

Making a Choice

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Wife must pay for her new home. Husband is unaware of her payment.

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My husband Mike and I have lived in downtown Atlanta for over 6 years. The crime is uncontrollable. Every night we go to bed and hear the sirens of another shooting or the cries from another mugging. Thanks to the recession in 2007, our house value dropped so much that we were trapped. We would lose too much if we moved so for the past 2 or 3 years we have been saving every penny, trying to get out of this town. We want to move somewhere open and safe. Finally, this might be the year we can escape. My husband Mike is an Electrical Engineer. He helps plants and facilities lower their energy bills. Now that we have saved enough money to cover the losses on our house we are looking at some open spaces in Tennessee or Alabama. It really didn't matter where, just away from the city. Mike immediately started hitting the online job searches and landed a job about 80 miles south of Nashville in an extremely rural area dominated by farmland and wide open spaces. We were so excited. My mother lived in that town and since we moved to Atlanta I had not spent as much time with her. As soon as Mike accepted the job he turned in his 2 week notice at his job in Atlanta. With Mike at work I gave all my effort to find us a place near his new job where we could start the next chapter of our lives. I spent hours scrolling through the internet for properties that were for sale. No matter where I looked, there just wasn't anything for sale. It seems the people in Tennessee think that land is a huge investment. There are several people that own 100's of acres of property in the town where Mike's new plant is and none of them had any land on the market since property values were so low. As it turns out, there was not one single property within 50 miles of the plant that was for sale. Feeling depressed, I needed something to lift my spirits, so I called my mother to tell her the news. She was so excited. The idea of having her only daughter minutes away made her so happy. She even made a comment about grandchildren, since she knew Mike and I used birth control because we didn't want to raise a family in the middle of Atlanta. We talked for awhile before I mentioned the problem we were having searching for a place to live. Mom told me that her neighbor owned nearly half of the town. This brings me to Alan. I had heard of Alan many times before from my mother. He owned most of the town because his relatives lived there when the town was founded. "Old money" as Mom called it. He owned several large plots of land with modest ranch style houses with beautiful yards and wide-open spaces. Alan had always asked about me to my mother because he had seen pictures of me when he visited her for cookouts or get-togethers. On more than one occasion he had

asked her if I was still with my husband. After a quick phone call, Alan agreed to meet with me on Saturday. Assuming Mike would be off of work, I agreed to meet him at his house for lunch and discussions about the house. Mike was late from work that night. When he came in he told me that they tasked him with numerous jobs before he left so that the new person that took over his job wouldn't have to worry about Mike's unfinished tasks to perform. When he told me that he had to go to work all weekend I gave him the news of the land that I had found and the lunch with Alan. Mike trusts me, so he told me to drive to Tennessee on Friday and stay with my mother and let him know how the lunch with Alan went. So, when Friday came I was on the interstate headed home. When I arrived at my mother's house it was simply beautiful. I had not been there in so long I had forgotten the beauty of the farmlands. Rolling hills, green pastures and cornfields dominated the landscape. I was in a daze when I heard a door open and my mother come out of the house to greet me. We talked about the usual over dinner, kids, movies, news and weather before I went to my old bedroom to call it a night. I immediately noticed that my windows were open, letting in the cool Tennessee night air and the sounds of crickets and the breeze replaced the sirens and gunfire. For the first time in years I truly felt I was home. I made my mind up lying in my old bed, at my old home, that this is where I wanted to live. The next day came very quickly. I awoke to my mother's eggs, bacon and homemade biscuits. Her coffee was super strong so I lightened it up with cream and sugar. She told me that Alan had called and told her to come to the lunch also. After getting cleaned up we made the short walk to his house. When we approached Alan's house I immediately knew what my mother meant by calling him "old money." Alan's house sat upon a sprawling landscape of horses and cattle. It had to be at least 100 acres that I could see. His house itself was something you would see in *Gone with the Wind*. It was a three story colonial with a wraparound porch, hanging plants everywhere and a spacious back deck. Alan, like my mother had described, was a very nice man. Younger than I expected, he looked to be in his 40's. He was also very well built. His arms and chest were not able to hide behind his Tennessee football shirt. He told us over lunch that he had too much land that he didn't use and that he didn't put it on the market because he knew people would bother him trying to buy it all from him. He didn't need the money, so he didn't see any real reason to sell it. Over lunch he kept stealing glances from me, and something made me feel uneasy about him, but aside from that he was a very nice man. Soon it came time to discuss the specifics of money, land and houses so I was surprised when my mother walked home and left us alone. Alan made the comment that my mother didn't need to be here to discuss things like that because it would just be boring. I told him that I didn't mind either so he showed me to his study where he had all of his land plotted on a large map. Needless to say I was in awe. Alan owned more than half of this town, he owned all of it. It turns out he was family friends with the founder of the company that Mike landed a job with. As the company grew, Alan leased his land so that its workers could build houses there. He even owned the land the plant was built on. He asked me to sit and showed me the places that were open that we could buy. The smallest lot that he would sell us was over 10 acres and secluded behind Alan's house where no one would bother us. I told him that it was perfect but when he told me a price it blew my dreams away. Even if we had not lost so much to the market in Atlanta we could not have

afforded this place. I immediately started crying. After calming down I explained to Alan our situation, budget, fear of Atlanta and even our lack of a home in less than a week. He leaned back in his chair and looked me over before saying "You are a very beautiful girl Lindsey." From my tear filled eyes I looked at him questioningly. "Let me show you why I am going to help you. Follow me." With that I followed him out of the study and up 2 flights of stairs to the top floor of the house. He made a right turn and opened a door to his bedroom and my heart stopped when he turned to take my hand. I didnt want this. I didnt want to cheat on my husband. My mind was racing, trying to find a way out of this situation. Unexpectedly he kept walking past the bed to a set of French doors that were at the end of the bedroom. He opened the doors and the sight took my breath away. Connected to the bedroom nearly 30 feet from ground level was a private deck only accessible from the bedroom. From this high up the land seemed to roll on forever. It was truly breathtaking. When I turned back to Alan he said to me, "For the money you have, you cannot build this. It is impossible. I refuse to chop up the open land I have left into quarter acre plots and make this place another Atlanta. If you keep the price higher to live here, the garbage stays out. Understand?" I nodded. "And if I understand your situation correctly, your husband will have no job by this time next week, correct?" I nodded again. "And without my land you will have nowhere to live, correct?" I turned to look at him. The question was in my eyes. I know I wanted this so badly, for me, Mike, our future children. His next words sent chills down my spine. "Dont move." He walked behind me and turned me to face the railing looking out over the countryside. His hands traced down my shoulders and arms before coming to rest on my thighs. He was definitely feeling every inch of my body as they moved down my frame. My body froze as he made his way back up and pushed the straps of my dress off of my shoulders. I grabbed it before it exposed me. "Please dont do this to me. I love my husband. I only want to buy property from you." Alan's response was in a more forceful tone. "If you want your house and your job, remove your hands." The thoughts kept racing through my mind. Without him we were finished. It would be very hard to find jobs elsewhere with the economy crashing. Inevitably, I gave in. I sobbed as my dress landed in a heap on the oak deck. Next I felt his hands unclasping my bra. I crossed my arms to cover myself. I asked him if we could at least go inside where no one could see us. In response he guided my wrists above my head to the post that supported the roof from the deck before whispering in my ear not to move them. He wanted me there in the open. Reluctantly I let go of the straps and slid it down my arms and tossed it on my dress at my feet before placing my hands back on the posts.. The cool air hit my nipples, making them stand proud. He hooked his hands around my thong and pulled it off, completely exposing me. Next, his hands caressed my entire body. He squeezed my full tits and my nipples before sliding his hands down my abdomen to my pussy. He was so gentle. He began to rub my pussy and my legs became weak. I threw my head back and I felt his breath as he whispered in my ear. "You have a beautiful body. Does your husband fuck you often?" Truth is, Mike didnt fuck me that often. Late nights at work and other obligations had gotten in the way. "Not alot." He turned me to face him and eyed my perfectly trimmed pussy like a predator before he looked me in the eyes. "Rub yourself for me." Immediately I squeezed my tits together and massaged them while he watched. After pinching my nipples my hand traced down to my pussy. It was then I noticed

the wetness. I was literally dripping at this man commanding me. Rubbing my clit sent a shock through my body. I closed my eyes and let out a moan while this man watched me pleasure myself. I was brought back by his touch. He had undressed and his cock was rubbing against my navel. He turned me back around and placed it between my spread lips and told me to look between my legs. Looking down, what I seen made me do a double take. Protruding from my pussy lips was at least an 8" dick. Even through my legs a good 4" was sticking out in front of my pussy. It was scorching hot. I could feel it pressing against my clit. I could actually feel his heartbeat as it throbbed between my lips. He placed his lips close to my ear and said, "I am going to fuck you senseless. By the time we are done you will be exhausted, but you will want more." While he talked he started moving his hips forward and back, making the giant head of his cock rub my clit. "Look down. Look at how wet you are making it." When I looked down at his cock it was completely covered in my juices. He grabbed my neck and turned me to face him. "Get on your knees." I kneeled in front of him looked up. He was magnificent. Brown hair, loaded chest, chiseled arms and abs. As my eyes trailed down his physique he took steps towards me. When my eyes got to his dick it was an inch from my lips. I looked at his slit and noticed the precum leaking from it before tracing back up to look him in the eye. "Suck my dick." All cheating thoughts aside, immediately took him into my mouth. His cock was so big. I caressed his huge balls as I began bobbing my head trying to take every inch he had to give me. I began to taste his salty precum in my mouth. Soon I could feel his hair against my nose as I sucked him deeper. He took his cock out of my mouth and pointed it up before pulling my face towards him. I knew what he wanted and licked and sucked in his huge balls, trying to make them as wet as possible. He backed me into the railing and placed my hands on it again before putting his cock back in my mouth. I looked into his eyes and seen pure lust as he placed his hands on the side of my head and began to fuck my mouth. I could not retreat as his huge spear kept hitting the back of my throat. Each thrust seemed more powerful than the last. Occasionally he would thrust his huge tool down my throat and pause, looking into my bulging eyes while his balls rested on my chin. Finally, he backed off and laid me down on the deck. Mike went inside and came back with a pillow and propped it under my head before strattling my chest. He placed his huge cock between my tits and began thrusting. He took my hands and made me hold my tits together while he fucked them. He only paused to pull my head back down on his dick for more lubrication. I must admit, he was using every inch of my body for his pleasure. His cock was fucking my tits earnestly. He reached around with his hand and began rubbing my soaking pussy. I was completely on fire. I couldn't believe I was lying naked on the deck of a man I had met hours ago with his dick, lubricated by fucking my mouth, fucking my tits, His huge balls were rubbing my chest with each thrust. It was too much for me. I came then and there, soaking his hand and deck with my juices. When I caught my breath, I looked into his eyes and his face had turned crimson. He was close. He asked me, "Do you want the first load in your cunt or on your face?" I replied with the most seductive voice that I could muster, "Come all over my face. I want to taste you. Make my face a sloppy mess. Shoot it all over me." This was too much for him. He took his cock from between my tits and scooted his body up my torso. He placed his hand on my forehead and grabbed his cock by the base, aimed it at my face, and let out a guttural moan. His first burst

went straight into my mouth, coating my tongue. He jacked his huge cock again and another jet hit my nose, trickling down my cheeks. He shot his 3rd and 4th on my chin, running down my neck. The force of his jets were subsiding so he grabbed my head and pulled me closer to his cock. His final shots went on my forehead. Finally, he leaned back onto his heels, exhausted. He certainly knew how to follow orders. My face and neck were covered with his cum. Mike had never came this much. I could taste what he shot into my mouth. Lying there, his cum began to trickle down my cheeks and into my hair. I looked at his dick and it was hanging down, rubbing against my chin. I gladly sucked it into my mouth and cleaned it before kissing the head. Finally he stood and stared at me lying there. It was like an artist admiring his masterpiece. Finally he said, "Tonight you will go home and stay at your mothers. You will tell her that you are leaving for Atlanta tomorrow morning. Before the sun comes up you will drive here and park in the barn behind the house where no one will see your car. You are staying here until Sunday night. You will drive to Atlanta Sunday the owner of 10 acres of my property with a new house to follow." I just nodded my head before entering his bathroom to wash up. I looked at myself in the mirror. I had just cheated on my husband, and the cum on my face still lingered. Alan had not fucked me, but he had done everything else to my body, including giving me one of the most violent and enjoyable orgasms that I have ever experienced. He was also understanding. He knew that if I arrived at my mothers late, she would know something was amiss. No doubt tomorrow he would be thrusting that giant cock into my cunt, but I didnt care. I was doing what was right for my husband and hopefully my future family. I walked back to my mothers and told her the good news before lying in bed and listening to the crickets and the peaceful countryside. I can't wait for tomorrow.