; I shouldn't feel the need to again. But this is the old Grey between my thighs, “We should go downstairs; Tommy and Sara are waiting,” he smirks at me. That is obviously the last thing on his mind right now.

“I still have more to say first,” he says glancing down at his erection, that's straining against his sweats.

“Lay back and listen to me.” I don't know why, but I just do it. I should tell him to wait until later until our friends can't hear us. But I don't; I need him. He pulls his sweats down until his hard cock springs free, and I just stare at it. He wraps his hand around it, gripping it and working himself.

“Do you know how many times I have come to the thought of you like this?” I nod

“Probably as many times as I have.” His eyes snap to mine, the heat in them intensifies, so he didn't know, I would get myself off in hopes he'd hear me and come take over. I guess I'll have to be louder next time.

Grey crawls up my body and captures my lips in a breathtaking kiss that turns heated—a clash of tongues, teeth, and lips. He pulls back, and I suck in a deep breath of air.

He reaches between us and rubs the head of his cock over my sensitive clit as he positions himself at my entrance. "Look at me, sweet girl." I look into his eyes, and he speaks the next word deep into my soul.

"I see no other woman, I want no other woman, and I crave no other woman but you, sweet girl." As he speaks that last part, he proves it by burying himself deep inside me with one hard thrust. Causing me to gasp and reach for him, slide my fingers under his shirt, and rake my nails down his back, causing him to groan. He reaches behind his head, grips his shirt, and takes it off, in one fluid movement.

He doesn't move; he just stays there, peppering kisses on my neck and collarbone. "Grey, I need you to move," I say, to further my point, I move my hips against him. He starts slow, looking at me.

"I could never want anyone else; you are perfect for me. I can't lose you; tell me it's not over." His thrusts grow faster, harder, and less controlled. He's close; his words fill up my chest. There is still hope for us. With that last thought, he reaches between us and pinches my clit, making me cry out. I feel him pulsing inside of me. He groans and calls out my name, as I call out his.

He collapses on top of me, and I take his weight happily. Kissing his hair, I reach my hand down under his chin and tip his face to mine to kiss him. I rest my forehead on his.

"It's not over, Grey. As long as you're willing to fight, then so am I." There's a new sense of calm that settles over us.

"Okay, good," he said as he eased out of me. "Because apparently Tommy and Sara think they can help." Tears spring to my eyes.

"Hey, hey, sweet girl, what is it? Please don't cry." He pulls me into a seated position so he can wrap me in a hug.

"It's just that, well, that was perfect. And when you pulled out, I felt, well, empty. Like that moment ended too soon, you

know?" I snuffle into his chest.

He strokes my hair and says, "Well, I can put it back in if you want, but I don't think they will wait for us if we don't head down soon." I laugh. It was the first real laugh I've had in a long time. Things will be okay, but I don't know how to make them okay. I just know it will be.

Once we are dressed and head downstairs to meet our friends. When we come into the living room I see our friends sitting on our red couch, Sara surges to her feet. "Oh my goodness, Anna! Are you okay?" She rushes to me to hug me. I give a little laugh, looking over to Grey, who has found his way to his favorite chair. I smile bigger.

"No, but we will be." He looks at me and smiles back. Sara turns to Grey, I know what's coming. And after he teased me upstairs, I didn't stop her.

"What in the hell is wrong with you, Greyson Edwards? Accusing your wife of cheating! Do you not know anything about her and how much she adores you?" His eyes are so big right now that I have to bite my lip to keep from laughing at his expression.

"Honey, let him explain." She turns to Tommy, and he looks like a deer in headlights.

She seethes at him, through gritted teeth, and says, "Let him explain what Thomas? How blind he is? Or how big of an idiot he has been? I just walked into that bathroom, not knowing how to help my best friend when she clearly needed it. You want to tell me again to let him explain?" He glances at Grey, who holds up his hands in defeat, then to me for help, and I shrug.

"No ma'am." He said

I lose it then. Sara is a five-foot-two, curvy blonde. Her curves are in all the right places, and I can be envious of that sometimes. While Tommy is almost six feet tall and is all muscle. But when she gets like this, he shuts up, as most do. Sara spins to

face me. “And what is so funny, Anna? Are you not livid with that man?” She points to Grey. That sobers me up.

“Sara, don’t,” I say, shocking everyone. I walk over to the chair he’s occupying and sit on the arm. Grey’s arm sneaks around my waist and pulls me to his lap, making me squeal. “Look, Sara, what you saw was bad, I get it. I would probably feel the same way if I found you like that, but please don’t talk to Grey like that.” She takes a calming breath and sits down next to Tommy.

“You said you might have a way to help us?” Grey asks, changing the subject. Sara looks confused by our demeanor. “Sara, we talked about it.” Grey’s hand tightened on my waist, a silent promise.

“I told him I’m not cheating, and he’s promised the same. So what we need now aren’t harsh words; we both want this to work out. But we don’t know where to start; if you can help, we’re all ears.” She looked at Tommy, and he nods.

“Do you remember when Sara and I had that rough patch a few years ago? Well, a work friend of hers told her about this therapist that she and her husband told us about. And we think she can help.” He looked at Sara, and she continued, “She’s unorthodox, but she saved our marriage.” I look at Grey, trying to get a read on him. Is he up for this?

Greyson

I'm not sure how I feel about what Sara said. After they told us about the therapist, Tommy just said to let them know if we wanted her information. They left shortly after, with Sara promising to leave her phone in their room tonight so if Anna needed her she would hear it.

So now here we are, Anna is sitting at that island in the kitchen, sipping on the fresh tea I made her. While I lean against the counter, looking at her. She looks so cute; she opted for the shirt I was wearing and a pair of shorts. She'd pulled her hair off her neck into a messy bun. And now sitting there, she has one leg under her, and the other knee is pulled to her chest.

She looks up at me through her lashes; she looks so beautiful, I can't help but smile at her.

"What do you think, Grey?" She's biting her lip like she's nervous. I already told her I don't want anyone else; what more does she need? If they think the therapist can help, then I think it's worth a shot.

"I already told you, sweet girl," I say, walking around the counter. She pushes on the counter to turn the chair to look at me, she meets my gaze. I cage her in with my arms, leaning in to kiss her. She responds to me instantly, tangling her tongue with mine. She moans into my mouth, I pull back; leaving her breathless. "Does that feel like I'm giving up?" She shakes her head.

"I don't care if it is unorthodox if it means we," I motion between us. "This, everything we've built as a family, can be

fixed.” Tears fill her eyes, but the smile I see tells me all I need.

“You’re it for me, I’ve known that since I was sixteen.” Her smile widens. “So if this is what you want if this is what you think it will take to save this, then I will do it. So tell me, sweet girl, what do you think?” She looks at me, and then she reaches up, loops her arms around my neck, pulling me down to her, and kisses me.

This kiss isn’t one to lead to anything; this one is slow, full of love, and reassurance that she is in it too. When she pulls away, she smirks at me. “Does that answer your question, Grey?” she asks. I’m about to answer when my phone buzzes on the counter behind her.

I grab my phone and see a text from Tommy, I can’t help but chuckle. She quirks an eyebrow at me, so I show her the message.

‘After hearing you two all the way downstairs, I figured you’d want the info. Go get her man.’ She turns slightly red and rolls her eyes. “Men.” She mutters and pushes me away. I step back as she gets up and heads for the stairs.

I stop her before she gets there. Wrap my arms around her waist from behind, and she relaxes into me. “I swear, I will do anything it takes to save this marriage,” I promise. “I will call the therapist in the morning and see how soon we can get in. I’ll text you before I confirm anything, so there is no schedule conflict.” I tighten my arms around her.

“Thank you, Grey.” She yawns my name. So I let her go, grabbing her hand and leading her upstairs.

Anna decides to read for a bit, but instead of reading in her chair, I insist she lay in bed with me. I pull her to my chest, so her back is flush against mine. And I bury my face in her neck, just to breathe her in. We lay like that for a while, with her reading while I hold her and draw circles on her exposed skin. I go from her arms to her stomach and her legs, anywhere I can reach. When she’s done reading, she has me roll over onto my other

side so my back is facing her, and she rubs my shoulders. Though we are silent, it's not uncomfortable.

When she's done, I have her roll over and lightly run my fingers along her back, and before long, she's snoring softly. I gently pull her closer, and for the first time in what feels like forever, I fall asleep with a smile on my face and with my wife in my arms.

Anna

Last night was a lot of things: crazy, vengeful, and regretful, but most of all, it was hopeful. As I lay here looking at Grey's sleeping face, I felt, for the first time in a long time, content. I have hope that things will be okay. I still don't know if I believe there isn't another woman or wasn't at some point. But I trust him when he says he wants us to work.

I need to get ready for work, but I'm not quite ready to get out of bed yet. I reach over and brush a loose strand of hair off his forehead, and he opens his eyes.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you," I say. He leans into me and kisses me; my eyes flutter shut, and he rolls me onto my back. Deepening the kiss as he does, when I respond to him just as eagerly, he groans into my mouth, then pulls away, leaving me breathless.

"Good morning, sweet girl," he says.

"Good morning, Grey," I reply. He smiles, then leans down and starts nibbling and kissing my neck the way he knows I like, making my breath hitch.

He moves so he is between my legs. "Please tell me we have time," he says as he presses his hardness against my core, causing me to moan. He's still kissing my neck and jaw, and I roll my head to the side with the full intention of complying. But the red numbers on the alarm clock come into view, and I see I don't have the time.

"We don't, I'm sorry," I say, seeing the defeated look on his face. He must think last night was a fluke and things will go back

to how they were. I won't let that happen.

"But if you want to help me shower, I wouldn't say no to that." He jumps up instantly and heads to the bathroom. I laugh, getting up and following him to the bathroom. He already has the water started and is about to get in when I finish my business. I undress and follow him in.

"You are so beautiful, you know that?" He says, wrapping his arms around my waist. I look up at him and see the honesty reflected in his eyes.

"Thank you," I say shyly.

With that, an idea formed in my head. "Turn around; let me wash your back," I say, reaching for his soap. I rub it over the cloth I grabbed before getting in, then I start to clean his back. His muscles seem to relax even more as I wash his back, over the cheeks of his butt, and down his legs. "Turn, let me get your front," I say, still kneeling. He turns, his eyes dropping to me before him.

I drop the rag and look up at him; he's still hard. I want to feel him in my mouth. Raising, I take him in one hand, stroking him slowly, and then, with my eyes locked on his, I lean forward and take him into my mouth. I run my tongue over the tip, causing him to jerk and groan, "Fuck, sweet girl."

That just encourages me. I suck him in while I continue to stroke him. He gathers my hair in his fist, not tight, just to keep it out of my face. Then he tosses his head back, and another idea pops into my head. I stop sucking and drop my hand, leaving only my mouth around his shaft. He looks at me at first; he's confused; he's waiting for me to move, but he gets impatient and starts to gently rock his hips. I moan my encouragement around him. He gets the hint and starts slow, deep thrusts into my mouth, causing me to gag, which just turns me on even more.

Reaching down, I start to rub small circles around my clit. A deep moan from me causes him to tighten his hold on my hair, and his thrusts become faster. I start rubbing faster; I am so close

to release. And judging by Grey's choppy movements, so is he. I hollow my cheeks, causing a stuttering breath to leave him.

The only sounds now are our breathing, moans, and the water cascading down around us. I'm right on the edge, so I increase the pressure on my clit, which pushes me right over. I moan and become more eager with my movements, too. My throat relaxes even more, and I can take him even deeper into my throat.

Grey goes to pull out of my mouth, no doubt to turn me around and fuck me. But I reach out for him; one hand pulls the back of his thigh, letting him know I want this, and the other reaches up to cup his balls. His movements are now harsh and erratic.

"If you don't stop, sweet girl, I'm going to come in that pretty little mouth of yours," he says. I don't stop; this is what I want.

I moan again. I love how powerful I feel with him like this, but we both know I'm not the one in control. In my eagerness, I take him even deeper.

"Fuck. Anna," he stutters as his release hits my tongue. When his cock stops pulsing, I make sure I pull back slowly, and with one final suck and flick of my tongue, over the head of his penis, he groans again, and his whole body jerks. Looking up at him, I swallow everything he gave me.

"If you don't stop looking at me like that, sweet girl, you will be really late to work." I smile at him as he helps me to my feet. He gives me a peck on the lips before he helps me wash my hair and body. He also wrings one more earth-shattering orgasm from my body with his mouth. He then helps me blow dry my hair, insists on dressing me, and puts on my heels. Things are most definitely looking up, and I am more determined than ever to stay with this man.

Around lunchtime, I got a text from Grey letting me know that the therapist could see us at four thirty and wanted to know

if I could make it. I told him I'd meet him there. I just need to clear it with my boss first.

I walked into my her office to let her know I needed to leave early, which I knew she wouldn't have an issue with; she's always offering to finish up and let me head home to give me some time away. So with that out of the way, I can finish up my work. The day oddly goes by quickly despite the nerves.

I have looked forward to this all day, but if I am being honest, I am actually a little anxious. Tommy and Sara didn't give us much information about this lady, except that she's unorthodox. And the more I thought about it throughout the day, the more anxious I became. Taking a deep breath as I walk up to the building, I see Grey standing outside, his pacing stops when he sees me. I'm still nervous, but I am so thankful he's willing to do this for us.

"Hey, sweet girl, ready?" He asks as he pecks me on the cheek.

"Hi," I respond, slipping my hand into his and lacing my fingers with his. I have always loved the feel of my hand in his; it's always felt like I fit perfectly. "I'm as ready as I'll ever be, you?" I ask as I step past him through the door held open for me. I take a deep breath, and here goes nothing.

Anna

"I'm a little anxious, but mostly excited to see if she can help us or not." I just hum in agreement, as we walk up to the receptionist. Grey gave her our name, and she said that Dr. Parker would be with us momentarily.

I walked over and took a small bottle of water out of the mini-fridge in the corner, while Grey sat down. I think we are too nervous to talk right now; no doubt he's thinking of all the ways she could be unorthodox, just like me.

"She'll see you now; you can head into her office through there." The redhead said pointing to a door that had the name 'Dr. Blair Parker' is on it. "Thanks," I say as we walk past. Grey goes first, knocking on the door before opening it and stepping to the side so I could come into the room, then closing the door behind me.

"You must be the Edwards; I'm Dr. Blair Parker, it's nice to meet you." She walks over and shakes our hands.

Greyson takes the lead, "I am Greyson, and this is my wife, Anna, Thank you for seeing us on such short notice" She waves off his thanks, "Please, have a seat." I turn to see an emerald green sofa. We make our way over and take a seat.

"So let's jump right in. Let me explain how this is going to work, and then if you have any questions after that, you can ask any questions you might have. Sound good?" She looks between the both of us and once we both acknowledge her, she continues, "First, I will speak with you, Anna, for five minutes. During this time, I will take a few notes, and I won't ask any questions. All I

want you to do is talk about the issues you are having and what brought you here.” It sounds easy enough.

“Just talk, and let it all flow. The goal is to ramble about things going on for those five minutes. Then I will do the same with Greyson. Next, we will come back into this room, and I will pick one thing that was brought up in our one-on-one time and ask one of you to elaborate on it for another five minutes.” I glance at Grey, and he nods in understanding.

“While that person is talking, the other will be silently listening, with no interruptions and full attention on what is being said. Then you will switch.” I reach over and grasp Grey’s hand, and he squeezes it back.

“When that is done, I will take about ten minutes to look at my notes, and I will decide the best course of action. Then I will break it down for you and explain why I chose what I did. Then I will send you home to do just that. And we will meet again in about two months, or sooner if you don’t think what I suggested isn’t working.” She tucks her hair behind her ear. “The entire session is only about forty-five minutes; does that sound alright? Any questions?”

“So far, none for me, Anna?” Grey turns to me. I look at him, then back at her. “No, it’s pretty straightforward.” She smiles at me, then nods.

“Okay, so I’ll have Grey step out into the waiting room for the time being, and I’ll set the timer.” She lifts her arm and sets a timer on her smartwatch. Grey turns to me, kisses me on the forehead, and says, “You’ve got this.” With that, he gets up and leaves, and I turn to look at Dr. Parker.

“Okay, Mrs. Edwards, why don’t you tell me what brought you and your husband here today?” She gives an encouraging smile as she lifts her pen to her pad to take notes. I don’t know where to begin, but she started the timer, so I just say the first things that come to mind.

“I thought my husband was having an affair.” I all but rush out; she just nods for me to continue as she takes notes.

“It’s not like I had any real reason to believe he was; there were no odd work hours, no strange calls or texts, or any of the classic signs. But he started to distance himself, first physically then emotionally, and sex has become nonexistent.” I sigh.

“I know there’s no reason to suspect that, but I’ve been with my husband for 20 years; I know his tells. He used just to randomly come up behind me and kiss me.” A small smile appears as I reach up and touch the side of my neck. “Like last night, when everything happened, I was mad about something while I cooked dinner, and he got turned on, but he didn’t act on it, and I thought he was thinking of someone else or he would have done something. But really, I guess it’s my insecurities.” I look down at my hands and swallow the emotion that threatens to choke me.

“After I had our kids, I started to not feel as attractive. And I guess somewhere along the way, I stopped trying. But he never did, and then one day he did. I felt like I wasn’t enough anymore.” My eyes sting with the emotions threatening to overtake me. But I swallow it down and continue.

“We started to fight more, and I thought maybe it was because he was frustrated, so I tried a couple of times, but he wasn’t interested.” I shrug. “Maybe that’s when I started to have suspicions. But the fights were always over stupid things. You know, things I had asked him to do, but he didn’t, and then I had to remind him time and time again. I felt like I was nagging him. I hate that feeling, but it’s like I had this huge weight on my shoulders and that nagging in my mind that all the little things started to bother me more and more.” Tears are streaming down my face.

“Then our youngest left for college last fall, and it felt like we didn’t know what to do. Things got worse, and looking back, I can see it was silly to think he didn’t want me. But the compliments came less and less. And I don’t like what I see in the

mirror, so why would he? I have stretch marks and cellulite; my boobs are small; and my ass is too big. I guess I just don't feel as attractive as I did before we had kids. And I know that's not his fault. He just kind of stopped reminding me, so I started to be super hard on myself, I guess." I sigh. This all sounds so trivial now.

"Then I was more irritable, and I started getting more upset, and my patience got thinner and thinner. Everything buried deep down started to come up, and I was a ticking time bomb. The smallest thing would set me off and cause a huge fight. One time, shortly after Sasha left for college, he forgot something that I had asked for at the store, and I snapped.

I just felt like he didn't care because he called on his way the the store, and asked if I needed or wanted anything anything. I felt like I didn't matter, but he told me he asked while he was looking for something and just forgot he asked because they moved things around the store. Looking back, I know it was dumb, but it was all the little things that came out. I was so mad, and he didn't understand why. And honestly, I couldn't explain it either." I reach over and grab a tissue to wipe my eyes.

"I love my husband more than anything; I want us to last and to work. But," I hesitate, I don't really want to admit it out loud, "I don't know if I completely believe there was never another woman, and right now, I don't know how to move forward and rebuild what we had. And that scares me. Losing him scares me; not being enough for him, for my family scares me." My thoughts stop at the soft sound of her watch going off.

"That was very good, Anna, very insightful for me." She says, "I believe I can help, but I can't be certain until I speak to Mr. Edwards." I stand and follow her to the door. She opens it, calls for Grey to come in, and tells me the restroom is just down the hall to the left if I would like to freshen up.

I nod in thanks and head that way. Once inside, I see there's a small sitting chair angled in the corner, a table with a little hand-held mirror, a small dish of chocolates, and a box of tissues.

As I sit there, I reflect on everything that I said. I was shocked that once I started talking, things just started to flow. Those five minutes went so fast. I am thankful I can take a few minutes to compose myself.

Once I am all set, my tears are all dry, my makeup is fixed, and I feel ready, I go out and wait in the waiting room. I wonder what she would recommend to help us, but mostly the issues Grey has with our relationship.

Greyson

When I see Anna step out, I can't help but notice that she has tears in her eyes, and I want more than anything to take her into my arms and reassure her once more. But before I can, Dr. Parker calls me into the office. And instructs me to take a seat.

"Now, Mr. Edwards, please tell me why you think you are here today." She says as she starts the timer on her watch. It takes only a minute for me to start speaking.

"My marriage isn't what it used to be, nor what I want it to be." I clear my throat and continue. "Things have been rough lately. And for me, I feel like things have been straining for the last five years, maybe longer." I say, rubbing my palms nervously on my pants.

"It started more after my wife started working full-time after the kids were off and in school full-time, but even then she wasn't set on what she wanted to do as a career. And that wasn't the issue. About eight years ago, she found her calling as an event planner. She started as an intern and started putting in extra hours to get her foot in." I smile slightly, remembering how much I admired her passion. giving it her all while still keeping things balanced at home.

"I was so proud of her; she always made time for the kids, for us, and me. Then, as she started to move up and the kids got older, things shifted. She started to work longer hours, always working for the next promotion or bonus. and still, I was amazed by her drive." I sighed then.

“Then she stopped having time for us, and our sex life took a beating. She was always tired, had to be up early, or had a headache. I kept trying for a long time. and then it started to feel like it was a chore for her. Then ultimately it was for me; I got tired of getting shot down. I started to feel like she wasn’t happy with me like I wasn’t enough anymore. Like maybe I wasn’t what she wanted anymore.” I ran my hand down my face.

“Things haven’t always been like this; she used to like to tease me. I remember this one time when we were visiting my parents, right after Henry, our oldest, was born. She put her hand on my leg when we sat at the dinner table, and while my sister was saying grace, my little minx ran her hand up my thigh and started to rub me over my pants.” I chuckled. That night, after we got Henry down, we went into the en-suite bathroom and took a shower together. I still remember the way I took her in my arms and pressed her against the shower wall, the way her legs wrapped around my middle. And how we had to bury our faces into each other’s necks to keep the sounds we were making from resonating through the house. I glanced up at the doctor, and she was taking notes. She looked up and smiled encouragingly. I cleared my throat.

“Anyway, things changed. I could walk up behind her, grab her hips, and pull her back to me, and she would wiggle against me. Knowing that would get my attention, then that stopped. She started to get shorter with me, and I started to think that she was seeing someone else. I started to feel like I wasn’t enough; maybe she found someone better.” My eyes start to burn. I try to blink back the tears as I go on.

“Every time I suggested we get away for a while so we could focus on our relationship, she couldn’t; she had more work. We stopped talking, well not really. But if it didn’t have to do with the kids or our schedules, we had very little to say to one another. And what would we talk about? I feel like we’ve been growing apart.” I sigh.

“And I guess I started to suspect then; she used to be so confident, and until last night I thought she still was. But seeing her during her panic attack last night, I just I, I don’t know. She was a shell of the woman I know and love. And the fact that I stopped reminding her how beautiful I think she is, well, that’s on me.” I find my voice hardening with determination.

“I love my wife more than anything; she’s my best friend. I will do anything she thinks we need to do to save this, to save us. Things have been hard, but I have been complacent. I have stopped trying. But I also felt like she did too, so I guess in my mind it was like, if she stopped, then why should I keep trying? I don’t feel like we are sharing a life anymore, rather coexisting. Living two parallel lives under the same roof, that just so happens to cross paths when the kids are involved.” I feel like a weight has been slightly lifted, I didn’t realize I had felt that way. With that final thought, I heard the soft sound of her watch alarm, signaling that our five minutes were up.

She stands and tells me, “Okay, Mr. Edwards, if you don’t mind heading out into the waiting room, I will take this time to look over my notes, and I will call your wife and you back in.

I stand and head to the door, and as I open it and go to step out, I see Anna coming out of the bathroom with a small smile on her face. I wait for her after I shut the door and reach for her hand, which she takes instantly, and we head for the waiting room. We sit silently. I reflect on all the things that were said. I wonder what unorthodox thing she will suggest we try.

Anna

Stepping out of the bathroom and seeing Grey step out of Dr. Parker's office, had my nerves skyrocketing. I don't know what he told her. As I look at him sitting next to me, I can see he is lost in thought. So I take this time to reflect as well.

I remember after Henry was born, I was so insecure about the changes my body went through, and I opened up to Grey one night, telling him all the things I didn't like about my body. From the cellulite to the stretch marks, hell even the size of my breasts I also remember how he made love to me that night.

Whispering sweet nothings into my ear, telling me that everything I dislike about my body is the thing he finds most alluring. How it often turned him on seeing my stretch marks during pregnancy, knowing that he was the reason for the baby growing inside my belly. And the lingering stretch marks were just a reminder of my strength and the family I blessed him with.

That night, he showed me just how alluring he found my body three different times. And twice with his tongue. And for a while after, he made sure to show me just how much he wanted me, and then things got in the way again.

And those days have long since passed; I can't remember the last time he made love to me to prove a point. Well, besides last night.

I know I haven't tried, but it's so hard to want to when you don't like what you see when you look in the mirror. I wish I could be happy with what I see and find the confidence I once had. No matter how much I would diet and work out, I would hit

a plateau and I wouldn't lose anymore, so I'd skimp on my diet here and there until I stopped completely. It was a vicious cycle.

Sighing I take out my phone, open my photo gallery, and pull up the album labeled 'Us'. I start to scroll through the pictures, and I notice that I don't have any new pictures of us, but that's not surprising, given how things have been lately.

I used to take pictures of us all of the time, especially when he was driving. I loved to sneak a picture when he wasn't paying attention and was just focused on the road. I have so many of those, some with the kids in the back seat. Others are of us at home or the park watching the kids.

One of my favorites is of him and Sasha lying in the grass at the park, with their arms crossed behind their heads and looking at each other. She was probably five in this picture; he has always been such an amazing father.

I stop scrolling on a picture of him with his arm around my shoulder and his other hand holding the phone out for the picture. I have my arms wrapped around him, and I am looking up at him. He's looking at the camera with his mouth agape, almost like he's surprised. I had asked him to take this picture with me because I was going out of town and I wanted a new picture for my screen saver. The memory makes me smile. He never really liked to get his picture taken, but he never minded when I took one.

I scroll some more and see one that makes my cheeks heat. I had forgotten I had this picture; it was from one of the first nights away from the kids that we had. We had been invited to his brother's wedding, and they had a destination wedding. And because it was a destination, they had asked that no kids attend, so my parents watched them.

We had so much fun at that wedding, and too much to drink. We ended up on the beach, where we skinny-dipped and made love on the beach until the sun came up. Greyson told me how beautiful the sunrise looked behind me and had taken a picture

of me, just as a couple walking their dog came by and asked if we wanted our picture taken.

My hair was a mess from the sand, the water, and the wind, but the natural waves made it not too terrible.

I have my dress from the wedding on, a simple dark red floor-length gown with a sweetheart neckline. And I had Greyson's light gray suit jacket on over it. He had his white button-down shirt untucked from his gray slacks, and the red tie was undone around his neck.

He had used it on me not long before this picture was taken. His hair looked like it was styled messy, but I knew it was from me running my finger through it repeatedly throughout the night. My black heels dangled from his finger, while the other hand was wrapped around my waist. I was looking at the camera, laughing at something he had said, while he looked down at me with a soft smile on his face.

My train of thought is interrupted when Dr. Parker comes out and calls us back into her office. Grey stands first; he turns and looks at me, then holds out his hand. A small gesture, I don't think he realizes how much it means to me. I take a steadying breath and place my hand in his as I stand. and we enter her office hand in hand, united in a way we haven't been in a long time.

We reenter the office, take a seat together, and she begins, "Before I tell you what I am now almost certain will work, I will now say one thing the other has said, and then I will let the one who said it elaborate." She looks between us and nods once. "The one who is listening will do just that. This is not a debate; there are no wrong things to say. This is about making your feelings clear to your partner. Mr. Edwards, I'll have you begin." She looks at me, then to Grey, and then down at her notes and says, "Vacation." Shock fills me; I was not expecting that.

Greyson

While we were in the waiting room, I looked over at Anna, and she was looking through old pictures of us. To this day, my favorite picture of her is that day on the beach.

She had been so anxious to leave the kids for the first time, and throughout the evening she kept checking her phone. She also stepped out three times during the reception to call her mom to check on them. We had decided to take a walk on the beach, and while we were walking, her mom called and said the kids wouldn't fall asleep until they talked to us. So we found a spot by the pier with some light, sat on a bench, and talked to the kids for a little bit.

When we were done, we walked down the beach. The moon was so full and big that it was easy to see that night. But man, that next morning she was stunning, and in that picture with her laughing, she looked so carefree. It was the first time I'd seen her like that since we left the house a few days prior.

When Dr. Parker begins to speak, I am pulled from my thoughts of that night and back to reality when she says, "Vacation." As she starts her watch timer, I am shocked. So much so that it takes me a minute to think of what I want to say, but it doesn't take long for me to know where to begin, so I angle myself more toward Anna and begin.

"Anna, I am so proud of how far you have come in your career since you discovered what you wanted to do." I hesitate. "But one of the reasons I thought you may be having an affair was because every time I asked for us to go out of town for a long

weekend or a family trip, or hell even just to have time off and with each other, you always said no.” I sigh, looking into her eyes.

“At first, I felt like you were a superhero, you know. Getting the internship, working so hard to move up, and still making time for the family,” I am rewarded with a small smile.

“Then as the kids got older, the more you immersed yourself in your work, and I sort of felt like I was left behind.” Her eyes widen at that; she looks so adorable like that, but the surprise quickly turns to guilt. I take her hand in mine and go on.

“I felt like I wasn’t as important, and I know what you’re thinking. ‘Why didn’t I say anything?’ Well, I didn’t because you were working so damn hard. And you seemed so happy and proud of your accomplishments; I couldn’t be the one to take that away from you.” One side of her mouth lifts to tell me that’s exactly what she was thinking.

“So I didn’t say anything. And eventually, it became the norm. And I kept telling myself that you were happy, and that was all that mattered. But I wasn’t happy. I started to feel like we were living two separate lives side by side.” I bring my other hand up, raking my fingers through my hair.

With a defeated sigh, “I realize that now. But I was able to focus on the kids. They were like a buffer; I could fill the void of not spending time with you by doing more with them. That’s why I volunteered to help with all the sports; it kept me busy.” Her grip tightened on my hand.

“And then our sex life took a hit. Trust me, this is not the reason why things started to get tough, but when you stopped trying, I eventually did too. I could slowly start to feel you weren’t responding anymore, and I started to feel inadequate. Like you didn’t want me anymore. It felt like you no longer needed me, or relied on me the way I do with you. ” I looked away. It’s so hard to admit this to her.

“So, I guess I felt, if you wouldn’t try, why should I if I’m just going to get shot down anyway? I felt like we were growing

apart, and in many ways we were. And at least if I didn't try it wasn't eating at me as to why you didn't want me anymore." I give a small shrug and push on.

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." I turn to look into her big brown eyes. "I have never stopped wanting you. But I did stop trying. And I am sorry for that. I also know that after the kids left, we seemed to have just drifted apart even more. But when I started to feel that way, I had these thoughts. Sweet girl, these thoughts were not good." I had gone into a dark head space for a while. "I felt like I failed you. I thought maybe since we'd been together since you were fifteen and only with each other you were getting tired of me. And needed to explore. Like maybe you were seeking someone who fit with who you had become, and not who you were." At my admission, I look into her eyes to see the tears welling. But I continue.

"Hell, I was willing to let you go and explore if only I knew you would come back." I sigh. "I was willing to let you go out and do what you wanted, and I would sit at home and wait and hope you would come back to me." A sad smile graced her lips.

"I guess what it all came down to was that I didn't feel like I was enough, and we were never able to reconnect as a couple after the kids got older. I should have focused on us. On you, I should have done more." Before I could continue, I heard the doctor's watch play the soft tone of the alarm. I looked at Anna and saw a tear running down her cheek. I reached up and cupped her cheek, and she leaned in as I wiped the tear away.

"That was good, Mr. Edwards. Mrs. Edwards, you will go next. Try to keep with the 'I feel/felt' statements, please." Said Dr. Parker.

"Your word is 'mirror' Go ahead." I am thoroughly shocked now. But Dr. Parker just looked at Anna, encouraging her to go ahead. So I focused on my wife.

Anna

“Mirror?” I whisper, unable to make the connection for a moment. Then I remember when I said that I don’t like what I see when I look into one.

I look into Grey’s eyes, “Over the years, I have liked my body less and less. I know you say you do, or did. But if I don’t like what I see, why would you?” I pull my hand back, looking down at them, and I wring them together nervously. Taking a shuttering breath.

“You used to go out of your way to touch me; you couldn’t get enough of me. You would come up behind me, wrapping your arms around me, and kiss my neck, then you’d take me upstairs. Then that stopped, and it was only in bed. Slowly, that stopped too. Granted, it took years.” I pick at my nails and then look up.

“I thought you were having an affair, Grey. I thought you were waiting until the kids were gone to leave me. I used to be this confident woman, but I’m not her right now. I’m a mom of two kids who hasn’t felt attractive or wanted for almost five years. Though I believe you want to fix this, I don’t know if I believe there hasn’t been someone else. ” The tears start to slip free.

“I stopped initiating because you were always there to start it. Then you weren’t. And that’s not your fault. That’s on me, well, us. All of this could have been solved if we just talked to each other. But I was so worried that things were too late that I didn’t, couldn’t. The biggest issue isn’t even the lack of sex. I guess what it comes down to is the lack of connection and communication. I

feel like I lost myself somewhere along the way. And our relationship too.” Greyson reaches over, grabs my hand once more, and intertwines our fingers once more.

I breathe for a moment. “When I was meeting with the lawyer yesterday, he asked me if I had thought about what I would want to fight for. And I started thinking about all the things we’ve gotten together over the years. And I couldn’t imagine dividing our belongings. Like who got that hideous painting in the entry hall? The one we got that one night, we were a little tipsy at one of the gallery openings, supporting Sara.” Fresh tears erupted.

“I couldn’t bear the thought; I knew I’d made a mistake. He started talking about separating, I finished the meeting to be polite. And to be honest, I contemplated it; if things had gone differently last night, I would have wanted that. So that was part of my bad mood last night. I guess over the years, the lack of communication has taken its toll.” With my free hand, I reach for another tissue.

“I know I want this to work, and deep down I knew when all the issues started. But I guess I didn’t want to admit we had an issue and didn’t know how to tell you, what if you didn’t feel it too? And by telling you, it caused one? Looking back, I realize now that I should have just talked to you. God, Grey, so many years of bitterness and hurt could have been avoided by just talking. But then again, talking has never been a strong suit for us, has it?” I’m looking at his face, and a ghost of a smile graces his lips.

I look into his eyes; they hold so much promise. I just get lost; we both do. Silently promising not to give up and that we would do anything to save us. Recognizing that we have taken the first step just by coming here. I don’t mean to stop talking. But right now, I don’t feel like words are needed.

Our gazes are only broken by the soft tone of Dr. Parker’s watch, letting us know that it’s now been five minutes. I adjust my body, no longer angled towards Grey but towards her. “That

was very good, Mrs. Edwards. Now, if you will just head to the waiting room, I will review my notes, and then we will discuss what I think will be the best course of action.” When we step out of her office, I head to the bathroom and take a moment to compose myself. And Greyson heads to the waiting room.

I am only in the bathroom for a few minutes. When I come out, I sit next to Grey, and he takes my hand. We wait silently, patiently, and anxiously for her to call us back in. I can't stop thinking about the things Greyson had said; it had really bothered him that I wouldn't take time off. I only did that because we had started drifting apart, and it seemed like the only conversations we would have were either about the kids or small talk. And we talked plenty about the kids at home.

What I had wanted was adult conversation, deep conversations, pillow talk conversations, with my husband. I guess I didn't realize how long things had been going wrong. Lost in my thoughts, I didn't hear Dr. Parker open the door and call us back in until Grey squeezed my hand.

Once again, sitting across from Dr. Parker, she smiles and starts speaking. “After reviewing my notes, I strongly believe you two will be fine, with some work on both sides. I'm sure your friends told you that I am a little unorthodox.” She smiles more and looks between us.

“There are a few points that stuck out with you two,” she glances at her notes and then back at us. “There is a lack of communication, confidence, and intimacy on both sides. I believe that stems from having children early on and from not only being with each other but also being high school sweethearts.” I am confused by that and slightly irritated; it must show on both of our faces.

“Let me explain that a little better. I will start with being high school sweethearts, you met and fell in love with at a young age. A lot of people don't meet their spouse until later in life. When they are adults and have had time to learn more communication skills through several everyday life situations such as; different

relationships, jobs, friendships, and more. And as for the kids, I say that because, well, you can't communicate things like how you feel or your desires when you have a little one running around, that is your main priority, let alone having two kids." She glances at her notes.

That all made sense. "So what are you suggesting?" Grey asked anxiously.

"I feel like the issues I stated could be easily fixed by relearning each other." I don't understand "intimately," she adds.

"How is having more sex going to fix our problems?" I ask in disbelief.

"Well, for starters, you have grown a lot from that sixteen-year-old you used to be. You are more in tune with your body and your likes and dislikes. And as you grow, you can start to change in those exact ways. So, what I am suggesting is taking a sex test online, one that will break down what type of desires you may have, and the kinks. Then explore them together. And as far as pillow talk goes, discuss what you liked and didn't like." I am shocked.

I just don't see how this will help us in any other aspect but the physical one. Grey must feel the same way based on what he says: "Pardon me, but how will taking this test and having more sex improve our communication?" She smiles politely, despite his tone.

"The pillow talk." She says it like that's the answer to everything: "Opening up after trying new things and discussing what you liked and didn't like will in turn improve your communication on every other level. After all, what is more difficult to talk about than the most intimate act of making love, and more intimate than that, laying yourself bare in talking about what you liked and didn't like that your partner did." I must be crazy because that actually made sense.

"You were warned my methods were unorthodox, I'm sure, but I get results. We have about five minutes left if you'd like. Do

you have any questions?” We both shake our heads no. I’m trying to wrap my head around how more sex will help.

“Okay then, you can finish out this session by taking the quiz so you have the results to talk about on your way home and possibly begin tonight,” she said, closing her notebook.

“I am going to step out and check with my secretary to see what we have available in two months for a follow-up.” Without another word, she stands and makes her way to the door, leaving us alone to take the quiz.

“What do you think, Anna?” Grey’s voice fills the awkward silence instantly.

“I think it’s worth a shot; we both agreed to do as she had suggested anyway. What could it hurt?” I said, looking at him. “And what do you think?”

“I agree, though I am a little apprehensive about it. But, I will try anything.” He says that as Dr.Parker comes back into the room, she stands by the door, so we take that as a hint that things are done.

“Alright, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, I have an opening in two months, the second week of May. Would you like to schedule now, or would you like Tina to give you a call when it’s closer?” She asks.

“Closer would be better; our schedules are not consistent, and I occasionally get called out of town for work. I think we will take the test once we get home.” Grey is quick to answer.

“Sounds good; I look forward to hearing your progress then.” She nods in understanding. We head for the door, thank her for her time today, and head back through the building. Making our way out to our cars, kissing goodbye on the corner, and heading home to take the test.

Greyson

Once I'm in my car and I'm on my way home, I let my mind wander. I am a little curious about what the results will show. I know that I have always enjoyed it when Anna does what I say in the bedroom. But what else will it show? I know things have changed since our first time, but the things that used to excite me don't always do so anymore. My wife gets me off, no doubt about that, but I'm not a fumbling teenager anymore.

The drive home is only fifteen minutes, and as I pull into our two-car garage, Anna isn't too far behind. We head inside and go straight to the living room. She sits curled up on her favorite oversized chair and covers herself with a light pink throw. Something I know she does for comfort and to help her navigate what's to come. And I sit in my favorite chair, which is the perfect match to hers.

"Well, should we order takeout? I really don't want to cook. And we can take the test while we wait for the food." She has her head leaned back on the chair, and her legs are pulled up off the ground.

"What would you like, sweet girl?" I ask; I can tell what's been on her mind by the slight hitch in her breath. It makes me smirk, and my cock stirs in my slacks. She swallows hard. "Um, how about that new Chinese place we went to with Sara and Tommy last month? I liked their spring rolls." I nod.

"That actually sounds really good; their sesame chicken was pretty good." I head to the kitchen and get some water for me and tea for Anna as I call in the order. Once that is all taken care of, I take her the tea and sit back down.

“Thanks Grey. I guess we should get this over with,” she says, sighing dramatically as she picks up her phone from the table between the two chairs. I chuckle at her antics while I type in the website and begin the test.

We sit in silence for about fifteen minutes. I finished my test, and I was sort of surprised with my result that said ‘master’ I was not surprised by the dominant result. I have always enjoyed telling Anna what to do.

I started looking at some of my other results, which surprised me. Like rigging and brat tamer, but definitely the sadist one, though it was low on my list but I guess that plays into the ‘master’ The last one really surprised me. That’s not even something I have ever thought about. But in a way, I can see it, because looking over at Anna and thinking of dominating her to make the point that she is mine, I start getting aroused once more.

As Anna finishes the test, the food comes, so I grab it and tip the guy. I take it into the kitchen and decide to forgo the plates and just grab chopsticks and a spoon for Anna’s rice; she likes it too much to mess with them. I smile; this is one of the things I think is so cute. I walk into the room. I stop and watch as Anna sweeps her hair off her shoulder, then the other. I see her get frustrated, and she opens the small drawer on the table and grabs a clip. Then she clipped her hair up out of the way.

She’s staring at her phone, brows furrowed, almost confused. She looks confused and surprised. I assume it’s her results. She turns an awfully cute shade of red, and now I am interested. I clear my throat, and her head snaps to me. She looks so embarrassed; I like it. That pretty pink flush she has reminds me of last night when she came. Setting the food down, I adjust myself.

“See anything interesting, sweet girl?” I am smirking.

“I... I um... I think I need to process this for a minute. Can we eat and then talk about it?” She asks, I haven’t seen her this

nervous in forever. I find I want her to like this more. I guess that's the degrader in me.

"Of course, I was surprised by some of my answers too. I'd like to think about them too." I nod and start towards her with the food. She takes it sheepishly, with her reddening even more.

"You look absolutely stunning like that," I tell her as I lean down, bracing my arms on either side of her.

"Like what?" She asks, her breath hitching as I lean down and kiss her lips, then her jaw, once more moving toward the ear.

"When you turn this pretty shade of red," I say, lightly brushing my left hand on her cheek. Her breath is labored as I say, "It's the same shade of red you turn as you come, sweet girl." I flick my tongue on her earlobe.

I pull back, and seeing her rub her thighs together brings a certain kind of thrill. Knowing I still affect her like she does me. I take her hand in mine and pull her to her feet. "Food is getting cold; let's eat," I smirk when I see the frustrated look on her face; that was the last thing she thought I would say.

We sit for a while, eating in silence and reflecting on our results. I am really curious what hers are; I have a feeling she is submissive. She always enjoyed it when I was in control.

After dinner, Anna is quick to jump up. "I'll get dinner cleaned up; why don't you pour yourself a drink, and I'll get some wine, then we can discuss all this. Okay?" She seems pretty set on delaying the conversation.

"Okay, but we will talk about it. The anticipation of your results is driving me insane." She gives me a small smile before she grabs my container. I didn't eat it all, so she no doubt put everything in containers and put them away. I get to my feet, head for the small wet bar in the living room, and pour myself some of my favorite bourbon with an orange twist. I sit in my chair, waiting for my wife to come in so we can have this conversation.

When she comes in, she has her favorite stemless wine glass with what I am assuming is her favorite rose. It already has condensation forming on it, I reach into the drawer on the small table and grab a coaster for her. She sits and gets herself situated.

“Okay, sweet girl. Let’s talk about these results, shall we?” I look over and see her cheeks redden. I smile at her and decide not to push too much. “How about I start and tell you my results first?” She looks so relieved and nods her head.

I pull out my phone and look at my results. “Let’s start with just the top three, then we can slowly move into the lesser ones when and if we are ready. How does that sound?” She is fidgeting with the seam on the blanket and just nods once more. With that, I start.

“I don’t think you’ll be shocked to know my highest result was dominant,” I say, earning me a ghost of a smile. “My second is master, which surprised me a little; so did rigger, but not as much as the next one that said I enjoy owning.” Her eyes widened at that. I’m not surprised; I was shocked as well. “I honestly never thought of any of the others besides the dominant.”

“I’m not surprised by the dominant one, but the others really shock me, Grey.” She pulls her bottom lip into her mouth and starts chewing on it.

“I guess I should tell you my results now, but hearing yours first makes it easier.” She sighs and grabs her phone.

Anna

After hearing Grey's results, I feel like I can breathe. When I read my results, I was surprised by them. Well, not all of them. I knew I was submissive based on the way I was with Grey. I love when he tells me what to do and how to do it.

I give a nervous laugh. Greyson looks like he's about to fall off his chair with how close he is to the edge. "So, I don't think it's a surprise that my highest was submissive. I was shocked to see my other results, though rope bunny, experimentalist, and brat." His smirk grows with each one I list.

"I have never really thought of the others; I never really thought to change things up, I mean I guess I did, but it's not like I felt like we needed to." I rub my hands over my blanket. I'm not used to talking about things so intimately. We never really did anything like the results. I never even thought about taking a test; some of the questions got me thinking, and then I realized I would very much like Grey to do those things to me.

"I won't lie, when I first read my results, I was shocked, but then I thought of you doing those things to me." I look at him; he's still smirking. "I got sort of turned on thinking about that. I know that these are things we've never explored. And quite frankly, I never even thought about it either. But I think I would like to explore."

He quirks his eyebrow at me. "Sweet girl, I'm going to need you to be sure you want to explore." I swallow hard and nod.

"Yes, I'm sure." It comes out too much like a whisper, not at all how I intended.

“What’s next?” I manage to ask in a stronger voice.

“Well, what would you like to explore first? We could see where a sex shop is and look at a few things there tomorrow, or we can ease into it.” I think about that for a moment. Grey is letting me take my time to decide.

“I think I’d like to go to a shop tomorrow; I am really curious about restraints.” He’s just nodding at this point; he seems lost in thought.

“Is that okay with you?” He seems to snap out of it; he clears his throat and adjusts himself. It’s clear then what he was thinking about, and knowing it’s the idea of me, made my blood run hot.

“Yeah, um, yes. That sounds like a good place to start. We’ll go when they open, and we can look around. Perhaps tonight we can poke around on the internet and see if there is anything that piques our interest.” I just nod. I have never really thought about any of this stuff, and shopping for it online seems a little bizarre.

He then pulls out his phone and just types in what we are looking for, and we are directed to a shop across town. I take his phone, and he moves around the chair and motions for me to stand. Then he takes my seat and pulls me onto his lap. This makes me smile. I can’t remember the last time he made me sit on his lap.

As I start scrolling through the website and browsing what they have, I see a couple of things that pique my interest. I turn to look at Grey and ask, “How do you feel about couples toys?” Now there’s something I never thought I would ask.

“I guess it depends on what you have in mind,” he quirks an eyebrow. “What do you have in mind, sweet girl?” The way he is saying that nickname instantly sends my stomach into knots.

I turn the phone more so he can see better. “I was thinking maybe something like this; it hooks up to an app, and you can use it to control it from anywhere in the world. I was thinking it may come in handy when one of us is away on business.” I can

feel my cheeks heating; I am not comfortable talking about these things.

“I definitely like that idea; I could even make you wear it out to dinner and enjoy watching you squirm.” He says and he leans in and bushes a light kiss on the back of my shoulder. The things this man says.

A small, nervous laugh escapes me. “Tha...” I clear my throat. “That’s not what I had in mind.” He just smiles.

“But this way,” he leans in more, his ear on the shell of my ear, “I get to watch you come undone, and you know how much I love seeing the look of pure bliss as you come for me.” My thighs tighten as a pinch of arousal snakes into the pit of my stomach. I have been with Grey for a long time, and he’s always enjoyed a little dirty talk. But this, this is something else.

I lean back into him as he lets my hair fall from the clip. Then he brushes my hair over my shoulder, exposing my neck to him. I turn my head slightly as he runs a knuckle along my jaw and down the side of my neck, causing me to shutter.

With his other hand, he takes his phone from my hand and sets it down on the table next to us. He then brings the hand he’s lightly touching me with around my neck as he wraps his fingers around it. Not cutting off my air, but pulling me into him more. This makes me moan. I move my hips against his growing arousal, causing him to groan in my ear.

I can feel myself getting wet. He releases my neck and lightly trails his fingers down my chest, over my collarbone, and between my aching breasts. I feel my nipples tighten. He brings his other hand up and cups my left breast. Then he teases the nipple, flicking it and then pinching, making me gasp.

His other hand is now flat on my stomach, making his way down to the waistband of my slacks, slipping under my panties effortlessly.

“Are you wet for me, sweet girl?” Grey mumbles in my ear as he leaves open-mouthed kisses going down my neck. His hand

paused its descent.

All I can do is moan and push back against his hard length in response. He releases my breast and grabs my throat. "I asked you a question," he growls.

This time I manage a slight nod. My answer seems to be enough because his hand finishes the descent as he finds my swollen clit. He gently circles it a couple of times. I start to buck against his hand, needing more. "More," I moan.

He circles my clit one more time, then he slides one finger inside me and says, "Is this what you want? Do you want me to make you come, sweet girl?" Lost in the pleasure only he can give me, I rock harder. His finger stills, and I groan.

"Answer me." His hand tightens on my throat more, causing my pussy to clench around his finger.

"Oh, you like to be choked? I want you to stand up, take your clothes off, and then turn around." With a slight nod, I stand and do as I was told.

Once I'm naked, I turn and see him sitting. Looking so relaxed and almost bored, the only indication he's anything but bored is the way he is palming his cock through his pants.

I find him incredibly sexy like this, still in his crisp white shirt, with the top two buttons undone and his tie discarded. And seeing his hardened length through his slacks has me swallowing hard watching him, thighs tightening, and I feel more wetness pool between my legs. I swear it's going to start dripping down my legs.

"Come sit on my lap; straddle me." He demands, and his voice seems to drop a little deeper when we are intimate. I do as I'm told and straddle him. He tips his head back and looks at me, running his hands up my thighs, over my hips, up my sides, and then over my breasts. He starts to squeeze them, and I start rocking my hips, seeking friction. He drops his right hand and places it between us, rubbing his thumb over my sensitive clit, making me moan and grind harder.

He moves me back a little bit to position me where he wants me and shoves one finger into me. It doesn't hurt because I'm so wet and needy. Then he adds a second, making me clench and moan his name. He starts to pump his fingers in and out of me, then he slightly curls them and finds the spot that has me gasping and rocking harder.

"Ride my hand, sweet girl." I pause, and my hooded eyes widen. I've never taken my pleasure from him like this. Sure, I've been on top, and he's fingered me before. But this is new. He sees my struggle, reaches up with his free hand, and grabs my throat, pulling me into a kiss. I grip his shoulders as he moves his fingers inside me, stroking me and coaxing me to do his bidding. And it works; my body needs more.

I rise and sink on his fingers, then repeat the motion; he keeps grazing that spot. Over and over and over, until I feel the building of my impending orgasm. Grey is still kissing me, exploring my mouth with his tongue. Even though I'm on top and completely nude, his hand still around my throat reminds me that I am, in fact, not in charge here. He is, and that thought alone has me clenching around his fingers and pulling away, "Oh god, Grey, I'm going to come!" I start to move faster, and right when I'm at the edge, he pulls his finger out. I groan in frustration.

"I think we'll save that orgasm for when we get home from the store tomorrow." He said it with a knowing smirk on his face. I am so mad; my body is clenching around nothing, aching for release.

I just gape at him. "What?"

He just looks into my eyes, his hand still on my throat. "The next time you come, it will be when you are tied to my bed, and not a moment sooner. Do you understand, sweet girl?" My pussy clenches harder this time. Between the pressure on my neck, his filthy words, and the thought of that has me teetering on the edge, I have to clench my fists in his shirt to stop myself from

reaching between us and rubbing my clit. I'm sure I would be falling over the edge within seconds with how turned on I am.

I will push boundaries another time. So I nod, "Yes, sir." I add, only sarcastically. But I don't miss the flair of heat in his eyes or the way his hand tightens slightly. He liked that, so I filed that away, along with a plan to get him back for this.

Greyson

With Anna sitting above me completely naked and having her call me sir, it was enough for me to want to take my cock out and shove it up into her hot, dripping pussy. From this angle, all I'd have to do is pull my pants down just enough to free it, move her up, and position it at her slick entrance.

I look up into her eyes, keeping eye contact as I lean forward and take the left nipple into my mouth. Flicking my tongue over the hardened bud, then grazing my teeth over it. Her head falls back; she's grinding on me again. I pull back, taking her nipple with me, causing her to moan. It releases with a pop.

"If you keep calling me that, what I have planned for tomorrow night won't be nearly as enjoyable. Now, be a good girl, and don't touch that pretty little pussy of yours until I tell you to. Understand, sweet girl?" I chuckle at her surprised look; this dirty talk is all new to me. Sure, I've said things and told her to do things too, but never have they been as dirty as tonight. And it's making me so hard, it almost hurts.

I can't decide if I should come tonight or not; I need to be able to last for what I have planned. And feeling like I could blow my load just by her calling me that alone doesn't seem promising. I start to palm myself through my pants again. I revel in the way Anna's eyes heat when she watches me.

"Get on your knees, arms behind your back," she follows direction so beautifully. As she drops to her knees, I take my cock out and stroke it lazily. "Good girl, you look stunning kneeling before me like that." I praise her, and she whimpers in response.

I stand, still slowly stroking myself. I feel close, but I want to come in her mouth. "Open up; I want you to suck my dick, sweet girl."

"Yes, sir," she says, then opens her sweet mouth for me.

I guide my cock into her mouth; it's so hot and wet. I feel my balls tighten as she sucks my length in and flicks her tongue over the tip with each pass.

"Fuck, slow down, sweet girl. You're going to make me come." I groan, and she hollows her cheeks and takes me deeper into her mouth. I reach around, gather her hair around my fist, and pull her back until I leave her mouth. She was glaring at me; she was enjoying herself.

"I don't want to feel like a teenager who got his dick wet for the first time. And watching you bring yourself to the point of orgasm by riding my fingers and now you on your knees sucking me off is so fucking hot. Now slow down and let me enjoy this, or tomorrow won't happen until I decide you've learned your lesson and can be a good girl for me." She opens and closes her mouth a couple of times, then just nods.

With my hand at the base of her neck, I pull her back to my cock and push past her lips. "That's it, good girl." I groan as she flattens her tongue along the bottom of my cock.

"You are the only woman who could ever get me hard the way you do, I have never wanted another woman to touch me the way you do," I tell her, knowing she needs to hear this.

She pulls back and looks up at me. "Can I touch you? Please, sir?" My control all but snaps; it's all I can do to nod and not just shove myself down her throat.

My sweet girl leans forward and takes me back into her mouth, wraps one hand around the base, and cups my balls with the other. "Oh shit. Yes, like that. Fuck, sweet girl."

She picks up the pace, bringing her hand that's around that base up and down my length, twisting and following her mouth's

ascent and descent. She stops with the underside of the tip of my cock on her tongue, drops her hands, and puts them back behind her back. She looks up, and the words that come next snap all the control I had.

“Would you like to fuck my face, sir?” I respond by thrusting forward, hitting the back of her throat, causing Anna to gag, which in turn makes me groan in pleasure. I reach down and palm her tits, taking one nipple between my fingers and pinching, causing her to moan around my dick, and that sound goes straight to my balls. I feel my impending release hit me like a train.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, sweet girl, I’m going to come if you don’t pull off now...” My words die on my tongue as she sucks me harder and deeper until her nose hits my stomach, and I feel her swallow around me as I come in long, hot spurts. She swallows everything I give her, pulling back only enough to breathe. When I finish, I pull out of her mouth, tuck myself back into my pants, then collapse onto the chair. I reach for her hand, and she smiles at me and takes my hand. I pull her into my lap, grab her blanket, and cover us.

“You’re a jerk,” she says, all while smiling.

“You say that now, but we’ll see if you still feel that way after tomorrow evening,” I respond, kissing her hair.

She sighs in contentment and snuggles deeper into me. I really can’t remember the last time we sat like this. “I love you,” I tell her, kissing her hair again.

“I love you, too,” she says, moving a little to lightly kiss my neck.

I know we have a lot of work to do, and sex won’t fix all of our problems. But Anna and I have never really been good at communicating when it comes to those things. After going to see Dr. Parker and now having to talk more openly about things we want, things we like, and don’t, I can see how our communication in other aspects of our lives may become better.

“Let’s head up and get ready for bed, sweet girl.” She nods and yawns in response. Then she sits up and drops the blanket to get her clothes. I groan at the sight, my cock stirring yet again. I am starting to feel like a teenager again.

“Don’t tempt me, sweet girl. Or I may have to spank you.” I say, then swat her butt, laughing when she yelps and runs to the stairs.

“I promise I’ll make sure you like it,” I call after her. I’m only halfway teasing.

“You’re such an ass, Greyson! You got me all hot and bothered, and now you tease me with that?” Her eyes widen at the same time as mine. She didn’t mean to admit that she wanted that, another key piece of information to file away for later.

I chuckle and get up, grab our glasses, take them into the kitchen, and start to make her her favorite tea from before. Hopefully it relaxes her enough to take the edge off. Once everything is picked up and ready to go, I’ll head up.

We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow, and now I have to get up early so I can make some plans for tomorrow, to make it even more special for my sweet girl.

Anna

Once I make it upstairs, I immediately head for the bathroom. I look in the mirror, and I see that post-sex sheen on my face and body. I feel like I'm wound so fucking tight. I think about getting in the shower and getting myself off, I'm still right on the edge. I smirk at myself. Greyson is still downstairs; if I hurry, I can take the edge off and he'll never know.

I rush to the shower and turn on the water. It's barely warmed up when I enter. I almost forgot to put my hair up in my haste, but thankfully I have a hair tie on my wrist. Once my hair is up and out of the way, I turn so the water is hitting my chest and splash some of the water on my face. A little part of me wants to do what I was told, but right now a bigger part wants to come and disobey him and see what he would do.

I lean back against the wall, still slightly under the water, and start to massage my breasts. I close my eyes and tip my head back. As I start to slide my hands down my body, Greyson's voice fills my head, making me jump and drop my hands.

"I sure hope you weren't planning on touching that pretty pussy, sweet girl." My eyes snap open, and I find him pulling the curtain back, his eyes sweeping over my wet naked body.

"No, I wasn't." I try to deny it, but I can tell he doesn't believe me by the look on his face and the clicking of his tongue.

"I don't believe you, but since I caught you before you were able to, I'll let this one slide. Don't let it happen again, sweet girl." He strips down and steps into the shower with me.

“Turn around; let me wash you.” I hand him my loofah with my rose-scented body wash on it. He runs his fingers down my spine, then starts to wash my back, I groan. I love it when he washes my back; it’s so relaxing.

“I made tea for you; I’ll try to hurry so it’s not completely cold when you get out. Do you want me to wash your hair?” He asks as he turns me to wash my arms.

“No, that’s okay. I’ll wash it tomorrow; I don’t want to have to dry it before bed.” He’s now moved on to my legs, and he’s working his way up my body, being very careful not to touch between my thighs. Much to my annoyance, he does pay extra attention to my breasts before he turns me to rinse off. Once he’s done, he leans down and kisses my shoulder. Then he reaches past me to get his soap. I reach out and place my hand over his. “Let me.”

He agrees, and we go into a comfortable silence. Just enjoying this intimate time together. He lets out a sigh of contentment when I wash his back too; I don’t wash him often. I know he likes to wash me because it’s an excuse to touch me.

Once we are done, he dries me off, and I do the same for him, all in silence. It doesn’t feel like the void between us is growing; in fact, it feels like it’s shrinking. Like we somehow are closer to each other. Logically, that can’t be true; it’s only been one day since everything came out.

But I felt lighter after meeting with Dr. Parker. The way she made us talk and vent and then just listen to the other person, Greyson and I haven’t had a real conversation outside of small talk in a long time. Of course, we talked about the kids and our days. But never feelings.

Now that we are all dressed for bed, I curl up on my chair with my tea and my Kindle. I just finished the book I was reading the night before last. So I’m scrolling through my to-be-read list, looking for something. It takes me a couple of minutes, but I finally decide on one.

I get cozy in my chair and sip on my tea while I read. After my tea is gone, I set it on the table next to my chair and decide to read one more chapter.

At some point, I must have fallen asleep, because I'm woken by Greyson lifting me and carrying me to bed. I lay my head on his shoulder. He moved me to his side, leaned over, and placed me down, then crawled in behind me. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to his chest, then lifted the hem of my shirt and ran his fingertips along my lower back, causing me to fall back to sleep almost immediately.

When I wake up in the morning, I'm sprawled out in the middle of the bed, and I'm alone. Since it's Saturday, we don't have to be up and moving. So I sit up and stretch, then go to the bathroom and grab my Kindle on the way back to the bed. I read a page or two before my eyes are heavy again, and I decide to lie back down.

I'm not sure how long I was asleep, but I'm woken by Grey gently kissing my cheek. He used to do this every morning before he left for work before I got a job too. I smile and open my eyes to see him smiling down at me.

"I made pancakes for breakfast, with strawberries, bananas, and Nutella, all on the side." He beams at me, my favorite: "I also ran out to that coffee place you like and got you your order from there too." His smile grows impossibly larger.

"That is so sweet; I'll be down in a moment." I smile

"No need," he says, tipping his chin toward the balcony of our bedroom. "I set it all up out there before I woke you."

Tears start to burn my eyes; now's the time to practice communication. "Thank you, Grey; I really appreciate it. But," His face falls like he did something wrong, so I continue, "But I would prefer to eat with you at the dining table. After everything that happened the other night, I think it is only fitting that since things are turning around, we eat there today. I feel closer to you

today, Grey, and I would like to make the first new memory there being the start of fixing us.”

“I think that is a great idea. You grab the coffee and meet me downstairs, and I’ll grab the food.” He leans over, gives me a quick peck on the lips, and heads out to the balcony.

Once we are all set up in the dining room, I keep catching Grey looking at me. We share soft smiles and heated glances over an otherwise quiet breakfast.

When we are all done, I offer to clean up, but he refuses my help and just tells me to get ready so we can leave for the shop. I decide that I want to curl my hair for dinner, so I don’t bother washing it. I take a quick shower and get dressed. I opt for no makeup since I’d just have to wash it off and redo it for dinner. Also, I have no idea what will happen between Greyson and me before dinner. When I head downstairs, Greyson is all ready and waiting on me.

“Are you ready to go?” He asks, I nod.

“As I’ll ever be, I’m nervous though,” I say, reaching for my jacket and purse. I slip on my shoes as Greyson heads to the garage to start the car. I get in shortly after, and we’re off to a sex shop.

Greyson

Anna says she's nervous, and it shows. She's fidgeting, so I reach over and clasp her hand in mine. She looks at me and gives me a small smile. The shop we're headed to is across town, so it will take about twenty minutes to get there. So to take her mind off of things, I strike up a conversation.

"The kids will be home in a few weeks; are you excited to go to the lake house?" I ask.

"I am; it will be nice to go there as a family again. And to see them both happy in their relationships will be great too. I really want to go to the marina for dinner one night. You remember, they are under new management and have a new cook. Mom said that the food was to die for, and they scaled the place up too. Maybe we could go for a date night; let the kids have a couple hours without us." I'm inclined to disagree; I open my mouth to do just that, but she continues.

"Grey, don't even start. She is eighteen years old. She can make decisions for herself now. As her parents, it is no longer our responsibility to dictate what she does or doesn't do." She squeezes my hand and turns to look at me.

"It is now our responsibility to make sure she knows that if anything ever happens, we are here to support her, and she can always come home. We don't need to be overbearing; all that will do is push her away, and she may eventually stop coming home. Plus, if you and I go out, at least if either of them does anything, we won't be there. Ignorance is bliss, right?" She laughs at the last part.

“I guess you’re right, but that doesn’t mean I’m happy about it. She is still my baby girl. And the rule still stands: no sleeping in the same room.” She rolls her eyes at that.

“We wouldn’t expect anything less from you. You know she will be grateful for this. So am I.” She lifts my hand to her mouth and gives it a soft kiss, making me smile.

“So a date night at the lake, you say? I think that sounds fantastic. Maybe when Sasha and Henry’s girlfriend get to town, you three can go shopping, and they can help you pick out a nice dress. My treat.” She beams at that, then laughs.

“When has it ever been your money or mine? But I appreciate the sentiment behind the offer.” I laugh with her.

“I’ll have to google the restaurant and ask Mom what the dress code would be.” I can tell she’s more relaxed; we continue to talk about our plans when the kids come, and before long, we are turning into the parking lot for the shop.

I found a parking spot along the street. I get out and walk around the front of the car to open the door for Anna. She takes my outstretched hand and links our hands together. After I shut the car door, I stepped in front of her. “Breathe,” I tell her. Nerves are getting the best of her.

We walk into the store hand in hand, and as the bell chimes, we hear a feminine voice say, “Welcome in; is there anything in particular you are looking for today?” I look to see a cheerful blonde girl behind the counter. She has short hair with hot pink tips, a nose ring in the middle, ears pierced, and her makeup matches the rest of her outfit, black and hot pink. She looks to be in her early to mid-twenties.

“I think we’ll just browse for now. Thank you, though,” I respond, and she goes back to whatever she was doing. Pulling Anna off to the side, I scanned the store as we stepped further in. The lingerie is in the front, along with fetish costumes and other clothing along those lines. The register is a step up and separates the front and back part of the store. In the back, I see the toys

and other things. That's where we will find what we are looking for.

"Let's just start here in the front. Let's pick out an outfit or two, and as you become more comfortable, we can head to the back, okay?" She looks up at me and nods.

"If this becomes too much, say the word, and we'll leave; we can always order online." She shocks me with a defiant lift of her chin, pulls her hand from mine, and heads over to the rack with some different-colored see-through tank top things. The sign above the rack says 'Teddy's'.

She starts going through a rack and looks at me. "You can go look in the back; I want to pick out something to surprise you tonight." It takes a minute to get my feet to move, but I manage, and I head to the back. As I pass the register, the associate looks up. I just nod to acknowledge her, smile, and keep walking.

I instantly see the whips and paddles, and beside them, I see a selection of restraints. I start there; they have so many options: ones that attach to the bed, ones that attach to the door, and handcuffs that hook to ankle cuffs. I know what I would like, but I have to check with Anna first; she needs to feel comfortable.

So I keep browsing; they have every shape and size of toys, and I had no idea they made monster cock dildos. I also didn't know they have mini vibrators that look like lipstick. I wander over to the male section and see cock sleeves that look like the different holes of a woman and ones that vibrate and move. Then I see the dolls; they have actual silicone molds of people, male and female. They are life-size, but just from the neck to the thighs, with no arms.

I move to the movies next; I think I'll browse here until Anna comes over. I find a few movies that pique my interest; they have a lady tied up on the front. So I pick it up and look at the back. I think this could be fun; maybe watch a scene and reenact it. I'll check with Anna. I keep browsing; at this point, I'm killing time waiting for her to come over.

“Did you find everything you were looking for today, ma’am?” I hear the associate ask, and I turn to see Anna at the counter. She must be done.

“Oh, I’m not done; I just want to pay for these now so my husband over there doesn’t see what I got until later.” She smiles shyly.

“Oh, I understand; if I can make a suggestion, I would also get this too.” She reaches over the counter into a box and retrieves a little tube of something; it looks like it’s just enough for one use. Then she leans over and lowers her voice, so I can’t hear. Explaining what it is to my wife.

“Oh yes, that would be great. Thank you.” Whatever that lady said to her seems to have made her relax.

“Would you like me to hold this here until you finish with your husband?” She asks

“That would be great. Thank you.” Anna says, then she turns and starts to head towards me.

Anna

After the lady at the counter, whose name tag said Chloe, helped me, I made my way over to Greyson, he was in the movie section. I arch a brow at him; he just shrugs. "I was tired of looking at all the different dicks." I snort in response.

He lowered his voice. "I thought maybe we could get a couple of movies and act out some scenes in them." He runs his hands up my arm.

"That sounds like it could be fun, you pick," I say boldly, hoping he doesn't get too wild. Or maybe a small part of me hopes he will.

"Oh, sweet girl. You don't know what you got yourself into." He leans in and kisses my cheek.

"Don't start Grey; I'm a ticking time bomb. I may ask to use the bathroom." I lean in, placing my hands on his chest. I rise to my toes to whisper, "I may have to make myself come." He groans in my ear and goes over and grabs two. I could instantly tell he had planned on asking and had picked what he wanted in case I agreed. All I can do is smile.

"That was fast." I tease.

"I was looking at the restraints, but there are a lot of options. I want you to pick." He motions to the wall over by the counter. We make our way over there, and I gasp. He wasn't kidding; I don't really know what I want.

"We can pick something to start with and always come back and get something else later." He reassures me.

I look over all the options, and I like the bed restraints the best, as well as the door ones. I'm not sure. I look up at Grey standing next to me and say, "I think I like the bed and door restraints the best." I say.

"Those were the ones I was looking at too; are you sure you wouldn't like the wrist and ankle cuffs more? Something not as, well, intimidating?" I love that he's worried about me.

I shake my head. "No, those are the ones that I like." If we're going to do this, we'll do it right.

"If you say so, sweet girl, I'll let you take the lead here. Pick what you want. And we'll try it, and then when you are comfortable, we'll come back, and I can pick some things you like, or I can surprise you." He smirks at me.

"I think a surprise would be nice." It's my turn to smirk at the look on his face.

Greyson grabs the two restraint sets as I move to the sections with toys. He wasn't kidding that there were all shapes and sizes of dildos.

I looked for the couple toys. I find them at the end of this display, and I see a few options that interest me. One is a toy that has a magnet on it that clips onto your panties, one that looks like a rosebud that is used to suction the clit, and one that goes inside that has the g spot, and clit stimulation. The only one that can't be controlled by a phone is the rose, so I take that one off my list.

I take them both down and look at the back of them and say, "the one that would sit in my panties looks nice, and would be fun, for a date night. But I'm leaning towards the other one; it says it can be used during sex." I look to Grey.

"Are you saying I'm not enough?" He teases

I want to tease back, but I also want him to understand I'm trying the communication thing the doctor suggested, and his teasing like that makes me feel bad for suggesting it, especially

after his confession yesterday about feeling inadequate. So I face him fully and say, “No, I’m not saying that at all; I’m just saying that of the two, this is the one that has me the most interested and the most excited. I’m trying to be honest and communicate like the doctor suggested.” His smile softens.

“I think we will both enjoy this, especially if I can control it on business trips.” I just smile and shake my head at him. I’m happy he’s working on his communication too.

“Are there any more toys you want to look at while we are here?” Grey asks.

I look around, and I don’t think I’m ready for much more than this. But a red and black blindfold catches my eye; it almost looks like a masquerade ball mask, only the eyes are all black. It makes me think of a Halloween mask, but when I grab it and pick it up to turn it over, I see it lined with a satin blindfold. It’s just meant to give the illusion that one can see. And I think it will look great with the two sets I already paid for. One black, and one red.

“I think I want this too.” I turn to Grey and see him looking at nipple clamps. He turns and looks at me. “Okay, anything else?”

I make a mental note to look into nipple clamps so I can surprise him. “No, I’m all set,” I say, and we head to the checkout.

“Did you find everything you were looking for?” Chloe asks.

“I think so,” Grey says, looking to me for confirmation with a nod.

“I also threw in a couple of samples that I thought you would both enjoy. I hope that’s okay.” She looks at me and winks. After her last suggestion, I can’t even begin to fathom what she may have chosen. “That sounds great, thanks.” I smile.

She informed me they were in the bag with the lingerie I had already purchased, and she rang us up. I can honestly say that

having someone so comfortable and outgoing working there made the entire experience so much easier for me.

After I got in the car, Grey decided that since I got him a surprise, he was going to get me one too. So he made me stay in the car while he ran back in. I have a sneaky suspicion he went back for the clamps, and I'm here for it.

By the time we get home, it's about lunchtime, so we just heat the leftovers and relax for the rest of the day. Grey decided to watch some movies and insisted that we cuddle. No, 'hanky panky' as he called it. So I read a little. Now that it's time for me to start getting ready, I head upstairs.

I know I took a shower earlier, but I like how long my perfume lasts after I shower and use the matching lotion. Also, I want to shave; I haven't been on top of it lately.

As the shower heats up, I grab my dry brush to exfoliate and change the blade on my razor. By the time I'm done, there is steam billowing out of the shower. I turn the water down a little and step in. I like to have the steam when I shave; I feel like I get a closer, smoother result.

Once I'm out and dried off, I grab my body oil mist. I spray my legs and rub it in, then do the same on my arms and upper chest. I wrap myself in the towel again and turn the fan on to help with the steam. I apply my skincare. I had grabbed some black lace panties, and a matching bra on my way into the bathroom, so I put those on and slipped my robe on. Next, I put my lotion on my legs and arms, and I add a spritz of my perfume to my wrists and sides of my neck while the lotion is still damp. It's my little trick to make the scent last longer.

Now all I have left is my makeup and hair. Then I'll get dressed, and I will be all set. I decided to do a soft brown smokey eye, not too dramatic, a nude blush, and a red lip. I want him to think about my mouth all night.

Once my hair is curled in soft waves, I step out into the bedroom, pass the bed, and head to the closet. I grab my black

knee-length dress. The neckline is my favorite; it is plunging almost to the belly button, but it has a black mesh that is dark enough that you can only see a hint of my skin underneath. That part comes to a softer v; it's high enough to be acceptable for a nice dinner but low enough that I know where Greyson's eyes will be all night. I paired it with a pair of red heels. I know they will look good with the outfit I got today.

I turn and go to place the dress on the bed. And I see a box and a note next to it. I must have missed it when I came out of the bathroom.

'I want you to wear this for me tonight. Be a good girl and try to stay quiet at dinner. -G.'

I opened the lid to find the other toy I was looking at. The one that has the magnet to stay in my panties. I attach it to my panties and make sure it's positioned right, then slip into my dress and heels. As I walk to the full-length mirror to check my reflection, something is missing.

I go to my jewelry box and look for some earrings, and I find the diamond studs he got me for our tenth wedding anniversary. I put them in as I walk to the mirror once more.

Tucking my hair behind one ear to see the earrings, and that's it. My hair should be pinned to show my ear and one side of my neck. I pin the left side back, behind my ear, and off my shoulder, letting it cascade in waves on the other side and down my back. I haven't looked in the mirror and felt as sexy as I do now in a long time.

I add one more layer of red lipstick and tuck it into my clutch. I'm going to have to reapply before we get to the restaurant with what I have planned for my dear husband.

Greyson

I'm waiting for Anna to come downstairs so we can meet her boss and her date. I never know if it will be a man or a woman she'll bring for dinner.

I chose a dark blue button-down and black slacks. I left the top button undone; I know how she likes that. I also took a little time to style my hair tonight; it's just a little messy. I like the look when I just take a little gel and run my hands through it.

While Anna was in the shower, I decided to set out the surprise I had gotten her at the shop. The lady who helped us also gave me a couple of suggestions, and I took them. But right now, all I can think about is what my wife will think of the little note I left her. I am currently sitting in the living room on the sofa, and I want to be able to see her the moment she walks down the stairs.

I poured myself a little bourbon while I waited. I am leaning back, one arm over the back of the couch, and my left ankle is crossed over my knee. The glass is in my left hand, and I'm swirling it slightly. When I finally hear her steps; she's making her way down the hallway. I finally get a jaw-dropping view of her when she's about halfway down the stairs.

I swear my brain short circuits when I see her. Sure, we've gone out to nice places during the rough patch, but this is the first time in a long time. I know for sure she is dressed up for me. And not just because of the type of place we are going. She made sure she was irresistible to me.

She makes it to the bottom of the stairs before I can make any move other than to openly gawk at her.

“Is something wrong? Do I not look okay?” She starts to nervously rub her hands down the front of her dress, like it has wrinkles she’s trying to work out. “Is it the dress? It’s too much, isn’t it? I should go change.” She turns to go back up the stairs.

I clear my throat as my heart breaks a little. When had this woman lost her confidence? When did she stop believing I found her breathtakingly beautiful? I frown as I stand to walk over to her, probably around the time I stopped trying.

“Don’t you fucking dare change. You look ravishing as you are.” I make it to her in record time to stop her. I deposit my drink on the kitchen island and drop to my knees in front of her, causing her breath to hitch.

I run my hand up the back of her bare calf and look up at her. “Your beauty brings me to my knees, just as it did when we met, and on our wedding day, and every day in between.” I recite the words I told her on our wedding night before we consummated our marriage and the same words I told her moments before she became my sweet girl.

“Anna, I am so sorry if I ever made you feel anything less than that. I’m sorry I doubted you. I’m sorry I stopped trying with you. Most of all, I’m sorry I gave up; I lost faith in us.” The last words crack as emotion clogs my throat.

“Oh, Greyson.” She looks down at me with tears in her eyes. Then she drops to her knees in front of me, our thighs brushing as she wraps her arms around my neck, and kisses me. It’s tender, slow, and full of love.

“I’m sorry too; I got so caught up in work with the kids in school. I needed the distraction from the quiet house. Then we had those couple of years where things were so tight financially,” she says, bringing her hand up to wipe her lipstick off my lips.

“I saw how stressed you were, and it took you away from the kids and away from me. I started to work harder to help you so

we wouldn't have to worry. And I guess along the way I lost sight of why I'd started working so much, to have you home more," she sniffles, and I wipe a stray tear from her cheek.

I wrap my arms around her waist, pull her impossibly close to me, and bury my face into her neck. "Thank you for helping take the stress off of me. At times, I thought you were working so hard because you were embarrassed by how little we had and how much we struggled. It never crossed my mind that you did it for me. Oh god, Anna, I love you so damned much." Tears burn my eyes as she just holds me. It's not often I need her strength, but like always, she is there for me when I need her most.

"I know you do, Greyson; I love you too. And I'm sorry I ever made you doubt that. As the kids got older, I guess I forgot I was a wife too, you know?" She sighs, then continues.

"I was a daughter when we met, almost a mother when we got married, then a mother. We never really had the time for us, and I sort of felt like I had to learn that as we got older. And that was also around the time everything started to fall apart. I just felt like I was doing it wrong, I guess." She pulls back to kiss me again.

"Okay, enough of the heavy, emotional talk. You'll ruin my makeup." She gives me a light kiss, then uses my shoulders as leverage to stand. I'm not quite ready to let her go, so I reach out, wrap my arms around her waist, and pull her close, resting my forehead on her stomach.

Looking up at her I realize I need her to know, to understand she has been my only love since day one. "Anna," my voice cracks with emotion. "Please tell me you believe me, I have never once wanted or thought of another woman intimately. It has always been you and always will be. I need you to believe me, believe that I could never do that to you, no matter how hard things got. Please, Anna." I feel a tear slip free, she reaches out and wipes it away, searching for the honesty I know is reflecting in my eyes.

“Oh, Greyson. I am so sorry I doubted you. I believe you, I trust you.” She leans down to kiss me once more.

“I am so lucky to have you in my life,” I say, and then I stand. She wraps her arms around my neck.

“Damn right, you are. Now are you going to take me to dinner, or am I going to have to walk in these heels?” She gestures to her red heels, such a contrast from the black dress.

I laugh, making her smile. “I wouldn’t want you flaunting yourself all across town dressed like that, sweet girl.” I dip my head to whisper in her ear, “Did you find my gift?”

She nods, “I did. Let’s hope it stays in place.”

“I set it up with my phone earlier.” I pull my phone out of my pocket and open the app, then I press a button to turn it on. It’s quiet enough; I can hear a faint buzzing, and based on the way Anna is gripping my arm and rubbing her thighs together and how her breathing changed, I’d say it’s working.

“I take it you like it?” I give a knowing smile.

She lets out a low, sexy moan. “Now, now, sweet girl, unless you want your boss and the whole restaurant to know what’s happening, you should keep it down.” I turn off the vibrations and take a look at how beautiful she looks, so flushed. She just rolls her eyes at me.

I really can’t wait until we get home. She doesn’t know it yet, but I have already set up the bed restraints. I was going to set up the door ones too, but I think I want her tied to my bed tonight.

“Let’s get going; I don’t want to be late.” I wink at her as I take her hand and lead her to the garage. My cock is starting to get hard; if I’m not careful, I’ll be the issue tonight, not her.

Anna

We only have about a fifteen-minute drive to dinner, so once we are out of the neighborhood, I pull the mirror down and add another coat of lipstick. Just a little touch-up from kissing Grey earlier. And just like I had hoped, he kept glancing at me.

“I hope you know that I won’t be able to take my eyes off you at dinner; I can barely do so to drive.” I lean over the center console and lightly lick his neck, making him shutter.

“Then my plan is working,” I say, letting my breath hit the wet spot I left on his neck. I see his skin pebble. So I grow a little more brave; his admission from earlier fuels me. I suck his ear lobe into my mouth and let my teeth graze it as I release it.

He groans, and I see he’s gripping the steering wheel; he’s gripping so hard that his knuckles are turning white.

“You’re playing a dangerous game, sweet girl. I don’t think you’ll like the consequences if you don’t sit your perfect little ass back down in that seat and stop teasing me,” he all but growls.

I respond by reaching under his arm and placing my hand on his chest, then I slowly trail my finger down the buttons. I can feel him tensing under my touch. I had forgotten how desired and powerful I felt to have him like this.

“What if?” I place a kiss just above the collar of his shirt. “I want,” another kiss above the last one. “The consequences?” I find the soft spot just behind his ear, and I run my tongue along it, just as my hand finds his hardened length. His cock straining against his pants.

I pull back in mock shock. “Oh my Greyson, you can’t go into dinner like that,” I say innocently, while my hand works deftly to free him.

“I guess I’ll have to take care of that before we get there.” I drop my head and take him into my mouth. Any form of protest he may have had died on his tongue and was replaced by my deep moan that reverberated through the car.

If I timed this right, we should pull up to the restaurant at the perfect time. I moan at the taste of him, musky, salty, and all mine.

“Fuck, sweet girl.” He slams his head back against the headrest.

“Oh, shit,” he says as his hand rests on the back of my head, urging me to go deeper. I comply. I’m swallowing him down as far as I can.

“Oh, god. I want to see that lipstick of yours painted on my cock when I fuck you later.” I feel him twitch in my mouth. “Yes, swallow me like that. God, you’re sucking my dick so good, such a good fucking slut.” I pause for a second; he’s never called me that before, but I love it. I feel like one right now.

“Shit, Anna, I’m sorry I was caught up in...” I take him deeper, gagging and hollowing out my cheeks on the way up, working him harder to show him I liked it.

“Oh, you liked that, did you? Such a good girl, gagging on this cock. We’re almost there; be a good little slut and make me come before we do.” His words fuel me, and I almost forget the reason I’m doing this.

I slide my hand over his balls and give them a little squeeze, and I feel them tighten in response to my attention.

“Fuck, like that. Shit, sweet girl, I’m about to come.” With that, I flick my tongue over the tip of his swollen crown, and I sit up.

“What the fuck, Anna?” Grey hisses in frustration.

“We’re almost there; I have to fix my makeup.” I look over at his dumbfounded expression. “And you have lipstick all over your neck. I don’t know about you, but I don’t really want my boss to know what we were doing on the way here.” He opens and closes his mouth a couple of times. I grab a napkin out of the glove box and get to work while he tucks his cock back into his pants. I almost feel bad; it looks painful.

“You’re serious? How can you expect me to focus on anything after that? More importantly, how am I supposed to act like nothing happened?” He’s panicking at this point; it’s cute. He puts the car in park, and I do one last check in the mirror. Satisfied, I close it as the valet opens my door. I look at him before I step out.

“The same way I did last night.” With a smirk, I step out of the car. And wait for him to get out so the valet can park the car.

He comes to my side, and he leans in. “Oh, it’s on. You better hope I don’t catch another man looking at what is mine tonight.” I look at him, confused.

He links my arm and starts walking inside. He pulls his phone out; to anyone else, it looks like he’s just checking it. But I can see what app he opens. He presses a button, and my knees almost buckle in pure ecstasy.

“For every man I see wishing you were on his arm,” the vibrations grow stronger. “I turn this up a notch,” my eyes widen. He opens the door for us, and as we step inside, he leans in so only I can hear him. “And this, my love, is the consequence.” He kisses my cheek and turns off the device, giving me a small reprieve. We step up to the hostess, and from there, it’s a blur. How am I going to manage dinner?

I’m snapped out of my thoughts by the sound of my boss’ voice. We had been led to the bar, where she was sipping a glass of red wine. She hopped off the bar stool, gripping my shoulders as she leaned in to place a kiss on my cheek. “Anna, darling, I’m so glad you could make it! It’s been too long since we just had a

meal and pleasant conversation. I promised Blake no work talk tonight.” I smile and kiss her cheek. I hope Blake only has eyes for Joanna.

“Is Blake meeting us here?” Greyson asks, and I see the corner of his lips rise. Oh, he’s going to be the death of me.

“Oh, no, actually,” she’s cut short when a tall, beautiful, raven-haired woman walks to her side; she’s in a knee-length baby blue dress; it’s almost the color of her eyes. The dress is tight on the hips but loose around the top, and it ties behind the neck, no doubt leaving her back exposed. She places her hand on Joanna’s back.

“Sorry, you must be Anna. I’ve heard so much about you. I hope we can steer clear of office talk for the night.” She smiles politely and reaches to shake my hand. I feel my body relax. Blake is a girl—one less set of eyes to worry about.

“I am, and this is my husband, Greyson.” I place my hand on his chest as he reaches out and shakes her hand.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Blake.” He says, causing jealousy to race through my veins, just as the hostess comes over to tell us our table is ready. Grey tells the trio that we will meet them at the table after we order our drinks.

It’s getting crowded, so he positions himself behind me and places his hands on my hips. He leans in and says, “You don’t need to be jealous.”

I scoff, trying to hide my embarrassment. Was I that obvious? “I’m not jealous.” I snap.

“Sweet girl,” he mummurs in my ear. “Your lipstick is painted around my cock, all I am focused on is getting dinner over with as quickly as possible so I can get you home and have you all to myself.” I feel the toy start to vibrate, and I gasp, reaching to my side to grasp Grey’s arm to steady myself.

“See that man at that table, the one who is sitting with the young girl in the inappropriate red dress?” He motions in the

mirror behind the liquor bottles. I search the mirror until I find who he's talking about. I don't trust my voice, so I settle for a nod.

"He's been staring at you since we walked in." He turns it up one more time. "See the bartender at the other end of the bar? Well, he can't seem to take his eyes off of you." He turns it up again and points out two other men whom he notices looking at me, and each time, he increases the intensity of the vibration. I had to turn around and bury my face in his shirt to keep from moaning out loud. I am about to come.

"Grey," I say, looking up at him.

"I'm going, oh, I'm.." The vibrations stopped as quickly as they started, and my orgasm slowly dies.

"Oh, no you're not. And to think we've only been here for five minutes." I glare at him, then turn around. The bartender comes to take our order. I order a sparkling rose they have that I love; it tastes like pears, and it goes perfectly with just about anything they have here. Greyson gets a Bourbon with an orange twist.

I really want to push Greyson tonight. See how far he'll go. And this is the perfect place to do so.

Greyson

Once we sit down and place our order, the conversation picks up. I'm not at all surprised that Joanna is dating a model. She seems like a nice person, but after the first couple of dinners with Anna's boss and having nasty breakups, or they were just flings, we sort of stopped trying to get to know them on the first date.

We meet her boss for dinner probably once every few months, I can count on one hand how many times she has had the same date more than twice; and that was one of her nasty breakups.

The three of them start a conversation after we all order, something about fashion, or they were, the last time I checked in. Since we sat down, I have noticed four other men looking at my wife. I haven't touched the app though; she almost came to the bar, and it was on for two minutes. I don't want her to be too close to the edge.

As she's talking, I feel her hand rest on my thigh. She begins to draw circles on my pant leg absentmindedly. It's comforting to me that even when she's lost in conversation, she still seeks me out. Her hand slowly starts to inch its way up; she better not be doing what I think she is doing. Yep, she is.

She starts to palm my cock. Under the table, while talking to her boss, two can play this game. But I let her continue; I feel myself getting harder under her lazy strokes. We're interrupted by the waiter bringing our food.

I opted for the baked salmon drizzled with a honey balsamic glaze, with jasmine rice and steamed veggies on the side. Anna

chose the stuffed chicken breast with a side salad. As for the other two women, they ordered the chef's special tonight. The chef chooses one meal a night that he makes off the menu. You never know what it is until you get it; we never chance it though.

We fall into a small conversation while we eat. Joanna asks about the kids, and Anna informs her they will be home in a couple of months. And how we plan on going to the lake house for the long weekend.

She asks me how work has been, and I tell her about the trip I have to take in a month. It continues like that for a while; I'm the first to finish since I don't have much to add to the conversation.

I take the time to look around and pull out my phone, noting two guys all but staring at my wife. So I turn it on and try to hide my smile behind the rim of my whiskey glass, as Anna's eyes widen and she almost drops her fork.

Thankfully, Joanna and Blake are focused on each other right now. So they miss the glare my wife gives me as I turn up the vibrator once more. I lean in close to her and whisper, "I was nice, and let you settle down from earlier, and let you eat some of your meal. But I grew tired of other men staring at what is mine." She's struggling to sit still at this point, but I catch another man looking. So up it goes.

"Maybe if you're a good girl and keep quiet, I'll let you come." I lean back in my seat and act like nothing is wrong as Anna struggles to maintain her composure. She looks flushed.

I place my hand on her thigh under the table, and her legs are clenched so tight that I don't know if she is trying to get the toy closer or hoping it will push it away. I turn it off again, earning me a sigh of relief from Anna. I excuse myself from the table to head to the bar.

"Ladies, if you'll excuse me, I think I saw my boss head to the bar. It would be impolite not to go say hello." I'm waved off as I

get to my feet and head over to where I saw George take a spot at the bar.

At the end of the bar, the bartender couldn't stop staring at Anna. I'm pleased to find that I can see her from here. I step up next to my boss, and we exchange hellos, and he asks where Anna is. I gesture towards the table she is occupying.

He starts talking about something, but I'm caught off guard when I see Anna throw her head back and laugh. She is a sight to behold like this. And about five other men agree because now they are looking at her too.

I'm about to pull my phone out when George's wife comes up. "Greyson, you remember my wife Millie." It's not a question but rather a statement.

"Of course, it's nice to see you again." I shake her hand.

"You as well," she responds, then turns to her husband. "George, honey, the Stevens just arrived, and our table is ready."

"Right, of course, dear. I'll be over in a moment with our drinks." She kisses his cheeks and retreats.

"It was nice seeing you, Greyson. I'll see you in the office on Monday." He turns to the bar, takes the pink drink in a martini glass and his signature gin and tonic with a lime, and follows after his wife.

With him gone, I pull up my phone and turn on the toy once more. I grin when I see Anna jump; this time her boss sees her. And she waves her off, and then her eyes find mine.

I look a little to the left of her, and her eyes follow. Her eyes snap back to mine, and I make a show of turning up the intensity once more. I do the same for the other three men I see looking in her direction. At this point, I don't know if they are actually looking at her or not. But I am enjoying watching her squirm.

From here, I see her gripping the edge of her chair with one hand and the table with the other. She must be close. I still haven't forgiven her for the stunt she played in the car. So I

quickly turned it off. I see her excuse her, while standing up, leaving Joanna and Blake to their conversation, and secret touches. She makes her way to the bathroom, and I go to follow. I have a sneaky suspicion she is about to do exactly what I told her not to.

But before I can follow her into the bathroom, another woman gets up from her table with her purse and makes her way that way too. So I go into the men's and wash my hands, then I step into the hallway and wait for my wife to come out.

It doesn't take long; she comes out before the other woman does. I grab her arm, making her gasp, and pull her into a hidden alcove under the stairs that leads up to the banquet area. It has a curtain; apparently, it's where they keep extra chairs.

"Did you go in there to get yourself off?" I ask as I press her against the wall, closing us in, hiding us from the rest of the world.

"And what if I did?" Oh, she wants to be a brat now? I snake my hand down between us, reach down to the bottom of her dress, and slowly bring it back up, using the back of my hand to graze her inner thigh, making her tremble.

"Since you won't tell me, I guess I will just have to check myself. Open up, sweet girl." I lower my voice so nobody hears us.

I tap her thigh, and it takes only a moment for her to comply. I trace her panties, then I pull them aside and slide my finger over her slit, careful to avoid her clit.

Her breathing picks up. "Sweet girl, you are so wet. How am I to be sure you didn't go in that bathroom, hike your dress up, and sink your fingers into this tight little pussy?" I ask as I slide one finger in; she is so tight and wet.

"I didn't, I promise." She says it breathlessly.

"Hmm, I think I need a better view." She shakes her head as I drop to my knees before her for the second time tonight.

I take her left leg and put it over my shoulder to help support her, and I pull her panties to the side. It's pretty dark in here, but there is enough light to see how wet she is, and her pussy is glistening. I lean forward, part her lips, and sweep the flat of my tongue from her entrance to her swollen clit. Her knees buckle, but I hold her up, repeat the motion, and look up at her. Our eyes meet, and she has her hand over her mouth to keep from crying out. I plunge my finger back into her, pump in and out, and twist my wrist as I do so.

"You were such a good little slut in the car sucking my cock, and you've been a good girl at dinner being quiet," I add a second finger and turn it so I can find the spot that makes her go wild. It doesn't take much, and I feel her tighten around my fingers, and I suck her clit into my mouth.

Looking down at me through hooded eyes, she stifles a moan and tries to fuck my face. "You were a good little slut, weren't you? You want to come on my cock while I have you tied to my bed, fucking you." She clenches even more, so once again, I stop.

"But I haven't forgiven the stunt you pulled in the car either." I rise to my feet, but I keep her panties to the side. She groans in frustration.

"Grey, please, every time I move, the toy brushes over my clit and I feel like I'm right there. Please let me come." She sounds so sweet, begging. Her hands are resting on my abs; she grabs my shirt and pulls me closer.

"No, you will come when I say you will. And it sure as shit won't be anywhere near any of the men who wish they were me. Your orgasm is for me and me alone. No one else will see the face you make as you come." She pulls me in for a fierce kiss.

I pull back and put my fingers, which were just in her pussy, in her mouth. Shoving them to the back of her throat, she only gags for a second before she relaxes her throat.

"You made a mess of my fingers; clean them," I demand as I lean in and pepper kisses on her neck and collarbone, all while

she licks and sucks my hand vigorously.

I am so hard; I am grinding my dick on her exposed pussy, and before I can stop her, she has my fly down, pulls out my cock, and lines it up with her entrance. She's looking at me through her lashes, with my fingers in her mouth. My self-control almost snaps.

"Sweet girl, I already told you, you don't get my dick in your pussy until you are tied to... fuck." My words are cut off, and I grind out that last word as she hooks her leg around my hip and pulls me forward. I wasn't expecting that, so I stumbled forward, and when I do, my dick sinks deep into her tight, wet core.

She pulls my fingers from her mouth and says, "Fuck me, Greyson." And with that, my limited control snaps.

"You better hold on, sweet girl. This will be hard and fast. I'm already about to come, so it'll be quick too." She grips my shoulders as she lifts her other leg around me, pulling me closer.

"Please, sir," she moans in my ear.

"Fuck, Anna." I look at her, "Put your arms above your head." I demand in her ear. "Now, sweet girl." She finally obeys. I reach up and grasp her, intertwine our fingers with one hand, then place them on the palm of the other and do the same, holding both her hands in mine.

I pull them down slightly and reposition us so I can fuck her and support her weight too. I then place my right elbow next to her head and move that hand to cover her mouth. She won't be able to keep quiet.

Once I'm satisfied with the position, I thrust into her once. She gasps against my palm, then I pull out almost completely. I drive back in; she's meeting me thrust for thrust. It really won't take long for me to come, especially after the ride here. At this moment, I don't care how long I last. I pick up the pace, and I feel her start to flutter around my cock. She's close, but not as close as me.

“Right now, you are mine to use. My good little slut.” I say my mouth is buried in her neck.

“Fuck, I’m coming.” It hits me hard and fast. I empty myself in her; she’s too close. If I try to move much more, she’ll follow me in release. She starts rocking, trying to chase her release.

I pull out and set her on her feet, tucking myself back into my pants. I fix her panties, all while she gapes at me.

“I told you already, you would come, but only when I had you tied to my bed. You begging me to fuck you doesn’t change what I said. But I will take this.” I say as I unhook her toy and slide the pieces into her purse.

She straightens her dress, and I pull the curtain back slightly and look to see if anyone is out there. We are in the clear.

Taking her hand, we stepped into the hallway. She goes to move to the bathroom, but I stop her. Turning her so her back is against the opposite wall, I bring my forearm up and place it next to her head. I lean down and ask, “What do you think you are doing?”

She looks up at me, slightly blushing. “I need to get cleaned up,” she replies.

I dip my head so my mouth is next to her ear. “I don’t think so; I want to know that I am seeping through your panties, while the men who have been chancing glances at you all night fantasize about doing exactly what I just did to you.” She turns even redder, and her breath hitches.

“I told you, I am a jealous man when it comes to you. Now let’s get you a drink; you look famished.” I smirk, leading her to the bar. Hopefully, if we return with drinks, they won’t question our long absence.

Anna

Greyson and I are at the bar, now that it's getting a little later it's busier. But we managed to get the four drinks and head back to the table. "Sorry, about that ladies. I didn't mean to step away for so long, as an apology I got the last rounds of drinks." Greyson is quick to apologize and insinuate that we were at the bar this whole time. While simultaneously, making it known that once these drinks are done we plan to leave.

"You are too kind, Greyson. Let me order dessert to go with the last round." Before we can protest she has the waiter flagged down and placed an order. Thankfully she ordered their chocolate-covered strawberries.

Before we are even halfway done with our drinks they arrive, Blake takes one and feeds it to Joanna and when some juice almost drips off her lips, Blake leans in and catches it with her tongue, then kisses Joanna who in turn deepens the kiss.

I'm grateful when the waiter comes and interrupts them, to ask if it'll be one check or two. Joanna insists on just one and is even more insistent that she pay, she tells us we can cover the next dinner. We agree, but she never lets it happen, the only times we've ever paid, was when Greyson said he was going to the restroom, when he really went to the hostess and had them give his card to the waiter to pay. She caught on after the second or third time. We all finish our dessert and drinks, you can tell they want to get out of here as much as we do.

We say our goodbyes at the valet stand as they retrieve our cars. As Joanna hugs me, she says "I don't know what has happened between you two in the last few days, but I haven't

seen you two like this in a long time. This dress is stunning, and he can't keep his eyes off you. Have fun tonight." She pulls back and winks.

All I can muster is a weak, "Yeah, you too."

She gives a wave to Greyson, as Blake opens her door for her. Then she makes her way around the sports car and gets in herself and they drive off.

"Everything okay?" Grey asks as he opens the car door for me.

"Yeah, she told me she hasn't seen me this happy in a long time." I look up at him as I sit. "And she said, have fun tonight." He smirks and shuts the door. I buckle myself in, as he comes around.

I don't know if I'm more shocked that I seemed unhappy for a long time, or that I got the vibe she knew exactly what transpired between Greyson, and myself tonight. I turn to Grey suddenly, "Do you think she noticed me," I chew on my lip, searching for the right word, "My, well, predicament tonight? I get the feeling she knew exactly what we did." He just shrugs.

"Honestly, my focus was on you. I wasn't paying attention. I was watching the envious men, and the occasional woman." I snort at that.

"Yeah, okay. Whatever you say." I retort.

"You really don't notice when other people look at you do you?" He reaches for my hand and brings it to his lips, placing a kiss on my knuckles.

"I guess not. Why would I care, I only want you looking at me like that." I answer honestly.

"As it should be, Sweet girl." We fall into a comfortable silence the remainder of the way home. I just looked out my window all the way, replaying Greyson's words from after he fucked me. I really don't know what possessed me to pull him out like that. We've never done anything like that before. My

thoughts quickly turn to what he has in store for me tonight. I was able to wash the outfits I got this morning, while we relaxed, so they are ready to go.

Greyson's voice draws my attention, and I notice we are about to pull up to the house. "When we get inside, I want you to go upstairs, and strip to your bra and panties, then I want you to get on the bed and kneel and wait for me."

I gulp, I am so full of nerves. I nod as he glances over at me. "Good girl." He praises. Once we are parked I dart out of the car, and into the house. I know he said just bra and panties, but one of the sets I got, I planned on using tonight.

I'm undressing as I race up the stairs, I kick my heels off by the door, trying to work my dress off as I race up the stairs, all I managed by the time I get to the bedroom door was unzipping my dress. Then an idea forms in my head, I go back down the hallway, let the dress pool at my feet, stepping out of it, I leave it there for Grey to find on his way to me. Then slide my panties off as I walk a little further, and repeat the process with my bra. Leaving a trail of clothes to the bedroom.

I grab the set I had in mind, a deep red set with black lace over it, with a garter belt. I grab some black thigh highs and put everything on. I take the pins from my hair and add the special perfume that Chloe also suggested. She said it had pheromones in it and it would drive my husband crazy. It has a roll-on applicator, so I dab a little behind my ears and check my reflection.

I feel so sexy tonight, and it's not just the outfit. But the way Greyson can't keep his hands off of me, and the way he responds to my touch. I head back into the bedroom and decide last minute to add some black heels. Ones with the red bottom, Greyson loves those.

I walk back into the bathroom to the full-length mirror, one last time. I stare at myself, I know it's only been a couple of days. But I finally see the old me peaking through.

After a couple of minutes of staring at myself in the mirror checking everything, and touching up my lipstick, I head to the bed. I almost forgot the samples Chloe gave me, so I set them on the bedside table, crawling to the middle of the bed, I sit on my knees in the middle as instructed, and I place the blindfold over my eyes, securing it with the ribbon tie in the back. I place my hands on my thighs, in an attempt not to fidget. And I wait.

I can't see the clock, so I'm not sure how much time has passed, it could be five minutes or twenty. Who knows maybe longer. But finally, I hear his steps ascending the stairs, and I hear a light chuckle when he finds my dress. Then I hear him say, "Looks like someone is a glutton for punishment. I thought I told you to..." His words are cut off. No doubt at the site of me.

He's quiet, I hear the rustle of clothes. I'm not sure where he is in the room. I hear something scrape on the carpet, then the sound of Velcro. Next, I hear something thumb on what I think is the bed. I hear the same sounds repeated three more times. Then nothing.

"Greyson?" I whisper.

"Is this what you chose at the shop for me, sweet girl?" My breathing picks up, I can't tell where he's at.

"Yes, she also recommended the stuff on my bedside. She said one was to stimulate my g-spot and one my clit. She said it would blow me away." I finally tell him. I hear him move this time.

"Tell me which one you want to use." Not a question, a demand.

"Both," I manage "I want to use them both, please."

He chuckles lightly, then I feel the bed dip to my right, "Well aren't you the greedy little slut tonight?" I feel his breath tickle my hair by my ear. I simply nod, not trusting my voice. I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves, but all I can smell is his cologne. It is the same scent as his body wash, after all these years it still does things to me.

“I’ll give you this. Because you were such a good girl and put this sexy outfit on, just for me.” I feel his hand come up around my neck, pulling me to him. He kisses me, parting my lips with his tongue, I can taste the bourbon lingering on his tongue, mixed with the taste of him, it’s intoxicating.

His other hand grips the hair at the base of my neck. Tilting my head back, as he rises to his knees in front of me. The hand around my neck tightens, making me moan into his mouth. He then kisses my jaw and tilts my head to kiss down the column of my neck. He reaches the spot where I applied the perfume and he inhales deeply and releases a deep groan.

“You smell so fucking good.” He mumbles in my ear. His hand that’s tangled in my hair falls to my ass and he cups it, pulling me flush with his body. I moan once more feeling how turned on he is.

“I want to taste you.” He says, I feel him pull away. I take that as a sign to lay down. But he reaches out and grabs my waist, “No, sweet girl. You are going to sit on my face, and ride it like you want to ride my cock.” I whimper in response. I’ve never ridden his face before. I’m more curvy than I used to be.

I’m lost in my panic, I missed that he moved. I feel something soft wrap around my wrist. Then I hear a slight metal clink, like two small metal pieces are hitting together. I feel it close around my wrist. Then a moment later I feel the same thing on the other side. I give a little tug, to see if it’s what I think it is. And it is, Greyson restrained my hands.

“Now, I want you to get on your hands and knees.” He says from my side. I feel the bed dip behind me. I comply, I have no clue what to expect. I feel his hands come up my thighs, he grips my hips and pulls me back. I feel his arousal through his pants.

“You look breathtaking like this Anna.” He pushes me forward by pushing between my shoulder blades, forcing my head down onto the bed. When I inhale, I can faintly smell the laundry detergent. I gasp as he spreads my cheeks.

I hear his breath hitch, “You naughty little slut. You got crotchless panties for me?”

At this moment the only thing I can say is, “Yes, Sir.”

I feel him pull back, I gasp at the feeling of his hand coming down on my ass. He does it again, and again. I moan at the last one and push my ass in the air higher. “You like that, don’t you, sweet girl? That’s for not following instructions, though I do love this surprise.” I feel his finger slide along the wetness of my slit before he plunges it in. I push back, meeting the shallow thrusts of his hand. He smacks my left cheek this time, right when he curled his finger to find that spot, that has my eyes rolling back.

“Your fucking my finger so nicely, let’s see if you can fuck my face just as good.” I feel him moving behind me. I feel his hand snake around my thighs, encouraging me to sit. I walk my hands back a little, trying to keep some of my weight off of him. He starts lapping at my core, and probing my entrance with his tongue. He growls into my pussy, sending a shock wave straight to my clit, causing me to clench even more. Grey pulls back just enough to speak.

“I said, to sit on my fucking face.” He turns his head slightly and I yelp as he bites my inner thigh, I can feel the wetness of myself in his mustache, and beard, making me jump a little. He takes the opportunity, to take his hand and press it on my upper chest, forcing me to sit up.

We both moan deeply when he plunges his tongue deeper into me. He starts fucking me with his tongue, his nose and upper lip hitting my clit. I start to rock back and forth slightly.

He shifts his attention to my clit, then he flattens his tongue against it, gripping my hips making me rock harder, and faster. But he’s holding me in place, my breath is getting choppy as I get closer to the edge. I reach down to grab his hair and hold him in place, but I’m reminded of the little freedom I have due to the restraints.

“Oh, Greyson. Right there, don’t stop.” My toes start to curl, as I feel the first wave of an orgasm wash over me. It stops abruptly.

“You don’t tell me what to do, sweet girl. You might be the one riding my face, but I’m still in control here.” He says, he pushes on the back of my thighs and gets out from under me.

I hear what sounds like a package opening, then I hear him spit, like he’s spitting something out of his mouth. Before I can question anything, I feel his finger enter me. Again he found my g spot effortlessly. “Did the lady at the shop say how long it takes to work?” I’m lost for a moment then I realize he just applied the G-spot cream. I shake my head, “No.” is all I can manage.

The next thing I feel are his fingers, and something cool on my clit. It starts to tingle immediately. “Oh,” I breathe out, “It tingles.”

“Good to know that starts immediately. Lay on your back, sweet girl.” He helps me move so I can get on my back. I feel the same material around my ankles, and then I hear more movement, I’m not sure what it is. Not until I feel more tension on the straps around my wrists, I test them and find I have even more limited mobility now.

“Now, you really are a site to behold. Tied to my bed, waiting for me to sink my dick deep into your dripping pussy, and fuck you until you come.” I try to rub my thighs together, but can’t. I hear the rustle of clothes, I feel the bed dip to the left, then I feel the warm head of his cock press against my lip, smearing a bead of come on my lips. My tongue darts out to taste him, and he makes his move, shoving his cock in my mouth.

Greyson

My sweet, slutty little girl is right where I want her, tied to my fucking bed. She has her lips wrapped around my dick, sucking me.

“I don’t know where I want to come tonight after I’m done using your pussy. I could feel and taste myself dripping out of you while you rode my face. So maybe your tits.” I reach down and pull her bra down, exposing her breasts. I pinch her nipple, causing her to moan around my dick. I react by shoving it deeper into her mouth.

“Or maybe your mouth,” I say. I tip her head a little, then slap her cheek. Feeling it in my cock, she moans again.

This time, I hold the back of her neck and start to fuck her face. With the other hand, I reach between her thighs and rub her clit.

“Fuck, yes, suck my dick just like that.” I work her faster and increase the pressure, and I notice she relaxes her throat the closer she gets. I’m now fucking her throat, and she’s not gagging anymore. The way she’s taking me so nicely has me groaning in approval.

“Fuck, you are so sexy with my cock in your throat.” I move my hand to trail along her throat. “Shit, Anna. I can feel my cock moving in your throat with my hand.” She pulls back and gasps for air. Then she leans forward, taking me just as deep, and now she’s moaning uncontrollably. I feel my release coming fast, so I grab the hair at the base of her neck and pull out of her mouth, bending down and kissing her deeply.

I let go of her hair and I undo the mask, and I see her eyes were watering. Her mascara is ruined, and I find satisfaction in that fact.

“Your makeup is ruined; I think you should wear makeup for me to ruin more often.” I move over her, bracing my weight on my arms. I kiss her once, then start kissing my way down her body, paying special attention to her hardened nipples. I suck one into my mouth while I pinch the other one, making her gasp and wiggle under me.

“I want to feel you inside of me. I want to come on your cock.” She lifted her head and whispered, “Please, sir.”

“My, my, what a greedy girl you are being tonight,” I say, then I move my head to the side of her breast and suck the soft skin there. I suck hard, making her buck her hips and whimper in pain. I lower myself between her outstretched legs and do the same on the inside of each thigh.

“There, next time you look in the mirror, you will see the marks I left on you. And you will think about how I gave them to you. While you were tied to my bed, for me to use and to pleasure as I see fit.” I lean lower and lay on my stomach. I look up her body and see her watching me.

“What are you doing, Greyson?” She asks.

“Whatever I feel like,” I say, running the flat of my tongue over her swollen clit, I feel it throb on my tongue. That makes me smile.

“Mm, I like how we taste mixed together,” I say. I honestly didn’t think about that when I made her ride my face. But I have to admit, I was surprised I wasn’t grossed out that I tasted myself. The fact that I was seeping out of her just made me think of how it got there and how bold she was at dinner.

“Should we find out if that cream worked?” I don’t wait for a reply; I sink two fingers inside her, finding that one spot that curls her toes every time. When we first got together, we were

both young, and we were each other's firsts, so we had to learn our bodies together. That's why it's so easy for me to find it now.

Much to my surprise, it's even easier to find, and apparently, it's more sensitive now, judging by the deep, throaty moan that escapes her. I thrust my fingers in and out slowly, dragging them over that spot over and over.

"Fuck, Grey. Right there." She moans, and she tries to meet my thrusts to sink my fingers deeper. I comply by going deeper and a little harder.

"I know, sweet girl. I can feel it; you look so sexy like this. I don't think I'll be able to last long when I finally sink my cock into this tight pussy, I can feel you clenching my fingers. Are you close?" I ask, knowing she is.

"Yes. I'm going to come, Greyson." Her moans grow louder and more frequent.

"Then come for me; come like the slut you are." I know I told her I wouldn't let her come until it was around my dick, but looking up her body like this, I couldn't deny her what she so clearly needed. Plus with how tight and wet she is right now, I would come instantly.

With that thought, I still my hand, work that spot with my fingers, and capture her clit in my mouth, sucking hard. I resume the thrusts faster and deeper, all while flicking my tongue over her clit, and still working that spot.

Her back bows, and she arches off the bed, so I reach with my other hand and pull her hips back to the bed while she screams my name.

"Greyson, oh shit. Greyson, stop; it's too much. I think I'm going to..." She squirts all over my face. She's chanting my name; she has never squirted before. It was hot as fuck.

I quickly climbed up her body, "I'm sorry, I didn't know what was happening, OH!" I cut her off by thrusting my dick as deep into her as I could.

“Don’t fucking apologize for coming in my mouth like that,” I emphasize each word with a thrust of my dick, “I fucking loved it.” I’m too close. I want to savor this for just a little longer.

I reach into my bedside table and get the little sample the lady sent me with; she wasn’t kidding when she said I might need this.

“What is that? I don’t think I can take anything else.” She looks at what I grabbed.

“This, sweet girl. Is for me, it’s desensitizing cream for me. So I can make sure you are fully satisfied,” I explain as I put a little on my hand and apply it.

“Grey, I don’t think I can take much more.” She whines.

I reach for her neck and squeeze a little, then I line up the tip of my cock with her entrance again. This time I ease in, then out almost all the way. “You will take whatever I give you like a good little slut.” I say, then I pound into her with abandon. I used her neck as leverage, making her eyes roll back in her head.

I let go of her neck, placing my hands on either side of her head, right above her shoulders, so she doesn’t move an inch with the force of my thrusting. Then I drive into her deeper and harder than before.

“Fuck, you feel so good, sweet girl.” Leaning in, I kiss her neck.

“Please, let me touch you.” She says between moans.

I make quick work of the cuffs; they have a quick-release hook, and as soon as her hands are free, she reaches for me, grabbing the back of my neck and pulling me to her. I groan into her mouth when she slides her tongue over my lips, tasting herself.

“Let me fuck you, Grey.” She pushes my shoulders back; her feet are still bound, so I sit up on my knees and move back a little. I managed to do that while still inside of her.

She starts rolling her hips back and forth; her movements grow faster and harder. I reach between us and stroke her clit.

“Oh, god. Fuck Greyson. I’m going to come.” I grab her ass and start working her harder on my length as I play with her clit. I groan as I feel her clamp down on my dick again.

“Fuck, sweet girl. You’re so tight.” Her movements slow down; she is getting worn out. That’s fine; I’m close anyway. I reach down and undo her ankles, then I move, pinning her on her back with her knees hooked on my shoulders. I push as deep as I can, and I brace my weight on my arms. I start at a slower pace, and I can tell I found that magic spot with my cock by the gasp that leaves her pretty little mouth.

The only sounds that fill the room now are her moans and my grunts, as I work us both closer to the edge. I move a little faster, making sure her clit is still rubbing on my lower stomach. I look down at where we are joined. It makes me lose control; I move deeper, harder, and faster. I reach down and rub her clit, I sit back and change positions.

“Yes, oh god, Greyson. right there, just like that.” She sucks in a breath as her pussy tightens once more. I keep going and keep working on her.

“Come on, sweet girl, give me one more before I come,” I grunt, feeling my release building; she jerks back, and I slip out. And she squirts again. I flip her over onto her stomach and pull her ass up into the air, I keep her head on the bed forcing her knees, keeping her thighs tight together. In this position, I can see her come dripping out of her pussy down her thighs.

I let out a deep moan as I sank into her this time. In this position, she feels impossibly tighter. “Fuck” is all I can manage.

I start thrusting; my moves are becoming choppy, the closer I get. I smack her ass, and she tightens even more. I do it again: “You are such a slut for this cock, aren’t you?” I say as I smack her ass harder, then knead it.

“Yes, sir. I love being your slut.” She moans, pressing back into me. I reach around her and rub her clit again, she clenches even more. I feel the tingle in the base of my spine, then it moves to the base of my dick, and it quickly works its way up my shaft.

“It’s so fucking sexy seeing your lipstick around my dick as I fuck you,” My movements are now sloppy, I am so close.

“Fuck, Anna. I’m...” I grunt, my balls tighten, and I come inside her. I thrust into her two more times before I slide out of her and drop to my side. I pulled her to me for a couple of minutes while we caught our breath. Then I get up, head to the bathroom, turn the shower on, and get a rag to help clean her up.

I come back into the room, and Anna is already asleep. I hate to wake her, but we need to get cleaned up. I kiss her cheek until she opens her eyes. “We need to get cleaned up. We’ll take a quick shower and rinse off, then I’ll strip the bed, and we can sleep in the guest room for tonight.

She yawns and nods. I roll her onto her back and use the rag to clean up between her legs. When satisfied, I pick her up, take her into the bathroom, and set her on the counter. She’s only half awake at this point, so I grab a hair tie and do my best to get it up so I can rinse her off in the shower.

When we are done, she’s awake enough to get dressed for bed and shuffle down the hall. I kissed her goodnight, knowing she would be out before I got in there, and I told her I’d be in when I was done. I decide to run the bedding downstairs and throw them into the wash so we can get them in the dryer in the morning. When I make it into the bedroom, I know she’s asleep, so I crawl in next to her and kiss her shoulder. It doesn’t take long for me to fall asleep either, but I do so with a smile on my face. And a new hope for our future.

Anna

I wake up sore. But the good kind of sore—the kind that reminds me how thoroughly I was used last night. It makes me want it all over again. I stretch and roll over to find Grey yawning and rubbing his eyes. I can't help but smile.

“Good morning,” I say as I lean in to kiss his cheek. He surprises me by grabbing me and bringing me to his chest. I feel his morning arousal under me.

“Good morning, are you sore?” He looks so worried; it's cute.

“A little, but the good kind,” he quirks an eyebrow at me.

“Are you sure I wasn't too rough last night? I feel like I got carried away. I hope I didn't hurt you.” I sit up and straddle him so I can look at him. I feel him hardening under me, causing me to smile.

“I think you like the idea of hurting me.” I roll my hips, making him groan.

“Anna, you're sore. I don't enjoy the thought of causing you more pain, knowing you are already in it.” He stills my movements. I sit up off of him a little, reaching between us, and take his cock out. I fist it a couple of times.

“Now, who's being mean?” He says, but he's thrusting into my hand. He tips his head back and closes his eyes. I take that moment to reach down with my other hand and move my panties to the side. I moan as I lower myself onto his length. It hurts a little, but that just makes me more wet, thinking of why I hurt.

His eyes snap open, and I take his hands in each of mine and put them above his head. Intertwine our fingers and look down at him as I move back and forth slowly. Last night was wild and rough, and everything we needed but this, looking into his eyes as I ride his cock, this is different.

“I love you, Greyson.” I lean down and kiss him tenderly as I move a little faster. My movements are still slow, almost lazy, but I feel my release build, so I push up, looking at him again.

“I love you, too. I don’t think I could survive without you. You are the best part of my day. And the fact, you’ve questioned that and us. I am so sorry, Anna. So sorry..” I cut off his words with a kiss. I release his hands, and he rolls on top of me, our lips and our centers locked together.

He continues to kiss me; his thrusts are slow but deep and hard. It’s like he’s branding himself inside of me. He pulls away and leans his forehead on mine, our breaths mingling in the space between us. Neither of us says another word; only our soft moans and heavy breathing fill the room. At this moment, I do not doubt that there never was anyone but me. And I accept that we just had a few hard years, and realize this, the way we are making love now, is a silent promise to try harder from now on.

When we finish, we do so at the same time. It’s more satisfying than that first one last night, after all the teasing. This was more gentle, it was us physically showing our love for one another.

We stay like that for a while, joined as one. Grey softens inside of me, and I feel him dripping out of me. But neither of us made a move to disentangle. When we do, we don’t move far.

I’m pulled onto Grey’s chest, where I lay, drawing random shapes on his chest. Greyson is the first to break the silence.

“I think we need to prioritize us. Not like going out with others like we do now, I think we need to find things to do as a couple, just us.” I look up at him and kiss his jaw.

“I would like that. How often are you thinking?” I ask as I settle back in place. He’s silent for a moment, then starts to run his fingers up and down my spine. I sigh and relax into him more.

“I think once a week, or once every other week. We could alternate weeks of who chooses what we do, and we could also alternate going to dinner. Like, let’s do something this week. Let’s go to dinner, and next week we’ll go do something. Then alternate that way, as well as who chooses.” I really like that idea.

“I think that sounds great. I agree that prioritizing each other will help us grow closer.”

“How will we decide where to eat each week? Should we alternate that too? You choose the activity next week, so I choose the place we eat.” He nods.

“That sounds fair. But special occasions don’t count. If a birthday falls on the other week, we’ll go out twice that week.” I smile.

“Deal.” I start thinking about what Dr. Parker said again.

“Grey?” He makes a humming noise in response.

“Do you think we could hire a housekeeper? Like once a week to help with the laundry and some other house things.” I chew on my lip, waiting for his response, but before he can give me one, I continue.

“It’s just that, after work, I’m tired; I don’t want to do anything. Then, when the weekend comes, there’s all the laundry from the week, and then the floors and dusting.” I shrug. “It would be nice to have that done and not have our free time on the weekend be taken up with that.”

“Of course. That’s fine. I’m sorry, I haven’t been much help around the house.” He kisses the top of my head.

“Would you be okay if I joined the bowling league Tommy has been talking about?” I look at him, and I’m shocked that he feels like he has to ask, “I was worried you were having an affair;

I didn't want to do anything outside of work that took me away from you." Now I understand. And tears spring from my eyes.

"How did we get here, Greyson?" I start crying, and he sits up, lifts me into his lap, and just holds me.

And when I settle down, "I'm not sure. But we will fix it together." His promise is full of hope, I nod in agreement.

Things over the past week and a half have been amazing. Last week, when we started the date nights, we went to a new seafood restaurant. It was pretty good, and this week Grey got to choose. So we are going to top golf. I'm not sure why, because neither of us golfs. But he says he wants to see me in one of those skirts.

Needless to say, our sex life has improved. We were still navigating the empty house, but we decided we both needed things to do without each other too.

I, for one, found a local book club, and I even got Sara to join. I think I'll enjoy meeting with these ladies; they meet once a week, and tonight is my first night. It just so happens to be on bowling night. So neither of us have to sit at home alone. I was pretty apprehensive about that, until I was at my favorite coffee shop one morning, and there were a couple of women discussing what book they should read next in their book club. I had read both of them, and I suggested something with similar elements to appease them both.

I'm currently at my office, wrapping up for the day. The kids should be home in time for dinner. I had asked Melody if she minded stopping by the store for us before she came over today. She started last week; she helps with laundry, dishes, dusting, the floors, and the bathrooms. I still clean up and do the dishes after dinner; usually, all she has to do dishes-wise when she comes in is a handful of cups and the breakfast dishes.

I also still keep everything tidy. But I feel like my time outside of work can be for my family. Not housework. Grey and I talked about that after Melody started. I realized I mentally felt like I just didn't have time.

And we've had some great talks in the last week too; we've both had things we needed and wanted to say but didn't know how. But talking after being intimate, especially with exploring more, things have become easier to talk about.

A knock at my office door pulls me from my thoughts. I jump up and rush to my daughter. I pull her in for a hug. "What are you doing here? I thought you and your brother didn't get in until later!" I pull back and take a better look at Sasha. She has my hair, but Greyson's eyes. She has it pulled up in a messy bun and is wearing leggings and a cropped sweater. She looks good, and I can breathe a little easier.

"You can breathe, Mom. I'm fine, see?" She does a little spin, showing me she's fine.

"I'll breathe when I see your brother. How is he?" She rolls her eyes but smiles, and she grabs my hands.

"Mom, he's good. I promise, his new girlfriend is so sweet, I really like her." I just nod.

"Oh, by the way, I called Dad when we got into town. Before you start, he's the one who told me not to call you. He asked me to pick something up at a store for you. He said to call him after you open it." How can I be upset when Greyson throws in a surprise?

"Well, where is it?" I ask, getting excited. She laughs at me and reaches into her purse. She pulls out a long rectangular box, and before I can take it, she pulls it back.

"Dad said you can't open it yet. He said you have to wait until four-thirty." She looks at me and says, "He told me to tell you, and I quote, 'Remember when we went to dinner with Joanna.' I don't know what it means. But he said you would." My mouth is slightly agape; all I can manage is a nod.

Leave it to Greyson to send a cryptic message through our child, reminding me of when I pushed limits. And how hard he pushed back. I'm half-tempted to open it now. But we have, and

by that, I mean me, I have special plans this weekend at the lake house. And I don't want him to get carried away.

I throw my arms up in defeat. "Fine, you can report back to your father. Say 'Yes, sir.' Don't forget to tell him that." And I add a mock salute.

"You two are strange. Anyway, I'm gonna go. Everyone is at the house, and I want to take a nap. Love you, Mom." She hugs me and kisses my cheek.

"Remember the rules; I don't need your father upset that you had a boy in your room. Regardless of how old you are." We decided not to tell the kids our date night idea yet.

"Don't worry," she says, rolling her eyes. "When I told Dad we were headed to the house to rest, he took the rest of the day off, said he had some thing to get at a shop across town. And he'd be home in an hour." She's biting back a smile. I think she secretly loves that her father is so protective of her. "Like Hen would let that slide. Like father like son." I smile at the nickname she still uses for her brother. When she was little all she could manage when saying his name was 'Hen' and it stuck, to this day she is still the only one who can call him that.

I walk her to the door and give her a hug and a kiss on the cheek, "Bye, sweetheart I'll be home in a couple of hours." With that, she was gone, and the box looked very daunting.

I reach for it, but my office phone rings, I see it's Greyson.

"Hello, Mr. Edwards," I purr into the phone.

"Hello to you, Mrs. Edwards. A little birdy told me your message." Damn, she works fast; I can't help but smile.

"She did, did she?" I play along.

"That's right, and since you have about fifteen minutes before you can open your gift," his voice lowers. "I want you to be a good girl and lock your office door. And close the blinds; I don't want anyone to see you." I'll play along for now.

“One second,” I say, placing the phone on my desk, and I move around my office doing as I was told. “Done,” I say.

“Good girl, now I am going to hang up. I want you to call me back immediately after on your cell.” Why can’t we just talk on the work phone? He hangs up, and I grab my phone out of my purse and call him back.

He answers immediately, “That’s my good girl. Now I want you to sit at your desk, facing the window, and I want you to play with that pretty pussy. I know you are wet for me.” I gasp.

“Greyson, I’m at work!” I can’t believe what he’s asking me to do.

“Do it, sweet girl.” I gulp, how would anyone know?

I let out a quiet moan when my finger grazed my clit, “I’m so wet, Greyson.” I hear what I think is a zipper, and then his breathing picks up.

“Are you touching yourself?” I ask in disbelief.

“I can’t help it; I am so hard thinking about you with your finger rubbing your pussy. I want you to rub yourself until you are about to come, but don’t; you know the rules. Your orgasms are mine. But I still want to hear you.” I rub more, moaning more. I’m spurred on by the sound of Greyson fisting himself. We continue like this for some time.

“I wish I could see you getting yourself off; I want you to fuck my face,” I say breathlessly.

“Jesus, sweet girl, I love it when you talk like that.” I can hear him working himself harder.

“Harder, Greyson, Come for me.” I’m getting close.

“Fuck, Anna,” he says, letting out a series of grunts. They tell me he’s just finished.

“You better stop, sweet girl. You’ll have a visitor in about five minutes. You don’t want them to know what you were doing, do you?” I stop, fine. I just need to think of a way to get him back.

And thanks to Chloe at the shop across town and an extended lunch break, I think I know just what to do.

I finish pulling myself together just as a knock resonates on my door. I open it and see a delivery boy holding a big bouquet of red roses. I sign for them and read the note.

‘Open up, sweet girl.’ My thighs clench at the double meaning.

I pick up the box and open it. My breath hitches, and inside, nestled in satin, is a pearl necklace. I stare at it for a minute until my phone dings with a text notification. It only goes off at work when it’s Greyson, so I look at it.

‘I sent the kids to dinner and a movie on me; when I get home at five, I want you in bed wearing nothing but the pearls.’

Greyson

It's been two months since we sat in this office; it seems like a lifetime ago. Things between Anna and me are better than they have ever been. We just got back from a four-day, three-night cruise; we went to Mexico, something we always said we would do. And we finally prioritized it.

And since this is the two-month anniversary of our taking the first step to fix us, I have something planned for Anna tonight. It's her week to pick dinner, but per our agreement, a special occasion doesn't outweigh it.

We went out last night to this new Mexican place. The tacos were to die for, but I decided for tonight I would hire a personal chef. I coordinated with Melody; she did the grocery shopping, and she'll stay until I text her from the car. She said she would clean the kitchen after the chef left. So when we get home, we have a fancy dinner waiting for us.

I focus back on Dr. Parker, Anna is telling her a little about the trip we just got back from. She may sound pretty vague, but we barely left the room. We spent so much time talking and making love that we slowed things down a lot on the cruise and just came back together.

Dr. Parker turns to me and says, "How about you, Mr. Edwards? Anything to add?"

"Not really, things have gotten a lot better; I feel like insecurities aren't an issue anymore." Anna blushes, and I smirk. She got over that real fast, after a few dinner dates with her toy.

“And the communication is better than ever. You were right; once you are comfortable talking about something as intimate as sex, everything else is just easy.” I shrug. “It wasn’t that sex was our only problem, but it made us realize that as we both grew over the years, our wants and needs shifted. It helped us realize that it was okay that they did.” I look at Anna and grab her hand.

“I had no idea that my lack of help around the house was such a big problem. I thought I was helping her by keeping the kids busy while she did housework. But now we have an amazing housekeeper who comes twice a week, and just that alone has opened up so much more time for us, as a couple.”

She smiles and says, “That’s great to hear.”

Anna goes on to tell her about our weekly date nights and her feelings about the last two months. “Grey summed it up perfectly. Making more time for each other yet prioritizing time apart has made the empty nest less daunting.”

With that, Dr.Parker sends us on our way and tells us that if anything changes, her doors are always open.

I send Melody a text to let her know we are on our way. She lets me know everything is in order, and she’s headed out. I take Anna’s hand in mine. She looks cute in her summer wrap dress. She has her hair up in a ponytail and her makeup done in a pink smokey look.

On the way home, we make small talk; it doesn’t take long to get home. We park in the garage, and we head inside.

“I’m going to go get comfortable before I cook dinner, okay?” She asks as he heads straight for the stairs.

“Okay,” I call after her.

I take this time to pour her a glass of wine and myself a drink. I set them on the table and turn around when I hear the quiet steps of her bare feet.

I am so glad I set the drinks down. I am met with the sight of my wife standing naked before me. She takes my breath away.

“Surprise.” She says as she takes small steps toward me.

“Fuck, sweet girl.” I swallow hard as I readjust myself.

“I wanted to do something special for you. Do you not like it?” She asks, playing coy.

“Yes, I do. If I had known you had a surprise, I would have told you I had one too.” She lifts an eyebrow. And she reaches up to play with her necklace. Her pearl necklace, the night I gave it to her, was hot as hell. We tried out the door restraints and the other toy we got. We both prefer the bed restraints, and both enjoy the other toy. It makes her squirt more; we use it during sex; and it just takes it to the next level.

“What is it?” She looks around.

“It’s in the oven,” I respond, and she eyes me as she goes around the counter, into the kitchen, and opens the oven. And when she does, I catch a glimpse of something.

I grab a fist full of her hair and bend her over the counter. I spread her ass cheeks to get a better look. “Well, well, well, what do we have here?” I ask as I push the anal plug in further, making her gasp.

“It’s part of your surprise, sir.” She moans as I pull it out a little and put it back in.

“Part of?” I ask, sliding my finger down her slit and circling her clit.

“The other part is upstairs.” She’s pushing back, seeking my finger.

“Lead the way, sweet girl. I want to watch how your ass moves with this inside it.” I pull the plug once more before standing and motioning for her to go. I follow further behind her as he goes up the stairs; I can just barely see it peeking out at me. And she looks comfortable with it. This woman will be the death of me.

She leads me to the spare bedroom we decided to change into an office—just another way for us to spend more time together. When we walk in, I see a tarp and a blank piece of canvas lying on the ground, with different paints and brushes off to the side.

Anna turns to me and says, “You will need to strip for the next part.” I raise an eyebrow at her, tempted to push back. But I’m curious, and she said this is the surprise.

I strip, and then she picks up a brush and dips it in the red paint. She beacons me closer, and when I’m close enough, she stands and wipes the brush across my chest.

“What the fuck, Anna?” She just laughs.

“It’s an activity, Greyson. Relax. We paint each other, then we fool around on the canvas, and that’s how we paint it.” Leave it to her to turn painting sexy.

I lean over and pick up the brush that’s in the purple paint. I run the brush over her breasts and say, “I think I’ll enjoy this.” We get on our knees and start painting each other; we laugh and kiss; then I lay her back and into different positions, and she does the same to me. You can’t tell exactly what was used to paint this, but there is a distinct breast print and a couple of hands.

“Let’s go wash up.” She pulls me by the hand to the bathroom. I have been hard this whole time, and she left the plug in the whole time. When we get to our bathroom, we laugh at our reflections; we are a mess, I start the shower.

While it warms up, I pull her to me so she’s looking up at me. “Are you going to explain this?” I ask, reaching behind her to play with the plug.

“It’s part of your surprise,” is all she says.

We get cleaned up in the shower, and when we are done, I pin her against the wall in the shower, so her back is pressed against my front. I’m still painfully hard.

“Hands above your head; don’t move them,” I instruct her, and she obeys immediately. I drop to my knees behind her and start to lick her slit. I focus on her clit sucking it into my mouth. She rocks back more, seeking my tongue, her moans growing louder and louder.

I reach up and pull the pretty rose gold plug out almost all the way, and I see just how big it is. “Fuck,” I hiss. “This is huge, Anna.”

“I’ve been trying to get myself ready.” She says shyly.

“Ready?” I parrot back, but realization slams into me, and I stand up, my mouth next to her ear.

“And what exactly are you trying to get ready for, sweet girl?” I reach up and grab her neck. making her whimper.

“Your cock,” is all she says.

“I need you to be very specific.” I push her; I want to hear the words.

“I want you to fuck me in my ass, Greyson. Is that clear enough?” She snaps.

“Crystal,” I say against her neck.

Epilogue

Anna

Greyson steps out of the shower and heads out of the room. He comes back a moment later with a chair. He positions it in front of the big mirror and sits down.

“Come here, sweet girl.” He beacons me. I step out and walk to him. He turns me around, so I’m facing the mirror. Then he kicks my feet apart and palms his dick a couple of times.

“Sit, sweet girl,” he motions to his lap. I go to sit on his lap with my legs together. “Legs apart,” he commands, positioning himself at my entrance. I lower myself. He grips my hips and pulls me down onto his length. I moan loudly; I wasn’t expecting that. His hands find the backs of my thighs; grabbing them, he pulls them apart and uses his knees to keep me spread wide.

I lean back against his chest, and he looks over my shoulder as he starts to move me on him. First, I rock my hips back and forth, hitting that spot over and over.

“Look at how sexy you look with my dick in your pussy like this,” he groans.

“I’m going to come, Greyson,” he grunts behind me, then he reaches under my thighs and starts to bounce me on his dick. With me like this, all of my weight is coming down on him, pushing him impossibly deep into my pussy, our moans, and grunts fill the bathroom.

I’m close again. “I’m going to... Greyson!” I shout his name as I come again.

“Do you have lube that you need for this?” He reaches down and pushes the plug deeper. I nod.

“Go get it.” He demands.

I get up and hurry to my bedside table, grab what I need, and rush back into the bathroom, handing it to him.

“I want you back in the same position,” he says, opening the tube of lube.

I move to straddle him like he wants. “Hands on my knees.” I lean forward and put my hands on his knees. Then I feel the plug being pulled out, and I see him discarding it on the towel that’s on the floor next to him. I see his arm moving, no doubt lubing his cock. Then there’s cool liquid dripping between my cheeks; he just dripped lube in between my ass cheeks.

I gasp when I feel the head of his cock tease my back entrance. “Breathe,” he coaches.

I know, because I’ve been practicing for this. Feeling brave, I sit back, taking him slowly, inch by inch, into my ass. My breath hitches with pain, it’s not unbearable, just uncomfortable. And I know the pain will spur me on.

“Oh shit. You are so tight.” I feel him tense up.

I start to move more as I adjust to him there, and soon I feel only bliss—no uncomfortable sting, nothing but pleasure.

“Oh, it feels so good, Greyson.” This seems to egg him on; he scoots forward more and pulls my legs up so my feet are on his thighs, then he reaches around with one hand and sinks two fingers into me while the other hand comes to stroke my clit.

“Come for me, sweet girl; I’m close. I need you to come with my dick in your ass. Now,” he demands, and my body obeys; he doesn’t slow down; he thrusts deeper and harder. and I feel the familiar feeling of pressure; it builds fast with my orgasm still being milked from me by my husband’s cock and skilled fingers.

“Fuck, Grey, I’m going...” That’s the only warning he gets before I start to squirt; I do so all over Greyson, the floor, and the mirror. With two more thrusts, Greyson buries himself deep in my ass, and with the third, he curses my name. We stay there for a moment before my stomach growls.

He slips out of me, gets cleaned up, and heads down to get the food. I realize I never asked how he had dinner ready so fast.

I manage to get all cleaned up and get my mess cleaned up before Greyson finishes setting up dinner on our balcony.

“How did you get this prepared so quickly?” I ask, kissing him on the cheek before sitting down.

“I hired a private chef to cook for us while Melody was here before our appointment with Dr. Parker.” He beams at me.

“You are so sweet, Grey. Thank you. I really appreciate everything these last couple of months. With your time and affection, I feel like we are in the honeymoon stage all over again. I haven’t been this happy in a long time. I can honestly say, we will be fine.”

“I agree; we will make it through it.” He leans in for a kiss.

* * *

Greyson

I can’t believe she let me fuck her in her ass; sure, we had talked about it. But she said she wasn’t sure, so I didn’t push it. Then, to find out she’s been practicing? And just for me, I need to stop that thought before I take her back inside, tie her to my bed, and fuck her ass again while I fuck her pussy with her toy. Things have definitely gotten better between us.

“Sara and Tommy were right; Dr. Parker was unorthodox, but like you, I haven’t been this happy in a long time.” I look at Anna and say, “I rush home every night. I love that we have an office now; neither of us has to go back to the office when a boss or client needs anything.” She nods in agreement.

“I am especially thankful that we were able to take a trip. We needed that so badly. So yes,” I say, raising my glass in a toast, “we will be fine; we will be better than fine; we’ll be great.” She toasts me, and we eat dinner in silence for the most part. But I’m lost in thought.

Right before we went on our trip, I heard a coworker talking about how her parents were renewing their wedding vows after thirty years of marriage, so I did some looking. And it’s common to do so when you get through a rough patch in your marriage. And we’ve done just that.

So one day, while we were at the port and exploring, I was able to make a call. I called a jeweler client of mine and told him I wanted a one-carat oval ring with embellishments all around and a matching ring enhancer. The result is beautiful. It was one thing I asked Melody to pick up. She loves Anna, so I just told her I was going to give her everything I couldn’t when I was younger, she didn’t need any convincing.

I stand and head into the bedroom to grab it out of my sock drawer, and I head back outside. Anna had her head back, looking at the sky. So when I step into her line of sight and drop to one knee, it’s the last thing she expects.

“Anna, my sweet girl. When I was nineteen, I asked you to marry me without a ring. But this time, I want to give you everything I couldn’t give you then. Everything you deserve and more, we have been through hell and back, and here we are, against all odds, stronger than ever.” Tears are spilling down her cheeks as she smiles at me.

“I want you to be happy because I am just happy to be by your side for the rest of our lives. Would you make me the happiest man once more? Will you marry me? Again.” I open the box, revealing the ring. She has her hand up, covering her mouth in shock, but she nods. Finally, I got a response.

“Yes, yes, of course I’ll marry you again!” I take her other ring off and replace it with the new one.

“It’s so beautiful, Greyson.” She cups my face and kisses me.

“Only the best for you,” I say, pulling back, seeing the pure happiness radiating from her face. At this moment, our future is looking bright.

“I love you, sweet girl.” I lean in for one last kiss.

“I love you, too, Greyson.”

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About the Author

Katie Night is a new contemporary romance author whose love for books led her on a new journey to write them.

Her love for books started over ten years ago. But it wasn't until she was a new mom who struggled to make like-minded friends, who were also on the same walk of life as herself for that love to flourish.

Over the last six years through all the ups and downs, she could always count on her husband, her family, and her books.

She had tried to write a couple of other books before, but it wasn't until she went out to dinner with two of her close friends that an idea blossomed and took off. That idea led to her very first book being published as the start of the Second Vow series.

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