

## BLAZE

“Nobody Does It Better”. I doubt this is what you had in mind, Carly. Drinking in the middle of the afternoon and having conversations with not there musicians. Still it seems to be what nobody can do better than me. Inhale the aroma, swirl and watch the tannins cling to the glass to make me confident I chose a good bottle. That might be all I’m confident about anymore, my ability to choose good wine.

He was cleaning the gutters, this had been an endless endeavor the past two weeks: sprucing up the house for the girls to come home. Nobody does that better, and I knew there was some motherly enticements I should be busying myself with in preparation for their arrival, but nothing had struck my fancy except to make sure to stock up on more wine. I felt something I might be good at rise up, even a smile teased my face as the thought entertained more than it should have. I envisioned pushing the ladder out from under him and seeing the fear smack his face. I’d really enjoy that, I’d really enjoy any extreme emotion to smack his face. I’d enjoy watching him plummet to the ground. I’d enjoy watching him in pain. I’d enjoy watching blood swirl from him and turn dark red as it coalesced with oxygen. I’d be fascinated watching the color of the blood until it darkened to match the color of my wine. I wouldn’t get to watch him die. I’m sure I couldn’t be that lucky.

I turned from our bedroom window before I went out there and accomplished my fantasy. I walked into the bathroom, my wine glass accompanied me, of course. I pulled open the drawer, reached into the tampon box – that one was better than a locked safe – pulled it out. Smiled at it. Hit the on button, watched it ramp in speed, clicked it to the 10<sup>th</sup> speed, as fast as it would go. I pulled down my shorts enough, pulled down my shirt so I exposed my breasts for my enjoyment, inserted and watched myself in the mirror. The rise and fall of my breasts, the slosh about of my wine in my glass in my hand that was raised in the air while my other one was ...

Hmmmmmm. Giving me the best part of this endless day.

## JAXSON

I smiled as I walked up the ladder, as I passed our bedroom window and saw her standing there like she was watching me, appreciating me taking care of our home. As I reached for leaves, I couldn't help but think of when we'd moved in. When Tatum was three years old. I had loved our first house, but with our three stair steps (as we'd called them, as was all you could call them when you'd had three kids in three years) we had truly outgrown that house, and every day I could see the frustration on Blaze's face more and more as she listened to them argue and wrestle and constantly scream about having to all share one bedroom. I could endure them screaming, but I'd never been capable of enduring any negative emotions on Blaze's face. So, I got her a new home. Carried her over the threshold as three girls smiled.

Nostalgia waned and brought smiles to my face, brought me down from the ladder hoping to go in and see a smile on Blaze's face. In our bedroom I stopped my tracks. I heard a fast vibration, her moaning and screaming. I stood paralyzed.

A part of me wanted to go in there and yank that vibrating pleasuring device from her and throw her on the bathroom floor and take her, fuck her so hard she didn't need that fucking vibrator. But another part of me recognized, something no man ever wants to admit – I'd never heard those sounds for me. I had heard pleasant enough for me, of course, but not that, not what she was making for herself. I didn't know how to compete with it. Maybe if I had, I could have stopped the storm of the lost that was coming for us. But I only enter competitions I know I can win.

I snuck out careful to be quiet. Went to the garage, jerked off thinking of a time when we were sixteen, when I fingered her on a ferris wheel and the way she screamed at the top. She had been so free and wild. Excited to climax then ride the climax as we descended down. I licked my finger. She smiled that we shared a secret. Blaze, that wildness, that face, that she gave me her smile – I came so hard.

I woke, took a second before there was another one to realize a flash of lightning had woken me as her sister flashed bright enough to light up the entire room. There she was on the balcony off our bedroom, doors open. Blaze loved storms. I got out of bed and when I got out there, she was masturbating, hand in her shorts as she watched the storm. I pulled my boxers down, her shorts down, went to go in her ass. "I'll fucking kill you." Tilted her forward a little so I could enter the door that wouldn't get me killed. She was wet, but it didn't last once I entered. Then she removed her hand. "Just fucking cum, will you?" I literally deflated inside of my wife. My head sank into her back. Moments of silence and a little heartbreak. Finally, she spoke, "I could have enjoyed you more if I had finished myself first."

I pulled out, pulled up my boxers and sat in one of the two chairs on the balcony. She pulled up her shorts but stayed close to the rail but did me the courtesy of turning around to look at me while we talked. I didn't have any answers. I didn't even know what the questions were. So I waited. Watched her hair in the breeze. I didn't know what about her face was making me relive it. Where I thought it began, but now looking at her face, where it must have ended for her.

*I'm pregnant. I'd never been so happy. I jumped excitedly. Hugged her so tightly. Pulled back and thought she gave me a shy smile.*

Blaze isn't shy. That had been an uncertain smile, and I hadn't even realized.

"We can't undo twenty years."

"I'm not looking to. I just ..." she ran her hand through her hair blowing wildly around that beautiful face. "I just want something, one thing, that is completely mine. I haven't had myself since I was fifteen, when I started belonging

to you. At eighteen I started belonging to you and Teddy, then you, Teddy, and Tally, then you, Teddy, Tally, and Tatum. When do I belong to me?"

"You're not looking forward to them coming home?"

"How do I answer that without watching your face go to that place, like I shattered everything you ever won in life?"

"Here's your moment. Let's pretend I didn't knock you up, what would you have done at eighteen?"

She didn't even hesitate. "Got as far away as possible."

"You'd have done that to Paps?"

Her face. The sentiment his name smacked on her. He was that spot in her. Tears misted her eyes. "No. I probably never could have left Paps. Or you then."

I existed for a moment. I was a part of her world, the parts she'd never leave. My heart couldn't even stop smiling. Falling for her like she was fifteen all over again. My leash she had metaphorically tied me to then must have been showing. She gave me a smile. "You know I love you, Jaxson. I just lately need something from myself."

"So, if I want to keep living in this house then don't insert myself when you're going to town on yourself?"

She laughed. "No. You can always live in this house. I'll leave if it comes to that."

What do you say to that? Except. "Can I watch?" *Can I find some way to keep you?*

"I could let you, Jaxson, but it would still be a performance for you, instead of fucking myself for the pure enjoyment of myself."

“I wish I could relate, Blaze, but even when I fuck myself, I’m enjoying you.”

“I know, and that makes you a fucking great husband and me a fucking bitch of a wife. I know that too.”

I rose, pulled her into my arms, kissed her forehead, “Always my wife, regardless if you’re a bitch or not.” Placed my hands on her face. Made her look at me, “I’ll let you fuck yourself.” She laughed. Gave me that smile I’d do anything for. I closed the balcony doors as I went back in our bedroom. Lightning gave me hints of her silhouette. She didn’t look like she was masturbating again. Looked like both hands were on the railing, watching the storm thrash, feeling one with it – not me.