

A NUDGE IN THE RIGHT D'ERECTION

Written & illustrated by Todd G. Sutherland

Illustrations commissioned by Richard Thatcher

I couldn't believe my eyes, so I shut them and just sat there on the rock in the little stream valley and let her work her magic on my cock. She took me right down her throat; she was like someone starved on the desert or something. I thought of her husband: in a sense, she was.



So the company picnic comes up about once a year, and I pack Sal and the kids in the zoomer and make an appearance. It's not mandatory, but it is, you know what I mean? Sales means team playing, and if you're not perceived to be a team player, you could sell the moons and you still won't get ahead. On the other hand, if you just throw in at the right time and help somebody make a score, you can be a bumbling doofus and you'll still get promoted.

Look at the boss, right?

He didn't even marry his boss's daughter. He was just in the right place at the right time, a few times over. Lucky. And it got the head of the department in our sector. I'd never had that kind of luck. Competence and guile had gotten me where I was — with my face pressed flat against a glass ceiling, looking up. I was really starting to hate my job.

“Nelksten! You son of a gun!”

...And my boss.

He came trotting straight up to me, grabbed me around the shoulder and ground his fist into my upper arm. The guy's like that, too friendly. And big. He's an ursine, so when he comes at you you can only hope it's with the best of intentions. He seemed to like me, but I couldn't stand the guy.

I smiled wanly and turned to my wife. “Sal, you know Mr. Vesredian...”

“Hello, Mr. Vesredian,” she purred, smooth as syrup. Sal had a lot of class; she knew how to play the game. Don't think Vesredian didn't notice. I wanted to hug her. My parents wanted me to marry a sciurine like myself, but I always found the felines a little hard to resist.

“Why hello there, Sal!” he bellowed, as if the thought of ripping her flimsy dress off and fucking her right there and then in front of the whole world would never cross his mind. “And of course, you know my wife Marla!” With a sweep of his hand he indicated a young (too young, for him), shapely musteline. On her head was perched a smart woven sunhat, and she had poured herself into a mauve spandex tube dress that kept few secrets above the hips. She was chatting with a few company stooges a few yards away, and looked over when she heard her name. She excused herself gracefully and stepped over towards us. If it hadn't been for the way the blades poked up between her toes as she stepped I would have sworn her feet never touched the ground. The sun shined on her pelt like she was fresh out of the wrap, and nobody had looked that good to me in a long time, not even Sal. The old bastard sure didn't deserve her.

She smiled in a warm, sincere way as she came forward — the consummate actress for this sort of event; I admired it. Vesredian said, “Marla, you remember Jeff and Sal Nelksten...”

Marla held her hand out to me. “Actually, I don't believe I do,” she admitted. “I wasn't here last year, and I

wasn't married to Garrett much before." Vesredian grumbled a bit at this oversight, and I caught Marla glancing at him out of the corners of her eyes, apparently quietly amused at his slight deflation.

Her eyes met mine again, only this time there was something more. The look of an old friend — but of course, that was impossible. By her accent she was from a planet at some opposite end of the Republic, or maybe even a foreigner. But she looked for all the world as if she knew me. And I felt something more than just like for her in return. "It's nice to meet you," she told me, and it sounded like the simplest, truest words I had ever heard spoken by mortal lips.

She shook my wife's hand in turn, and they spoke a couple of niceties. Right around then Vesredian threw his arm huskily around his wife and said, "Sure don't deserve her, do I?" and vomited his guttural laughter all over us.

"No, sir, you sure don't," I joked, complimenting his wife. But I was looking at her when I said it. She smiled softly at me. With a sudden rush to my face, I glanced over at Sal; she was keeping an eye on the kids, thank God.

"Maybe I'll see you two later on around the picnic," Marla said, looking at me.

"Yeah, I hope so."

The boss squeezed his wife's neck between his forearm and his biceps. "Well, I guess we ought to go mingle, eh, sweetheart?" he boomed, leading her away.

"Oh, yes, ...mingle," she repeated, throwing me a wink. I grinned back at her. No need to tell her she was married to a putz, that was clear. She gave a sort of good bye flick of her tail and they vanished into the crowd, him draped all over her like some sort of lush.

Sal cocked an eyebrow. "What's she doing married to that sack of shit?"

"Keep your voice down," I waved her off. But I couldn't help chuckling. "She just likes the finer things in life, probably."

"You wouldn't know it to look at her husband..."

I threw her a smirk. "Would anyone know it to look at yours?"

She gave me a little punch. "No. They'd think I was slumming it. Either that or I'm just a big softy who falls for pity cases."

"How kind of you."

Sal looked around. "Where'd Dave and Jody get?"

"They're around."

She frowned at me. "I'd like to know where they are."

"C'mon, Sal, you're not gonna spend all afternoon trailing around after the kids, are you?"

"Maybe not Mike and Paula, but Dave and Jody are still young enough to get into trouble. I'm going to find them and keep 'em handy." She spotted the kids and moved off through the crowd. I grinned to myself and refrained from commenting that at their ages, Mike and Paula were more likely to be off someplace getting in trouble.

Nigel Dravva slithered out from under the shade of a tree and headed towards me. The office gossip and self proclaimed love god. He was wearing nothing but a pair of cut off shorts with no tail sleeve and a big hole cut for his tail (but actually to discreetly show off his ass), a small gold pendent with some tasteful symbol of a sexual nature, and sunglasses. The only thing he loved more than getting fucked was just plain being noticed. He would have shown up naked with a hard on if he thought he could have gotten away with it. And though I hate to admit it, with his firm, toned vulpine form, mixed with a hint of grandparental lapine, he had looks I would have killed for.

He took a belt from a bottle of some alky brew before speaking. He popped his lips and said, "Boyo, if you play your cards right, you're set up now."

"Huh?"

He lifted his glasses off the bridge of his nose as if he couldn't believe me — the big phony. The whole thing was an act. "You mean Fat Ass isn't the only one who didn't notice his wife was slobbering over you like a hot meal?" 'Fat Ass' was Nigel's charming little name for 'Mr. Vesredian' when his back was turned. I often wondered what his nickname for me was when I was out of earshot.



"I think you've been listening to that bottle," I joked.

He held the bottle to his ear. "Shh! I can hear it. It's saying, 'The boss's wife wants to fuck you... The boss's wife wants to fuck you...'"

I didn't like where he was heading. Loose talk like that could give me trouble at work; maybe get me fired. "Grow up," I told him. I started heading off, but he followed me, laughing.

"Kee rist, Jeff, if you shit a golden turd, you'd flush, wouldn't you?"

"There are kids around here, y'know," I reminded him.

"Fat Ass's wife is in the meat market. And she's ready to buy a couple pounds of yours," he said, and bounced my crotch in his hand a couple of times in case I somehow failed to catch his oh so subtle euphemism. "Anyone with eyes and a dick can see that. Now I know you got eyes, Jeff..."

"I'm married, asshole."

"So okay, when you're done fucking Mrs. Fat Ass you go home with your wife and kids, read 'em a story and tuck 'em in bed, take a nice hot bath to soak away your guilt and maybe — just maybe — a couple of weeks from now when you come into work Fat Ass'll put his arm around you and announce that you're Exec VP of sales. And all because you had the good sense — and, I might add, good taste — to bounce his wife in your lap for ten or fifteen minutes and embroider your name forever on her lips."

The guy was thoroughly disgusting. I shook my head and snorted. "Get a life, Nigel." I turned to walk away. I saw him shrug and take another pull on his prophetic bottle.

Not that that sort of thing was uncommon at work. Nigel, for instance, had fucked his way to the top. He'd fuck Fat Ass given half the chance, for a nickel an hour raise, too. But that sort of thing wasn't my style. Besides, he was obviously reading too much into it. I had talked to the woman for all of thirty seconds, for God's sake. That was hardly a basis for a physical relationship. I went over to a self serve barbecue and got myself a hot dog. The buns had been brought to the grounds frozen; as a result they were soggy on the bottom. I didn't like that. But that's the kind of day I was having. I took a bite out of it.

"Don't you put anything on them?" The voice was rich and ran like honey and, when I looked over, proved to be the property of Marla Vesredian. I can't say I wasn't pleased to see her.

"Mrs. Vesredian " I started, my voice betraying my delight.

"Marla's fine," she told me. "If I can call you Jeff."

"Of course," I said. I raised the hot dog. "I like them plain. I want to taste the hot dog, not the dressing."

"That's an interesting attitude," she smiled.

I shrugged. "I never put much thought into it. That's just how I like them." I gestured at the barbecue. "Can I get you one?"

She glanced down at the overcooked wieners. "Yes, thank you. I'll have mine the same."

"Well, that makes it easy for me," I joked. Lamely. She chuckled anyway, God bless her.

I handed the hot dog to her. "Thank you," she said. "I was wondering if we could talk."

That puzzled me. I thought we were talking. Not very deeply, I admit, but intelligently at least. "Sure," I breezed.

I waited for her to take a bite of her hot dog, but she didn't. She just held it, like a stage prop; or one of those goblets of brandy you get handed at the start of a fancy party and carry around for effect, sipping occasionally, and leaving nearly full on the host's mantel when you leave. In her other hand, she held a paper cup of fruit juice of some sort, perched at shoulder height, and she turned to it and brought it to her lips. She shut her eyes and said, "I thought we might talk about your career," she told me. She took a sip.

"My career?" I said.

She was still talking into the cup, like it was some kind of mask she could duck behind. "Garrett's aware of you," she told me. "He likes you. He thinks pretty highly of you. I know it's not mutual " I started to protest but she smiled, amused, and waved dismissively. "There's no need to lie to me. I'm married to him; I know what he's like. Loud, obnoxious, not entirely equal to the job he's supposed to be doing..."

I started looking for an escape route; I didn't like where this was heading. "Well, he runs the department well enough," I appraised.

She shook her head. "Men like you run the department for him," she said, and took a sip. I wondered now if there weren't a little courage enhancement in the cup. "I have a business degree, Jeff. I know how the department works. Some of his best ideas have actually been mine. Pillow talk," she admitted, cocking an eyebrow. She still wouldn't look at me.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Vesredian," I said, trying to put everything back in its proper frame. "But what does this have to do with my career?"

And now she did turn to me. "Garrett needs someone strong to work with. Deep down, even he knows it. Bob Kerrips will retire within the month, and that leaves a very big gap. It wouldn't take much to have you fill it." She

eyed me steadily, but she wasn't as calm inside as she appeared outside.

"You mean a suggestion from you?" I asked.

"He trusts my judgment," she told me. "If I knew what sort of man you were, deep down, at the heart of things, it might be easier to make that suggestion."

Was she proposing what I thought she was, or was I just reading too much into it? Nigel's pronouncements came back to me. Marla must have read in my face that I was more bewildered than she was nervous, and she swooped in. "Tell me, Jeff — do you swim?"

Well, that seemed right out of nowhere. "Huh excuse me?"

"Do you swim?"

I shrugged, babbled. "Well, I mean, sure... Not very much, not too well, but I like to get wet " I couldn't believe I'd said that; I looked up and I could see that all her nervousness had drained out of her and surged into me. It was fun for her now.

"I noticed a little pool above the waterfall on the way in," she posited casually, and I followed her gaze up a treed slope behind me. "It looks like a marvelous place to just relax and get to know each other." She paused, and urged, lowly, "I really want to know you."

I just stood, my lips parted like some wary little kid, and I couldn't think of a thing to say. She could see she'd planted a seed.

"I'm going to be there in twenty minutes," she told me. "To take a dip. If I don't see you there, I'll understand," she said. And now that hot dog made its way to her mouth; eyes on me all the time, she took a dainty but enthusiastic bite. She chewed, swallowed, and began to walk away. She knew my eyes were on her as she glanced over her shoulder and took another. The crowd, in turn, swallowed her.

My logic won't sound reasonable, I know, but it sort of makes sense after a fashion. I was about ninety percent sure of what she had in mind. And yet it was the nagging ten percent that doomed me. If I had been one hundred percent sure, I probably never would have gone. I would have found Sal and stuck by her for the rest of the afternoon. But not knowing, spending the rest of my life wondering... The thought of that was too much. I was still reasoning it out as I began my hike, toes straining against mud and slippery rocks; fingers grasping at tree roots. The only way I would ever know was to put in an appearance. The problem was, that meant putting in a performance...

I fell. More than once. My shirt and shorts were streaked with mud — but that was easily explained away; the whole point of these company picnics were all the stupid 'sports' they had you participate in. In a way, I was about to attend one now.

I crossed the little dirt road we'd come in along and skipped down the incline to the woods again. After a minute or two down the opposite slope, I emerged from the pines to see the pool, broad, shaded, and semi secluded, visible only from the narrow span bridge fifty feet up and as many yards downstream. I stepped into the water to soothe my abused pads.

Now what?

So take off your clothes; you're going swimming.

I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it on the bank. I looked around cautiously and, convinced I was unobserved, I pushed my shorts down to my knees and stepped each sopping foot out of them. They joined my shirt on the bank and I stood there, bareassed.

I waded around the pool for a moment, and gauged how quickly it dropped off. The creek that fed it stirred it constantly; it was a bit silty in the middle and deepened rather abruptly. Six feet from shore, it was up to my waist. Which suited me; I stood there.

Nothing.

I sat down near the bank and waited.

Still nothing.

I began to feel like I was the victim of a very cruel hoax. Worse, that some cranks from the picnic were even now perched in the bushes, optically recording my every move. A lot more than twenty minutes had gone by when I saw her step out of the woods on the opposite bank and into the water, twenty yards downstream. She was still wearing the hat and the tube, and she spotted me nearly instantly and waded gracefully up the shallows towards me. She crossed over, soaking her hem, and stood at the edge of the pool.

"Hello," she said. She tossed the hat on the bank and, in one smooth balletic move, shed the tube; folding it once, she set it down on beside the hat. "My tastes in swimwear are similar to my tastes in hot dogs," she remarked. "I hope yours are the same."

As if in reply, my cock shot up like a rocket, the head poking through the surface of the water. She smiled and chuckled.

Subtle, I thought. If my dick had been a person I would have strangled it (no pun intended). But I made no attempt to hide it. What would be the point? (Again, no pun intended...)

She stepped slowly down into the depths, until the water lapped at the dimple of her navel. She dunked herself under the ripples and launched herself up, spraying cascades from her shoulder length black hair. Her pelt was slick and smooth with water, and I was dying to run my hands along those alluring hips.

“Aren’t you going to come in?” she invited. “Aren’t you going to get wet?”

I stood up and moved towards her. I stood before her, trying to control my breathing. She read my mind and placed my hands on her hips, and hers on mine. “Ready?” she asked. “One, two, THREE!” And we both dipped under the water together. When we came up, soaking, she brought her face close to mine and our tongues played together. She moved my hands to the lower pair of her tits and the kiss went open mouthed. My tongue caressed hers as it slid along her teeth.

After a moment she pulled back from me. Watching me, she stepped slinkily over to the shallow end. “I need to know if you’re as good a salesman as Garrett seems to think you are,” she said, the mention of her husband quenching my fires not an iota. “A good salesman knows when the bargaining is over. When an agreement has been reached.” She turned her back to me. Standing in water up to her knees, she leaned over an outcropping of granite, setting her arms on it firmly. “A good salesman knows when to get his signature down.” Slowly, putting her ass to its most seductive moves, she stepped her feet wide apart; first one leg, then the other. Her tail slipped lazily off to the side, draped over her hip and laying her offer bare. She looked over her shoulder at me. “Have you got your pen ready, Jeff...?”

I stepped forward, mesmerized. “Maybe too ready,” I admitted.

She shook her head softly. “No such thing,” she smiled. “The faster the ink flows, the faster the deal closes.”

I couldn’t believe I was hearing this. I hadn’t wanted to fuck this bad since I was fifteen. She was hot; I could *smell* it. “Alright,” I said, and even I was surprised by the little snarl it came out in. I stepped up behind her, feet against her feet, thighs hugging hers. I put my hands on her hips and, looking down, I slipped myself in.



“Oh, that’s a good start,” she gasped.

She was hot and slippery inside; she'd been ready for a long time. I felt good inside her, like I belonged there. So I threw myself against her. "Fast as you can, fast as you can..." she urged me. "Don't wanna give anyone the chance to back out now... Get it signed, get it signed..." I couldn't believe it! Sal was never one to appreciate a gallop to the finish line, and yet here I was, being urged to go as fast as I could! I felt free. I gave her everything I had.

She was squealing; making little hurt noises with each stab. I felt like I was trying to climb up inside her. Every few seconds she'd urge me on in contractualese, gasping, "Sign me, sign me!! 'Jeff Fucking Nelksten'! Sign me!!" The amazing thing was, she came before I did. As I climbed onto her back and nipped at her neck, she threw her head back and called out. I felt her rippling up and down my cock, but I never stopped for a second of it. We were more drenched in sweat than water now as she kept encouraging me, and in less than fifteen seconds she came again! She was spent; I felt her droop in my arms. But I was almost done anyway.

I didn't have a stopwatch with me, but I'm sure the whole thing took less than a minute and a half, by which point I felt myself welling up and getting ready to dot the i's. I started grunting to a crescendo, and she raised her head and demanded, "Yes... yes... YESSS!! Give it to me!!"

And I did, boy.

I came so hard, I yelled. For the first time in years; maybe for the first time ever. I came so hard, I was sure I'd blown the head off my cock. A mind drowning sea of orgasm washed over me like warm milk, and I lost my balance. Stepping back, I fell out of her and deeper into the water. Cum was still rolling down my cock in little flowing globs. I watched Marla let herself collapse and drop down into the water too. She pushed away from shore and we floated for a moment in the pool, detumescent.

There were a couple of minutes of silence. Glorious silence, where nothing needed to be said. Then there was a need, and I broke it. "Why me?" I asked her.

She found her footing and faced me. "What?"

She was within arm's reach; I tapped her nose playfully to each word: "Why... me?"

Marla smiled. "Does it really matter?"

"Yeah, it really matters. I didn't even know you an hour ago. I'm not sure I do now."

"But that's part of the fun, isn't it?"

"Part. But not all. Why me, Marla? Nigel's better looking. I'm married; I don't have much money..."

"But boy can you fuck," she purred. She ran a finger along my cock.

"Yeah," I said. "But you didn't know that. C'mon."

She sighed, waded over to the shallows and sat. "Would you believe me if I said I just needed someone?"

I gave it a moment's consideration. Thought of Fat Ass. "Sure," I agreed.

"I hear about you almost every day," she told me. "What you're up to, how you've saved the department yet again... I thought I married that man. Turns out I married his boss."

"That's why? Because I do my job?"

She looked at me; her big brown eyes melted me. She looked a bit lost, sort of hurting. "Garrett has... other interests. I decided it was time I had some of my own." She stood, moved slowly over to me. "I would hear about you, how you'd managed to steer the department clear of the shoals again... I saw pictures of you in company newsletters. I used to..." It seemed hard for her to say, but she went on. "I used to sit up at night, alone, and think about you. You don't know how hard it was to ask you up here." She smiled at me, in a way that hurt, deep down. "I'm so glad you came."

Then we both chuckled over her unintended double entendre; it broke the mood. "It's not love — I don't want to scare you off, Jeff. It's something more basic than that. Sort of a hunger."

I knew what she meant. I told her, "You are fucking gorgeous."

She grinned. "Ah. You understand."

"You could have had any man in that picnic come up here with a smile and a hard on." She giggled. "You could have had a couple of them up here, taking turns to please you."

"I'll have to try that sometime," she teased. I thought about telling her it might have been the best fuck I'd ever had, but something stopped me.

She noticed my cock was getting hard again, rising from its bed across my groin. "I'm going to play with your nuts, squirrel," she told me. The racial slur only made me harder.

"I thought you'd be more interested in my meat, *mink*." I shot back at her.

"Oh, talk dirty," she winked. "I think you might be right..." She took my cock in hand, lifted its head, and played with it with her tongue.

I gasped; it was intense. Little jabbing pokes, glancing licks. She vanished under the water and then reappeared, forcing her way to the surface between my legs. She held my floating ass in her hands and took my balls in her mouth, sucking them one at a time, then together. "Oh, yeah," I told her.

She slipped her mouth down over my cock and started eating me. But the bobbing motions of her head just

pushed me away from her, and I'd float off. "This is a bit awkward," she told me. She glanced over at the rock I'd fucked her against. "Park your ass up there," she said.

I swam over to the rock and hoisted myself up on it. The water still lapped at my knees as she positioned herself between them. Suddenly she burst out laughing, which was more than a little disconcerting at that moment. "What?" I said.

"Your tail!" she gasped, pointing. "It's so full when it's dry, and when it's wet it's just this skinny little rail!"

I took hold of my tail and made a show of wringing it out. With feigned offence, I told her, "Well, if that's how you feel, maybe I should just take my tail and go home..."

"Oh, really?" she said, and my cock disappeared into her head. All of it. I felt myself poking the back of her throat; I swooned.

"Maybe not," I said, dissuaded.

She gave magnificent head; it felt like she was peeling my cock with her tongue. I closed my eyes and let her go to work on me. It was about then that we heard it. I looked up at the bridge just in time to see a box back zoomer full of farm kids come out from the opposite bank. The zoomer slowed and the hoots of teenage boys dropped to the creek and skipped along to us. I saw them pointing. The only thing I could think to do was throw my arm in the air and give them the thumb up sign. This seemed to win them over and the air filled with cheers and their hats waving in salute. Slowly the box back began moving again and disappeared behind the bush on our side of the creek, high above it.

Marla dropped me from her mouth. "That was pretty diplomatic," she complimented.

"Hey... I'm a salesman," I told her. She prepared to resume blowing me, but I dropped down into the water and patted the rock where I'd been sitting. "...But I can also be useful in the service department."

"Oh?" She climbed up on the rock and held my head in her hands as I pushed my muzzle against her crotch. My tongue made its way into her confines like a greedy little worm, and I felt her shudder above me.

"Garrett won't do this," she hissed. "He says it's unmanly."

"Well, don't tell him I do it, then," I mumbled. "I wouldn't want him to think I'm a pussy." She snickered as I went back to work on her insides. I could taste myself in her; it made me think of Sal but there was no guilt; it was amazing. After a moment I felt her slipping herself down the rock; there was no need for words; I knew what she wanted. When she hugged my neck, I pushed forward and for the second time that afternoon I put myself into her.

This time we took it slow. We started off with my bag just grazing the top of the water, but we slowly sank lower until we were fucking under the surface. I held her lower pair of tits in my hands and tongued and nuzzled the top two; she slowly rubbed her head against mine. It was tender, and it was wonderful.

Behind me I heard a zoomer; when I heard the familiar teenage cheers I knew our friends were back, crossing over the other way. I didn't look at them but gave them a wave over my shoulder. The driver gave a couple of quick blasts of his horn, and they were gone.

"We really ought to wrap this up," she said. "We've been here nearly an hour."

"Alright," I said. I was surprised when, raising one leg gymnastically up over my head, she rotated right around my cock, so that her ass faced me and her belly rested on the rock.

"Do it," she snarled. So I leaned way back, squeezed her asscheeks in my hands and banged away at her just like last time. I was pretty worked up by then, so it didn't take much.

"Pull it out; I want to see it happen," she cried.

I stepped back; Marla spun around and seized my cock under water. She jerked me powerfully a few strokes and I let it go. She made a noise of appreciation as the two of us watched my cum jet out into the water like sharp, urgent puffs of white smoke from a cannon, to be whipped away by the current. Satisfied with the sight, she dropped low in the water and sucked out the last few spurts for herself.

"Nice flavor," she told me. "A little nutty." We both laughed.

She kissed me, and then climbed up out of the water. She shook her body and rain showered from her fur. "I think we should split up to dry off. If we stay together, we're likely to wind up doing this all afternoon."

"It wouldn't be too difficult, would it?" I confirmed.

"Now comes the hard part," she sighed, and picked up her clothes. "Look, I don't want to put any pressure on you. If today was all it was, I can accept that. I'll always be able to remember. But I'd like to see you sometimes. Not often, not for long, but... just... when I need someone to talk to."

I looked up at her; I didn't know what to say. I would have been happy to go on fucking her every day for the rest of my life, but there was Sal. The kids. I didn't know what to think.

"Can I think about it?" I said.

"Forever. You can say 'no' anytime you like, just " she raised her hand, " just not now. Okay?"

I nodded softly. "Okay."

"Good bye, Jeff," she said.

"Good bye, Marla." I watched her step into the trees. "You know where I work," I called.

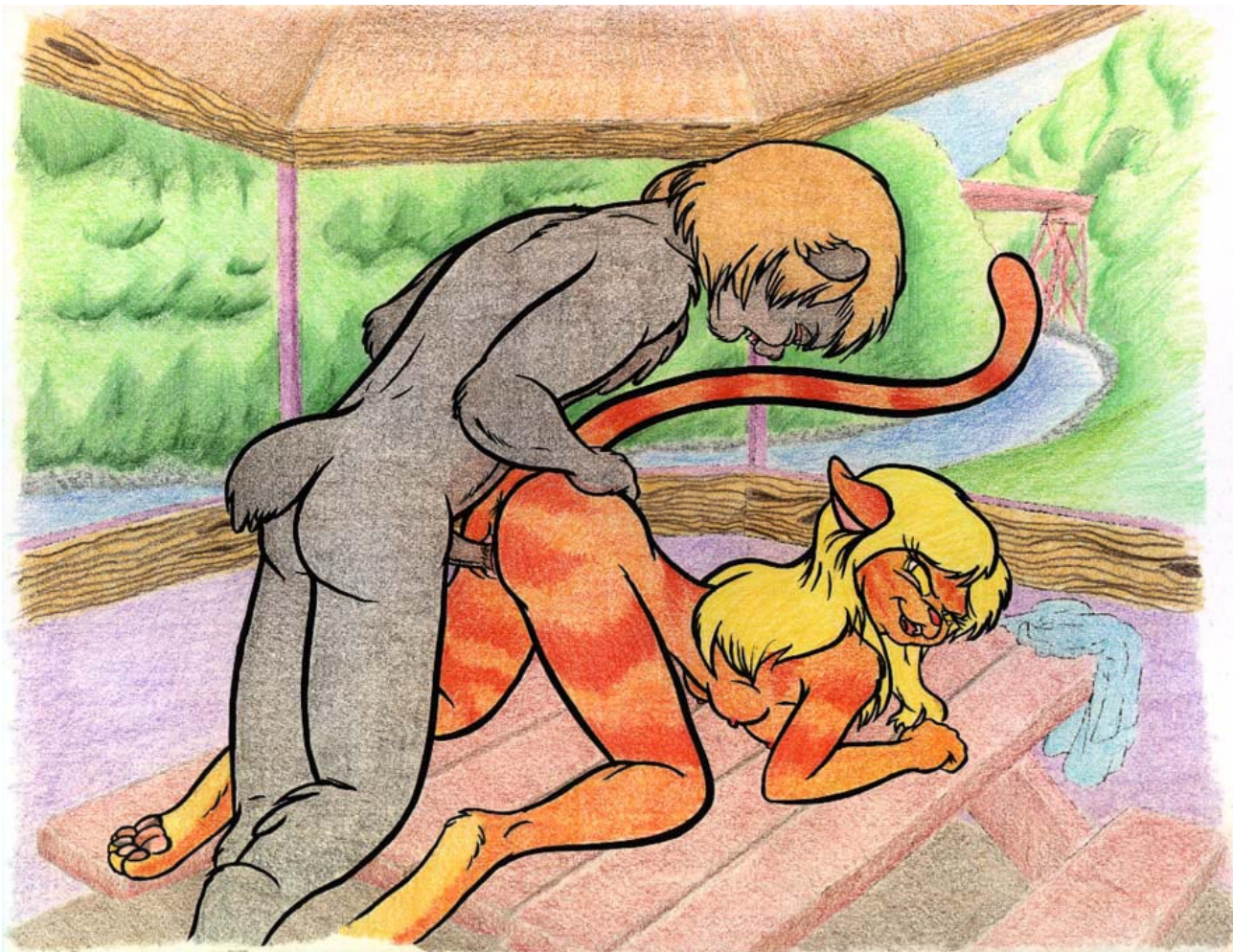
I sat there on the bank for a long time. She was right; we could have stayed at it all afternoon. As it was, drying off there, I couldn't get her out of my mind, and I stroked off thinking of the passion we'd shared in the water at my feet. When I didn't look like I'd just drowned or something, I put on my shirt and my shorts and made my way back down the hill. I fell again a couple of times. It was when I was picking myself up at the bottom with bleeding elbows that I noticed the set of stairs peeking through the woods on my left. "Oh, shit," I spat.

The picnic was supposed to run till late in the evening, but usually the kids were getting fed up by late afternoon and families started leaving. The picnic was beginning to thin out when I got there. I made my way into a couple of asinine sporting events so people would remember seeing me if questions were asked, but none were. It took me a while to round up Sal, and the kids trickled back one by one, but finally we were all together and ready to head for home.

I was surprised that I didn't feel any crushing guilt. I knew I had a secret from Sal now, but it didn't seem that important. I loved her and the kids and I always would. Marla, however things turned out between us, was just a friend; a very special friend.

Late that night, when Dave and Jody were put to bed and Mike and Paula were off with their respective friends, Sal and I were in bed getting cozy. I was still horny as a reindeer in spite of (or because of) it all, and I was really bouncing with her. It was in the middle of sucking my cock that she looked up at me with horror on her face and tears in the corners of her eyes, and my heart froze.

"Oh, Jeff, I don't know how to say this, but I have to... When you were busy in the games this afternoon, Mr. Vesredian came up to me and started talking about maybe giving you Bob Kerri's job, and... and... I did some things to... help convince him... Oh, Jeff — can you ever forgive me?"



I stared into her beautiful yellow eyes. What could I do? I started to laugh.
