

Smokin' Hot Sex, Redux

Subj: **Re: A sex story YOU have to write!**
Date: **5/05/03 19:00:55 Eastern Standard Time**
From: **PJcocoa**
To: **Alexis in Alaska**

Dear Alexis,

The darnedest thing happened this week! You remember that Smoking story you wanted me to write? Remember how I got credit for two stories just by publishing the e-mails we exchanged about "Why I Couldn't Write That Story"? Well, "Jack" of Jack and Jill from "Smokin' Hot Sex, Too" reads ASSM and ASSTR!

He recognized me from the story. I mean, "Duh!" I write under my own name, not a pseudonym, but he said he wasn't sure it was me until he read the "Smokin' Hot Sex" stories. He said that was the giveaway.

We exchanged a batch of e-mail the last couple of days. He told me I recently missed a reunion of the crew of the sub we were on together (I already knew, I'm on the reunion mailing list), and we chatted about people we knew and swapped lies about how well we're doing now.

As with most of my Navy friends, we lost touch when one of us transferred. In this case, me. After the next patrol, I transferred to a Fast Attack sub. Unlike the Boomers (missile subs), attack boats only have one crew, they're at sea a lot more, and their schedule is irregular. That visits havoc on friendships and not a few marriages.

My marriage to PJ survived; Jack's marriage to Jill didn't. I'm cutting and pasting from his last e-mail. He gave me permission to turn it into a story, but I'm not sure it's my cup of tea. Maybe you can give me a hand.

Anyway, after changing ALL the names, here's what he sent:

<snip personal stuff>

So anyway, Jill and I divorced about a year after the stuff in your smoking story took place. I blamed you for a while but got over it. None of it was your fault, I just needed to blame somebody and you weren't around by then. What I really mean is that I blamed that stupid "Smoke-enders" routine you and Peej came up with, but that wasn't the problem either.

The real problem was that I was eight years older than she was, and my sex drive was slowing down. At the same time, hers was hitting its peak. All the smokers anonymous thing did was accentuate the facts. I thought she was happy. Between regular daily sex, plus toys and oral sex, I figured we had the difference in drives under control.

I got complacent. You talked about the schedule in your story. You were emphasizing the "off-crew" period when our crew was home for 95 days. You didn't put any emphasis on the 105 days when we were away and the other crew was home for 95. <The difference of 10 days is because both crews overlap on board the ship for 5 days on either end for turnover and change of Command - gj>

Well, it turned out that Jill had "Blue" and "Gold" husbands. You remember Willy Longfellow? Probably not, he was in my division on the other crew, not yours. I didn't find out until the crews combined for decommissioning the next year, but he was living at MY house and sleeping with MY wife while our crew was at sea!

Jill must have thought it was perfect. Except for turnover, she always had a "husband" seeing to her needs, taking care of the car, doing the little chores around the house like water heater repair and so on. I thought my wife was resourceful - there was never any broken stuff waiting for me to repair, like I heard so many guys complain about.

I suppose she was resourceful, in her own way. Since one or the other crew was always on the ship, there was never any chance of my running into him sneaking out the window or anything. Plus, we had that house out in <small CT town in the sticks - gj> with no close neighbors, so they pretty much got away with being together full time.

I suppose if the wives' club had been more active, like they were when we were home, she might have had to juggle her affair more, and I might have found out sooner. As it was, she could beg off getting together often because of the long drive, and she did stay in touch.

Like I said, I didn't know anything until the crews combined. Both Willy and I were slated to take her into the yards for decommissioning, so we were both home at the same time. That's when Jill's arrangement began to come apart.

She liked being married to me. I was a Senior Chief with good prospects for making Master Chief. Willy

was a Second Class up for First for the third time. The house was mine. I inherited it from my grandfather, paid up. With me at home, Willy lived on the ship or in the barracks. What she liked about Willy was that he was five years younger than she was and (as I found out later) better endowed. That was the part she was unwilling to give up.

You might remember that the base hobby shop was fairly outstanding, as hobby shops go. She said she was taking up pottery. She used the molds to make ceramic busts and figurines and so on. After I saw a few, I thought that was pretty neat and decided to join her. After all, the family that plays together...

She got maybe six nights over three weeks before I joined her at the hobby shop. Her first efforts while we were there together didn't turn out as well as some of the stuff she'd brought home, but I bought it when she said I made her nervous. I worked at another table, mostly, but I was there and she couldn't just leave.

She used Wives' Club business a couple of times, but the COB <"Chief-Of-the Boat": Senior Enlisted man aboard, works directly for the Executive Officer -gj> and I were good buddies and his wife passed schedules directly to me to give to Jill, so I had too much information for that to work.

Worse from their perspective, I made out the watch bill, and Willy was in my duty section. His nights off were my nights off. Actually, I stood duty one day in six to his one in three, but he was never off on a night when I wasn't.

The next ploy was "nights out with the girls." She explained that while the ship was out (meaning our crew, of course), she'd gotten used to an occasional night out with just her female friends. "You know, just window shopping or getting together to bitch about our husbands. Girl stuff." I asked why she didn't get enough of that at the Wives' Club meetings. She said the combined crew Wives' Club had a lot of women she didn't get along well with.

Gar, I never understood why she didn't just call it off. She could never explain it later, either. I mean, she'd had an affair, but she'd been discreet. Now I was home almost every night, and the situation that had permitted and abetted her discretion was gone. She went out only twice before one of the girls she claimed to be out with called to say "hi."

I always said momma didn't raise no fools. I didn't even give a twitch when I chatted with Judy. I

busted Jill's alibi for the previous outing as well without ever arousing Judy's suspicions, and promised to deliver a message. I'm guessing that Jill never expected her friends to call because it was a toll call where we lived.

So now I had suspicions. I suspected my wife was cheating on me, but I had no idea with whom. I decided to follow her next time she went out with the girls and find out.

When she got home that night, I was watching from the upstairs window with the lights out. Only the porch light and living room lights were on. She parked her car next to mine in the drive, and then walked over to a mud puddle from the last rain, knelt, and dropped sideways in the mud, careful not to dirty her purse.

I was in bed feigning sleep when she came upstairs. She went straight to the shower, mumbling. I "woke up" and asked her what happened. She said she'd been startled by a raccoon and slipped and fell in the mud. It was a convenient excuse not to come near me and to throw her clothes straight into the washer. Now I was sure she was washing off evidence, and she'd explain away any bruises by her "fall."

The next day, Willy put in a special request chit for a duty swap on Saturday, four days away and my next duty day as well. Nothing unusual about that - you remember, guys did it all the time to get long weekends. I approved it without a second thought about Willy. I DID have second thoughts, but about myself. I put in my own chit with the Div-O after finding someone to swap with. (In my case, I swapped \$100 with Chief Jurgens.)

The next thing I did was take care of my pick-up truck. Jill'd spot it a mile away. One of the missile techs had a junker for sale, so I told him I wanted to test drive it overnight, and he could drive mine while I had his. His was a nondescript Ford POS. Perfect.

Come Miller time, I left the ship only minutes after Willy and two-thirds of the crew. Typical last minute crap every supervisor deals with, plus I changed into civvies. Even with the delay, I was cruising up the pike just about at my exit when Willy's Trans Am blew past and took it ahead of me. He must have stopped for gas. That was my first inkling of whom it might be - I couldn't think of any reason he'd be headed out our way.

There was no way the MT's Ford could keep up with a Trans Am, so I never got close to his tail. When I

got to our place, I parked alongside the road and walked up through the woods. Sure enough, Willy's TA was behind Jill's Cutlass in the drive. I was so pissed, I used my TL-29 to cut away the valve stem on the driver's side front tire.

I took my shoes off on the steps, then went in. Living out in the country, we almost never locked the doors. Jill hadn't tonight, either.

Did you ever visit? I'm sure you did, we used to have cookouts when the weather was good. I'm sure you and Peej had been out more than once. Do you remember that the only air conditioning was a window unit in the master bedroom and another in the den? We normally had all the windows open when the weather was tolerable.

The windows were open that night. Sitting on the porch, unlacing my shoes, I could HEAR them going at it. My bedroom was right above me, and there wasn't any doubt about what was going on. I was mad enough to kill.

I went in, and up the stairs. I managed to keep it together enough to avoid the creaky parts of the floor and the steps. The bedroom door was wide open. I stood in the doorway, and looked at a candlelit scene I'll never forget.

Jill was on her hands and knees, facing the headboard and away from me. Willy was behind her on his knees, humping like a wild man. Jill was screaming "Harder! Faster!" while Willy just grunted, "EARN that cigarette, bitch!" My rage turned ice cold.

Jill's low dresser was by the door. Her Polaroid camera was on the dresser. If I remembered correctly, it had all but one shot of a ten-pack loaded.

Flash! Willy and Jill en flagrant, doggy style.

Flash! Willy pulling back and turning, his wang all shiny and wet; Jill's head looking back over her shoulder in shock, her cunt gaping.

Flash! Willy stumbling backwards off the bed while Jill tried to roll over and reach for the covers. Willy's mouth is contorted by the word "Shit!" and Jill's is round with the word "No!" over and over.

Flash! Jill still "No!"ing and pulling the covers up; Willy's head impacting the window sill.

Flash! A lump of bedspread hides a sobbing Jill. Only Willy's left foot is visible above the edge of

the bed. A trail of bright red from the window sill downwards, with splatter all around it.

I set the camera down and walked to the nightstand. I picked up the phone and dialed the town constable's number - we didn't have 911 service, then. I asked for an ambulance and the assistant constable. I knew him, we went to school together. He said he'd be there before the ambulance.

I yanked at the bedspread and Jill shrieked "Don't look at me! Don't look at me!" I told her to get dressed. Something in my voice made her jump. She grabbed her clothes and ran to the bathroom.

Gar, I didn't want to touch Willy. I especially didn't want to move him. What I did was press that bedspread to the back of his head as gently as I could, to slow the blood flow.

I was still holding it when Tom, the assistant constable, arrived. He yelled my name and I answered "Upstairs." The EMTs came in with him. They took over and Tom pulled me aside to ask what happened. Jill was still locked in the bathroom.

I showed Tom the pictures. He turned several shades, alternating red and white. He asked what happened and I told him everything I'm telling you. Jill was in the bathroom the whole time.

As I was finishing my story, his radio informed him that the "accident victim" had been pronounced DOA at the hospital. "How do you want to handle this?" he asked quietly.

"It was an accident. Let's leave it at that. I'd rather the circumstances weren't made public." None of this would do Jill nor I any good. Tom took Willy's clothes and other effects with him, arranged for a tow for the Trans Am, and went to file a report. He said he'd prepare a statement for me to sign as witness to the accident. He took a couple of pictures of just the windowsill and wall without the bed before he left.

Finally, I knocked on the bathroom door. Jill opened it just a crack, and looked out at me with red eyes and a terrified expression. I asked her to meet me downstairs.

Gar, seeing her face, all wet and ragged from crying... seeing how scared she looked, I wanted to take her in my arms and comfort her, you know? But then I'd think about what I'd heard and seen, and I'd get all pissed off again. I still loved her, but I sure didn't like her very much at that point. That

was as confused as I've ever been, you know? Anger and love and hate and sympathy and disgust and God knows what else all balled up and tearing me up inside.

She came down the stairs and she looked shrunken. Pitiful. Both younger and older. I told her to sit on the couch and she did, like a schoolgirl with her legs together, wringing her hands and sniffing.

I said, "I'm getting something to drink. You want anything?" She shook her head, not making eye contact. I grabbed a beer from the fridge. I wanted something stronger, but if I started getting drunk, I didn't know what I'd do. I grabbed a box of tissues on the way back and tossed them on the couch next to her. She flinched.

I didn't see any easy way to talk and I couldn't see any point in putting it off. So I started. "How long has this been going on?"

She must have known what I'd be asking. She didn't hesitate, although I could hardly hear her. "Three years, more or less."

"Three years!" I yelled. She flinched again. I tried to control myself. Three years meant the whole time Willy was on the other crew. "How did it start?"

"Some of us wives used to go dancing at the clubs together. Chaperone each other. It was fun and as long as we stayed in a group, it was harmless. One night, Judy was supposed to meet me at <country western bar outside of Groton -gj>. At the last minute, she got sick. I was already on my way so I didn't get the phone call.

"I got there and got us a small table, and had a drink while I waited for her. Some guys sent over a couple more, but I didn't do more than glance at them. When someone tried to join me, I'd explain that the seat was taken."

"Why didn't you just come home?"

"I was expecting Judy! We were supposed to meet there." She sniffled again, and continued. "One or two guys asked me to dance and I turned them down. Finally, after the second drink, a waitress brings me this note and asks if I'm Jill. I said yes, so she gave it to me. Judy had called the club and told them what I looked like and that she couldn't make it. I was disappointed. You know how much I liked to dance." I nodded. "Anyway, this guy asks me to

dance, and it's a fast dance, so I figured one wouldn't hurt.

"Willy's a great dancer. He whirled me around expertly, and kept me on the floor for another. When I got back to the table, I was winded and needed something to drink, so I gulped down one of the drinks someone had sent over earlier. I had a fairly good buzz, and I was enjoying myself, so I stayed a little longer.

"After a while, I had a few more and danced slow with him. He was really smooth, rubbing and pressing on me without getting grabby. Jack, I got drunk and horny. I never meant for anything to happen..." She broke into tears again.

I waited until she managed to sniffle it back. "He said he couldn't let me drive home in my condition. He gave his keys to somebody and took mine. It seemed reasonable at the time, you know? I stayed awake enough to give directions. Then he helped me into the house. He helped me up the stairs. He helped me undress

"Finally, he helped me with my horniness so I could sleep." She was sniffling all through the recitation. Now she was sobbing again.

"That explains one night. I could forgive one night. It doesn't explain *three years*," I told her. "When you woke up sober, why didn't you send him on his way?"

"When I woke up," her voice was even lower, "he was slowly fucking me again. He was very good at that. Afterwards, he took a shower and went downstairs. I was still laying in bed, feeling tired but good, and I heard the lawnmower. He was cutting the grass.

"It was the start of a long weekend. He didn't have anywhere else to be. I didn't have anywhere else to be. He'd take care of some chore or other and come back inside to make love. It felt good. It felt domestic. By the end of the weekend we had an arrangement."

"If he was so damned good, why the fuck didn't you ask me for a divorce?" My anger made her flinch again.

"I loved you!" she wailed. "I never loved him, not that way. It was just good sex, and comfort, and companionship."

"You loved me," I repeated coldly. "Was the sex that much better that you couldn't live without it once I

was home to provide the 'comfort' and 'companionship'?"

She hesitated and I knew the answer. Gar, I never claimed to be a stud. Ever. Shit, you told the whole world in your story how little I knew about oral sex. But I always tried to make it good for Jill. I was never a 'wham, bam' kind of guy. But Jill was telling me by her silence that either I was no good in bed, or Willy was a super stud. Either way, my sex life with Jill was over, man.

That meant our marriage was over. I told her so. She begged and pleaded, but all I could think was she'd find another Willy to give her what I couldn't, and I couldn't deal with that. She said she'd never see him again, and I broke the news about Willy. I hadn't realized she didn't know. She just cried harder. More guilt, I suppose.

I made her pack her shit and get out. Showed her the pictures and told her not to contest the divorce, or expect alimony. She cried the whole time, but she filled her suitcases and the back seat of her Cutlass and left.

Anyway, I found myself a new wife, finally. Jane doesn't smoke, never has. I like that in a woman.

You can take everything I told you and turn it into one of your stories. Jane reads them with me. She especially likes the ones about Jeanine and that guy (What the hell is his name, Gar? You going to tell us someday?). If you're ever up in Connecticut, give us a hollar and drop by.

Well, Alexis? I don't normally write "cheating wife" stories. What should I do with this one? I mean, other than changing the names and snipping the locations, I don't have a lot to add.

Maybe I should just publish this e-mail. It worked before.