

Rich, the House Maid



**MAX
SWYET**



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Rich, the House Maid

By Max Swyft

1

I first noticed the changes in my attitude and behavior when I started smoking again. Alexandra was disappointed, attributed it to a lack of self esteem. It's hard to argue with my wife about these things. She's always been stubborn and headstrong.

I found it easier to go along to get along.

Hypnosis. Or subliminal suggestion. Auto suggestion. Perhaps more accurately described as post hypnotic suggestion. I went to an analyst at Alexandra's suggestion to overcome my nicotine addiction. Dr. Kerry Ashburn came highly recommended. It's amazing the advances the pharmaceutical industry has made helping us overcome our addictions. The psychoanalyst gave me pills to curb my revived appetite for cigarettes. And they seemed to work. Two a day everyday for two or three months should cure me. That an subliminal suggestion.

This psychotherapist informed me many people, after giving up cigarettes think they have beat the habit but after a period of months, which varies, the hunger comes back on them.

My lack of self-esteem surfaced with my dismissal at the university. That's the excuse I used to start smoking again (so I'm told). Alexandra stepped in there, too. We avoided a potentially damaging scandal with the university.

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The university wasn't nearly as understanding as my wife. I didn't have tenure but they made a handsome settlement with me, perhaps more than I should have hoped for, and everything was quietly settled.

It was Alexandra who suggested I stay at home, take it easy. If I really got bored I could always bring in extra money tutoring students.

After that . . . well, my life hit bottom. It was like I was thrown off a high cliff, or as the saying goes "I was thrown under the bus." I thought having been let go at the university was the worst of it. I was wrong.

Terribly wrong.

About being let go at the university: It was such a stupid mistake. She was so provocative and pretty. Young and seemingly innocent, but coy about her sexuality and curvaceous body. Yet she had to know the effects she was having on me. I was incredibly attracted to her, discovered she wasn't so innocent, and for several months we had a torrid affair. She was barely nineteen. I thought I was in love, but it wasn't that. Simple infatuation; that's what it was, which I later learned under psychoanalysis.

Then she became pregnant, wanted me to leave my wife. Of course I couldn't do anything like that. Alexandra and I had been together since college, married over ten years.

Alexandra later told me, since we hadn't produced children, I was unconsciously following a basic need to propagate. Alexandra even blamed herself. How could she blame herself, I wondered. Women, you could never figure them out, or their convoluted thinking. However, I knew better than to second guess my wife who is a practicing clinical psychologist, worked with the medical industry, currently with some of the area hospitals.

This "unconscious and basic need to father a child" business came from an old friend of hers, also an analyst. They had attended college together, and over the years had remained friends. I had stupidly suggested Alex counsel me herself. "Richard, you know I couldn't give objective psychological guidance. I'm too close to the situation."

After Alex found out about the affair from a member of the faculty, she confronted me. I broke down and cried, told her it was all a stupid mistake, that I was mesmerized by the young girl's sexual vigor, youth, and beauty.

I remember the way Alex looked at me, not saying a word for long moments. It was like a stranger seeing me naked — the look.

“You being a good deal older than this girl,” she said.

“I didn’t see it that way.”

Alexandra sadly shook her head. “Men, the old saying goes, have two heads but only enough blood in their system to make one function at a time.”

“It didn’t start out that way.”

“I suppose not. It never does, does it? But you ended up following the end of your penis. Instead of following your brain, doing what was moral and proper. You’re a professor, Richard, in a bastion of higher learning. You know better.”

Once the truth was out about my affair with the young student I thought she would leave me, file for divorce, but after seeing it for what it was — she calmed down in a matter of a few weeks — met with the student, talked her out of having an abortion, used her expertise as a clinician, convinced the girl to go back to Iowa to have the child. She reasoned with the student: “It will only make it worse, having an abortion. You may not see it like that now, but over time you’ll come to regret it. Two wrongs don’t make a right.”

I suggested to my wife we adopt the baby. After all, I was its father. Alex thought about it for days, sat me down, explained it to me as if I was a child. The baby would always be a reminder of my infidelity. Our marriage was built on trust and the baby’s presence in our home might undermine whatever harmony was left between us. She was right, of course. Women forgive but never forget.

It was Alex’s idea to have the child adopted and the girl was willing to give it up. But after returning home she was riding with a bunch of her friends, involved in a near fatal auto accident and lost the baby. After the accident we never heard from her again.

At least I didn’t. However, I suspect Alex stayed in touch with her parents behind my back. It wasn’t something I wanted to know or confront my wife about. Though I was tempted to ask, I couldn’t screw up enough courage. Better to leave well enough alone.

The night I broke down and cried she cradled my head in her lap, told me she understood. She also said our marriage would suffer because of what I’d done; doing it with a girl who was barely nineteen, somehow making it worse in Alex’s eyes. The

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girl was wise beyond her years, but I couldn't explain that to Alex.

Perhaps after a while our marriage would return to normal. Alex putting emphasis on the word "normal," inferring it would never be normal again.

"Maybe not normal but something close," she reasoned.

Until she got over it and found the strength to forgive me, I would sleep in the guest room and make no sexual advances toward her. She would give me the signal when her heart and mind were healed.

But a woman never forgets, especially about infidelity. It would always be there, lurking on a back burner of her mind.

I was such a lucky man I reasoned. Most women would file for divorce, especially considering the circumstances; a university professor taking advantage of a seemingly vulnerable student.

Word travel fast in Cyrenaica (Cer En A she-ah), a thriving metropolis, comparable to New York, Chicago or LA. As far as the university and other halls of academia were concerned, I was tainted merchandise, would probably never find a teaching position again.

Not in the foreseeable future, anyway.

One night nearly three months after "the incident," I was surfing the web for possible alternative careers and compiling information for a history project. It was a proposed study reflecting Puritan beliefs, how this affected the founding fathers and their Christian beliefs in relation to our modern society. It was then I saw her reflection in the monitor.

She'd been working late, stood behind me wearing only a garter belt, stockings and pumps, bra dangling from her hand. I could hardly believe the ghost-like reflection in the monitor.

Maybe her heart and sexual desire was on the mend, I thought, and blood immediately surged into my penis.

We made passionate love into the morning.

Afterward we lay in bed. Alex still wore her stockings and garter belt. She knew it excited me. I made a mistake, tried to tell her how sorry I was about what had happened. She shushed me with a forefinger over my lips, said we would not discuss it. As far as she was concerned it never happened.

Not for a minute did I believe she had forgotten my infidelity or the spreading of my seed.

But I realized you can't undo what's been done. I knew little about mental science except as a layman, and doubted, even as a practicing clinical psychologist, she could banish the indelible stain I'd left on our marriage.

Alex had started out working for Wausau Paper as a fledgling company psychologist, helping employees adapt to the many changes in the workplace, worked at one of the company's main hub's north of Cyrenaica, near the Ontario River.

As such, she formulated theories or hypotheses, possible explanations for what they observe. When she learned about clinical positions opening in the state funded medical industry, she made the jump from Wausau and never looked back. However, unlike other social science disciplines, she concentrated on individual behavior, specifically emotions or feelings that influence a person's actions. Observation, assessment, and experimentation are crucial in the workplace, she once told me. The independent team she joined sought to understand thought, emotions and feelings, how these mental attributes effected behavior in the workplace.

It was more information than I needed to know, but Alex seldom talked about her work and I was loathe to interrupt her.

It was shortly after her last promotion when she came home to the smell of cigarette smoke in the house. She frowned, gave me a withering look, those intense brown eyes boring into mine. It was *that* menacing glare she's always possessed, yet I've never gotten used to it. On the rare times she used "the look" I felt inadequate and vulnerable, often felt my heartbeat thumping against my chest, racing my blood pressure.

Yes, I knew better but the urge suddenly came upon me and I went out and bought a pack. We discussed it rationally like we did all things, and Alex said she'd help me give them up again.

I agreed with her as a means to pacification. Just to shut her up, really. She looked at me for a moment, asked me if I really meant it. I nodded, yes I meant it. As proof I stubbed out the cigarette I'd just lit.

But being at home, coasting, presented a lot of idle time.

During this time I reverted to tutoring, picked up a little money helping students who were desperate. Alex, through her friend at the university, pulled a few strings, steered students to me for tutoring. They were a mixed bag, most of them student athletes who needed better grades to keep up their academic eligibility and/or scholarship.

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Technically I had no affiliation with the university.

But I didn't stop smoking, thought of Alex at work. What she didn't know couldn't hurt. To hell with good intentions. I could damn well smoke if I wanted to, and that was that. Still, I tried to hide it and didn't smoke in my wife's presence.

It's said a woman can smell another woman's perfume or personal scent. Especially if the perfume or scent lingers on his collar or clothes. No amount of aerosol air fresheners could conceal the distinct stench of tobacco. As I later learned, the smell of cigarettes is not easily detected to the smoker. At first my dear wife pretended not to notice.

But one night while watching television I absently lit one — the pack hidden in my pocket — was puffing away, not a care in the world, when Alex abruptly left the den and went to bed. Her wooden expression brought me up short, those large brown eyes flaring in anger, making me want to hide.

I looked at the offending culprit burning away between my fingers: an object from an alien planet. As if by magic it had suddenly appeared. Totally relaxed, watching television with my wife, I had unconsciously lit up.

I resolved to quit smoking. But it was no use. I did succeed in not smoking in front of her but she *knew*. She'd wrinkle her nose, fix me with those dark brown eyes, and say *nothing*.

Sooner or later we'd have a row about this. I was sure of it.

During the following summer, while helping an athlete who was trying to raise his grades prior to the Fall term, I found myself in trouble again because of tutoring. It was indirectly connected to schooling this young football player, and in the end, as Alex patiently explained, "Richard, it is because of tutoring, that you find yourself in this position."

"But, I haven't done anything," was my lament.

Alex skewered me with large flinty eyes.

What happened was this kid's girlfriend came over to swim in our pool while I was instructing the athlete. It wasn't my fault this girl wore a string bikini, that her bosom overflowed the top, exposing large milky-white cleavage to the harmful ultraviolet rays of the relentless sun.

Working at home I usually dressed down, that day wore a faded old university tee shirt and thread-bare cutoffs — the shorts really too small for me since I'd been gaining weight.

It wasn't my fault I was trying to assist the young lass while her boyfriend was occupied, laboring in the study over a test which measured his retention of subject matter. Personally, I thought the kid's chances were hopeless. But his parents were willing to leave no stone unturned to give the dolt an education.

I was out on the patio offering this buxom girl a tube of sun block. She was openly flirting, slyly looking at the involuntary and noticeable rise in my tight cutoffs . . . when I sensed someone over my shoulder. I didn't know how long she'd been standing there watching this flirting and incongruous girl.

Why wasn't he in the study working on the test, I wondered, turned to ask him just that — when I was confronted not by the student but Alexandra: standing there, arms folded under her bosom, one foot jutting, laser-like eyes fixed on my bulging tumescence obviously displayed in tight, thread-bare cutoffs.

“Who is your friend, Richard?” she said evenly.

The way she calmly said it chilled me.

“Uhm, this is . . .” I looked at the open patio door, as if the answer might appear like a notice on a student bulletin board. “Steven's friend. She just came over a swim. You know how ungodly hot it's been.”

What I said sounded stupid — even to me — and my wife arched a questioning eyebrow.

“Yes, I know. It's terribly hot and getting hotter.” Alex looked at the girl who now affected a pose of innocence. “Young lady I want you out of the pool and out of my house as soon as possible. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma'am,” came the timid reply.

My wife's eyes glanced between my legs, I suppose noting the diminishing bulge, before catching my eye and shaking her head.

I followed Alex into the house and compounded my precarious position by saying, “It's not what you think.” She turned on me, nostrils flaring, wanting to know what I was doing at the edge of the pool wearing a tee shirt and faded cutoffs, sporting an obvious erection, and holding a tube of sun block.

“Were you going to rub the sun block into those huge melons of hers? Is that what you were going to do?”

“Of course not, dear. That wasn't it at all.”

“Or that cute ass hanging out the back of her bikini?”

I figured it a rhetorical question and prudently remained silent.

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I followed her into the kitchen where she poured a glass of pale wine from a refrigerated box we usually kept on hand. She didn't bother to offer me a glass.

Compounding my problem I blurted, "What are you doing home at this hour?"

Alex faced me: "Get rid of those kids, Richard. Finish with him. Make sure this is your last tutoring assignment." She shooed me away with her hand, finished the glass of wine in a couple of swallows. "And Richard, *dear*, if I catch her or any other girl in this house, you will need a very good divorce attorney. Do I make myself clear?"

A couple days later I tried to defend my behavior. I hadn't actually done anything, I was just going to give her the sunblock for protection. Her eyes went so icy I shivered, as if caught naked in a wintry storm. "Then why were you standing there in those ridiculously skimpy cutoffs with an obvious erection?"

And that wasn't all. She finally had enough of me sneaking around and smoking. It was obvious I needed help since I didn't have the will to help myself.

Dr. Kerry Ashburn scheduled me in the next week. She was very understanding about my renewed smoking habits, suggested weekly sessions at first, then taper them off to bi-monthly and then the occasional hour to monitor my progress. She thought, too, after hearing from Alex the history of my misfortunes at the university, and then recently at home, that I was burdened with tremendous guilt. It would be senseless to explain to the psychoanalyst I was just giving the melon-size breasted girl a tube of sunblock. The analyst went on to explain that guilt might have been the catalyst for my smoking relapse. The therapist would treat me for depression and guilt, help me overcome my bad habits.

2

It was about that time when I started doing things for Alex.

One night she came home and I greeted her at the door wearing nothing but an apron. We had done this before, both of us inebriated from too much wine. Since I was cooking Alex suggested I do it naked, then as an afterthought handed me a frilly apron for protection. We'd seen it while shopping and I thought she'd look good in it, especially while wearing heels and hosiery and a fetching garter belt. She bought the frilly apron on impulse but had never worn it.

Alex was delighted with my surprise and I slowly disrobed her and we made love right there in the living room on the carpet.

For several days my knees carried carpet burns from our fervent impromptu coupling.

As incongruous as it sounds, after that I think we entered into — for lack of better words — a honeymoon of sorts.

Since I was at home I started cooking most of the meals and did some housework, not a great deal at first, but doing more and more as I saw how much it pleased my wife.

Men are not nearly as perceptive as women. I didn't realize how delighted she was coming home to find me wearing nothing but that apron. I didn't repeat it and later wondered whatever possessed me to do such a thing. It might've been her earlier offhand suggestion I wear an apron while doing my household duties, especially while cooking.

Alex never mentioned it until one day about a month later a package arrived in the mail. In the package was an apron. It was powder blue with layered tiers and ruffles at the short sleeves, bodice and hem.

I read the card: "For my househusband with love and affection."

I greeted her that night wearing only my new gift and we had another tremendous night of lovemaking.

I have always considered myself an able lover, but that night was definitely not my best performance. I was too quick for her, left her unfulfilled. I knew it, too, and apologized, told her I'd make it up to her.

Alex said it was all right and fell asleep in my arms.

The next morning I made an attempt to make it up to my lovely wife, not by the act of coitus, but by showing my appreciation to her. She came out of the bathroom, wearing only a towel, the way women wrap it under the arms, just covering their breasts, buttocks and womanhood.

Alex is a beautiful woman. In college she modeled student apparel part-time. Now in her thirties, she still has a slender body with apple-sized breasts. Although her succulent nipples are not as upturned as they used to be.

She smiled at me as she sat at the vanity and sipped the coffee I'd thoughtfully brought her. Would I be a doll and get her panties and stockings out of her drawer? How could I refuse? I not only brought her the undergarments but dressed her in them, including the garter belt and pumps.

I knelt and held open her skirt while she stepped into it and tucked in her blouse. I zipped up the back zipper and she touched up her makeup and hair in the mirror while I stood by in admiration.

It didn't occur to me until later why she would wear garter belt and nylons to work.

She looked at me in the mirror and her eyes dropped to the bulge in my pajama shorts. A slow smile spread across lush red lips and she said, "We can't leave you in that condition this morning, now can we?"

"Oh, it's okay," I said. "I'll get over it when you leave."

"Richard, you don't have to take care of *that* by yourself when I'm gone."

"Alex, I won't do anything like that. I'm a grown man!"

"Come now Richard. You know what they say."

"What's that?"

"When asked, ninety percent of men admit they play with themselves and the other ten percent lie about it."

"Alex, I won't do that."

"You're blushing, dear," she said, looking at her watch. "Come on, I have just enough time."

"But you're fully dressed," I said.

"Come over here by the vanity."

I did as she suggested and she sat down, pulled my pajamas down, had me kneel. She took my hard penis in her hand and smiled, started masturbating me.

"I know this feels good," she said at my ear. "Remember how I used to do it for you when we were dating?"

"Yes," I said, releasing myself into the coaxing rhythm of her warm hand.

"I want you to kiss me when you're ready."

"Okay. It won't take long but I'll make a mess, might come all over your legs."

Eyes thoughtful, she looked at me for a long moment and finally said, "We can't have that." She stood and went into the bathroom, came back with a ball of pink nylon.

I recognized the panties she'd worn yesterday. She wrapped my stiff member in them and resumed. "Feel good?" she teased.

"You know it does."

"Real good?"

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to kiss you, Richard?”

“In just a moment . . . *oh, yes*. Kiss me now.” It happened that quick.

And she did. She put her free hand along the back of my neck and her hand between my legs increased its rhythm. She pushed her tongue inside my mouth and I climaxed into the panties. Her hand kept at it, making sure she got it all.

I sat back on my haunches, shuddered from the intensity of the moment.

Alex sniffed the soiled ball of pink, held it to my face, encouraged me to sniff my discharge, chuckled derisively when I turned my head, then – smeared the wet panties over my face, said it wouldn’t hurt me, was, in fact, beneficial, contained protein and other qualities. She bent and licked my moist cheeks, drilled me with those dark brown eyes.

She took the sodden panties and put them in the hamper in the adjoining bathroom.

I was still on my knees when she came back into the bedroom. She smiled at me, her head askew, bent and took the pad of her thumb and rubbed it over my lips. “There,” she said. “That looks better.”

She walked from the bedroom and I heard the kitchen door which led to the utility room close, stood on wobbly legs and looked in the vanity mirror. Alex had smoothed the lipstick from our kiss over my lips. My pink-hued lips looked almost sexy.

3

Once again that night I greeted her wearing the powder blue apron and nothing else. Alex seemed extremely pleased.

Dinner warmed in the oven. She suggested we relax, have a bottle of wine and I opened one of her fave Chardonnay’s, not the inexpensive brand from the handy bulk wine box in the fridge.

She sat in the armchair, legs tucked under her and watched me pour.

“How was your day?” I said.

“A royal mess.”

“Patients?”

“No. You remember Sydney Rowley?”

“Yes, he worked at Wausau with you if I remember, married to a cute little Texas gal with a southern drawl?”

“One in the same. I shouldn’t tell you this, I suppose . . .” Alex looked away for a moment.

“Tell me,” I said. “What is it?”

“Well, when you had your difficulty at the university I broke down, felt I had to tell someone, and that someone was Sydney. I ran into him at that old Italian restaurant in Old Town and we lingered over lunch, had a few drinks.”

“Oh,” I said in a small voice.

“He came on to me, knew I was vulnerable at the time. And well, I let him get too familiar and now he won’t leave me alone.”

“Did you . . . did you . . . ?”

“No, Richard, I didn’t let him screw me, if that’s what you’re thinking. I was vulnerable, all mixed up at the time.” She looked at me with level brown eyes. “We petted.”

“I’ll kill him!”

“Richard, he’s huge. He’d pound you mercilessly.”

I looked at her. “Is that how you got the runner in your hosiery?” I said, now noticing the unsightly runner in her hose.

“I’m sorry,” she said, sipped wine, eyes drifting away.

“I’ll talk to him,” I said firmly.

“No, you won’t. Let me handle it. I shouldn’t have told you, but I don’t like to hide things from you.”

“Well, thanks.” I looked at her, alarm in my chest. “Is there more?”

Alex shook her head and smiled. Changing the subject, she said, “No. You look cute.”

I blushed. “I thought you’d like it.”

“Richard?”

“Yes?”

Alex put down her wineglass, raised her skirt to the tops of her stockings. I couldn’t help but notice the runner went all the way to the welt of her stocking.

“*Kiss me.*” She cupped herself between the legs.

Alex unfolded her legs and I scooted to my knees before her. It wasn’t something I did that much. Not nearly as much as she did me. Of course, she knew how much I liked it and I’d always told myself she didn’t seem too fond of cunnilingus. The few times I had licked her she had impatiently whispered instructions to me.

I started to tug down her panties but she pushed my hands away, pulled my face to her privates. "Do it through my panties. Use your breath and tongue first, then I'll take them off."

I titillated her through the veil of her panties for a long time before she pushed my face away and stripped off stockings and panties, standing over me, looking into my eyes. She snagged the damp panties on her heels and I helped remove them.

She pulled my face between her legs and I licked those plump pink lips tasting her day-old womanliness.

She tasted musky, the pungent flavor of her labia somewhat unpleasant. I ventured into her vagina with my tongue. Inside the taste was stronger and I almost withdrew but I knew she was excited by the infrequent intimacy. Determined to please her, I used my tongue as a pseudo penis, hopeful my inexperience might be enough to excite her.

Hands laced in my hair, she pulled my face hard against her. Even though I wasn't practiced at cunnilingus, I knew the key to an orgasm lay with her *button*. I took it in my mouth, gently licked and sucked, and, after a while was rewarded with Alex's soft mewls of longing.

Despite my extra martial affairs I had always been a bit shy around women. Other than my wife, the student was the only other woman I had gone down on. As I licked and sucked her clitoris, I subconsciously compared their clitorises and found Alex's to be thicker and longer than that of the student's.

Crazy thoughts kneeling between my wife's legs, nursing on her musky sex.

I felt guilty for having such thoughts while servicing her, quickly dismissed the girl from my mind. I renewed my effort on my wife's privates and finally she came.

Legs tensing, her clit hummed in my mouth as I sucked on it.

Alex was at her sexual zenith.

I licked and kissed her, tasting the slick discharge of her orgasm.

It is said every woman is different in sexual release and Alex is quite fluid at times. She held my head between her legs while I nursed on her vagina.

4

I went to my weekly appointments with Dr. Kerry Ashburn. I guessed her in the mid to late forties. Black horn-rim glasses ac-

cent striking hazel eyes. The glasses make her look a bit scholarly and compliment her stature as a medical practitioner, psychoanalyst and hypnotherapist, as well as being a sexologist. Long curly, rust-brown hair frames a tempting face. Her full lips hint of a vague sensuality, and large matronly breasts, which are usually hidden within business suits, augment her robust figure.

On occasion she'd take off her jacket. I liked it when she did, especially if wearing a blouse that outlined her slip and/or brassiere. I have had fantasies, ones she has no knowledge of, burying my face in her milky mountains, suckling at her distended nipples, and yes, sliding my turgid penis through the hillocks of that ample bosom.

Dr. Ashburn is a little thick in the waist, her legs solid but attractive, but calves that suggest she could possibly crush a melon. Her legs are not short, rather long for her Rubenesque figure that lends balance to wide womanly hips.

She has a way about her of putting her patients at ease, making them feel relaxed and comfortable, allowing for the free inter-course of conversation. On my first appointment with the psychotherapist I was apprehensive but after a bit she put me at ease.

A polished dark wooden desk, a leather sofa and matching plump armchairs at either end compliment the subdued décor of the softly lit office. She caught me looking skeptically at the couch, suggested we sit in the chairs, admitted most of her patients opted for the comfy armchairs.

At first we talked about my smoking habit and she explained subliminal suggestion, hypnosis and posthypnotic suggestion. Together with the pills she'd given me I should have confidence of overcoming the cigarettes.

As my treatment progressed she asked me to talk about my affair with the college student, suggesting my guilt was augmented when the girl was involved in the auto accident and consequently lost the baby. I blamed myself for these unfortunate events but she helped me see the accident as beyond my control.

I shouldn't fault myself for things I had no control over.

Was it possible, she wondered, my resurgent nicotine addiction was systematic of the guilt over cheating on my wife. Did the stress trigger the urge to smoke? What about my self esteem?

These were possibilities to consider. I asked her opinion. With a small smile she explained her opinion really didn't matter.