

How to Cheat for the First Time

By Sara Hood

Sit across the table from your wife. Eat silently. She made you a tenderloin steak, mash potatoes, and green beans. You hate green beans, but you say nothing. Continue to eat the steak that is medium-rare. You prefer your steak well-done, but again you say nothing.

Your wife looks up from her plate and asks, "How is it?"

Tell her, "Its fine."

She frowns, but also says nothing, and takes a sip of Merlot. Reach for your own glass and take a gulp. It burns down your throat.

Tomorrow you wake up in your king sized bed. You didn't sleep well. The mattress is too soft, and you prefer a firmer bed, but you wanted your wife to be happy. You can't remember the last time you had a good night's sleep.

Sit up and look over at your wife. She's still asleep, and she's wearing black and white flannel pajamas. Watch as she breathes loudly and wraps the comforter tightly around herself. Stand up to go to the bathroom. You see her smile once you are no longer by her side. You frown annoyed, and leave the room.

It is cold out. Wear a wool sweater under your coat. The sweater was a gift from your wife. It itches uncomfortably, but it was the only warm clothing you could find.

You get to work and see your good friend Kyle. He's single and is excited to tell you about his night.

Sit at your desk, which is bare except for a laptop and a pencil holder. Kyle stands next to it and tells you about this hot twenty-five year old he fucked last night.

Kyle makes rude gestures as he describes her, "Her boobs were fucking huge, and hear this, you won't believe it, but she had a tattoo on her ass that says 'open for business'! Is that a slut for you or what?"

Laugh at his crude remarks. You know Kyle is an asshole, but the two of you have been friends since college. You two have been through a lot together, and you are accustomed to his offensive jargon. It's just Kyle being Kyle.

Kyle stops his ranting and asks, "So how was your weekend?"

Brush a hand through your hair and say, "It was fine. Maggie made me steak last night."

At lunch decide to go to a local coffee place. Sit alone in a booth with a hot coffee and an Italian Panini. Watch as the café fills up with people. It becomes crowded, but you enjoy the loud indistinct chatter. It keeps you from your thoughts.

A woman with dark brown hair suddenly sits across from you, and you jump, startled. She asks if she can join you since there are no more seats. You nod still surprised at her abrupt presence.

She removes her scarf and jacket revealing a V-neck shirt. You notice that she has a very nice body.

You watch as she moves to eat her tomato and pesto Panini with a side of fries. She looks up at you and smiles and says she's starving.

Ask, "What's your name?"

She replies, "Anna Miller. You?"

Tell her your name.

She tells you she likes your name and that she is pleased to meet you.

You notice her eyes are a deep blue and ask her if she comes to this place often. She tells you she does, and that she works in a building just down the road. She tells you she's in Marketing.

Interested, you ask her what her job entails.

She begins to tell you about her recent project involving a toothpaste advertisement. She leans forward the more she gets into it. You notice that she is passionate about her job. You think about how you haven't been passionate about anything in years.

Glance down involuntary at her cleavage, which is easily noticeable in her deep neck V. She catches you looking and leans back in the booth. You see a blush rise in her cheeks.

Apologize, embarrassed by your adolescent behavior. She says not to worry about it, "It's the risk of wearing a tight fitted shirt."

You both laugh nervously. She offers you a fry as a peace offering, and you smile as you accept. The fry is hot and burns your tongue. Ignore the pain.

Anna asks you what you do. Tell her you don't do much of anything anymore.

"I meant, what's your job?" she clarifies.

Tell her you're job. One of those boring cubicle jobs. Look at your watch and realize you need to be heading back to work.

She looks disappointed and asks if you would like to meet for lunch tomorrow. Hesitate for a second before agreeing to lunch. You think that there's no harm in making a new friend.

The two of you exchange numbers before parting. You smile as you look at the new contact in your phone.

Walk through your front door. You find your wife watching television in the den. Her legs and arms are crossed tightly against her body. You see that she's watching the news.

You approach her and she looks up as you lean in to give her a peck on the lips. Her lips are chapped, scratching against yours.

She mutes the television, and asks you about your day.

Say it was the same as any other day.

You and Anna sit in the same booth as yesterday. Today she's wearing a green dress with a black shawl wrapped around her torso. Tell her she looks nice, and she smiles in thanks.

She stares into your eyes as she drinks her mocha cappuccino. You chuckle when she gets a mustache from the foam. She asks you what's so funny. In response you slide your pointer finger across the top of your lip.

Instead of reaching for a napkin, she uses her tongue to swipe away the foam. You stiffen, finding the action to be highly erotic. You imagine what else she can do with that tongue.

She notices your change in demeanor and smirks with an intense look in her eyes before having another sip of her drink.

Drink your own coffee in response. It's black and bitter.

The next day you learn about her family who live on the other side of the country. She misses them, but she has a dog to keep her company.

Tell her you've always wanted a dog, but that your wife is allergic. You pause nervously, realizing that this is the first time you've mentioned Maggie. Gage her reaction.

Her eyes widen for a second, obviously surprised by this fact. She asks as if she didn't hear you, "You're married?"

You nod, feeling sheepish. She lets the idea sink in before she looks up and smiles halfheartedly, but says nothing.

Anxious to change the subject, ask her what type of dog she owns?

She immediately perks up and tells you he's a beagle.

"What does your wife do?"

You stare at her wearily. It's been a couple days since you first mentioned your wife. You've avoided the topic at all costs, worried about scaring Anna away.

Say hesitantly, "She's a realtor for Howson's Realty."

She nods nonchalantly.

Ask her, "What are you thinking?"

She looks at you intently and says, "I'm just wondering where this is going." She gestures at the space between you and her.

Ask cautiously, "Where do you want this to go?"

She twirls her straw in her iced caramel macchiato, and watches the ice clink against the glass. She doesn't answer right away, which unsettles you.

Finally she gazes passionately into your eyes and says decidedly, "As far as it can go."

Later you hold a room key in your right hand and a lady in your left. You hear Anna giggle excitedly next to you. Hesitate for a second before inserting the key card to room 304. Enter the room.

Anna follows in behind you. Her eyes blaze with lust. You haven't seen that look in years. It feels good to be desired.

Anna approaches you and places her hands on your shoulders. Look down at her with wonder. You are still unsure of the situation, but you also crave her touch.

She tilts her head in question and asks, "Now what?"

Now what indeed?

Wrap your arms around her waist, and lean in for a kiss. Her lips are soft and warm.