



The Neighbor's Wife

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I had lived next to Julia and Dan for eleven months before anything happened.

They were the couple you notice without meaning to. Dan traveled for work. Julia was forty-two, dark-haired, long-legged, the kind of woman who watered plants in a thin dress and made the whole street feel warmer. We talked over the fence. We borrowed tools. She brought me soup when I had the flu. I told myself that was all it was.

It wasn't.

The first time she said it out loud was a Thursday in July. Dan was in Chicago for four days. Julia knocked on my kitchen door at nine with a bottle of wine and a look I had been pretending not to recognize.

"Can I come in?"



"Always."

She sat on my counter like she owned the air in the room. We drank. We talked about nothing. Then she set the glass down and said, "Dan knows I'm here. He knows what I want. He said if I was going to do this, I should do it with someone we both like."

I asked her to say it plainly.

“I want you to fuck me,” Julia said. “I want it tonight. I want it in this house. And I want to go home after with your cum in my mouth so I can tell him how it tasted.”

I should have asked more questions. I kissed her instead.

She kissed like she had been waiting months. Hungry, smiling into it, her hands already under my shirt. I lifted her off the counter and she wrapped her legs around my waist. We didn't make it to the bedroom on the first try. I set her on the table. She pulled her dress over her head. No bra. Small, perfect breasts, tight nipples, a thin gold chain. Black panties that were already damp when I hooked my fingers in them and dragged them down her thighs.



I dropped to my knees and put my mouth on her.

Julia's head fell back. She tasted clean and hot. I licked her slowly at first, then harder, two fingers sliding into her while I sucked her clit. She came on my tongue with a broken laugh, one hand in my hair, saying my name like she had practiced it.

“God, Tom. Don't stop.”

I didn't. I fucked her with my mouth until her thighs shook and she pulled me up by the shirt.

“Cock,” she said. “Now.”

I stripped. She looked at me the way you look at a gift you already decided to ruin. She wrapped her hand around me, stroked once, then slid off the table and onto her knees on my kitchen tile.

She took me into her mouth without teasing.



Deep. Wet. Eyes up. She sucked me like she wanted a report to write. Saliva ran down her chin. She pulled off, stroked me against her lips, and said, “Dan asked me to describe this. So I’m paying attention.”

Then she swallowed me again until I had to pull her off or finish too soon.

I carried her to the couch. She straddled me and sank down in one slow slide, tight and soaked, a sound leaving her throat that I felt in my spine. She rode me with her hands on my chest, dress gone, panties gone, wedding ring flashing every time she braced herself. I held her ass and thrust up into her. The couch complained. Julia came again, clenching around me, forehead against mine.

“Harder,” she whispered. “He told me not to be polite.”

I flipped her onto her back and gave her harder.

I hooked her knees over my arms and fucked her in long, deep strokes that made her breasts bounce and her mouth fall open. She was loud. My living room had never heard that sound. I put my thumb on her clit and she came a third time, shaking, laughing through

it, saying filthy things about how full she was and how she was going to tell her husband every detail.

I pulled out before I came. She made a disappointed noise.

“Not yet,” I said. “Bedroom.”



We left a trail. Her dress on the chair. My jeans in the hall. She walked ahead of me naked except for the chain and the ring, looking over her shoulder like she knew exactly what she was doing to me.

On the bed I put her on all fours.

I slid into her from behind and watched myself disappear. Julia pushed back onto me, greedy. I gripped her hips and pounded her until the headboard hit the wall. She reached back and spread herself for me. I spat on my thumb and rubbed her ass, asked if she wanted it.

“Yes. Slow.”

I pressed in an inch at a time. She breathed through it, then nodded, and I sank the rest of the way. I fucked her ass in careful, deep strokes while she rubbed her clit. She came with her face in my pillow, voice wrecked.

I pulled out, flipped her onto her back, and went back into her pussy because I wanted to feel her come again around my cock before I gave her what she had asked for.

She did. Legs around me. Nails in my shoulders.

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yes locked on mine.

“Mouth,” she said, panting. “I told him I’d take it in my mouth. I want to. I want it happy. I want to swallow you and go home smiling.”

I knelt over her. She opened her mouth, tongue out, looking up at me like this was the best part of the night, not the end of it.

I stroked myself and came across her tongue, her lips, the inside of her cheeks. Thick, hot, more than I expected. Julia took it. She kept her mouth open until I was done, then closed her lips, swallowed, and opened again to show me it was gone.

She laughed, bright and filthy and satisfied.

“Good boy,” she said, which was ridiculous, and then she pulled me down and kissed me so I could taste myself on her.

We lay there for a while. Sweat cooling. Her head on my chest. She told me Dan had been the one to bring it up, months ago, after a bottle of wine and a confession that watching her

get used by another man was the thing he thought about in hotel rooms. She had been scared. Then curious. Then ready.

“He’s going to lose his mind when I walk in,” she said. “I’m going to kiss him with this mouth.”

“Is that okay with you?”



“It’s the point.” She smiled. “I like you. I like this. I like going home to him after. Don’t make it complicated.”

I walked her to the fence at midnight. She still had the taste of me on her tongue. She kissed my cheek like a neighbor returning a cup of sugar.

The next morning there were two coffees on my porch and a note in her handwriting.

He says thank you. I say Friday. Same door. Don’t make me wait.

Friday she didn’t wait for wine.

She came in, locked the door, dropped to her knees in my hallway, and sucked me until I was hard enough to hurt. I fucked her against the wall with her dress around her waist. Then on the stairs. Then on the bed again, her on top, grinding down, talking the whole time — how Dan had made her describe my cock, how he had come in her mouth while she told him, how she wanted both of us next time if I was brave enough.

I came in her pussy that night. She made me pull out at the last second anyway and finished me on her tongue, swallowing with that same happy little sound.

By August it was a schedule.

Dan started coming home early on purpose. Once he sat in their backyard with a beer while Julia was in my kitchen on her knees. She texted him a photo of her lipstick on my cock and he sent back a thumbs-up and *don't rush*. Another night he knocked on my door after, shook my hand, and said, "She looks happy. Keep doing that."



It should have been strange. It felt like the most honest thing on the street.

The night it became more than a secret was Labor Day.

Dan was home. Julia asked if I wanted to come over. Their living room. Lights low. Dan in the armchair with a glass of whiskey, hard in his pants, watching.

Julia undressed in front of both of us.

She sucked me while Dan watched. She bent over the coffee table while I fucked her. She looked at her husband when she came and said, "He's so deep, baby," and Dan told her she was beautiful. I lasted longer than I thought I would because I didn't want the night to end.

When I was close, Julia dropped to her knees between us, looked at Dan, and said, "I want his."

Dan nodded.

She opened her mouth. I came on her tongue in thick ropes. She swallowed, showed us, then turned and took Dan into her mouth and finished him the same way, humming like she had won something.

After, she sat on the floor between us, lipstick wrecked, smiling at the ceiling.

"Next weekend," she said. "Your place. Both of you. I want to fall asleep with the taste of you and wake up married."

Dan laughed. I laughed. Julia licked the corner of her mouth and looked at me like the fence between our houses had never mattered.

"Neighbor's wife," she said. "That's what the street thinks I am. They're not wrong. They're just missing the part where I'm happy about it."

I walked home at two in the morning with her laugh still in my ears and the knowledge that Friday she would knock again.

She always did.

And she always left with a full mouth and a brighter smile than she arrived with.

That was the deal.

That was the marriage next door.

That was how I learned that some fences are only wood.