



Reluctant Press presents:

You Could Be A Mother, Too!

Bea Bunny



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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You Could Be A Mother, Too!

By Bea Bunny

Chapter 1

Mark Baumann looked down at the beautiful blonde haired woman lying in bed next to him and thought 'I must be the luckiest man in the world with a perfect life. He had had a wonderful evening of pleasure with this woman uh ... Sara wasn't it? His wife's job took her to San Francisco for two to four days once a month. So he had plenty of time to find other delights which was good since Betty was very ordinary in bed.

However, his wife's position in a prestigious law firm as a corporate lawyer earned her over five times what he made as an apprentice in a local auto repair shop. His pride kept him working, but he was more than willing to spend the money in their joint checking account.

His luck had changed one night in Las Vegas. He had his first real winning streak. He had won over \$12,000. He had used most of it to win the heart of the pretty brunette lawyer. He had noticed her in a classy gray suit with modest knee-length skirt playing the slot machines. She was on a week vacation, the same as Mark. With the money in his pocket he had found the courage to approach her. He wined and dined her with a passion. She had ended up drunk and in his bed every night until on Friday, they had gotten married. He was still amazed at his good fortune. They had now been married for nine months.

Their schedules left them with little time together. As well as her monthly trips up the coast, Betty worked long evenings during the week. She had weekends off, but the auto shop had a set of self-service gas pumps which the owner liked to keep open on the week-

end. As low men on the totem pole, Mark and Tom Riley had to work every Saturday and Sunday. Mark had Mondays and Tuesdays off.

Mark felt the time apart allowed him to keep his independence. On the other hand Betty kept trying to find ways to spend more time together. She made sure that on Saturday nights they could spend some time in bed. He was happy to keep her satisfied as long as he had time for other dalliances.

The other constant complaint from his wife was about his refusal to do any housework or cooking. Since she almost always broke down and cleaned house at least every other weekend while he was at work and insisted on making a home cooked meal that they could eat together at least twice a week and they could afford carryout the rest of the week, he did not see the big deal. Besides in his view cooking and cleaning were woman's work anyway.

Needless to say, he did not see how his life could get any better. He was looking forward to a long marriage. Sara started to wiggle and slowly come to life. He leaned over and kissed her hard on the lips. "Are you ready for another round?"

She gave him a quick peck on his lips and sat up. "You may have today off, but I need to be at the restaurant by 7:00." She worked at Sue's All Night Diner just down the street from the auto shop which was where they had met. She got out of bed. He watched her as she slid her panties up her legs with a slight wiggle. He enjoyed watching women dressing almost as much as undressing them. He watched her breasts being lowered into their C cup bra, the attribute that had first attracted him.

When she had the pink uniform with the white trim in place, she leaned over and gave him one last kiss. "See you. I'll do my makeup at work. That way you won't have any chance to mess it up."

"Are we on for next month?"

"Maybe, ask me in a couple of weeks!"

He watched as she moved out the door. He could swear that she added an extra swing to her hips. In a few minutes he heard the front door closed.

He slowly rose out of bed and pulled on boxer shorts. He was contemplating what to do for the rest of the day when the doorbell rang. Maybe Sara had decided that she had time for a quickie. He slipped on a robe and hurried down the stairs.

As soon as he opened the door he was tempted to slam it back shut. Standing there was their next-door neighbor from across the street, Sylvia Briggs. He was not fond of the woman at all. First she was in his opinion a dog. She wore her short black hair in a pixie style. She wore a pale pink lipstick with little other makeup. Her wire rimmed glasses made her eyes appear beady. They had never gotten along, but to make matters worse she and Betty were great friends.

"Need a cup of sugar?"

"No!"

"Well Betty's not here!"

"I know! I came to talk to you. Won't you invite me in?"

His natural instinct urged him to slam the door, but a picture of Betty popped into his head and civility won out. "Sure. Come in!"

She immediately led the way to the living room and sat down on the couch. He aimlessly followed. "You'd better sit down!" He sat down in an armchair on the other side of a coffee table from the couch. From a packet in her hand which he had not noticed before she pulled out several photographs and arranged them in front of Mark so that he could see. He slowly scanned the pictures from one side of the table to the other. There were six photos of Sara and him in various stages of the previous evening's play.

"How the hell did you get these?"

"You really should get in the habit of closing the drapes."

"You little bitch."

"Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me."

"Are you going to tell Betty?"

"As her best friend I should! But I have something else in mind."

"What?"

"As you know I run a daycare in my home. I could use your help on Mondays and Tuesdays when you're off."

"That's my only time off. Besides I don't know anything about daycare."

"We'll train you. Look, we both know that if Betty saw these pictures, she'd drop you in a second. You've got it pretty good here."

Mark thought for a moment. Sylvia did know his wife very well. Still he needed some time to think and figure his way out of this way. "Can I think this over?"

"No can do. We need to get going to get you ready for the morning rush. Come with me now or your marriage is over."

He sighed. He had better play along until he had time to think of a better alternative. "Okay, let me get dressed."

"You might as well come like that. We'll dress you there."

"Why would I do that?"

"You might say that I have a dress code."

"What does that mean?"

"I specialize in caring for babies of single mothers. Most of them have been abused by men. I guarantee that only woman will work for me."

"But that leaves me out."

"Trust me. You'll fit in!" Mark hesitated. He did not like the sounds of that at all. "Come with me now or you might as well start packing now." She headed for the front door. Reluctantly, he followed.

When they got to Sylvia's house, he was immediately led to a bathroom on the ground floor. She was in no mood to waste time. "Take off the robe and whatever else that you

have on." Once again he hesitated. "You did not have any trouble baring everything for Sara." How did she know her name? Suddenly he was for the first time really scared.

After he stripped, she started applying a pink foam all over his body. By the time that she was finished his body was starting to tingle. "We need to wait for ten minutes. I'll be back." By this time he was afraid to do anything so he patiently waited for her return.

As soon as she got back she started the shower. She was now wearing a bathrobe. "Get in." Much to his surprise as he stepped into the stall she shed her robe and followed. She was completely naked. She still did not turn him on. She started to scrub his skin with a nylon scrubber. Although she was a little rough, it actually felt fairly pleasant. When he noticed that all of his body hair was gone, he became very uncomfortable. She finished by washing his hair with a sweet smelling shampoo.

She turned off the water and handed him a towel. The smooth feel of his skin left him completely disoriented. She handed a small triangular piece of nylon with obvious leg holes. "What's this?"

"It's called a gaff. You don't want any embarrassing moments in front of the mothers."

"What are these ridges that feel like wire?"

"Decoration, these were specially designed for me by a woman from New York."

"Have you done this before?"

"Yes. Now put it on."

He put his legs through the holes. As he pulled the garment toward his crotch it looked too small. He hesitated. Unceremonious, she jammed his penis between his legs and pulled the gaff all the way up. It took his breath away. Fortunately, he had not eaten or he would have lost his breakfast. "I told you that we're in a hurry, here!" She handed him a pair of pink panties. With the gaff in place he had no trouble pulling them into place.

She motioned for him to sit on the closed toilet and helped him start sliding pantyhose up his legs. They were extremely tight. "Is this really necessary?"

"After standing all day you'll appreciate these support hose. Now stand up."

She put a pretty pink bra around his chest with lace trim. There was obviously too much material at the breast area. Then she gruffly pulled up his little flesh and put in an insert on each side. The cleavage almost looked natural. She left him little time to admire his new shape as she lowered a white cotton dress with pretty pink flowers over his head. She let him button the front as she took a blow drier to his hair.

"You've got just enough hair for a decent curl so don't cut it."

Mark had enough. "You can't tell me ..." Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his groin. If she had not had a hold on his hair, he would have fallen to his knees. He meekly waited for it to subside as she finished his hair with a pair of pink barrettes.

Then she started to work on his face. She careful applied a liquid over his cheeks, forehead, and neck until everything was covered. Then with a small brush she added mascara to his eyelashes and eyebrows. "We'll have to thin those brows when we have more time." Then she applied some powder to his cheeks and eyelids. Next she brought out a dark red lipstick. She finished with a coat of powder over the entire face. When she moved so he

could see himself in the mirror, his mouth dropped open. For someone who did not wear much makeup she sure knew how to use it. He had rosy cheeks, dark expressive eyes and inviting red lips. He could not believe that was him.

He obediently stepped into the white pumps with two-inch heel that she placed before him. He took a few tentative steps.

“Now, we don’t have time for you to be admiring yourself like some beauty queen.” He felt himself blush at the correctness of that statement. “Peggy has already got the first three babies in bed. She will tell you what to do.”

Peggy was Sylvia’s nineteen-year-old daughter. Her hair was a light brown, but she wore it in the same pixie style as her mother. Unlike her mother the girl was plump which led Mark to find her even less attractive. He was not about to be bossed around by some teenage girl.

“No little twit ...” Once again a sharp pain filled his vital area. This time he did fall to his knees.

“That’s not good for your pantyhose.” She helped him to his feet. “Now, if you value your marriage, you’ll do everything that she tells you to do!”

There was a smile on Peggy’s face as he entered the front room. He wondered how much she knew about what had gone on in the bathroom. There were five cribs arranged along the wall. There was a rocking chair situated in the center of the room. A playpen occupied one corner of the room. There were two babies crying.

“Now Martha, you will be responsible for these five babies.”

Through clenched teeth he said, “my name’s not Martha.”



"Now sweetie, look at yourself. Do you really want me to use your real name?"

"Martha's fine."

"Since this is your first day I've already checked. Two babies need their diapers changed. Do you want to guess which ones?"

"The ones that are crying!"

"Go to the head of the class. Now, go get the first one."

"Aren't you going to show me how?"

"You learn by doing, dear! I'll correct you if you go astray. Just be sure to support the head when you pick them up. There is a changing table against the far wall."

He went to the baby who was crying loudest. He tentatively picked it up and cradled it. He could feel the wet diaper against his skin. He noted the approving nod from Peggy. He laid the baby on the changing table. As he pulled off the old diaper, he saw that she was a girl.

"There's a pail for old diapers next to the door." He got rid of the old diaper. He was wondering how mothers could take the smell. "The new diapers are in the cabinet." He went over and picked up a new diaper. As he returned to the table she handed him a clean washcloth. "Be sure to wipe the babies good, then dry and powder before you put on the new diaper." It took him a good five minutes to finish the task.

He returned her to her crib and went on to the next one. As soon as the diaper was clear, a stream of liquid stained the hem of his dress. "With the boys you'll want to throw a cloth over their penis as soon as possible." Methodically, he cleaned him good and made sure that he was dry and powdered before he clothed him in a new diaper. No sooner had he gotten the second baby back in bed, then another started bawling. Sure enough, they were now wet.

As soon as he gotten everyone settled, Peggy came in with a bottle. "Tomorrow I'll show you how to prepare the bottles, but for today I'll bring yours. Babies eat often. So we start feedings at 10, 12 and 2. Why don't you start with Jane?"

"Which one is Jane?"

"Sorry. You'll need to learn their names. She pointed to a crib by the front window, "Jane." Then she slowly turned around the room in a clockwise direction. "Willie, Sue, Tommy and Jimmie." She handed him the bottle.

After picking up Jane and carrying her to the rocking chair Mark found it a pleasure to finally be able to sit down. After taking a few minutes to find a comfortable position for them both, he watched as the little baby slowly drained the fluid. He became aware of a slight vibration in his crotch which stopped when he pulled the bottle away.

He slowly he worked his way around the room. The vibration continued as he fed each child. It was not an unpleasant feeling. In fact he could sense himself becoming aroused. But he found it frustrating that his penis had nowhere to expand so he had no way to release the building sexual tension. By the time he had them all fed, he was dieing to jerk off. He even started to reach for his crotch when another painful jolt to his groin had him on his knees.

About this time Peggy came in from the kitchen. "Time to check their diapers again!" And so the day went by, a continual succession of diapers and bottles. Sylvia came to check on him during the 12 o'clock feeding. A smile spread across her face as she watched him with Willie. She could swear that he was cooing.

"Martha, you look like a natural. You know that I could get you some drugs so that you could actually breast feed them."

He stopped and looked at her, the frustration and anger from the day slowly building. "You little bitch, ..." A sharp pain shot through him. He quickly returned the bottle to Willie's mouth so that the vibration replaced the pain.

The day continued without a break. He was told that he should make sure that everyone got a turn in the playpen, no more than three at a time, yet another chore to eat away the time. By the time that he was nearing the end of the final feeding, he could barely keep his eyes open. The vibration was still there and darn, he was daydreaming about having a baby at his breast.

As he was putting the last baby back in the crib, Peggy came in. "You need to check and make sure that no one goes home with a wet diaper." He sighed and started around the room.

About 4:30 the mothers started coming to pick up their children. Mark was introduced to everyone. Sylvia apologized that he was not able to meet them in the morning. Each mother felt the need to give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. It felt more like family than a working relationship.

Finally all the babies were gone. Sylvia invited him into the kitchen for a cup of coffee which he gratefully accepted. Sylvia, Peggy and Mark were all sitting around the table talking about all the cute things that the babies had done that day. He shocked himself by contributing a story on toe play. He could not remember ever being so tired. It was after 6:30 when he managed to find the energy to rise.

As he headed for the front door, Sylvia pulled out a white dress with purple flowers from the hall closet along with a paper bag. She handed him the hanger that it was on as well as the bag. "You can wear this tomorrow. The bag has clean underwear."

"I'm not doing this again."

"Sure you are! You did really well."

He was surprised when a strong feeling of pride welled up inside of him. Still enough was enough. "I've never been so tired!"

"It gets easier. Did I mention that you will get paid?"

"How much?"

"I can only pay minimum wage, but it's so fulfilling working with children."

Mark could feel his male macho slowly returning. "I never should have done this."

"Remember your marriage is at stake. I still have the pictures."

"I'm no longer sure that it is worth it."

“Remember financial security. You’ll never make as much as Betty. And did I mention that I videotaped your day here?”

“What?”

“I videotaped you. You were so sweet, changing diapers, feeding them their bottle and playing with them. I bet your boss Harry at the auto shop would get a kick out of that. Has he ever seen you in a dress?”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Of course I would! I think that you look so sweet.” She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. “See you tomorrow.”

Mark had no energy to fight. Besides she could not make him show up. The way that he felt now, he might not wake up at all tomorrow. The walk to his house seemed so much longer than it had this morning. For a moment he did not think that he was going to make it.

He climbed the stairs to the bedroom. He hung the clean dress in the closet. He kicked off the pumps. Boy did that feel good. He unbuttoned his dress and let it slide down to the floor. He remembered that Sylvia had told him to soak it. So he went into the bathroom and found a bottle of detergent that Betty used to wash some of her work clothes. The box said to use cold water so he fill the sink and added the prescribed amount of soap and added the dress.

By the time he reached the bed, he could go no further. He climbed under the covers with the rest of the clothes still on. Just before he lost consciousness he thought, ‘no way can I take another day like this.’

Chapter 2

The sound of the phone finally managed to pull Mark out of his deep slumber. He glanced at the clock. It read 6 o’clock. Could something be wrong with Betty? He picked up the receiver.

“Good Morning sweetie, I just wanted to make sure that you were up. Remember to take a shower and wash your hair. You need to be dressed and over here by 6:30 so I can do your hair and makeup before the mothers arrived.”

The sound of Sylvia’s voice reminded him that he was still wearing a bra and pantyhose. It scared him that his cleavage looked so real. “I’m going back to bed.”

“You know if a marriage ends within the first year, you have to return all the wedding presents. I’ll see you in thirty minutes!”

He knew that he was going to find some way for that bitch to pay and still save his marriage. But he did not have time to think about it now. Reluctantly, he pulled himself off the bed and went into the bathroom. He unhooked the bra and watched the inserts fall to the floor. As he wiggled out of the pantyhose, he noted that they were almost as much trouble to take off as put on. He added the underwear to the soak water in the sink.

The warm water of the shower did revive him. He decided to use Betty's shampoo and conditioner on his hair as well as her body wash. He was awake when he stepped out, but still had little energy. He suddenly realized that he had gone a whole day without eating. He did not have time to worry about that now.

Back in the bedroom he opened the bag of underwear. Everything was lavender today except for the tan pantyhose. He decided that he did not really need the gaff. So he pulled on the panties and pantyhose. With difficulty he managed to finally get the bra hooked in back. He retrieved the inserts from the bathroom. He slipped the dress over his head and buttoned the front. It was already twenty-five after, so he stepped into the pumps and headed down the stairs.

Peggy answered the door. "Sylvia's in the bathroom waiting for you." He headed down the hallway as she went back to the kitchen. As he reached the door, his hunger was becoming overwhelming.

"Sylvia, I realized that I did not eat at all yesterday."

"Fortunately for you, Peggy's fixing us breakfast. Let me get to work on your hair."

She started to work with a brush and blow drier. She used the same style as the previous day with purple barrettes. Just as she appeared to be done she suddenly whacked him across the back of the legs. With only the protection of pantyhose the pain was so sharp the he gave an involuntary yelp.

"We don't have time for you to be screwing around. You didn't put your gaff on."

He looked down at his crotch. How could she tell? He could not see any signs.

"If I can tell, then the mothers can tell. I can't let you fuck up my business!"

She reached in the closet and pulled out another gaff. She threw it at him. He managed to get his arms up in time to catch it.

"Can I trust you to get them on or am I going to have to dress you everyday?" He quickly nodded. "I'm going to cool off for a few minutes."

After she left the room he rushed to get the pantyhose and panties off so it he could put the gaff on. For some reason he found it scary to see her so angry. He found some sense of security to have the gaff in place. He made sure that he was completely flat. He was pulling the pantyhose up when she reentered the room.

Without a word she went to work on his face. She started by applying a white cream which she then washed off. Then she rubbed in a pink liquid. Finally she applied the same makeup that she had used on Monday. When she finished, she looked at her watch.

"We barely have time for breakfast now. Eventually, you are going to have to do all this yourself without forgetting anything. Then you'll be ready to work when you get here."

She glared at him as if expecting a negative response. He decided against it. He was ready to eat and he had felt enough pain already. She led the way to kitchen.

He was a little disappointed to see breakfast. There were three large glasses on the table. He was hopping for something a little more substantial. Sylvia handed him one of the glasses.

He tried to keep his tone cheerful. "What's this?"

"It's a high energy drink. It contains fruit, vegetables, milk and juices plus some additional vitamins and supplements. It doesn't look like much, but it's all you need."

He took a sip. To his surprise it tasted good. Of course at this moment anything would taste good. He took several more gulps. "It's delicious!"

"I'll make sure that Betty gets the recipe."

What had he done? The last thing in the world that he wanted was Sylvia talking to his wife. He took another drink.

While they were having breakfast, Peggy showed him the procedure for warming formula. He helped her get the first feeding ready. Sylvia went to the front to await the arrival of the babies.

After everything was warming, Mark went to make sure that everyone had a dry diaper. By now changing diapers was a mechanical process for him. He did not even have to think about it. He was even getting use to the smell.

Even though his legs were becoming accustomed to standing in the high heeled pumps he really relished feeding time, being able to sit with a warm baby in his arms. The satisfied gurgle of the little ones when they were done gave him a contented feeling. He was getting used to gaff. The periodic pains that had assaulted his groin were gone. The vibration during feeding seemed to still be there, but that only added to his contentment.

He found himself thinking more and more about how a woman must feel to nurse a baby. He also seemed to have come to grips with the sexually arousal that seem to build throughout the day. Although by afternoon he found himself looking forward to his wife's return from San Francisco that evening.

Once again there was no time to relax. With five babies to look after there was constantly someone who needed something. He was surprised that the breakfast seemed to last so that he did not get hungry during the day. He also found himself admiring Peggy's abilities to handle babies in any situation. He had to admit that he had never taken the time to learn anything about her.

As the day finally began to wind down after the last feeding Mark kept a close watch on the clock. Betty usually got home from the airport around seven. He sure did not want her to catch him in a dress. At 5:30 there was only one baby left to be picked up.

"Sylvia could I please go?"

"I appreciate that you asked. Your attitude was much approved today. You did a wonderful job with the babies. Are you sure you don't want to work for me full time?"

"I'm quite happy at the auto shop, thank you."

"Okay, it was never my intention to make you lose your job. Mary should be here any minute. Stay until Willie is picked up. We can talk about next week."

He had no intention of being back next week, but there was no reason to tell her that. "It's just that Betty is due home tonight."

"And you want to have supper ready for her?"

“Well, ... no!”

“You really should you know. She works awfully hard. Those business trips wear on her.”

“I just don’t want to be in a dress when she gets home!”

Sylvia was about to say something, then thought better. “Help Peggy finish washing the bottles and then you can go.”

Relieved, he went to the kitchen to find Peggy about halfway done washing. He picked up a towel and started drying. It turned out that Willie was long gone by the time they were finished. It was already 6:15. Sylvia was waiting at the door.

“On Monday you need to be here at 6.” ‘Not on your life,’ he thought. “I’ve got some ideas about cutting down on the time that it takes you to get ready. Also, we’ll get you started on doing your own makeup. If everything works out, you shouldn’t have to come so early.”

Mark leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. “Thank you for everything. I can sure use the extra money.” Sylvia beamed. As he expected, he was out the door before she could recover. Now he had almost a week to outwit the little bitch.

Mark was thinking about how great his boxer shorts felt when he heard the garage door open. “Hello honey, I’m home. He looked at the clock. It was only 6:45. His purple flower dress lay on the bed. There were female undergarments strewn across the floor. He quickly grabbed everything and stuffed it in the bottom drawer.

He was just able to straighten up when she entered the bedroom rolling a suitcase behind her. She was a good-looking woman when her makeup was done with silky brown hair. She could not be called well endowed, but her clothes hid that fact.

She stopped and let go of the suitcase when she saw him. A big grin spread across her face. Her eyes darted up and down his body. For several moments she could not decide what to say.

“Well you’ve been busy. You shaved your body.”

“I’ve been getting grease in the hair on my arms and legs.” It was a lame excuse, but he could not think of anything else. He had not had time to prepare for this meeting.

She smiled broadly again. “And your chest.” He blushed. She stepped toward him and gently rubbed his chest lingering at the breast. “Don’t be embarrassed. I think you look sexy.” The sexual tension that had been building all day suddenly intensified. She kissed him hard on the lips. When they parted, she murmured, “I like your lipstick!”

He almost fell over. He had completely forgotten about his makeup. His face felt like it would be forever red. “I I...” She kissed him again. “Let me get changed. I feel like I’ve been in these clothes forever. I’m tired. I think that I’ll just put on my nightgown. Should I get you one?”

He shook his head as she disappeared into the bathroom. His mind was racing. He had spent the last two days to keep his wife from finding out that he was playing around. Now she thought that he was turning into a flaming drag queen. Why was she being so calm about this? What should he do now? Suddenly things were too complicated.

He heard the water in the shower go on. He started to pull on a pair of shorts. Then he looked down at his legs. He changed to jeans. He added a long-sleeved sport shirt. He went downstairs and plopped onto the couch. He tried to think but he had a headache. He laid back and fell sleep.

A wet feeling on his ear woke him up. His eyes opened. Betty was seated next to him. She had on his favorite red nightgown. It showed off what little breasts that she had and only went down to her thighs. He did not understand. His world was turning upside down. She was never aggressive. It sometimes took hours for him to get her aroused. Now she was licking his ear. He sat up.

"Are you ready for bed?" He had never seen that look in her eyes.

"What about supper?"

"Are you going to fix something?"

"I'm too tired and I have a bit of headache."

"Me too. How about ordering a Pizza?"

"The usual."

"Sure."

He went to the telephone in the kitchen and ordered a pizza. His wife took a couple of beers from the refrigerator. As he lowered the phone, she handed him a pill.

"What's this?"

"A Midol for your headache!" Was she trying to rub it in? No, she seemed to be sincere. He went to the sink for a glass of water. Then he took the pill.

When he returned to the living she had already drained at least a fourth of her beer. There was some movie on the TV. She was lying with her back at one end of the couch. He sat down at the other end. The couch was short enough that with her foot she could rub his bare arm, sliding the sleeve up and down. He had been aroused too much of this day. Still he was very uncomfortable. It was not that he did not enjoy sex with his wife. He would fuck just about any woman with pleasure. But he was used to being in charge. Suddenly he seemed to have no control over his life.

Finally the pizza arrived. Betty had finished her beer and was now curled up next to him. She had his shirt unbuttoned and her hand was fondling his breast. When the doorbell rang, he almost leaped to his feet. Much longer and he would not be able to answer the door.

Betty went after another beer while he paid the deliveryman. Back in the living room he realized that he had no idea what was showing on the TV. His wife quickly down a piece of pizza and finished off her second beer. He had finished his beer and was working on his second piece. She was kissing his chest and neck. He had reached his limit. "Let's go to bed!"

They left the pizza box on the coffee table and almost rushed up the stairs. She was now kissing him on the lips making it difficult to traverse the steps. At the bed she pulled off his shirt and started on his belt buckle. As she unzipped the zipper, she was pressing him against the bed. He fell onto his back. She was pulling at the jeans and then his shorts.

Then she almost paused as she slowly slid her panties off onto the floor. He had never felt so aroused, but she was totally in charge. She slowly slid across his body stopping to lick his nipples which were surprisingly sensitive. Then she moved to his mouth. Then she raised her breast to his lips. He sucked and licked the nipple for all he was worth, then the other side. Then she straddled his face with her legs, lowering herself to the waiting tongue. She seemed to stay there for the longest time being satisfied over and over again.

Meanwhile he was sticking straight up, almost begging for some kind of release. Finally she lowered her groin to meet his rod. For almost five minutes she moved her hips like a crazed woman. Then suddenly it was over as she rolled over onto her side. His groin still yearned for more, but she kissed him on the lips and then snuggled up beside him.

He was completely exhausted, but sleep would not come. He could not make sense of what was happening. This was probably one of the few times since the honeymoon that they had sex during the week. It was certainly the first time that Betty had been on top. He still had a faint sense of arousal which had seemed to plague him for the last two days.

Chapter 3

Once again the phone ringing awakened Mark. A huge picture of Sylvia flashed in his brain. Then the ringing stopped and he fell back asleep.

The next thing he knew he was being kissed on the lips. Betty was standing over him. She was wearing a pink suit with a frilly white blouse. She had on that coral lipstick that he admired with a touch of blush and eye shadow. He remembered what had attracted him that first night in the casino.

“Sylvia called. I made you one of those breakfast drinks that you like.”

Suddenly he was wide-awake and sat up. “What did she say?”

“Just that you had been helping out with her daycare for the past two days. I think that is so sweet. We have talked about having a family, but I was worried that you weren’t really serious. This shows that you really would be a great father.”

He wanted more detail. Had Sylvia mentioned how he was dressed, what he had done for her and most important why he was helping? At the same time he was afraid to probe too much. What if he inadvertently told her more than she already knew, better to keep silent.

She leaned over and kissed him again. “Well, I have to be going. Have a good day.”

He watched her leave. He tried to go back to sleep, but his mind was racing again. He sat up. He could not seem to straighten things out in his mind. His headache was back. The breakfast drink was sitting on the end table. He slowly drank. He went to the bathroom for aspirin. All he could find was Midol. Damn! Why did he never do the shopping? He chased the pill with the rest of his breakfast.

He returned to the bathroom. In the mirror he saw the remains of his makeup and curly hair. At least his face was still smooth. He did not have to shave, but he sure needed a shower. The warm water felt good on his aching muscles. He felt good as stepped out of

the stall until he looked in the mirror again. There were still slight traces of makeup. Well, he had scrubbed as hard as he could. Hopefully no one would notice. His hair was a little tamer, although some curl remained. He tried pulling his comb through his hair, but it was hopeless. He resorted to Betty's brush.

Returning to the bedroom he went to the closet. He put on his short-sleeved work sheet with auto shop logo above the pocket. When he saw his arms, he almost switched to a long sleeved shirt, but that was not good when working on cars. Besides, Harry would not like him to be out of uniform. At least his blue pants covered up his legs.

Since he had already eaten breakfast, he was ready early. He went down to the living room to flick on the TV. He mindlessly watched the screen as his mind replayed the last two days. When it was time to go, he went to the bathroom for one more pass of the brush. He was chagrined to see that most of the curl had return.

Harry Huggins was a bulky man with huge hairy arms. His chest was hairy also which everyone knew since he never buttoned his shirt all the way. To say that he was a man's man was an understatement. Thus, Mark was a little apprehensive about work. He tried to sneak through the office to the garage, but Harry was also observant.

"Hey Mark, get over here."

Two of the mechanics, Billy Hobbs and Frank Richards were also standing by the front counter when he walked up. Harry gave him a long stare. The other two men were grinning.

"What's with the arms and hair?"

He knew these men would never go for the excuse that he had tried on Betty. But then every excuse that he had thought of was lame. "I've been getting hot lately."

"So you let your hair grow?"

"I just haven't made it to a barber." For some reason Sylvia's warning suddenly popped into his head. He wished that he had never met that woman.

"Well, you helped me make a decision. You can fill the coffee order this morning."

"What about Doris?" Doris Long was the only female who worked at the shop. Although with her short hair and rail thin figure, it was sometimes hard to remember her sex. Besides she wore the same uniform as everyone else and tried to spend as much time in the garage as possible despite the fact that Harry had made her responsible for the office.

"She's on vacation this week. I just decided that you can cover the office for her for the rest of the week."

"I was suppose to help Billy with a brake job this morning!"

"He can get along without you. Here's the coffee order."

It did not hit him until he walked through the door that the diner where they always got coffee was the same place where Sara worked. She was behind the counter when he walked in. She repressed a chuckle when she saw him.

"You look pretty this morning. Was it something that I did?"