

She Had an Itch Chapter One

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I am not sure about copyrights. My stories are my own written by me,

I am sitting in the office reflecting on my past

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She had an itch. Chapter one. I am sitting in the office of the antique and art boutique that I own with my girlfriend Margot. It's just after closing time; memories of the past are on my mind also regrets. Regrets for causing pain to a very good man and to a lesser extent to myself. I could feel sorry for myself, but that would be hypocrisy. I have no one to blame but my own cupidity. The scene from three years ago is burned in my memory forever. I can still see Frank coming in the living room and throwing an envelope on my lap. "Open this and look at it Julie," he demanded, with a disgusted look on his face. "Tell me what is going on. Now." The whole mess began a little over four years ago... *** My story. My name is Julie and I have been married to Frank for nine years. We don't have children. We live in a small town a little over two hour's drive from Montreal. I work part-time in small antique shop. My husband works for a manufacturing company on the outskirts of town. Frank usually works days, but sometimes evening or night shifts. Frank is also a volunteer fireman, and became quite a hero in town the day he went into a burning house to save two young children. He got some pretty bad burns when he did that. He was in the hospital longer than the kids. Lately I have developed an itch, perhaps 'obsession' would be a better description. I crave strange cock; not an affair, just a one night stand to see what sex with another man would be like. Frank and I married young. I was still a virgin when I met Frank. I did have some experience, mutual petting and masturbation, with both boys and another girl a couple of times. I always wondered what sex would be like with another man, but never seriously, until recently. But my desire has been occupying more and more of my thoughts. One Thursday, Frank was working the evening shift. I decided to go out and try my luck. I had virtually no experience flirting or cruising, but I was often told that I was pretty and sexy. I chose my dress carefully, one that showed enough cleavage to spark a man's interest; I wanted to look sexy and alluring, but stopping short of looking like a slut. There are only three bars in town; I drove to the biggest one, Big Jim's Place. When I went in I was received like an heroine — a proxy for my husband. Everyone wanted to buy me a drink and talk about Frank, telling me how lucky I was to be married to such a brave man. Guys were glad to dance with me in front of their wives, who didn't seem to mind. With a few of them I tried to dance closer and a little more provocatively, but nothing

worked. All I got was talk about Frank and what a great guy he was. I went home completely frustrated. I reached the conclusion that I wouldn't find a man to fuck me in our town. When Frank came home Friday after work, he said he needed to talk to me. He looked very serious when we sat down at the kitchen table. "Julie," he asked, looking me right in the eyes, "I heard that you were out 'cruising' at Big Jim's Thursday evening, what's going on? Is there something I should know about?" I smiled at him, and reached across the table and patted his hand in a reassuring manner. "I wasn't 'cruising' Frank. I don't know why, but I was just a little lonely here without you and went out for a quick drink. I thought that maybe I would run into some of my girlfriends. But you are such a local hero that once I was there I couldn't leave. Everyone was trying to buy me drinks and telling me how proud I should be of my husband, and I am." I looked right back at him and smiled again. He seemed to relax a little, and sat back in his chair. Now he had a little grin on his face. "I heard that you were dressed pretty sexy." "I wanted to look nice," I agreed, "but I wasn't dressed like a slut or anything. I had my red dress on, you know, the one you like so much and it's decent." "It shows a little too much cleavage for going out wearing it when I am not with you. And you don't want to give any of the horny guys around here any ideas!" he said, but with his tone more teasing and bantering, no longer angry or concerned. I tried to look and sound sorry and regretful, "I am sorry Frank I won't do it again. You know I don't make it a habit to go out for drinks when you are working." That was the end of that, but it scared me. I knew for sure that I wouldn't be able to get any 'strange' cock in this town. It was just too small, and Frank and I were too well known. The closest big city that I could get to, where I could go looking for some strange sex was Montreal. But how could I manage to go there and with what excuse? I only went there periodically for shopping, and normally that was with Frank or my sister. Finding a way to go to Montreal on my own, especially for an evening and possibly a night was, it seemed a problem without a solution. I think that intellectually I realized that what I was planning was cheating on my husband, but that didn't bother my conscience. At the time I hadn't fully thought out the consequences or ramifications of what I was considering. I wasn't scheduled to work again until Monday. When I arrived, I looked across the room and saw my boss Margot making a beeline straight in my direction "Julie what the hell were you doing last Thursday?" she asked me, clearly amused, "If I didn't know you better, I'd think you were on the prowl for some strange cock!" When she said that, I blushed. I never heard my boss being quite so crude before. "No," I insisted, "I was feeling a little lonely and just went out for a drink. Has that become a crime?" Margot looked at me, and her eyes narrowed and the edges of her lips lifted in the hint of a knowing smile. "Are you sure? You've been distracted lately, and I've noticed you looking long and hard at the men coming in the boutique, or even walking by on the sidewalk." I finally confessed to Margot what my problem was. When I was finished, she just shook her head, looking at me as if to say 'oh, you foolish woman!' "Julie your husband is too well known in this town for you to expect to keep an affair quiet. He would know within the hour if you had even had a quickie with someone," she insisted. "Oh, you're right. I know that now." Margot stood there for a moment, her eyes focused on some distant point, thinking. Finally she spoke. "You and Frank are still coming to my barbecue Saturday?" "Yes of course," I replied. "Then leave everything to me, she was smiling to herself as she turned and walked to her office. Margot

didn't say anything more to me about her plan, other than to say that I would find out Saturday evening. We had been at the barbecue for a couple of hours that Saturday, eating, drinking, and talking to friends, before Margot finally got Frank and me off into a quiet corner. She said she needed to speak with Frank about an important job related issue. "Frank," she said, "Julie is really getting to know a lot about antiques. I would like her to get more experience in the business, so I'm wondering if I could take her with me to some auctions in Montreal. I'm sure she would find it interesting and learn a lot." "Well, if she is interested," Frank answered tentatively, looking at me for an indication of my thoughts. "Yes, Frank, I like the antique market, at least what I see of it working with Margot," I said, being quite truthful. Margot and I were ganging up on poor Frank now. "She has a real knack for spotting good deals, and she picks up on what the customer is interested in. She is a natural Frank," Margot suggested in the persuasive way that she closed many a sale in the shop. Frank shrugged his shoulders, "Then it's okay with me." Margot was clearly pleased with Frank's answer. "Great," she said, "There is a big auction on Friday next week. I plan to take some paintings I acquired lately to put up for sale. I could take Julie with me." "I don't know Margot," I protested, "you leave in the early afternoon and these things can end quite late, as you've often said. Besides Frank is working nights next week. No one would be there for his supper and to prepare his lunch." "Julie, I can cook my own supper and prepare my own lunch," Frank said in an almost condescending manner, but with a smile on his face. "If Margot thinks that you have a talent for this business and you want to learn more, you should go." When we were alone in the house preparing the lunch, I looked at Margot and asked what this was all about. "You want try out some strange cock? I fixed it for you. In Montreal no one knows you or Frank. Listen Julie, I take advantage of my trips there to get a little satisfaction myself. My husband is not all I need in bed. Then the men came in for fresh beers and we had to drop the subject. At home that night the sex with Frank was hot. Mainly because I was fantasizing that I was with a lover. Sunday morning, as Frank and I shared breakfast, I brought up the subject of my going to the auction with Margot again. "Frank are you sure you're okay with me going with Margot to the auction?" Frank finished chewing and swallowed before he answered. "Yeah, I am okay with it. Learning new things will do you good. It will give you a chance to get out of the house too." He paused for a moment before going on, "As Margot said, these things end quite late. She even warned me that sometimes she is too tired to drive back. She rents a hotel room to rest a few hours before heading home. If that happens, don't worry." At work on Monday, Margot told me she would set me up with a gentleman she knew, so I didn't have to worry about being abused in any way. For the auction, I was to dress in a business suit and conservative make-up. Just like an ordinary working day. I was impatient all week; Friday couldn't come fast enough. The human capacity for providing themselves a rationale for whatever behavior they want to do is incredible. And was I rationalizing! A part of my conscience realized that I would be cheating, but I convinced myself that it would not affect my life if no one knew. I stupidly believed that once I had experienced a strange cock, my curiosity would be satisfied and it would be the end of that. I actually told myself that having this experience would help my marriage to Frank. I did love Frank very deeply. But I had to satisfy my curiosity. On Friday, we left for the auction almost immediately after lunch. As we were about to pull out of the

parking lot in Margot's SUV, she turned to me with a very serious look on her face and said, "Julie, if you have any second thoughts about doing this, you can still back out. I won't hold it against you." She took me a little by surprise with her statement, after all she, of all people, knew how important this 'experiment' was to me. "I have no second thoughts Margot. I really want to experience sex with another man at least once in my life," I told her firmly. She continued to stare hard at my face, and I saw her eyebrow lift, a look that I knew indicated a level of skepticism in Margot's mind. "This may change your life in ways that you don't suspect. You think that Frank will never know, so there will be no consequences on your marriage. But you'll know. Can you live with that?" "Does it have any effects on your marriage?" I asked, curious now that Margot had raised the issue. "Yes. When I know that I am going to meet my lover — like this week — I have very little desire for sexual contact with Mark. For a few days afterwards as well. It makes me feel little guilty, but I can't help it." We were silent for a long time as we drove. I was turning over our conversation in my head. I considered long and hard. Finally, I decided that since I wasn't taking on a lover, just a onetime fling, it surely wouldn't have any effect on my desire or love for Frank. When we got there I realized it was actually a little outside of town. The retail mart was set up in the form of a horse shoe with two large building at the end, and on the third side of the parking lot was a row of specialty shops and restaurants. Across the parking lot was a motel. Margot parked in front of this. "The auction takes place in the big building at the end. People come from quite far away and need a place to stay. This motel is nice, comfortable and the closest place to stay." She went into the office for a few minutes when she came out; she took a suitcase from the trunk of the car and told me to follow her. She opened the door of the unit and we went in. It was clean and nicely furnished. She handed me a set of keys. "You have the unit next to me." She showed me her room, telling me that my room was identical. Then we left to go register the three paintings she wanted to sell. After that was settled we had some free time, as the auction wouldn't start for about four hours. We went back to our rooms at the motel. Margot told me to have a nice shower and get dressed while she went to hers to do the same. She would join me to help with my make-up when she was done. My blouse was opened in a V in the front and with a push-up bra this showed a fair amount of cleavage, while still being decent. Margot knocked at my door and came in. I nearly choked! She looked beautiful, like the sexy, distinguished CEO of a big company. She had a make-up kit with her and had me sit while she worked on me. "Julie you have a nice, sexy, long neck. I'll put your hair in a pony tail to emphasize it." After she was done, she told to go look at myself in the full length mirror. I hardly recognized myself. I looked like a very successful business woman. "How do you like your new look?" she asked. "I love it. I look like a sexy business woman," I replied, excited and pleased. "That the way you're supposed to look for an auction, Julie." Margot looked at her watch, "Good, we still have time for a good meal and a look at the catalog before the auction starts." "Another thing," Margot said, smiling in a conspiratorial manner, "The guy I'll introduce you to is also married. He has as much interest being discreet as you have." Then she winked at me, to seal the deal. We walked across to one of the restaurants in the complex. Margot and I placed our order, but even before the meal was served, two men came to our table. Margot introduced them as Maurice and Harry, antique dealers from Montreal. Maurice sat next to Margot,

and Harry asked if he could sit next to me. He was tall, nice looking, charming and had a very pleasant smile. I returned his smile and told him "Please do." Harry was interested in a particular vase, and he was happy that it was one of the first items to be auctioned. After that he would be free to do other things. All through the meal, Harry was coming on to me, but in a discreet respectful manner. Without being blatantly obvious, I managed to let him know that I wasn't indifferent to his attentions. At one point he asked me what I did for a living. Margot answered before I could, "I told you a while back that I needed to take on a partner with the business growing. Julie is that partner." This was a surprise to me, but I was in no position to deny it. It was time to head to the auction. Margot and Maurice took two seats together. I didn't quite know what to do, but Harry guided me to a pair of seats a short distance away. The vase that he was interested in came up as the third item. He was the high bidder, and got the vase. "Julie, my business is done here for tonight. Do you want to celebrate with me?" he asked, his eyes fixed on mine, his meaning clear. As we were walking out, Margot gave me a big smile and a wink. Once outside, Harry had my hand in his. He pulled me close. I let him give me a kiss on the forehead and hug me. "Where should we go to share a good bottle of wine and celebrate Julie?" "We can go to my motel room." I don't know to this day where I found the courage to be so forward. I wanted him, there is no doubt about that, nevertheless my boldness surprised me. We walked over to a wine store amongst the shops where he purchased a bottle of very expensive wine. Then, I led him back to my motel room. On the way he told me the vase he had bought for his client represented an excellent commission for him. In my room there was a small couch, where we sat drinking and enjoying our wine. Harry had his arm around me and I snuggled as close as I could. When he kissed me, I returned it with passion. It was not long before we were both naked and on the bed. Harry caressed me all over with his hands and his mouth, his lips and his tongue. I was in heaven. Frank had never caressed me that way; he had never spent the time and energy on foreplay. Harry, on the other hand, clearly enjoyed taking his time exciting me. After kissing me on the mouth again, he moved lower, kissing my breasts and sucking my nipples, while his hand found its way down to my pussy, where he began to massage and caress me. Harry was driving me crazy with desire and lust. I was stroking his cock with my hand and wanted it in my cunt so badly. I was grinding and humping with my hips. When he went down on me, sucking my clit and inserting two fingers in my slit, I went overboard. An earth shattering orgasm overtook me. I had never experienced anything so intense before. "Please Harry," I cried out in desperation, "Fuck me! I need your cock in me now." He finally mounted me. I could tell that his cock was a bit fatter than Frank's. As soon as he penetrated me, I wrapped my legs and arms around him and moved my hips to meet his thrusts. I soon had another big orgasm followed by several smaller ones, like the aftershocks of an earthquake. This was new to me, having more than one orgasm at one time. But he didn't let up. He took my legs over his shoulders and kept fucking me. I felt his cock grow bigger and twitch, and then at last he came in me, a big load of hot cum filling my vagina to overflowing. I had another mind blowing orgasm and I fell back exhausted. Harry stayed in me until his cock softened and came out. This was sex so good; I hoped it would never end. After he rolled off me, we relaxed with some more wine, snuggling with one another. After a short period, I could tell Harry was getting hard again.

“Harry let me take you in my mouth, I want to taste you.” Without waiting for an answer, I moved down and starting giving him a blow job. This was so erotic; I had to masturbate as I was sucking him. Then I did something I had never done and thought I would never do —I let him cum in my mouth and swallowed all of it. To my surprise I loved the slightly salty taste of his cum. After some rest, we went back to the bed where Harry fucked me again, this time slowly. It was almost making love. I had a couple of small orgasms but not as intense as the first ones, perhaps I was 'orgasmed out' for the night. After another 'recovery period', I pleased Henry with my mouth again. He did not cum very much, even though I sucked until he was dry and went soft. We cuddled and exchanged kisses and caresses for awhile. He told me that he had to leave before his wife started to worry. I locked the door behind him and lay back on the bed naked. Basking in the afterglow. I was well satisfied, never before had I enjoyed sex to that extent. I didn't know before this that I could have multiple orgasms. I looked at my watch, it was close to midnight. We had been at it for almost four hours. I fell asleep exhausted. I was awakened by knocking on my door. I was lost for a moment, not quite sure where I was. The knocking got louder. Finally fully awake, I realized where I was. I looked at my watch — it was close to four in the morning. “Julie, it's me, Margot. Let me in.” She entered with a big smile on her face, wearing only a bathrobe. We sat on the side of the bed. She wrapped an arm around my shoulders holding me tight. “How was your evening?” she asked. “Beyond description, I've never had sex so good — I never suspected it could be so good. For the first time in my life, I had multiple orgasms.” She held me tighter. I snuggled next to her. She was so warm and soft. “Well I am happy for you. You needed to experience what was out there.” “I am glad I did, and thanks for setting me up with a nice guy.” I turned to look at her and she kissed me hard on the mouth and I returned her kiss with a moan. “You are beautiful and very sexy, Julie. But we don't have time tonight. We have to hit the road and get back. I want to get you home before Frank gets there. I suspect you won't feel like having sex with him in the morning,” she said, with a knowing look. “You're right; I am all fucked out for awhile,” I replied. I was disappointed that we couldn't stay a little longer. I liked being in Margot's arms, feeling her softness and warmth. “Now that you are awake, I'll grab a shower and get dressed too.” Before she left, she hugged and kissed me again. I was getting aroused. I had a lot to think about while in the shower. I'd let a man other than my husband fuck me to multiple orgasms, something I didn't know I could have. I let him cum in my mouth and swallowed his seed, something I had never done before. I had wanted sex with another man for quite a while. Thinking about this, I realized for a lot longer than a few weeks. Probably since a couple years after my marriage, though it had only seemed urgent recently. Then there was Margot. She had hugged and kissed me. She had aroused me. I was sorry she didn't go further, and I would surely have been a full participant if she had not stopped I was shocked to realize. She had said that tonight we didn't have time, but I hoped that there would be a next time. My sudden hunger for Margot surprised and worried me a bit, as my only experience with a woman before this had been a few mutual masturbating sessions with a friend in college. I had no regrets about what I had done earlier tonight. I did regret having lied to Frank, but I had to. He was not the type of man who would willingly share his wife. Another thing bothered me was that Margot had mentioned that for a few days before and after meeting Maurice for sex, she had

no desire for her husband. Was this a consequence cheating? If so, I surely wouldn't repeat the experience. My curiosity was, after all satisfied. How wrong I was. On the way home, Margot gave me a detailed description of how an auction is carried out, and of the dealings that go on afterward for objects that did not sell, or were resold privately, at the cheese and wine luncheon following the auction. With that, I was well prepared to answer any questions Frank might have about my trip and my first auction. Margot dropped me off at home a good two hours before Frank was due. I was fast asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. The next morning, I was still basking in the afterglow of my night with Harry. Frank slept most of the day. He was still on night shift for three days. I had been reliving my evening with Harry and reflecting again. I had crossed a line, and now I knew that I would probably do it again — not withstanding my original intention of just satisfying my curiosity once. Harry had showed me pleasures I'd never imagined. I would see him again, if the occasion presented itself. I would refuse him nothing; I wanted to enjoy all that sex could bring. Frank, on the other hand, was quite conservative in bed, and not inclined to spend much effort at foreplay. Maybe that was the problem. I had never refused him sex and this would not change. I vowed that I would even try to convince him to experiment more. Then there had been the hugging and kissing with Margot. Was this just due to the fact that she was still hot from her session with Maurice, or was she into women too? I realized that I was willing to experiment with another woman if the opportunity arose. This introspective did scare me a bit, and I wondered what consequences this would have on my marriage, but not for long. I filed those thoughts in the back of my mind because I had a more immediate problem. I had to have my story ready for Frank when he woke up, and most of all, I had to prepare myself to look him in the eyes while talking to him. When Frank woke up it was early evening and I had his meal ready. He sat at the table facing me. I could hardly look him straight in the face. It wasn't so much that my conscience bothered me, as I was afraid that somehow he would see into my soul and see that I was a different woman. "Julie you seem pretty perky today, I could hear you singing while I was in the shower," Frank said, although he didn't sound suspicious. This scared me a little. He had noticed something. I looked down briefly before replying. To cover my discomfort, I laughed, and agreed with him. "You were right, Frank. Being out of the house did me a world of good and I learned a lot." Frank seemed pleased with my response. "Good, how was the auction?" I had been working on my story all day, so I was prepared. First, I gave him a description of the auction. Then I told him that, as the auction went late, Margot was tired and had decided to sleep for a few hours before driving back. The result was that I had gotten home just a couple hours before him, and was so tired that I fell asleep as soon as I got in bed. "I'm glad it went well. I imagine that you'll want to go again?" "Yes, Frank," I answered, "if it's okay with you, I would love to. If Margot invites me again, that is." "I have no objection if it always gets you in such a good mood." Frank was satisfied with my story. The rest of the evening was spent in small talk until he left for work. I had gotten away with it; I only hoped that Margot would take me with her again. Monday, back at work I wasn't sure how to deal with Margot. The full-time employee, Mrs. Jones, was there, which prevented any talk about last Friday. When she finally went to lunch, Margot and I were left alone. Margot came to me. "Do you have any regrets about our trip to the auction Julie?" she asked, looking carefully into my

face for any sign that I was upset. "Absolutely none, Margot. I've wanted to experience strange sex for a lot longer than I admitted, even to myself. Reflecting back on this week-end, I realized it has always been in the back of my mind. I am glad I finally did it." She stood in front of me looking me in the eyes. "I suppose that now you'll be a faithful wife?" This with a knowing smile. It took some courage, but I looked her in the eyes too, while I replied. "Margot, I'll go for strange cock anytime I can. I would enjoy having Harry again." Margot put her hands on my shoulders. Up this close I really noticed for the first time how beautiful her grey eyes were. But I detected in them something hard to fathom. "I am a little worried, Julie, that you might have been uncomfortable with my kissing you at the hotel," she sighed as she spoke, "but you looked so sexy when I came in and found you naked, that I couldn't help myself." She seemed very tentative about raising the subject. I hesitated before answering. Our kiss been on my mind also, and I decided to be completely honest with her. I looked back at her, my lips turned in a slight smile. "Margot, your kiss aroused me, and I was disappointed that you didn't go further. I've never experienced sex with women, but I think it's something I would enjoy." I eagerly awaited her response. I was disappointed when rather than answering me, she changed the subject, . "How was sex with Frank?" she asked. "He is working nights 'till Wednesday, so he has not expected any sex yet. It's worked out well, since I have no great desire for sex with him for now. In a way that bothers me." "Don't worry about it; your desire will come back after a few days," she predicted, and finally replying to my earlier statement, "As to your willingness to play with a woman, sometimes wishes have a way of coming true." She smiled beguilingly, but didn't expand on her last remark. With that she pulled me to her and hugged me. It was my turn to go to lunch. I live close by so I walk home and eat there. But today I was so horny just thinking of the promise of our conversation; I had to masturbate at home before going back for the afternoon. Luckily, it was the middle of the week before Frank wanted to make love. It was good enough, but left me frustrated, not quite satisfied. I fell asleep in Frank's arms worrying, hoping that this unsatisfied feeling was temporary. It turned out not to be the case. On Friday, I wasn't working, but I stopped by the shop while taking a walk. Margot asked me to come back with her to the office in the back. "Julie, Harry called this morning," she whispered in a breathless manner. "Yes? How is he, did he ask about me?" I couldn't hide my excitement. "Yes, he did, and it was not the first time. He's called three times this week already. " "What did he say?" I asked, anxious as a schoolgirl. "He likes you very much and he wants to see you again, if you're willing." This got me more excited. He wanted to see me again. Would Margot help again? I hoped she would. I sat on an empty chair in her office and looked at her. "I would like to see him again," I admitted, "Although I want you to know that I didn't plan it like this in the beginning. I only wanted one experience. But I miss the hot sex and I have to admit, I liked him personally. But I don't see how seeing him again so soon would be possible. Unless you have a plan?" "Harry has acquired three statuettes for a client of mine. I need them here by Thursday. I could find an excuse to send you to pick them up." "Frank is working the afternoon shift, so I'll be able to come home a little later. This would be just perfect. But I'll need to convince him to let me go to Montreal which might not be so easy, Margot," I explained. Margot looked at me with a conspiratorial smile on her face. "Julie, we'll just have to gang up on him again. Let me work out the details." On

Tuesday morning, Margot took me to the back of the shop to let me know what she had in mind. "I'll drop by your place at lunch today. You'll be having lunch with Frank?" "Yes," I confirmed, "he is always awake by lunch time when he works the second shift." Margot nodded her head, and with a sly smile said, "Act surprised when I show up at your place." "Okay Margot, I'll do my best." I went home from work to have lunch with Frank and help prepare his evening meal that he would take with him to work. When the door bell rang, I managed to look surprised. I opened the door and, as expected, it was Margot. She came in, said 'hi' to Frank and me and sat at the end of the table. As she sat, she seemed ill at ease. She looked at Frank, then at me. Impatient with her silence, Frank finally spoke up. "Some sort of problem, Margot?" "As a matter of fact, yes! Frank, I need a big favor from Julie. I have an important client coming tomorrow to look, and hopefully buy, this French commode. I need to be there to deal with him. I also managed to buy three statuettes from a dealer in Montreal that I need to have by Thursday for another client. Would it be possible for Julie to take my car and go to Montreal to pick them up for me?" Her story about the statuettes was not a lie. She had been waiting to get them and negotiating for awhile with the original owner. I looked at Frank, not saying a word, hardly daring to breathe, waiting for him to answer. He kept eating silently, thinking about Margot's proposal for awhile, before turning to Margot. "I know that Mrs. Jones, your full-time girl, doesn't drive. Julie's car is not running well enough for a trip to Montreal, but it would be okay if she used yours. Yours is brand new isn't it? I would feel better about Julie picking up the statuettes if she's using a reliable car." I let my breath out slowly as I didn't want to draw Frank's attention. I was relieved; this had been easier than I anticipated. Frank turned to me, "Drive carefully Julie, especially in Montreal. You're not used to the traffic there." "Don't worry I'll be careful, especially with Margot's car." It was a brand new BMW. Margot pointed out, "The shop is on the outskirts of town, Frank, and she won't have to go into Montreal as such. I'll explain to her how to get there and even draw a map." She then added to further calm Frank's worries. "Besides, my car is equipped with a GPS system; I'll program the route before she leaves." Then Margot turned to me. "Julie you'll have to leave fairly early, and don't worry, I'll pay you for the extra hours and travel." I was normally only supposed to work a half-day on Wednesdays. Margot then left to go back to the shop, where she had to relieve Mrs. Jones while she went to lunch. Frank and I finished our meal, with Frank reminding me to be careful driving around Montreal. 'They drive like maniacs there,' he reiterated. With a kiss, I left to get back to work. I stayed after Mrs Jones left for the day as Margot wanted to talk to me about tomorrow's pick-up. Harry would meet me in a mid-sized town halfway to Montreal. There was a combination motel, restaurant and bar on the out-skirts of the town, where we would meet. I knew the place, having stopped there a few times for lunch coming back from shopping trips with my sister. I let Margot know. "I know the place Margot. We often stop there to eat when I go on shopping trips with my sister." Margot nodded. "Okay, he'll have the statuettes for you. You can leave early, that will give you plenty of time to be a bad girl before coming back," with a big smile. "And since Frank thinks you are going all the way into town, he won't be expecting you back before he goes to work." "When do you need your car back?" I asked, estimating how late I could be. "Julie, I don't care what time you get back, as long as you have my statuettes here by Thursday morning." Margot hugged me again

before I left to go home. I was already horny at the thought of having another session with Harry. Also a little disappointed with Margot for not going further than a simple hug. Why did she just tease me? Then it hit me, maybe she was just pushing my buttons, while waiting for a time of her choosing. If I was right, I wouldn't disappoint her when she made her move. The next morning I left a little after ten. I was impatient to see Harry again. Continued in chapter two..... Fran26