

# Testing the Theory

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They were both drunk.

It was unavoidable, considering that Fridays were meant for drinking. Her daughter was at her father's, her son asleep in his crib. His children were at their grandmothers, out of sight and out of his mind.

Her house was empty and silent save for the two of them talking. Stephanie's husband worked the late shift. His wife slept at home, likely dreaming of someone other than him.

"Another shot?" he asked.

"Certainly."

Stephanie hated being alone. The thought of a silent home terrified her. Too many possibilities and all of them frightening tended to consume her while she sat alone. Company was all she asked for, a drinking partner to while the time away while her husband worked. It was the reason he was there, because he was simply innocuous and most important, happily married.

He loved drinking almost as much as she did. While she primarily stuck to Heinek, he had a penchant for vodka mixers. Liquor made her too crazy and in her youth it was the cause of many of her troubles. Tonight, both were mixing beer and Slippery Nipples. The shooters were a blend of Bailey's Irish Cream and Kauhula.

Walking into the kitchen, he reached for the Baileys, pouring a measured amount into the shaker. The shots were tasty and low in alcohol, at least in single shots they were. Each had four already and with the combination of their already imbibed drinks, both were reaching their limits.

Steve knew he was a lightweight, four straight shots of vodka could put him down for the count. He already had two mixed drinks over the course of the last two hours, the

local equivalent of four shots. Stephanie, on the other hand, could drink most men under the table.

Kauhula joined the Baileys in the shaker along with ice. He capped the shaker and shook while looking over at her.

“Are we doing doubles?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“Absolutely.”

He poured the concoction into the fluted shot glasses, filling them to the rim. The brown liquid sopped over the edge, dripping down the length of the glass. He didn't even notice since his eyes were still locked on her.

“Does he mind me being here?”

“At least someone is here, that's all that matters. It wouldn't matter if he did or not, I'm the one who gets weirded out by being alone.”

“I don't want to cause grief between you two.”

“You won't. Can't, I mean. Mike doesn't get jealous.”

He handed her the glass, his fingers coming away sticky. She laughed at the expression on his face and wiped her hand on her sweatpants. His eyes followed her hand, chasing it back up her body, past the loose fitting sweatpants and up past her breasts where she absentmindedly fingered the necklace she wore around her neck. She caught him staring and turned away.

“I swear sometimes you're trying to drive me nuts,” he muttered.

“What do you mean by that?”

“I come over here and you're wearing a tank top and a bra that shows through. I mean, it's enticing, but I'm sure that's not what you're trying to do. Or is it deliberate?”

“Seduce my neighbor? Please.”

“I keep hoping,” Steve said, shrugging. “It's just a fantasy I have.”

“Yeah, Mike has a bunch of them too. Why is it that every man constantly thinks of sex?”

“Well, every drunken conversation we've ever had ended up on that topic,” he replied, laughing as he held up his glass. “In fact, I believe that you've initiated most of them.”

“I have not!”

He smiled and struck his glass against hers. “Cheers to misconceptions then.”

They downed their shots, allowing the smooth coffee and chocolate liquor to stream down their throats. This time, it didn't even burn.

"The first conversation we ever had revolved around whether or not all men masturbated," Steve continued.

"So?"

"And our second revolved around threesomes." He laughed and took a swig from his screwdriver to clean the coffee taste out of his mouth. "Do you see a pattern here?"

"Not really. Sex is an interesting topic."

"Interesting," he replied, "but leads nowhere since both participants are happily married."

She shrugged. "Would you rather we talked about diapers and various sundry cleaning supplies?"

"Not in the least. Our conversations always keep my hopes alive."

"Hope for what?"

"That I'd get you into bed," he said as she burst out laughing. "What's so funny?"

"You. You're so fucking goofy."

"What's so strange about it?"

She feigned a look of disgust. "Where do I start?"

"Oh, come on! You both had a fourway – twice! Who knows what else you two have done?"

"Who told you that?"

"You did. You were drunk."

She shook her head and took a drink. "I must have. Shit. But we didn't have sex with them."

"I think Clinton spoiled it for us all. Everything's sex. Touching, sucking, fucking – it's all just a form of sex. To say otherwise is just a rationalization."

"So that's where this conversation is leading? To a rationalization that leads us to fuck?"

He shrugged. "Like I said, these conversations bring me hope."

She raised her glass in a toast. "To hope!"

He clinked his glass against hers, and took a long drink, allowing the mixed drink to give him courage.

“Want to test your theory?” he asked.

“Of what?”

“Mike’s inability to get jealous.”

She laughed again, this time nervously. “I like my marriage. I love Mike. I could never cheat on him.”

“I love Jess. And it’s not cheating if the other one knows about it. Or gives permission. Besides, it’s your theory.”

“It’s not a theory,” she countered.

“Postulate then,” he said. “Call him. Tell him that I want to fuck you and ask if it’d be all right if I did so.”

“Why bother?” she asked. “Why not just fuck?”

“Because I have morals. I wouldn’t cuckold another man. He has to know.”

She remained silent for a long moment. “Did you just ask me to fuck you?”

“Not specifically. In fact, not even generically. I just proposed a test of your theory.”

“It’s not a theory! What we did in the past doesn’t mean that we’ll do it again. Besides, what about your wife?”

“She already knows I want to fuck you. Hell, she believes we already have. When I first started hanging out over here, she flat out asked me if the three of us were having sex. Of course the answer was no, but the expectation and anticipation was there. At least on our part.”

“Shit, she really thought that?”

He nodded. His glass was empty. Limits had been reached. He washed his glass out and poured himself a glass of ice water. Behind him, he heard her dialing the phone. Her actions surprised him. He wasn’t expecting that.

Turning around, he met her eyes. “I really wasn’t serious.”

“Too late now,” she said, and walked around the corner. Her voice was so soft that he couldn’t hear what she was saying. He fought back the urge to flee, knowing that he quite possibly killed two friendships in one simple suggestion.

Walking down the stairs into their living room, he thought about how he got into this position. Actually, he hadn't asked her to do anything except to call and test her theory. Nothing had happened, save an admission that he wanted to fuck her – yet he didn't ask to fuck her. Yeah, it was his only saving grace. It wasn't like he was the one that suggested she show him her ass or give him a clothed lap dance the previous week... Still...

It was time to leave. That might be best. He turned around and he saw her standing on the stairs like the goddess Athena. She held onto the wall with one hand and the railing in the other, an immovable gate that led to heaven. Her long curled hair streamed over her shoulders, separating her arms from the rest of her body.

She was exquisite. No wonder Mike married her.

"I think I should leave," he told her as he began walking up the stairs towards her.

"He said to start without him."

Steve simply blinked. "Well, that was unexpected."

"I told you he wouldn't get jealous," she said. "It's kind of annoying really."

"He hasn't seen you being taken by someone he trusts."

"True," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"When does he get home?"

"In an hour or so."

"Do you want to wait? Or should I flee for the hills?" Did he actually say that out loud? Christ, he was begging for a smack down!

"You're actually serious, aren't you?" she asked. "You want to fuck?"

"Fuck is such a harsh term," he explained. "I'd prefer to explore you. But is the thought of it so bad?"

"Unconventional and intimidating," she replied. "Wanting to fuck someone else's wife is a little presumptuous."

Where exactly was this going? He had made up his mind to leave, but he found them arguing point of contention on whether or not they were going to do it.

"Only if neither of the couple wants to." He kept trying to shut up, but the alcohol wouldn't let him.

"Are you saying you don't want to?" she asked. "Fuck me, I mean."

“That depends.”

“On what?”

“On whether or not I get a cap in my ass when Mike shows up and we’re fucking when he believed it to be all a joke.”

“I told him we were serious.”

“And we’re both drunk off our asses. Likely he didn’t even believe it.”

“I’m not that drunk.”

Steve felt completely sober. That scared him. Deathly. The urge to flee was even more prominent. Facing the fear was the only way to keep it from controlling you.

He walked up the steps towards her, locking eyes with hers. His hand touched her thigh, watching for any recoil that indicated any misgivings. Sliding it up to her waist, he gripped the waistband of her pants. Moving closer, he leaned forward, kissing the warm skin of her upper chest that lay open by the tank top she wore. He drank her in, pulling her scent deep within him. Her heart beat ferociously, transmitting through her body to his lips.

Moving up a step, he found himself entering the base of her neck. He flicked out his tongue, seeking to draw more of her into him. Alternating between both kissing and licking, his tongue and lips became wet as he fought the urge to bite her at the base of her neck like an animal taking his prey. He felt his ardor growing - his desire for her building.

His hands drew across her waist beneath the soft white cloth of the tank top. Her skin hot, she gasped inwardly when his cooler hands made their way beneath it. Upward he moved, cupping her breasts. The material of the sports bra was soft, but he forewent it and moved upwards. His fingertips stroked the softness between her breasts as he kissed her ear, nipping it with his teeth.

His actions didn’t feel illicit to him, just an expression of desire for someone he wanted. It didn’t feel wrong because nothing was hidden from anyone. He simply wanted to please her. Another step up and he found her lips, kissing them gently, and they opened to him. Lightly, their tongues touched and she drew him into her. She tasted like Baileys Irish Cream. His arms moved to embrace her, tightening around her like

rope. Both palms positioned themselves on her rear, pulling her to him. Her arms still held her upright, positioned like Christ hanging on the cross.

She broke away from him, stepping back and breaking his hold over her. Her eyes were distant, yet elusive. He followed her, falling onto his knees. He looked up at her, waiting. Slowly she reached down and gripped the bottom of her tank top and drew it up over her head, taking her bra with it.

He gasped aloud, wanting her even more. Her perk breasts were capped with tight little rosebuds and they stood at attention, begging to be sucked. Falling to her own knees, she drew his mouth to her breasts, cradling him where he sat on the top step. He opened his mouth, suckling at her nipples. She moaned in his ear, her hands gripping the material of the shirt on his back. He was hard and erect, his manhood pulsing in his pants. But it wasn't time for that.

His fingers fumbled for the waistband of her pants, pulling them downward as he slid from her grasp. One hand gently pushed her down onto her back while the other exposed her wetness to him. As she lay back, she took his shirt with her, pulling it up and over his head. He kissed the length of her belly, taking his time and drinking her in. Every curve, every inch of skin, he explored and discovered her innermost perfection.

His chin reached her holiness, the trimmed hair that surrounded her wetness. Her scent drifted up to him and he found himself unwilling and unable to stop. He didn't want to leave her body above, but her pussy called to him, demanding his attention. She drew her knees up, blocking his coming assault. Kicking at her pants, she drove them and her shoes from her feet. The clothes tumbled from her body, strewing themselves down the length of the stairs.

Her nakedness lay before him and for a long moment he was content to admire her. Slowly her legs separated, her heels prodding him towards her. His hands slid up her exposed calves, up her thighs to open her even more. With a deliberateness unseen in ages, his tongue delved deep and true, caressing every lip, every exposed cranny and crevice that was her pussy. He buried his face within her wetness, her sloshiness pouring out at his tongues demand. Gasps uttered from her mouth, her hands alternated from pushing his shaved head into her pussy to stroking her belly and breasts.

Looking up, he saw that her head was drawn back, and her shoulders were lifted off the carpeting. His fingers spread her lips, those on his left diving inward. His fingers were snug in her wetness and it pulsed around them, growing tighter with every flick of his tongue.

“This isn’t right...” she whispered as she shook her head.

“It doesn’t matter,” he replied with some effort. He didn’t want to speak, but her statement demanded answering. “This moment is now. There are no consequences in the present. Only the future. Take the pleasure that is offered to you now.”

Her mouth opened wide in a soundless cry. Her shoulders lifted off the carpeting, her arms splayed out on either side of her. Her fingers clawed at the fabric as she orgasmed. Within her, his fingers were crushed in her hot wetness.

Slowly he ceased his stroking of her clitoris and pussy, easing his fingers from her body. Her face was flushed and red, her chest rose and fell quickly and deeply. Her nipples were tight and erect.

She reached for him, pulling him top her. Her fingers eased into his pants, stripping open the belt and button. Unzipping him, she pushed his pants off his ass, freeing his dripping rod. Her long fingers wrapped around his girth, smearing his fluids over its length.

She led him inside her, guiding him to the depths of her womanhood. Her hands left it as it entered; instead she reached up to grasp his waist. She burned his manhood, she was so hot and tight. It was like perfection. He wrapped his arms around her, drawing her to him. Skin on skin, their heat merged like their sexual union.

He couldn’t believe what he was doing. He couldn’t believe she had actually conceded to fucking him, even after all the denials, the protestations she had made over never ever fucking another man other than her husband. Her husband, who was already on his way home. Her husband, who would be here any moment, opening the door to see his wife and his friend fucking on the living room floor.

They hadn’t even made it to the bed! Instead they succumbed to their desire at the top of the stairs. No blankets, no pillows, just a blatant lustful desire to fuck.

His rod rocked in and out of her, gaining speed and force with every thrust. Hips propelled forward, burying his manhood deep within her, his balls slapping at her ass. Animalist grunting escaped from his lips as he hid his face in the base of her neck.

“Yes,” she whispered in his ear, her teeth biting at his neck.

“No,” he replied, his voice guttural. But his orgasm was upon him. He didn’t want it, didn’t want to end this beautiful sensation. No matter how hard he tried, she made it unavoidable. He shouted as he came within her, his manhood erupting with explosive force deep inside.

A cold rush of air blew over them and both looked towards the door. Completing his final thrust, he paused deep inside her. Mike stood in the doorway, staring at the scene. Snow and ice covered his boots. Within her wetness, she continued to milk his cock, the act keeping him hard. Her short gasps for breath echoed in his ears.

“Don’t stop on my account,” Mike said, stomping his boots. As if the scene didn’t bother him in the least, Mike shook off his coat and tossed it onto a nearby chair, his eyes examining the two bodies fucking before him. “I’ve been watching from outside.”

Steve looked back to Stephanie who lay beneath him. Slowly he began rocking again, sliding almost all the way out before driving it deep within. Raising himself up and breaking their connection, Steve drew away, extricating his steel from her body. As Mike walked around them, Stephanie grabbed his pants and pulled him down to her. Falling to his knees, Mike allowed Stephanie to roll onto her knees, drawing out her husband’s manhood with both hands. It was hard and stiff as she swallowed it whole.

“Like this sort of thing, don’t you?” she asked between licks and sucks. “Watching. Sharing. Bodies on bodies.”

“I’d have preferred someone for myself,” Mike replied. “But I’m sure that some reciprocation will come in time.”

“I don’t see that to be a problem,” Steve replied as he positioned himself behind Stephanie’s now upturned ass. His hard-on hadn’t diminished in the least. Bringing his wife around might take some effort, but it wasn’t insurmountable. It wasn’t as if they hadn’t had their share of threesomes in the past. He slid back inside of Stephanie, beginning a second round of intense sexual pleasure.

End