

Bill and Wendy's Obsession

by

Guy Nickologist

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About the author

Guy Nickologist is the pen name of an amateur writer living in the United States. By using a *nom de plume* he's more free to write about anything he wants without concern of criticism from friends, family, or employers.

The themes and situations depicted in his works in no way reflects his attitudes towards actual flesh and blood human beings and he poses no danger to society.

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Bill and Wendy's Obsession

Bill spun his wedding ring between his thumb and forefinger while not paying attention to the speaker. He was with his writers group which meeting weekly in the back room of a chain French restaurant. His cafe au lait was cold. He didn't feel like food. Or drink. He kept catching glances at Wendy. She was about ten years younger than him. Single. No children. And nice. The two of them usually chatted after the meeting. Bill looked forward more to his five or ten minutes with Wendy than the ninety minutes his writers club took. For one she paid more attention to him in that short span than his own wife did all week. Two, he liked her. If he weren't married he'd have asked her out by now.

Bill's marriage sucked. Over the course of their twelve year marriage Michelle had gone from a fun, carefree friend to an angry, premenopausal bitch. She had also put on fifty pounds. He thought it was ironic he worked as a life coach when his own life was in the toilet. He started out in software, moved into marketing, was considered a rising star in the well-known software company he was with, and then without warning was laid-off. They decided a 20 year-old kid in Bangalore could do for \$15 per day what he had earned \$150,000 per year doing. He had always fancied himself a writer. He self-published a book where he applied software algorithms to marketing and sold 23 books. 20 of them he sold to his alma mater at a steep discount to give away at the next alumni function. Life coaching wasn't making him rich, but it was paying the bills and giving him time to write his next book. Or do whatever the hell he wanted.

The speaker finally wrapped up her talk. Bill felt like she was sucking all of the oxygen out of the room. She was 59 years old, looked to be in her mid-70s, and rambled on the entire time relating her childhood in Llano County, Texas to the characters in the novels she wrote. He had never heard of her, but did learn she had sold more books than him.

He stood up and Wendy walked over to him smiling.

"What did you think?"

Bill shrugged.

"Not my style of book I suppose. I wish she had discussed more about technique."

Wendy shrugged back.

"I know, we can only seem to attract writers who want to talk about themselves the whole time." She paused for a few second. "Is your son still in Scouts?"

"No, he quit thank God."

"Why?"

"He didn't like it. It was like pulling teeth getting him to his den meetings. He wanted to play with friends or video games instead. I got tired of arguing with him every Wednesday." Wendy just looked at him. "I'm sorry. All I do is complain."

She laughed. "You know, until I met you I wanted to get married."

"Sorry to have ruined it for you."

"No, it's okay. You haven't ruined it. I can't seem to keep men interested in me."

Bill looked at her and wondered how that could be true. She reminded him of a young Meg Ryan, but with dirty blonde hair. And more beautiful than cute.

She broke eye contact with him. Bill realized he was staring.

"I'll see you next week."

"Yeah, I'll be here." She smiled again. "I wonder what inspiring author we'll hear then."

Bill was snapped back into reality as soon as the garage door closed. From inside his car he could hear Michelle screaming at Bobby and Emily. He sighed, grabbed his bag, and walked into the house. Emily was sitting on the floor in her pajamas laughing, throwing Cheerios from a plastic bag while Michelle was chasing Bobby around the kitchen table. He was holding a Nerf football.

"Dad, go long!"

He threw the foam football towards his dad, but it hit Emily sending her Cheerios flying. Michelle screamed even louder. Bobby rounded the table, passed his mother, and went up the stairs.

"It's about fucking time you got home!"

Bill considered pointing out that Michelle was at work all day and he was home all day trying to work and dealing with both Bobby and Emily as it was some teacher planning day. It seemed like almost every week was a four-day week with the local school district. They could always come up with some reason to give the kids a day off.

"Yeah, I missed everyone too."

"You don't have to be so sarcastic with me. These two have been horrible all evening."

"They've been horrible all day, Michelle."

"Oh, you have it so tough. I have to go run a bank branch all day. I don't get to sleep until 9 and check email in my underwear." She picked up the Cheerios, threw them in the trash can and said, "You can clean up and get the kids to bed, I've had it."

Bill cleaned the kitchen, got the kids into bed, and went into the bedroom. 10:03 and his wife was fast asleep. He shook his head and went downstairs. He came up with an idea for a book over the weekend. But in order to write it he had to get inside a woman's head. He asked his wife some questions and she responded by accusing him of writing filth and saying he ought to go to church more. Not that she ever went. He hung out on an erotic web forum under a pseudonym. Since it was related to

the questions he had, he posted.

"Hi everyone. I'm an aspiring writer and I have a good idea for a detective novel. Both the killer and the detective are women. I need to get inside their heads. Actually I need to get inside their uteruses and ovaries. :-P PMS and their periods play a huge part in the crimes and is what leads to them being solved. I'd like to discuss some points offline with a few women. I promise I'm not a creep. I'm not going to ask you out or get gross with you."

He read some of the forum postings and decided he really wasn't in the mood. He shut off his computer and went to bed.

Bill woke up. The house was quiet. Two half-full bowls of soggy cereal sat on the kitchen table. He cleaned up. He constantly offered to get up and help get the kids ready for school. Instead he got lectured that he messed up her routine. If he helped brush Emily's hair before she ate rather than after, it was akin to taking a leak in the holy water font at the Vatican. He got tired of starting his day off being yelled at, so he just slept and let everyone clear out before he got moving.

Michelle had left him exactly 2 tablespoons of coffee. Not coffee grounds, the liquid brewed coffee. He never understood why didn't just finish it instead of leaving him too little to make a difference. He rinsed out the pot and made more. While it was brewing he checked his email. He pulled up his "secret" email account, the one he used for his erotic sites. He had one message.

"Hi. I saw your posting. I'm a writer too. What's your story about? I promise I won't steal it. I don't write detective novels. You can ask me anything. I don't think you're a creep. I've read your postings before. Maybe we can help each other out. I'm writing a book about a man with a period fetish. I think it's neat when men are interested instead of disgusted by a woman's body. Maybe we can meet? You list your location as Euless. I'm next door here in Bedford. I just show that I'm in Texas. I don't want to be too specific. LOL! I had never noticed you were so close before. Small world. I hang out at Metroplex Books Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. They have good coffee and free wifi. Maybe I'll see you here?"

Bill couldn't believe it. What luck!

"Thanks for your response. Wow, two of us from the same part of town. I'll drive over there tomorrow. What time? 10 AM? How will I know you when I see you?"

He got a quick response.

"10 would be perfect. I'm usually the only one there. LOL. Business isn't very good. I think they stay open only on account of me."

Bill spent the rest of the day working on the outline for his book. At 3 he picked up the kids from the elementary school. He had dinner ready just as Michelle was walking in the door. Bill was in such a good mood he didn't let his wife's complaining about dinner get to him. At least not too much. She ended up eating half a bag of potato chips and a piece of Emily's birthday cake instead. She was in bed snoring before 10.

The next morning Bill was up before Michelle left with the kids. She made a sarcastic comment about it that he ignored. The clock seemed to barely move. He didn't want to get there really early, but didn't want her to think he was blowing her off. He timed it to show up around 9:55.

He had driven past this particular bookstore before, but had never gone in. It stood all by itself with an empty lot to the left and a side street to the right. The place seemed dead. He parked and walked up to the front door. He saw they opened at 8:30. He thought that was an odd time. He walked in. The bookstore was more coffee shop than books. No one was at the front register. He caught a familiar face.

"Well, hi, stranger."

It was Wendy. She was drinking a cup of something and reading her laptop screen.

"Oh. Hi. What brings you here?"

She laughed. "Funny, I do not read blogs anywhere else. But I come here, order coffee, and read blogs. I don't know, I would probably also listen to NPR in here too and nowhere else." She took a sip of her coffee and then said, "Have a seat."

They chatted a little about their writers club. Wendy kept looking at the door. She started to wave when it finally opened. A tall, young woman with very long hair and carrying a baby walked in. She put her hand back down. Bill glanced at his watch. 10:07. He waved to the woman who walked past him like he wasn't even there. She ordered an organic carrot muffin and chai tea in a faint German accent.

"Do you know her?", Wendy inquired.

"I don't know. I was supposed to meet someone here, but I don't think that's her."

"Yeah, I'm supposed to meet someone here too. He's late. He's writing a book and has, well, female questions." She smiled.

"Female questions?"

"It's a detective novel. A woman gets PMS. Kills someone. I had some questions for him too, so I thought I'd meet him here."

Bill paused and then said, "So you're BlutGurl817?"

Her eyes got big! She looked and saw the tall woman with the baby had sat right next to them. The entire coffee shop was open and she sits right next to them with a baby.

"You're KotexLover?"

When she said it his handle sounded rather silly.

They both let out muted laughs. She sipped her coffee.

"You couldn't ask your wife these things?"

"She thinks I'm writing porn."

Wendy noticed the woman was now nursing her baby. She wasn't covered up at all.

"She won't even acknowledge when she has her period. I just see the wrappers and bloody applicators in the wastebasket. And since we don't have sex any more."

Wendy saw the woman turn her head. She cleared her throat and motioned her eyes. Bill glanced over and saw the tall woman with a kid on her hip listening in.

She lowered her voice. "I live right behind here. I walked over, I'm that close. Do you want to go back there and finish this conversation?"

"Yeah. Yeah, if you don't mind."

They walked up the side street and made the first left. Her house was the second one down. Bill commented he never realized a neighborhood was even there. She said it was one of the oldest neighborhoods in Bedford that was still standing. She let them in and invited Bill to sit on the couch. She returned with two tall glasses of ice water.

"Okay so tell me more about your story."

"Okay. Police find a grizzly murder victim."

"Man or woman?"

"Uh. Man. I guess. Anyway, exactly 28 days later they find another."

"Another man?"

"Man. Or woman. I haven't decided. 28 days after that another. Then another 28 days. Finally the morning DJs pick up on the pattern and call it the PMS Murders. The name sticks. The detective assigned to the case is a woman. She served in Afghanistan. Cute, but tough as nails. She's noticed that the time of the murders appears to coincide exactly when her own PMS is at its worst. She forms some mental, or menstrual, bond with the killer and uses her female instincts to track her down."

Wendy smiled and slowly nodded. "Okay. Interesting premise. Who's your audience?"

"People who love detective fiction."

"Yeah. But given the topic a lot of men will be turned off. And not a whole lot of women read that genre."

"What about Sue Grafton and her novels?"

"They appeal to both sexes and she doesn't talk about periods. I suppose you could title the series 'T is for Tampon', 'P is for Period' if you wanted." She saw Bill was silent. "I'm sorry, I'm being a critical little bitch this morning. Your protagonist could be the next Kinsey Millhone. Maybe this is why you're published and I'm not. I dwell too much on the business side and not enough on the creative side and decide no one would pay to read what I've written."

She sipped her water.

"Okay, my turn. Of all the things that could turn you on, why periods?"

Bill puffed out his cheeks and blew out through his mouth. "You got me."

"That doesn't help."

"What are you writing?"

"I'm writing a sci-fi slash fantasy piece for an erotic publishing house in Vancouver. They're putting out a collection of short stories. A lot of men march off to war, the war to end all wars, and most don't come back. This leaves women in charge. And they're pissed. A young man volunteers for period duty. He's responsible for comforting and maintaining several woman whose cycles are out of sync, so every day of his life he has to deal with a PMSy woman and a bleeding woman. I need to go figure out what sort of man would sign up for that."

"I'd sign up."

"Why?"

"I like periods. I like it when women share their periods with me."

"What do you mean by 'share'?"

"Talk to me about their periods. Tell me everything they're experiencing." He smiled. "Let me change their pads and tampons."

"You would do that?"

"Gladly."

"I take it your wife..."

"I've asked. She told me I needed to see a shrink."

"Are you attracted to bitchy women? Women with PMS?"

"What do you mean?"

"Sorry, I was a psychology major. You would volunteer to tend to women with PMS and during their periods. We aren't exactly at our most pleasant during that time. Your wife, and forgive me for saying this, seems like a shrew."

Not long ago Bill would've defended his wife regardless of how accurate the assessment was.

"She wasn't always like that. She was really happy and outgoing. But even when we were dating she acted like her period was so shameful. She'd say we couldn't have sex. Wouldn't say why. When I asked if it was her period she lashed out at me saying it was none of my business. Her name is Michelle and I started making a tiny 'M' on my day planner when I thought she had gotten her period. You know, just so I would know. She was going through my stuff and somehow noticed that and realized the significance. We were newlyweds when she found it and I was convinced we were headed to divorce court."

"Over that?"

"I tried to explain that it was so I could be a better husband and understand when she wasn't herself. Everything I said just made it worse."

"It seems that if menstruation was so important to you, you would've found a woman more compatible."

"Yeah, you'd think. I've done a lot of dumb things in my life. When I met her I really had no idea. I mean I knew periods turned me on. I had a couple of fun girlfriends in college. Michelle and I didn't have sex for over three months after Bobby was born. She wouldn't let me near her. So I spent a lot of time on my computer. It was only then did I find all of the period fetish communities. Had I known there were women out there more open about it and it wasn't the taboo topic I had been lead to believe it was."

"Interesting."

"Interesting?"

"No, I'm glad we had this talk. Sorry if I'm psychoanalyzing you. I still don't get it, but we can sort through that over time. Submissions aren't due until December 31st." She took a sip of water. "I woke up this morning with my period."

"Oh? Really?"

"Yeah, it snuck up on me. Or I forgot. 27 days. I'm usually better prepared for it."

"What do you do? I mean to prepare?"

"I make sure I have a pad and tampons in my purse. And I'll usually wear panties and a minipad if I think it's going to strike while I'm asleep."

"Does it ever wake you up?"

"Sometimes. Usually when I'm not prepared for it. I think it had just started because I only had a few drops of blood on my nightshirt." She paused and made an offer to Bill. "Would you like to change me?"

"Change you?"

"I'm just wearing a pad. But it's time to change. My flow is picking up so I'll need a tampon and a pad. You can do it. If you want. It'll help me research my story."

"Sure."

"Okay."

She stood up and walked towards her bedroom. Bill followed. Then entered her bathroom.

"I've never had an audience before." She smiled. "Do you mind if I pee first?"

"Do you want me to leave?"

"I'm more comfortable peeing in front of you than you inserting a tampon in me." She picked up her night shirt that was wadded on the counter. She held it up. He saw a dime-sized blood stain and a smaller drop next to it. "I've had much worse."

She pulled down her pants just above her knees and quickly sat down. Bill didn't see anything interesting. They shared an awkward silence while her urine stream musically hit the water below. She let out a quick toot of gas.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

She finished up. She unrolled some toilet paper, eying Bill. She wiped herself and discreetly examined the paper seeing the blood. There was a huge clot that she had pulled off her hair. She dropped it in the toilet and wiped again. Still a little blood.

"Are you ready for this? It's messy."

"Yeah."

She pulled her pants down a little more and showed him her pad. It was pretty well soaked. She took in a deep breath and said, "It's all yours."

He reached down and tugged on the back of her pad.

"I usually grab the other end. It's cleaner. Usually."

He grabbed the front of her pad and pulled. It didn't come loose from her panties and he planted it on her thigh.

"I'm sorry."

"You should have seen me when I was 12 trying to do this."

He held her panties firm with his left hand and pulled with his right. The pad peeled off. He had to tug to pull the wings loose. The back of the pad came off easily. Bill held it.

"What should I do with it?"

"Roll it up and throw it away."

"Do you wrap it in 14 feet of toilet paper like Michelle does?"

"No, what do I care? I live alone. And if someone is nosy enough to look they deserve to see it." She felt blood ooze out of her. "Okay, I'm dripping, can you get me a tampon and a pad? They're under the sink."

"Yeah."

He opened the sink. He saw an opened box of O.B. tampons. He fished one of the applicator-free tampons out. He had never actually seen one. His wife used Tampax. He grabbed a maxipad with the familiar yellow wrapper, the same his wife used, and then closed the door.

"Which do I do first?"

"I usually put the tampon in first when I'm dripping like this. I'm getting blood everywhere."

"It comes out that fast?"

"Yeah, during the first day of my period it does. I don't know how we're going to do this."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you really want to stick your hand into the toilet. That's what I usually do. Do you want to forget this?"

"No! No, I want to do it."

She slid her pants and panties completely off so as not to drip on them. She stood and straddled the toilet.

"Can you wipe me? Front to back. You'll have to unwrap the tampon first and flare the end."

"Flare the end?"

"Hold the tampon and pull the string in a circle."

Bill did as he was told. He saw a thin string of blood drop into the toilet. He wiped her and pushed the tampon in. He had his finger in the vagina of a woman who wasn't his wife. He couldn't believe it.

"How far up?"

"More, as far as it'll go."

He pushed more until his finger had nearly disappeared into her.

"Okay, right there."

She wiped herself again getting the blood that had pooled up between her ass cheeks. She put her panties and pants back on pulling them up to her knees.

"You know what to do with the pad?"

"I think so."

He unwrapped it, and stuck it dead center in her panties. He pulled the backing off the tabs and folded them over. He then pulled up her panties for her.

"You'd make a very good woman."

Bill laughed.

She flushed, wiped the blood off her thigh from the pad, and washed her hands. Bill had managed to get blood on both his hands. He washed them. They went back to the couch.

"When I was a girl I think I got more blood on my hands than on my pad."

"I never realized it came out like that. I thought it was a slow drip."

"I am a heavy bleeder and this is the first day of my period. Since it started so early in the morning by the time I go to bed it'll probably have slowed down. I hate it when it starts in the evening because I have to wear a tampon to bed."

"Isn't that dangerous?"

"Oh please. A few women die from toxic shock and we're all supposed to panic. I have never met a woman who has had trouble leaving a tampon in all night. But truthfully I end up having to get up three times to change it anyway. It's like having the shits all night, but it's blood." She sipped some water. "Are you in a hurry?"

"I don't have to be anywhere until three when I have to pick up the kids."

"Hang around for a couple of hours and you can change my tampon."

"Really?"

"Sure. I certainly don't want to touch it."

"Why do you use the O.B. tampons?"

"I prefer them."

"Every woman I've been with prefers the applicators."

"I spent a summer in France during college and got used to them. I hate messing with the applicators. It's just as easy to shove it up there."

They shared an early lunch and sat on the couch discussing periods some more.

"Have you considered using Lunapads, those reusable pads?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Gross."

"That's my dream. To live with a woman who uses them and wash them for her by hand in the sink. I think they'd be fun to make."

"You sew?"

"I can do it if I have to. I had to sew on all of Bobby's Cub Scout patches. Michelle said she didn't know where they went on the uniform."

"You could write a book just based on your menstrual fantasies."

Bill laughed. "I have other fantasies too."

"Such as?"

"Performing a gynecological exam on a woman."

"You should have gone into medicine."

"Maybe. But let's be honest, I'd be in prison by now for feeling up patients."

"Did you feel me up?"

"No." He said it more like a question.

"You were able to touch me in a sensitive place without it being sexual."

"Yeah, but I enjoyed it."

"Everyone should enjoy their work."

They sat quietly. Wendy looked up at the clock. She didn't need it though to know it was time.

"Bill, I have really enjoyed this. I really have. Thanks for coming by. I'm glad it was you and

not a weird guy."

"Yeah, it's been fun. Wow. I think I've talked to you more today than I've talked to Michelle all year. Seriously."

"Will you have time to email me later? I'd like a list of all your fantasies."

"All of them?"

"Uh huh. Do you mind? Quid pro quo. I let you change me. You can give me some information in exchange."

"You might not speak to me again when you learn how nuts I am."

She smiled. "Oh, you haven't heard my sexual fantasies."

"Will you share."

"No."

"That's not fair."

"Let me change your tampon and I will", she said with a smirk.

"I'll put one in."

"I don't want to think about that one. Let's go back to the bathroom."

They went back. She pulled her pants down and started to sit but didn't.

"Go ahead and remove it now. I really have to pee, but I think it's just going to fall out once I do."

She was squatting over the toilet. Bill had to fish around for the string. He remembered their conversation and feeling her up. It came out with only the slightest tug and a big blob of blood hit the side of his hand.

"Sorry, I should have warned you." She sat down and peed. "I bled completely through that tampon, my pad needs changing too." She showed it to him. It was fairly full.

He stood there with a glob of warm blood oozing down his hand while holding a tampon.

"What should I do with this?"

She had finished peeing.

"Just drop it between my legs. I flush them."

He did. Bill then rinsed his hands off. He got another tampon and pad from under the sink. He

remembered the old pad. He set both new ones on the counter and pulled off her pad as she had instructed. He rolled it up and tossed it.

"Go ahead and put my new pad on first."

He did. She wiped herself and then stood over the toilet so he could insert the tampon. It went right in. She wiped one last time looking for blood and then flushed.

"You are good at this."

"I have a good teacher."

She smiled. "You'd better go get your kids."

He washed his hands thoroughly with soap and water

She walked him to the door.

"Your tampon gets so full that it just falls out?"

"I've had them fall out into my panties before."

"What happens? They just get heavy and slide out?"

"I think. I really don't get why so many of you men are fascinated with periods. We'd gladly exchange them with you if we could."

"Only if you could."

She smiled. She gave Bill a quick, innocent kiss on his lips.

"Can you come by tomorrow?"

"Yeah. I'm working on a presentation for work. But I can do that tonight."

"You're sending me your fantasy list tonight."

"I'll do that too. What time?"

"How early can you be here?"

"Probably not before 9. I need to make sure Michelle is good and gone. Actually maybe 8:45 or 8:50. Want me to call first?"

"No, I'll be expecting you."

They kissed again she opened the door for Bill. He walked back to his car and drove home.

Bill was so early to the elementary school that he found a parking place and went inside the lobby to wait. There were a handful of mothers standing around. Many of them volunteered at the school all day and then loitered until school let out. They always ignored him as if picking up kids from school was a woman's job and no one else's.

He was in such a good mood he took the kids to get ice cream and then to the park to let them burn their energy off. He didn't feel like making dinner so he went through a fast food drive-thru. By the time they got home Michelle's car was already in the garage.

"Honey, I'm home!"

Michelle walked to the door with an exasperated look on her face.

"Where have you been?"

"I was out with the kids."

"It'd be nice if you answered your phone."

Bill pulled his phone out of pocket and looked. No missed or incoming calls.

"Phone didn't ring. Anyway, I picked up dinner."

They all sat down. Michelle turned her nose up. "I feel like I'm going to throw up." She shoved the chicken sandwich aside and went upstairs with a bowl of ice cream.

Bill went through the usual routine of getting the kids into bed. By 8:15 he was able to sit down with his laptop and he started typing up his list of fantasies for Wendy. The hard part was keeping his typing up with his mind. The ideas came faster than his fingers could move. He took a break around 9:40 and went upstairs. Michelle was still awake.

"Hi gorgeous."

She looked at him. "I have a name."

Bill ignored her and climbed onto his side of the bed. Michelle moved over. He kissed her on the back of the neck.

"Not tonight, I feel like I'm going to puke."

"Michelle, it's been weeks."

"Bullshit!"

"The kids weren't back at school yet. Remember? That was five, almost six weeks ago."

"Fine, it's been six weeks. I don't feel good."

"You never feel good."

"I work all day!"

"And so do I. I work from home. It's still work."

"I'm not going to argue with you Bill, okay. I'm tired, I don't feel good, I'm not in the mood. Go find something else to do."

Bill finished his list to Wendy and wrote the first few pages of his book.

Bill was awake early and left right behind Wendy and the kids. If she was in one of her paranoid moods and followed him to Wendy's house he really didn't care. But she went on in to work leaving her husband alone. He decided he would pick up coffee for Wendy. He remembered the bookstore didn't open until 8:30, so he found a Starbucks. He had no clue what she might want so he got two soy lattes. He pulled up to her house around 8:20.

She looked really cute. Her hair was messed up. She wore a purple and white striped nightshirt. She invited him in.

"I'm sorry I'm early."

"No, no, it's okay. It's actually good you're here."

"I brought coffee. I hope you like it."

"I'm sure I will. Can you change me? I'm leaking."

Bill paused for a second and then said, "Oh. OH! Yeah."

She sat on the toilet. Midway through her pee she removed her panties and handed the heavy, bloody mess to Bill.

Her pad was soaked. He peeled it off and saw stains around her leg holes. He rolled up the used pad and dropped it with a thud into the wastebasket. He set the panties on the counter on top of the nightshirt she showed him yesterday.

Wendy flushed, stood up, and pulled off her shirt.

"I have to take a shower, I am so gross."

She laid her nightshirt with the other one and her panties and then turn to her walk-in shower. She opened the glass door and adjusted the temperature. Once right she got in. She stuck her head out of the shower door and said, "I have some bagels on the counter if you'd like to toast them for us."

Bill walked back through her bedroom and went to the kitchen. He couldn't believe he saw her completely naked. She was gorgeous! Better looking than Michelle was when they first met. And a hell of a lot more than Michelle was today. Wendy was easily half her weight despite being several inches

taller. The bagels were toasted so he set the table and put the coffee cups in place. He heard shower shut off, so he walked back into her bedroom. Wendy came out. She was naked and busy drying her hair with a towel. She dropped the towel at his feet, wrapped her arms around him, and kissed him on the lips. It wasn't an innocent kiss.

"69 me."

Bill couldn't believe his ears.

"I realize I should have let you do me before my shower, but the idea didn't come to me until I was nearly finished." She kissed him again. "I won't tell your wife."

A year ago, six months ago even, Bill would've declined. His balls felt like they were about to explode. Without a word he pulled his shirt off while slipping off his shoes. He dropped his pants and underwear into a single heap. Wendy continued kissing him. She playfully pushed him onto her unmade bed. Bill slid himself back. Wendy took his shaft into her mouth, went all the way down and slid back up. She got up on the bed and spun around, straddling Bill's face.

"You shaved."

"I thought you'd like it."

And Bill did. She had hair before her shower, he saw it. She lowered her bald mound and Bill gave her a hard lick. And then another. She played with his dick, first pretending she was licking an ice cream cone. She then took his entire manhood into her mouth, gently massaging his balls. Bill felt like a wild animal eating its prey. He licked her, playfully bit, and played with her opening with his fingers. He then moved both hands down and cupped both her breasts. She responded well to it. He rubbed and tweaked her nipples. She thrust her hips into his tongue and gently raked her teeth along his head. Bill felt her shudder and then twist again. He could feel her pulsating against his face. He then exploded out of control, six week's worth of sexual pressure spraying into Wendy's mouth. He thought he should feel guilty. Instead he just felt relieved.

Then held each other under the covers.

"God Bill, that was incredible."

"I really enjoyed it too."

"I read your list and got the idea of shaving myself."

"I appreciate it. You felt so smooth. It was like..."

"Eating out a nine year-old." She giggled.

"No! And that wasn't on my list."

"I know, but a shaved woman was."

They lied there quietly for several seconds.

"I had a vasectomy after Emily was born."

Wendy sat up a little, her eyes huge.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was going to announce it to our writer's group, but thought it was TMI."

She felt his wet, slightly limp dick and said, "I'm ready when you're ready."

"You want to have sex?"

"We're having sex. I want your penis in my vagina next time we do it."

Wendy played with his cock more and took it into her mouth. She could taste herself on it, her blood, but she dealt with it. In a couple of minutes Bill was rock hard again. She released him and lied back down with her head on the pillow. Bill rolled over on top of her easily sliding in. Her vagina felt warm and tight. Her period made everything down there swell up ever so slightly. The two shared a slow, but steady rhythm until Bill released his spermless semen into Wendy. They held each other again.

"Bill, I simply do not remember sex ever being this good."

"It's even better with you."

"Can I talk you into divorcing your wife?"

The thought had crossed his mind many times, even without Wendy in the picture.

"Some days. Some days I am glad I married her. But more often than not I just want to get in my car and drive and drive and never go back to that house."

She kissed him. "Just remember you have a menstruating woman here waiting for you."