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Satisfying Desires

Cheating Husband Series

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Chapter 1

Paul Harrison was an established private investigator at the Spotlight Detective Agency. He was quite popular in his field because of his quick wit, jolly nature and high success rate. Paul loved his job and had a promising career ahead of him. One fine morning he was sitting at his desk in his office and going through the newspaper to see if he could find anything interesting.

It was almost the middle of the month and so far there has been no work on his hands after the last case was solved almost fifteen days ago. He was waiting for some work, as he missed the thrill of his work. He was engrossed in such thoughts when the phone on his desk rang; Paul folded and put away the paper and picked up the phone.

"Mr. Harrison of Spotlight Detective Agency?" asked a sharp female tone.

"Yes, I am Paul Harrison. How can I help you?" he replied.

"I am Mrs. Burton, I need your help," She said.

She seemed somewhat distraught so he told her to meet him in his office but she insisted he visits her at her home instead. So without further delay, Paul took his car out and started off for the address she had provided.

Mrs. Burton's apartment was the 9th floor of a building in a busy part of the city. Paul reached the door and rang the buzzer. A moment later a young woman in her mid-twenties opened the door and took him inside. Mrs. Burton greeted him with the glee of a child and thanked him for coming to her home. She said that it was a very sensitive issue so she would be more comfortable to discuss it within closed doors.

"What is it about?" Paul asked.

"It is about my husband," she said looking away. "I think he is having an affair with another woman."

"How can you be sure of it?" he asked, trying to get closer.

"I am not," She answered. "That's where you come in. I want you to find out if my husband is having an affair or not. If yes, then who is it? I want to know everything!" she added.

"Alright, if you want me to find out the truth, I will have to ask a few questions," He said.

"Fine, Go on," She said.

Paul went through the formal questioning procedure to which she answered almost frankly. At the end of the day, Paul had accepted the case and formed a brief idea about the scenario. Mrs. Burton and her husband were married three years ago after a relationship of just eight months.

They met at a party and were instantly attracted to each other. Mrs. Burton was a very wealthy woman; her grandmother had left her a fortune of bank balance, an estate, and a huge villa. She could easily spend her life lavishly without doing anything.

Her husband worked for a multinational company and earned a handsome salary. It was going perfectly well for them these years but recently for the past five to six months she observed some changes in her husband which led her to suspect that he had someone else in his life. He returned late from work but did not have a proper explanation of what it was that made him return late. Earlier he used to return home with a lot of energy and attraction for his wife but now he returned exhausted and tired.

He was easily irritated, even yelled a few times at her which was not his personal nature. And it was not due to his workload at the office; if it was, he would have brought his work home and do it late at night. But it was a very unnatural behavior for him, like as he was not interested in her anymore. Paul then explained to her the full range of symptoms and verified if those were the signs she observed. He told her;

1. Your husband is consistently late from work, goes out with his friends much more than he used to earlier. Doesn't want to take you along.
2. Leaving early for work and returning late.
3. Some office trips have increased much of lately.
4. He remains absent in family occasions or get-togethers, give an excuse and goes off somewhere else.
5. His job and salary are same but his workload seemed to have doubled but he does not share it with you.
6. Spends large amounts of money but cannot give a logical explanation of the expenditure.
7. Suddenly grooms well going to the office or uses different perfumes but says nothing of it to you.
8. He joins a gym or health club but doesn't benefit him physically but he does not want you to be there.
9. Gets coded messages or messages that do not make any sense. When you ask him about it, he brushes it aside and says that it must get delivered to the wrong number.
10. Earlier used to have a lot of sex despite workload or stress but now he is hesitant. He gets easily irritated, fights with you and hates your visits at his office.

Mrs. Burton confirmed that many of these signs are what she has been observing; as she spoke a glistening drop of tear rolled down her eyes. After a long time of discussion, Paul assured her that he will find out the truth as he stood up to leave.

Mrs. Burton said "Please don't worry about the expenses, tell me what you need and I offer to double the charge for your service. I just want to know the truth; it is what I live for."

Chapter 2

"Don't worry Mrs. Burton; I will get to the bottom of this, "replied Paul and took his leave. Before leaving, he did not forget to take a picture of her husband, the number of his license plates and model of his car.

Paul returned to his office and asked his associates if they knew anyone who worked at that company where Mr. Burton works. He thought that it was possible to find some known people in that company's office as it was famous and popular office. Then Paul checked the location of Mrs. Burton's house and her husband's office and noted the routes connecting them. The next day he parked his car some way from the house and kept a steady watch on the gate, he hid well under a leafy tree.

Exactly at 8.30, a shiny blue sedan rolled out through the gate and headed for the office through the straight route. Paul followed him keeping a safe distance behind, Mr. Burton drove straight to the parking lot of his office and disappeared; Paul took the next turn and reached his office.

One of his associates told him that a friend of his worked at the same company in the same office as Mr. Burton. Paul felt lucky and fixed an appointment with him at 7.30 in the evening.

After that, he called Mrs. Burton and made a list of the close friends and associates of her husband that she knew. It seemed Mr. Burton did not have many friends but had the habit of going to clubs with those he had, regularly.

In the evening, Paul went to Mr. Burton's office, parked his car in the parking lot and waited for him to come out. But after waiting a long time when he did not come out, Paul called Mrs. Burton and asked if her husband was home. She said that he was not, and Paul requested her to notify him as he returned.

Then he went to the pre-planned place where the friend of his associate Mr. Evans would meet him. Paul just reached in time and met him; they went to a cafe to sit and talk comfortably. Paul genuinely told him everything and asked him if he had noticed Mr. Burton at work.

Mr. Evans answered that he knew him by the face, but they were not friends. It was noticeable that his behavior has changed for the last couple of months. He was most of the time inattentive at work and made mistakes now and then.

Nowadays he left early every weekend and did not even attend the monthly party of the company. Many people in the office make different comments about him. Paul requested a favor from him; he asked him to notify him if he saw anything out of the box and the time Mr. Burton leaves from the office.

Mr. Evans said that he would be glad to help. They finished their conversation, and Paul drove back home. While returning, he got a text message from Mrs. Burton that her husband had just reached home.

The next day Paul contacted Mr. Evans and placed himself outside his office; as per information by Mr. Evans, he saw Mr. Burton's car emerge out of the parking lot and immediately he followed him. The car stopped shortly outside a medium sized guest house, Mr. Burton stepped out and went inside.

Paul parked his car nearby and searched for a vantage point. He positioned himself in a high place, on the top of a multi-storey parking lot and took out his camera. Using high optical zoom, he took clear pictures of the guesthouse and waited there.

Suddenly an idea struck him, he called Mrs. Burton and instructed her to call her husband and ask him to return home as early as possible.

Mrs. Burton called her husband and requested him to return saying she was feeling sick. After half an hour Paul saw Mr. Burton come out of the guesthouse and he clicked pictures. He was not alone, with him immersed a woman, about thirty years of age tall and graceful. She had a beautiful figure, very curvy and full of sex appeal.

Both of them drove away in their individual cars as Paul took pictures of the woman, her car, and its license plates. Mr. Burton drove home in a very irritated state, he was sitting on the couch in the guest house next to the beautiful and sexy lady, running his hand over her thighs, hips, and tummy when all of a sudden his wife called and called him home. Mr. Burton was regretting the treat he had just missed. He reached home and went to his wife's bedroom.

Mrs. Burton meanwhile had planned an excuse; she put on sexy exposing lingerie and waited for her husband. As he entered, she pulled down the covers and said "Surprise!!"

"Oh you are alright?" asked her husband.

"Yes I am fine, I was so horny so I called you," said Mrs. Burton innocently.

She pulled him to the bed as he was grumbling about being called from office. Slowly she stripped him bare and pushed him back to the bed and started kissing all over him. At first, he was hesitant but he had to yield to the passion of his wife; she slowly went downwards and began stroking his cock and licking the tip.

Gradually she increased the speed and took the tip in her mouth and started sucking. Her husband suddenly imagined the face of the woman he just left an hour ago. Thinking of her made him very much turned on and within some time he approached his orgasm. Sensing it his wife stopped sucking and climbed on top of him and started riding him. After ten minutes they were done and tired.

Chapter 3

Paul had traced the name and address of the owner of the license plates from the motor vehicles department and returned home. At home, he emailed the pictures and name address of the woman he saw with her husband to Mrs. Burton.

“But it still did not prove that her husband was having an illegal affair. He can easily escape by giving any excuse; I must find reliable and accurate evidence!” Paul thought.

As he was sitting on his computer desk and thinking how to get evidence, his doorbell rang. At first, he did not notice then thought who could visit him at this hour. He lived by himself in his small apartment and did not have any known people who could visit him. Thinking of all these, he got up and opened the door and a beautiful young lady stood at his door with a sweet smile.

“I am sorry I don’t recognize you,” Paul stammered.

“Won't you let me in?” she said in her sexy voice.

Paul stood aside in half-daze as she walked in. They sat in the drawing room and she introduced herself as Miss. Parker, a private investigator. As quickly as he could Paul recovered his senses and

brought two bottles so beer from his fridge and offered her one.

Paul was surprised to hear this; she said she was hired by Mr. Burton to keep tabs on his wife. He suspects her of having an affair with someone.

“According to my data, you have been visiting Mrs. Burton for a couple of times this week”. Miss. Parker continued. Would you be kind enough to tell me why?”

Paul was shocked to hear this, he answered that he was hired to do a particular job by Mrs. Burton.

“I am sorry I can't tell you what it is,” He said.

Miss Parker persuaded Paul a few times then she got up and sat by his side. She looked into his eyes and placed her hands on his thighs. She rubbed his thighs and pleaded in her sexy voice. It was getting hard for Paul to contain himself as the aroma and sex appeal of this lady was driving him crazy. He was a young man of thirty- two, bachelor and lived alone; he never had any woman in his own life.

He looked her in the eye and got lost, his senses were dull and throat was dry. He could not resist or the desire in him did not let him resist. On the other hand, she had understood that he was overwhelmed by her charm and she would get anything she wants this way.

She wanted to know what was going on between Paul and Mrs. Burton. Suddenly, her heart rate increased and her nipples slowly hardened, as she felt wet between her legs in a short time.

Keeping aside all the professionalism and sleuthing, she had also longed for the touch of a man and now she got her chance after a long time and won't give up easily.

Her soft hands roamed sensuously all over his body and felt his hard cock bulging inside his pants. She got on his lap and kissed him passionately. She slid off his trouser and caressed his cock over his underwear. Then she took it off and started stroking it slowly; it was hard and swollen to its maximum.

He groaned, sitting on the couch and taking a long swig of the cold beer. It felt fantastic going down his throat and before he knew it, he finished the entire bottle before she could complete three full strokes.

She smiled as she moved her hands up and down his cock, and then she stood up walking towards the bedroom, pulling him along. Clearing his throat, he allowed her to lead the way to his bedroom and the both sat on the edge of the bed.

He made a move to get off of the bed but she put her hand on his chest and pushed him back. She then smiled, not saying a word and brought the harden cock to her lips. She stuck out just the tip of her tongue and licked at the bulbous head, teasing it as if the slit on top was real and she was going to coax out some sweet cream. Paul groaned softly as his cock was now pushing the limits of its erection.

She stood between his legs, not moving an inch, she could see the rivulets of sweat dripping down his face, his neck and filling his white dress shirt. She slid the cock between her lips and sucked on it, holding it in her mouth and pulling her hands away. She again held his cock between her lips with expertise and he ached to know how it felt to be there. She then pulled his shirt loose and finally pulled the black cock from her lips with a wet and slurp pop sound. She unbuttoned her dress and took off her bra, her huge shapely boobs dangled freely; she took his cock between her boobs and started sliding them up and down lubricating it with her saliva.

Then she climbed over him, her dark nipples that were just barely visible have now glistened with sweat begging for a good tongue-lashing. She laid on her back spreading her legs and slipped her hand between them, her fingers rubbing over her smooth lips. She then guided his hands to her pussy and Paul began to rub her clit, she was so wet down there that his fingers slid smoothly in and out of her pussy.

After some time like this, she kicked her legs out, spinning around and now sitting on the bed facing him as he stood up. His cock remained in her hands but she now leaned forward and in one swift move, she sucked his cock into her throat. She didn't waste any time, taking his whole length down her throat.

She reached up and cupped his balls in her hand, still hanging low and heavy with sperm. He wasn't ready to cum yet. Paul didn't try stopping himself, this time, he reached forward and tangled his fingers in her hair, thrusting his hips slowly and pumping his cock deep down her throat. He wanted to cum so badly but didn't want her to think he was done so easy. He tried thinking about the case and the handsome pay involved.

After a while of such sucking, she pulled back and let his cock fall from her mouth with enough saliva to lube her glorious tits. Then bent over and reached across the bed getting on all fours and jutting her ass out.

Paul placed his cock between her ass cheeks and slid over her pussy. She kept shaking her ass against his hard cock, which was still wet, and it slipped between her bubbled cheeks quickly. Grabbing her hips, he began thrusting pushing his cock up and down in her crack.

She was a little shocked that he would do that but he still didn't go as far as she had hoped. She wiggled her ass, moaning softly as she felt his massive balls tickle her aching pussy.

God, she needed to be fucked. She wanted him inside her very badly. As if he heard her very

thoughts, he pulled back and the head of his cock pressed against her wet opening. He groaned, moving slowly so he didn't bust a nut before getting inside of her. He ran his strong hand up and down her back, pressing against her spine as she arched her back and pushed her pussy out to him.

He watched as it brown lips and pink gash opened for him, wrapping around the thick head of his cock and sucking him into her. He grabbed her hips, leaning forward and twisting her hair in one hand. He was about to thrust, slow and deep into her pussy when she pushed back on him first, impaling herself with his fat cock.

He was balls deep in her pussy and she was tightening around him, her body quivering as she came. He smiled, knowing that he wasn't finished yet; only just starting and she had already had an orgasm.

Paul began pumping his cock into her, pushing nice and slow as he felt her muscles contract around him. The gloomy silence of the apartment was filled with erotic moaning and lust of sex and the owner was with the most beautiful woman he had ever met. His heart was nice and steady as he slid in and out of her damp pussy. She moaned, pushing herself into him, meeting his thrusts with her own.

Her hand reached under her and her fingers stimulated her clit. Paul felt incredible; it's been long he felt the pleasure of a woman's body.

Miss. Parker, on the other hand, couldn't believe how much he stretched her! This man was huge and he was filling her pussy more than her biggest dildo could. She came over and over as his cock plowed into her and he kept going, taking his time and making sure she memorized every inch of his mighty cock. They maintain the pace for about 10 minutes and Paul shot his load inside her as he fell on her back.

“Am going to love this investigation,” she thought.

That night ended very well for both of them. At last, before she left, Paul told her everything about his case explaining what Mrs. Burton had hired him to do and what he had found out. She thanked Paul and said that both of them were doing the same thing. She went home satisfied both professionally and privately.

Chapter 4

The next day Paul tried to get more evidence, he had a plan. He told Mrs. Burton to tell her husband that she should be visiting her aunt and would love to stay there for a day. When she said this to her husband he was very happy inside, but outside he made a regular face and said “ Alright go visit your aunt, stay as long as you like. I will take care of myself.”

As the day came Mrs. Burton left home and Mr. Burton left for office. After work hour, Paul followed him with the help of the information supplied by Mr. Evans.

Paul saw Mr. Burton meet with the same woman he saw the previous day and they went inside for dinner. Suddenly he had an idea; he had some time to himself before they would come out. And Paul guessed that as his wife was not home, there was a significant chance he would take that woman home.

Not to the villa but to his apartment, as going to the villa would catch the attention of many known people. He quickly drove to the apartment of which Mrs. Burton had given him a key of and went inside.

It was a small apartment with medium furnishings. He went to the bedroom and fixed a tiny button video camera inside the slit of an empty cupboard. Then he linked it with a screen, which he

held in his hand and went to a spare room at the back of the apartment.

After half an hour he heard a car stop in front of the house and sound of unlocking door confirmed that his guess was right. He hid well and waited for the show to begin. He heard two voices the male was apparently describing something interesting and the female was laughing very much.

Then his screen lit up as they entered the bedroom and switched on the light. They sat on the edge of the bed with a bottle and two glasses, which they finished in no time. After that, they started kissing each other and planted long smooches.

Quickly they got rid of their clothes and the woman got on her knees on the floor while Mr. Burton sat on the edge of the bed. He grabbed her head again and pushed his thick cock past her lips and slowly down her throat. She gagged around him, saliva dripping from her stretched lips.

He reached down and began fondling her boobs one by one with his hands, twisting one nipple after another with his fingers. She was moaning around him, desperately trying to take in the whole of his length down her throat as it slid in and out of her throat with his massive cock. He allowed her to suck him for a few minutes with her wet mouth and warm throat around his cock.

He pulled her head back and his cock fell from her lips with a pop. He turned to the bed and pulled her again. Once they were in the bed, he turned to her, grabbing what was left of her clothes and yanking it off of her body.

She loved the way she looked and knew he had wanted her for a long time so she ran her hands up her sides and to her enormous round tits, pinching her own nipples and pulling on them for him. Clearly she was teasing him to make him hungrier and more desperate.

He took his tie and walked around her, grabbing her arms and pulling them behind her. He tied them together tightly and then walked back around to her front. He reached one hand out, slipping his fingers between her legs and over her swollen lips.

They were deliciously brown, like the rest of her and he could imagine how wet and pink they were when spread wide open. She was dripping juices, coating his fingers before he could pull them away. He brought them to his nose and inhaled her musky scent. She had gorgeous boobs, so full and round and browned by her Latin ethnicity and the constant sun tanning.

He was like a child, grabbing and squeezing, twisting and pulling. She moaned and he pinched tighter. Her legs were shaking and he knew she wanted more. He leaned forward and drew one nipple into his mouth, sucking hard. "Oh yes... please suck my nipples!" She said.

He licked her hard nipple with his tongue before biting it with his teeth. She shuddered. He moved to the other, lavishing it with his wet mouth, sucking hard and eliciting more moans from her mouth. He rolled her panties out and got down to her cave.

He then pulled back and slipped his hand between her legs once more. She was gushing juices, drenching her thick thighs with sweet honey. Mr. Burnet pushed her to the bed, pushing her face down so she was now bent over with her ass in the air.

Her arms were still tied together and he began caressing her bubbled ass, so round and so perfect. He gave her a few light smacks, watching her cheeks bounce. Dropping to his knees, he slid his face into her ass, inhaling her scent once more.

He took his tongue and ran it up and down her ass crack before plunging it into her pussy. She cried out as he began exploring her between her legs, sliding his tongue around the little pink bud

and played with it. He pulled her ass cheeks apart and moved down until his tongue was sliding in and out of her pussy.

Initially, he inserted two fingers into her vagina. Rubbing gently against her clit, he made it hot immediately. Then he opened her vulva wide enough and inserts his tongue inside her pussy. Skillfully he moved my tongue all over her clit in a rapid fashion.

By now she was moaning with pleasure. Still he continued and pushed her into a climax. He was finally ready to fuck her, standing up and his pants fell in a puddle around his ankles. He didn't have time to remove his shoes or socks, nor did he care to. He could see the signs of excitement all over her body.

Her white face had turned red. Her body was sweating profusely. Mr. Burton lifted made her sit on his lap and inserted his cock into her pussy and started humping her violently. She moved her hips rhythmically she ensured that his cock was well rubbed upon.

By now his cock was deep inside her pussy. In his excitement, he began fondling her breasts. They were untouched by any man before. Her soft, succulent and with fitting nipples, they were a lover's delight.

The sight of her boobs made Paul hornier than even Mr. Burton, who gripped her firmly and rammed her continuously. After his role of domination was over, she took him to the middle of the bed and climbed on top of her and began riding. He reached out and grabbed her boobs while she moaned and grinded her hips.

Their play continued in the bedroom while in the dark, spare room Paul was having a hard time. He took out his cock and carefully masturbated all along and lay there. At late night, they left the house and still later Paul carefully crept out and went home retrieving the camera and the precious video file with him.

The next day Miss Parker visited Paul again and asked him how was his going. Paul proudly showed her the camera and said that it was all in it. Then she asked, "Where is Mrs. Burton?"

"She went to spend a day sightseeing in Texas," Paul answered.

"Nope. She has not." She said. "She is in a penthouse just at the end of the city with a young man."

"What!!" Paul was surprised.

"Yes, my boy, she was using you to gain an opportunity for herself." "I have all the proof here," she said as she gave Paul a memory card. It was a video from the close circuit TV secretly implanted there.

She gave a copy of the video to Paul and left, she promised to contact later. She also told that the name of the man was Gary, the only son of a very rich businessman.

Chapter 5

That night having nothing to do Paul decided to play the video that Miss Parker had given her. He inserted the memory card into his computer and started the video. He was turned on just at the thought of it; he took out his cock and started stroking it. The video began to play...

Mrs. Burton stepped close to Gary and wound her arms around his neck and pulled him close. Their bodies met and her full breasts rubbed against his chest through the thin cloth of his T-shirt. She pulled his head down towards hers and began to whisper in his ear.

Which sounded like "Please Gary, make love to me. I need you."

Gary could not have resisted. He slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her even closer to himself. Without speaking he began to kiss her passionately, she responded immediately as first their lips and then their tongues met.

As they kissed their bodies ground against each other and Paul could feel his cock stiffen and erect.

"I've wanted you all day," she said.

"Yes, I know. Now we are free if only for today and we will enjoy to the fullest.

" I was more fascinated by your body, it's gorgeous."

"Thank you, but so is yours, I can't understand why your husband's playing away." She was slim but with full breasts, long dark hair and a hot pouty mound.

He pulled off his T-shirt and she rubbed her hands across his tanned chest before sliding them down to undo the button of his trousers. It popped free and she undid the zip and slid a hand inside. As she grasped his quickly growing member, he seemed to have suddenly remembered her

husband.

"But what about your husband?" he asked.

"What about him?"

"Well, what time will he be home?"

"Don't worry he always stays late at the office on a Thursday. He'll probably be screwing a slut in a hotel somewhere more like. It will be well after midnight when he gets home and he knows that I am visiting my ailing aunt. So he won't disturb us," she said caustically.

"So what are we waiting for then, let's make the most of the afternoon."

Smiling broadly, she resumed her grip and began to wank him inside his trousers. As their tongues met again, He fondled her bottom through the silky sheen of her panties and then slid a hand inside, caressing her buttocks and sliding a finger down the crack of her behind.

They moved over to the bed and lay down together. She wasted no time in ridding him of the remainder of his clothes, his thick solid dick springing free as she tugged off his trousers.

"Hmm, you're much thicker than my husband's," she commented, "I can't wait to feel you inside me, but first things first." Lowering her head her silky lips slipped over the bulbous head of his dick and she took him deep into her mouth.

Bobbing her head slowly, she slid her lips up and down the length of his shaft sucking him exquisitely as she did so. Holding the back of her head, he pulled her down onto him and gently screwed her mouth, her tongue flicking the tip of his glands each time her head neared the top of his shaft. Groaning loudly as she continued he laid back and let her get on with the job she was obviously so expert at. Her husband's secretary must be something special for him to give this up.

After a while, she slowed down, took him from her mouth and kissed him again. He rolled her over onto her back as they kissed and began to fondle her breast through the lacy Basque.

Slipping a hand inside, he uncapped it and began to roll her stiff nipple between his fingers. She sighed as he did so then gasped as he lowered his head and began to lick it and nip it gently between his teeth.

Moving over he did the same to her other breast while at the same time his hand crept down over the Basque, then over her panties until he reached her thighs. He slid his hand between their enveloping warmth and they parted to his touch.

He rubbed the inside of her thighs through the soft nylon before slowly moving to the smooth area above her stocking tops. He could hear her gasp in anticipation as his hand crept higher before it ever so lightly brushed her mound.

His fingers crept over it to the elasticized top of her panties and then ran along the rim across her stomach before venturing slowly inside. Her eyes were closed; she bit her lip lightly as his fingers trailed through her short pubic hair.

She gasped as they reached her damp lips and began to slide up and down her groove. His fingers soon became very wet with her juices and without any warning he deftly slipped two of them inside her, making her cry out gently as they entered.

Their tongues intertwined again as he continued to finger her for a short while before stopping to remove her now soaking panties. She raised her hips high off the bed making their removal very simple and allowing him an up-close glimpse of her glistening pussy.

"Put them on," she said as he pulled them off over her stiletto.

"Pardon?"

"My knickers, put them on."

"Why?"

"Because it would really turn me on."

"You seem pretty turned on already."

"I am, but that would make me hornier still" she mused.

"Whatever.." He slipped into them and had to admit they did feel very sexy when they were on, especially the feel of her hot damp juices against his balls.

"They look better on you than they do on me" she viewed.

"Well I wouldn't go that far" he replied.

"I would, now come here and lick my pussy, I'm desperate for you." She lay back and opened her legs wide and he lay between them and began to encircle the inside of her thighs with his tongue. As it trailed to the V at the top of her legs and touched the edges of her lips, she sighed out loudly.

"Please Gary, now" she pleaded.

Slipping two fingers into her again, his tongue ran up and down her lips and he began to drink at her musky juices. Then as her clit unhooked itself, he began to flick at it with his tongue. She really loved this and moaned out loudly from the second he started.

She continued to moan as he rolled it around between his teeth and licked at it incessantly, he was determined to make her come and he didn't have long to wait. As he sped up the delving motions with his fingers she began to rub herself hard against his face, faster and faster they both went.

Until jerking and shuddering, she gripped his head and pulled him against her with all her

strength while he continued to push her over the brink of her orgasm as she cried out hoarsely beneath him. Eventually, it subsided, his face now covered in her sticky juices. He wiped it clean with his fingers before sucking them dry and then kissing her again. She lay next to him smiling, her heavy breathing now beginning to die down.

She rolled over towards him and began to rub my erection through the silky knickers.

"Gary that was fantastic" she whispered, "now I'm going to give you the ride of your life."

This he was looking forward to. Her touch and the feel of the silk against his shaft as it ran up and down felt fantastic and his full erection strained against the flimsy cloth. Mrs. Burton sat up and straddled him but facing the other way.

Her lovely tight bare bottom hovered above his groin as she reached down with both hands and pulled the panties to one side. His straining dick sprang free and she grasped it at the base and slowly began to lower herself down towards it.

As she neared it, he could feel the heat emanating from her pussy until the tip of his glans nuzzled her wet lips. Mrs. Burton slid the tip along the length of her groove a couple of times until it became wet with her juice and then very slowly began to lower herself down onto his shaft.

They both groaned loudly as inch by inch she impaled herself on him until he was buried in her up to the hilt. She paused at the bottom to become accustomed to the intrusion and he could feel her muscles gripping him as he reveled in the delights of her hot, damp, luscious pussy.

Then, ever so slowly she began to move up and down on him. It was tight at first and she cried out each time she sunk down onto him but as the flow of her juices increased it gradually became easier.

Before long she was bouncing up and down like mad and he returned each downward movement of hers with an upward thrust of his own, causing both of them to cry out each time their hips banged together. Without removing him from her depths she then spun around to face him and continued to ride him while he licked her stiff nipples.

"Yes Gary, that's it!" she breathed as he pounded into her, gripping her arse to pull her down harder onto him each time he pushed into her.

"God, you feel fantastic" he whispered.

He turned her over onto her back and slid his length into her again in one thrust and moaned out as he was again enveloped by her soft, wet folds.

Taking his weight in his arms, he began to screw her in deep and hard thrusts making her cry out each time he forced his length all the way in.

She began to claw at his back as he continued and he could sense she was nearing her climax again. Grabbing his buttocks through the silky cloth that still adorned them, she pulled him into her harder still and bucked against him wildly.

Her climax coursed through her body causing her to arch her back and throw her head backward,

her face contorted in ecstasy. He slowed down as it subsided and pulled out but with no respite he turned her over and entered her from behind once more. The residual effects of her last climax were still present as he slid into her,

"Oh, my God, don't stop." She moaned.

Again he pounded into her relentlessly, grabbing her dangling tits, rubbing her legs through her stockings and pulling her back onto his thrusts by her hips, the silk of her panties rubbing against her behind each time he slammed into her. Her last climax never seemed to fully subside and again she seemed to be close to coming.

"That's its honey, come again" he urged. This sent her to wilder still. She pushed back onto each stroke and began to cry out,

"Yes, yes Gary, fuck me, I'm coming again! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck m..." her voice trailed off mid-sentence as again her body started to shudder beneath him.

His own climax now very close he banged away forcefully as she continued to endure her own orgasm and then with one last thrust his spunk gushed forth and Gary too shouted out with pleasure as spurt after spurt shot out inside her.

They collapsed on the bed as he withdrew from her and she went down on me again, licking and sucking the culminated juices from his dick. When she'd extracted every last drop from him, they rested until they had recovered enough to do it all again.

Chapter 6

By the time it was over Paul was utterly exhausted and could not move he had masturbated for three times and just lay there on the sofa. His mind was, however, active, many thoughts were crossing his mind. It would be right to inform both of their deeds to each other but in that case, it would mean turning on his employer.

The result of which would be that he won't get his payment. So he decided to inform Mrs. Burton all he could gather about her husband's affair and pretend that he does know anything about hers.

On the other hand, he would request Miss. Parker to submit her report within a few hours of him so that they both will be paid and the rest of the trouble they will leave it for the couple to sort out. So he called Miss. Parker who invited him to her home to talk about this. Of course this discussion was not the only thing they had in mind; they were more interested in each other. They were hungry for each other.

The day after he went to Miss.Parker's house, it was a beautiful small house, well furnished. She took him inside and she sat in the living room; he went straight to the plan and told her his idea. She agreed it was the best thing to do for each other's sake.

Quickly dismissing the topic, she said: "is that all?"

Paul stammered "yes but no...Miss Parker".

At this, she gave a wild laugh and said: "my name is Rosemary, you can call me Rose."

“Okay, Rose I was feeling restless with the whole incident so I decided to tell you. Paul said.

“Nice lies...but I can see that you are turned on after watching that video.”

Realizing that he was caught, he stopped and looked down

She rubbed her thighs in a way she wished the man sitting across from her would do. His deep blue eyes penetrating into her own as she gave a knowing smile that in a matter of minutes they would be rolling around the empty room in ecstasy fucking on every surface available marking each and every table, chair and sofa.

The door was locked but the windows remained open. She liked it when other people could watch. She unbuttoned her blouse first from the bottom than from the top leaving the last two crucial buttons for her lover of the evening to reveal her naked large breasts. She wasn't wearing bras. The chair gave a scrape as she stood up and the click of her heels echoed as she walked over to straddle her lover.

His large hands wavered only for a second in front of her offering and she moaned as he began to massage her hardened barely concealed nipples. Within a minute her shirt had been ripped open the last two buttons popping off somewhere into the unknown.

She smirked as his darkening eyes met hers she could feel that he was already hard. With no further delays, he grabbed her breasts pushing them together, massaging them and groaning his pleasure as he rubbed his hardness against her. She could feel her panties growing wet in response.

His tongue ran over both of her nipples. He squeezed them together side by side slipping each in

his mouth, his tongue trailing circles around each areola in a stiff competition of which could stand tallest. She kissed back down his neck and then to his chest as she slowly sat down on the arm of the sofa.

His mouth was at the right height for her nipples. She guided him back and forth between her nipples, wanting them both to get sucked. He obliged her while his hands move around her hips, rubbing her ass and down her thighs while he sucked on her nipples. He felt her wriggling as he rubbed and kissed her, so she slowly undoes his skirt and work the buttons down.

She undid his belt buckle and threw the first barrier to the ground anxious to scratch the itch that was building inside her. She needed something inside her. The need almost hurt with its ache. She stood up so her breasts smothered his face and his hands trailed down the curve of her ass as she undid his pants.

Instinctively, she reached for his big, hard cock, and felt the size and firmness through his boxers. She thrust her hands down the front and ran her fingertips from the base to the tip. It's like a lucky dip, and she felt as though she had won the big prize.

He cupped her pussy mound in the palm of his hand through her panty; he ran a slow but firm finger along her clit and pussy slit before sticking his hand down the front of her panty. As if he was holding a pet hamster, he fingered her warm, wet, furry, brown pussy.

Then, as if he was her husband and she was his wife, she reached her hand and took hold of his engorged, naked prick with her fingers while French kissing him. With him rubbing her clit and fingering her pussy through her panties with one hand and feeling her tits and fingering her nipples with his other hand, she fondled the head of his cock with her fingertips.

Suddenly startled as his fingers are removed from her pussy, she looked to him for an answer but instead she met with the sight of a gorgeous, sexy man stripping. He removed his t-shirt, exposing

his trim, sensual body, and returns straight to her neck for a few seconds, before his lips travel down to her tits, then her navel, and finally he stops on her hipbones.

Peeling her panties away and down her shaking, limp legs, he begins to nuzzle the mound above her clitoris, lightly kissing and teasing her sex. She can feel her clit pulsating, crying out for attention but he continues to plant delicate licks and kisses on her inner thighs and lips.

Finally, he ran his tongue flat over her clit and caused a loud, husky groan to escape from inside her. He had awakened feelings of passion and pure ecstasy that she had been deprived of for so long. He screamed as an explosion erupts inside him and his juices gush out from her pussy.

His tongue laps up her orgasm gratefully and his hands eagerly massage her hips as she attempts to restore calm to her disrupted body. Feeling collected, they switch roles and she pushed him onto his back. She glanced and saw that his swelling bulge under his boxer shorts leaves nothing to the imagination. She gave his dick a few short squeezes before seductively pulling the shorts down and feasting her hungry eyes on his engaging member.

"Take them off now," she commanded giving a brief tug while she slipped off her own red panties.

He slid them off his leg quickly and she was delighted to find the commando spring of a large cock standing upright to greet her. She wrapped her hand around the base running it from bottom to top.

Its girth pleased her as well as the length. "This night's fuck was going to feel delightful," she thought while dropping to her knees. She stared up at him with those big beautiful eyes while holding up his cock.

She admired it and began to kiss the head and shaft. She spat on her hand and began to massage his balls, also pushing her hand below his balls to rub the sensitive area before reaching his ass. He moaned. She was very good in things that men like; she took the full length into her mouth and jerked it off inside her mouth.

He felt like he could cum there and then, but stopped her before they went any further. That's not how he wanted the evening to go. He wanted it to last, at least, a little longer.

Get on your back and spread your legs for me." he said. She laid back, pulled her knees up and spread her legs. She began massaging her clit through her panties and he could see a large wet spot had formed.

She again spat in her hand and massaged her breasts, and her very large, pink nipples. Paul flicked her nipples with his tongue and sucked them until she was shuttered, her lips quivering wanting to be fucked more than life but unable to stop his lips and tongue from bringing her to a roaring climax.

He could see her pussy juice flowing down his legs and he knew she wanted to feel his manhood pressed deep inside of her flaming hot vaginal canal. Paul stood Rose on her feet and pulled her panties off as his tongue worked its way toward her pussy.

As he got closer, Rose set on the side of the sofa opened her legs and waited for his hot tongue to hit her pussy. Paul lapped at her clit with his tongue and sucked the entire length of her pussy, tongued and sucked every square inch of the hot lips that covered her vaginal opening.

Rose was starting another climax and she roared as she pulled his face directly into her hot snatch plunging his nose into her vagina "That's right Paul. Lick my pussy. Lick me. Eat me. Make me your bitch," she said when she was actually his bitch.

"Make me cum. I need to cum. I want to cum in your mouth," she said as Paul licked her harder, faster and even licking her deeper.

She was wailing like a whore feeling his nose sinks into her hot love pit and she screamed so loud that Paul hoped that the neighbors didn't come to investigate.

Licking and licking her, he licked her faster, and licked her harder, while rubbing her clit and fingering her pussy deeper. Just when he had her moaning and sexually moving her naked body, he abruptly stopped.

As if he was a diver diving for crabs, after parting her clam with his tongue and searching her pussy for her bean with his finger as if looking for a pearl, he briefly came up for air again. He reached his hands up to feel her breasts, fondle her tits, and finger her nipples while continuing to eat her.

With Paul eating her clit harder, fingering her pussy deeper, and licking her faster, it didn't take Rose much longer to cum. As she shuttered from yet another climax and Rose began to beg,

"Give me that young cock, please fuck me, I need that big young cock deep inside of me."

Paul stood up, kicked off his shoes and stood directly in front of Rose. She laid her back on the sofa and spread her legs almost begging to have him insert his hard member into her waiting pussy.

Without a word, he got into her sliding his cock inside her and gave out a yell of pleasure. It stretched into her enough to hit every spot. She groaned as she began to rock back and forth while he placed a hand on her ass to firmly press into her clitoris fucking it meticulously in circles as she began to beg him for more.

Rose began to moan louder and louder and she pushed against every minor thrust not wanting to wait for the penetration of his young hard cock into her throbbing pussy. She was moaning like a whore, this was way too good, as she was feeling a sexual bliss she had never felt knowing she was getting a huge young cock, in her own home by a rival of her own profession.

Every slid gave her an incredible thrill she couldn't have possibly imagined just an hour ago. Her delicate right hand held his shoulder and the other on his smooth ass, as she bumped her hips up in sync to engulf the shaft plunging into her.

Once he started sliding faster inside of her, she humped him and he slid deeper. Humping harder and humping him faster, while slowly rotating her hips. Then, done with making love in that position, she allowed Paul to roll her over, mount her from behind, and fuck her tight asshole really hard. Fucking her harder and fucking her deeper, it wasn't long before Paul pulled out and was pounding her pussy in the way of a high revving piston in a machine.

The clapping sound of their fucking filled the living room along with their grunts and groans. She felt herself being lifted her front side suddenly on the table as he began to fuck her doggy style. She cried out as she felt his dick curving into the right angle of her g-spot her wetness now dribbling down her leg.

She felt herself being lifted entirely onto the table with him planting a foot on either chair he began to pound into her wildly, they were now completely on display.

Lovingly tilting his head, he asks, "Do you like that baby?"

"Yes," she replied, panting as he drills into her soaking pussy.

Almost without thought, she blurts out, "I want you to fuck me harder, make me scream just before you cum." She requested.

Obedying her commands, he became rough and grabs her flesh as his pelvis pounds into her. Rose was flipped over, remain lying down but with her pelvis slightly lifted, he enters her from behind again.

She felt his mouth on her shoulder as he gently bites her flesh, sucked and kissed her neck; Paul softly pulled strands of her hair through his fingers and tenderly allowed his breath to brush the nape of her neck.

The breaths become shorter and faster as he grinds and pounds into her. His cock provides a good pressure against her g-spot and progressively louder moans escape from her mouth.

She wanted it harder. She wanted it deeper. She wanted it faster. Reaching around, his soft fingers run circles around her pounding clit, causing her pelvis to rise and allowing him to work his magic. Her rounded ass lifts higher, allowing him deeper. His fingers frantically rub her boobs as his hard dick is smashing into her tight pussy. She screamed with delight.

His naughty hands wander; tugging her hair, smacking her ass, caressing her tits. The pace is becoming rapid, rough. Back on her boobs, he massages her nipples with his hand becoming rougher as he approaches climax.

With a swift movement, he pulls out and flips her over. He continues to touch her while her hands quickly find his cock. With skillful rhythm, they caressed each other into ecstasy as she screams aloud, feeling the tension building; her pussy pulses and his body jolts of an approaching orgasm.

She slammed herself into him relishing the deepness and strength of each thrust. She felt her breath hitch as she crossed the line she recognized as the point of no return and within seconds her walls were squeezing around him, milking him for all he was worth.

Now, fuck me," she ordered while grabbing a handful of his naked ass and squeezing. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me like you will fuck your wife. Make me cum with your cock in the way you made me cum with your mouth and finger and me'll give you the best blowjob of your young life."

Seemingly enlivened and invigorated with the promise of a blowjob, Paul humped Rose harder and humped her faster. With Rose returning his humps and with them matching one another's humps, it wasn't long before they developed a syncopated rhythm.

They fucked like teenagers in the backseat of a car on prom night. With this sexual arrangement apparently working for both, he was sexually attracted to slightly heavy brunette, working women as much as she was sexually attracted to young, single man.

"I'm going to cum," said Rose. "Don't stop. Fuck me harder. Fuck me faster," she said pulling Paul from the couch to the carpeted floor. "Fuck me. Fuck me."

He fucked her as if he was a prisoner who had been locked away in prison for years without the conjugal visit of a woman; he pounded her as if he was a sailor who had been away at sea for too long without the sexual release of a shore leave. He fucked her as if she was a cheating, married,

drunken woman.

"Oh, God, Paul. I'm cumming. I'm cumming. I'm fucking cumming," she said wrapping her legs around his back, grabbing his naked ass with both hands, and pushing him even deeper inside of her.

"Fuck me. Fuck me harder. Fuck me faster. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me as I cum." She pleaded he humped her faster and she humped him harder until she stiffened her legs and screamed out her sexual pleasure.

They stayed like that with Rose basking in the afterglow of sex for several long minutes.

"Don't cum inside of me," she whispered in his ear. "I can get pregnant. Instead of cumming inside me, I'll suck you," she said licking his ear before blowing her hot air in his ear.

She looked at him and smiled before she reached her hand down to fondle Paul's still hard cock. Then, slowly stroking him while turning her head to kiss him, she made him harder with her fingers and with her hand before making him even harder with her mouth.

Slowly, as if she was a sexy snake sliding and slowly slinking her way down to engulf a rat in her mouth, she opened her mouth and took Paul's cock inside.

With him humping her mouth and putting a heavy hand behind her head again to fuck her deep down her throat; it didn't take Paul very long to explode his sexual lust. She didn't stop sucking Paul's cock until she sucked him dry and swallowed every drop of his cum.

Once she was done with him, as if he was an empty gin bottle, she discarded him. She moved from the floor to the couch while still naked to make herself comfortable.

She grabbed her cigarettes, lit one up, and blew a blue cloud of smoke in the air. With him still on the floor and looking as if he was about to fall asleep, she gave him a gentle nudge in the ribs with her toe.

Paul got up and crept on the Couch, they rested in this way for a few minutes and then he put on his clothes. Before he left he once again reminded her of the deal and drove home thinking of when next he will meet her.

----- The End -----

Bonus Books

From

Grant Publishing

Werewolf Shifters

Werewolf Shifters Series

Vivia Fleckenstein

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Published by Grant Publishing

Possessed by Him

Most people loved her because of her kindness and sweet innocence. This is why she couldn't understand who could hate her that much to do this to her. It was only by chance that she was still alive.

Jenny woke up on the wet ground. One of her friends, Tom, found her there and brought her to the hospital. The last thing she remembered was walking back home from work when she felt a strong blow behind her head. Her clothes were all wet because of the rain and she had mud mixed with blood in her hair. All she wanted was to get home under a hot shower. She suspected it was one of the werewolf shifters. Everybody knew of their existence but they used to stay hidden. Whenever a human saw one of them, he had a good story to tell for years. Lately though they want their own place in the society and they often make their presence known. This is not without conflicts between humans and these shifter clans. The acts of violence that took place lately in Chicago made Jen suspect one of them attacked her too. She had absolutely no enemies.

Meeting the Shifter

All her neighbors and friends loved her bubbly personality and kind spirit. It took a few days for her wound to heal but she was still not ready to get back to her waitressing job. She loved her work because she got to be around people. Both her parents died in a car accident when she was a baby. Her grandparents raised her but now they were gone too. She was alone in the world and this is why she tried to fill her time with work. It felt less lonely. Since she got attacked however, she was too scared to leave the house. Not knowing her enemy was worse than anything. Jen didn't want to look over her shoulder every time she left the house.

After spending two weeks in her room, she finally got enough courage to get out into the world. She missed her friends and her job. Her first day back at work was almost like a party. Her colleagues bought a cake and they celebrated during the lunch break. One of the other waitresses told her there was a good looking guy watching her from one of the tables.

“That is my table but we can switch. He is clearly into you.” Said her colleague smiling.

Jenn blushed as soon as she saw him. He was the best looking man she ever saw. He was tall with broad shoulders and dark hair. He smiled at her and this made her a little weak in the knees. As she got closer to his table, she saw with horror that his eyes were of a golden shade. This was the only characteristic humans had to tell apart shifters from people. She took a deep breath and got closer to him. She had to be a professional and do her job. Shifters were hoping to be treated the same as people and she never liked to make anyone feel bad. As her grandma used to say, “Every forest has its dry leaves.” This meant shifters had their own negative characters just like people did. This didn’t mean all humans or all shifters were bad. However, this didn’t stop her hands from trembling. She almost dropped the tray with the drinks on his lap.

“Are you okay? Let me help you with that.” He touched her hands while trying to take the tray from her. She was shocked by how cold his skin felt. Even so, his touch sent her hot shivers all over her body. She never longed for the touch of a man as she did now.

His smile was breathtaking. Jenny never felt this way for any man. She had boyfriends before but she viewed them more as good friends. None of her friends knew but at 20 years-old, she was still a virgin. This was something she wanted to share with someone special. All her friends had already plenty of experience in that area and she was too embarrassed to talk to them about it. Of course her ex boyfriends insisted to get her to bed but she didn’t feel ready. None of them had the patience to wait around so she decided to be single until she found him. Now that perfect man was standing in front of her. Unfortunately, he was a shifter.

“Thank you, that is very kind of you. My name is Jenny.”

“Nice to meet you Jenny, I’m Mark.”

For a moment she lost herself in his sexy smile. If only he was human...A romantic relationship between a human and a shifter was forbidden by people and especially by shifters. Since she didn’t have any parents, there was no one to forbid her to be with a shifter. However, it was known that members of the shifter clans used to kill humans who fell in love with shifters. They wanted to preserve their special powers. If they mixed with people, their babies would be half human and their powers will be less strong. The shifters also feared that their species would soon disappear.

Needless to say that night she couldn’t fall asleep. All she could think about was Mark. He had something that attracted her like a magnet. As she was thinking about him, she felt unfamiliar waves of pleasure. She slowly touched that special spot between her legs and imagined those were his hands. For the first time in her life, Jen felt that he was the type of man she would give her virginity to. Since she knew this was not possible, all she had was her imagination.

The Other Shifter Clan

The werewolf shifters were separated in more clans. Mark was one of the 5 leaders of the Hannibal clan. He was trying to lead everyone on the right path. His goal was to fight some of the other clans and make them stop the attacks against humans. He knew that they would never get accepted in the world if some of them kept hurting people. Worst of all, a shifter from a rival clan hurt Jenny. She was the girl he secretly loved. Until the other day he just watched her from a distance. Now he had to make his presence known to her because she needed his protection. The shifter who attacked her was a female from the Hell clan.

Her name was Tara and she was in love with Mark. Since he rejected her, she started to follow him. This is how she caught him spying on Jenny. She knew then that was her rival. The solution seemed simple enough. All Tara had to do was to kill Jen. However, she wanted to make it look like she was attacked by a human because she knew Mark would end up hating her if he found out. So instead of shifting into a werewolf and tearing her to pieces, she took a brick and hit her in the head. What she didn’t know, was that Mark had a special power.

His sense of smell was very strong. As soon as he found Jen lying on the ground, he sniffed the brick and he could tell that she was attacked by a shifter. He then sent an anonymous text to her friend Tom. This is how he knew where to find her. Mark didn't know yet which of the shifters was responsible for hurting the woman he loved. Since it happened, he made it his priority to find out the truth. It was the only way to save her life. Whoever it was, he or she was going to try again and he couldn't allow this to happen. He would prefer to sacrifice himself for her.

Mark gathered all the members of the clan and they set up a plan. Each of them had to infiltrate in the other clans and find out if any of them had plans to attack any more humans. If they found something out, they had to be stopped. Of course he didn't tell them that he especially wanted to protect Jenny. His parents didn't need to know that he was taking an interest in a human girl.

This would have put her life in danger. While his family didn't usually attack people, they all agreed that a relationship with a human was a legitimate reason to kill. His love for Jenny had to remain platonic no matter how hard he got every time he saw her slim body. He had sexual experiences with other shifters before but none of them managed to drive him as mad with desire as Jenny did.

Mark took it upon himself to inspect Tara's clan. He had a strong suspicion that her jealousy made her attack Jen. Before he killed her, he had to make sure. His plan was to get close to her and make her believe he was in love with her too. This way he could catch her with the guard down. He was going to succeed even if that meant he had to become her boyfriend. He was willing to kiss the enemy on the lips. All the clan's members got on their motorcycles and separated into small groups. From a distance, anybody who saw them would say they were a normal bike club. While they were on their bikes, they were all wearing sun glasses and it was impossible to tell they weren't human. Mark chose to go on his own to the Hell clan. There, he saw Tara training her members for fight.

"Preparing for a battle?" Asked Mark.

"Not at all, just training for our safety in case we get attacked."

Answered Tara. Her heart skipped a beat as soon as she saw him coming. For the past hundred years she has been in love with him but he never gave her a chance. Today he was actually smiling at her. This took her by surprise.

“Are you busy all day long? I was thinking maybe you want to have a walk in the woods with me.”
Said Mark.

*

Mrs. Burton, a rich young wife who got most of her wealth from her grandma was so curious to find out what her husband does in the secret, so she hired Mr. Paul Harrison of Spotlight Detective Agency to be her special spy as she suspected her husband to be having an affair outside their marriage.

Paul started his job by asking her 10 super questions that are traceable to a cheating husband which Mrs. Burton confirmed all to be true. But the game become more interesting when Paul found out that Mr. Burton on his own part had hired a private investigator who turn out to be beautiful and very curvy to keep an eye on him because he felt his wife with having an affair with someone and Paul had visited her couple of times that week. As things continues, both inspectors got to know that the couples were cheating on each other and the best thing for the two detectives was to summit details gathered from the findings individually while they continue with their love making leaving the couple settles their indifference.

WARNING: This book contains mature language and themes, intended for adults only.

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