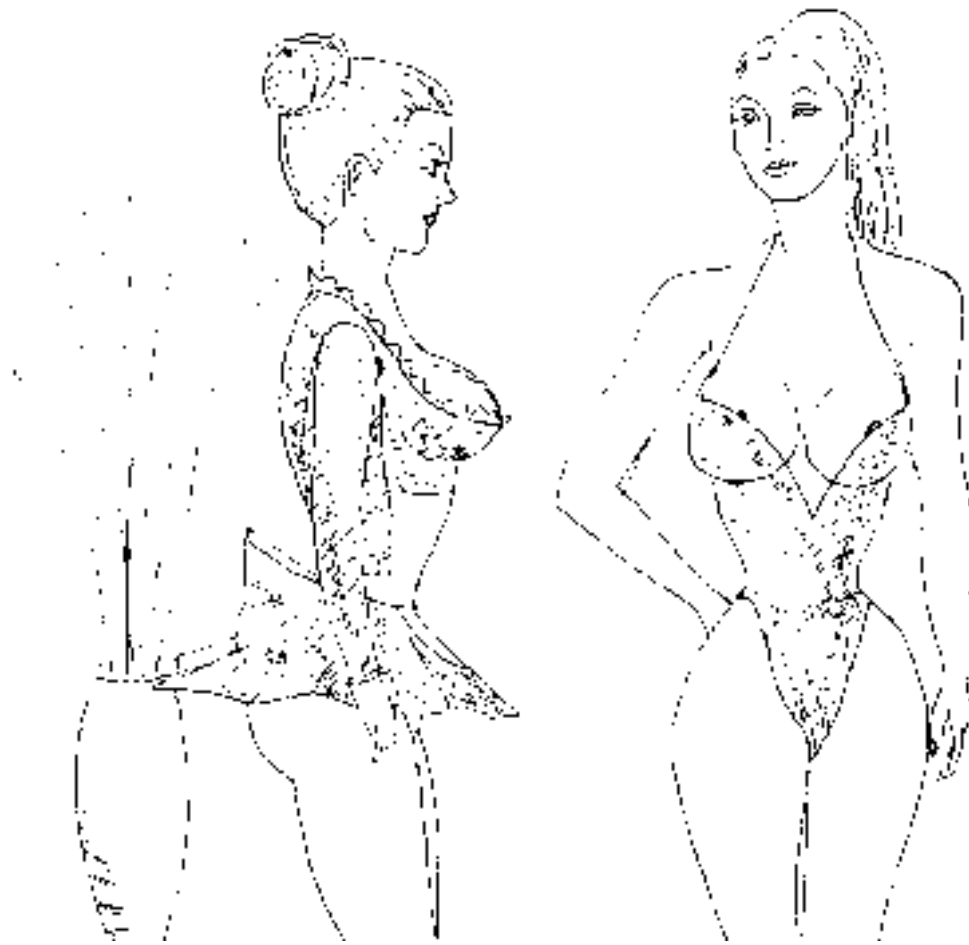


OBSESSIONS AWRY

By Louise Bates



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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OBSESSIONS AWRY.

By LOUISE BATES.

Ken Johnson and Pat Rooney had both grown tired of the singles scene when they met at a mutual friend's summer housewarming party in suburban Philadelphia. They were attracted to each other when their eyes met and knew it immediately. That singular thrill surged through their bodies.

Ken, who was usually reluctant in pursuing such feelings, could not control his emotions. He made his way over toward Pat with a determination which was not an integral part of his character.

"Hi, you must be a friend of John's. Do you like his new house? I hope so, because I sold it to him..... Sorry, I'm being rude, my name is Ken, what's yours?" he asked.

Pat was amused at Ken's gauche approach and decided that a playful rebuff was appropriate. "I'm not in the market for a new house. Don't you think the occasion warrants a little more discretion on your part? This is hardly the time or place for a sales pitch."

Ken was taken aback, he hadn't intended this at all.

"I'm sorry," he apologized seriously, "I didn't intend....."

"No problem, my name is Pat and I'm only pulling your leg. You did rather deserve it," Pat observed with satisfaction that she had established her "one up" position over the hapless male.

Ken laughed knowing that at least he had broken the ice.

They spent the next couple of hours exchanging life histories. Beyond the physical attraction, they found a mutual interest in books, movies and a number of other areas.

As the party thinned to a handful of guests, Ken realized that he wanted to see more of Pat, because she was attractive, dressed smartly and had a great deal of self confidence. These were attributes that Ken inevitably found irresistible in women.

Pat was equally physically attracted. She felt that his politeness and somewhat shy manner were a refreshing change from the chauvinism she most frequently encountered.

"Could we meet sometime?" Ken suggested hopefully.

"That depends. What would you like to do?" queried Pat.

"What would be your ideal way to spend an evening?"

"I'd enjoy dinner at a quaint Italian restaurant, followed by some romantic dancing." Pat was beginning to experience a completely new situation, she had not met a man like this before.

"Well, that's settled then. When would you be available for this romantic night out?"

Realizing that she was expected to fix the date, Pat responded. "Next Friday."

Ken asked if he should pick her up or if she would prefer to meet at the restaurant. He never thought that he had already reverted into his habit of bowing to the desires of any woman he ever dated. Usually, this resulted in his pride being injured when the women tired of his somewhat passive attitude and refused further dates. In the back of his mind, he somehow sensed that this time would be different.....

"You can pick me up at my very satisfactory home "she answered, teasing him once more about his awkward approach. She gave him the address. Without thinking for a moment, she also told him to arrive promptly at 7.15 P.M. and be sure to be dressed smartly for the occasion.

During the following few days, Ken became more and more bemused by this gorgeous woman that had entered into his life. He couldn't quite figure out what it was about her that intrigued him so much. As each day passed, the need to see her grew inside of him. By Friday, he was quite nervous and almost lost a house sale to a more than willing buyer, because his mind was on Pat, not his clients.

In her own way, Pat also anticipated their date with a tinge of excitement. She easily convinced herself that their instant rapport, Ken's soft features and gentle ways, coupled with the electricity between them, were the cause of these pleasant emotions.

She had been exceptionally harassed at her job as Manager of Administration at a major Philadelphia based bank during the week. Arriving home, she took a lengthy soak in a hot bathtub to relieve the tension. Then she selected her clothes for the evening.

First came a black silk half-cup bra with a tiny froth of lace trim. This accentuated her creamy breasts, which were firm and attractive even before such enhancement. Next came a sexy matching garter belt adorned with petite red bows, similarly matching French cut silk panties and sheer black stockings. Over these, she put on a short, strapless, fitted black slip which clung sensuously to her contours.

All of this in turn matched the simple black off-the-shoulder evening dress which she knew very well would have every man looking twice throughout the evening. She slipped into a pair of black patent leather 3 inch heels, selected an elegant necklace and earring set, checked her make-up and allowed herself a dab of her favorite perfume at each wrist and behind her ears.

As she checked her watch, she was certain that Ken would be pleased with the outcome of her preparations. It was ten after seven, so she looked out of the window and saw Ken getting out of his car, arms loaded with a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Ken had been so eager, that he was ready for their date an hour early. He had sat thinking about Pat for a while before the thought entered his head that she would undoubtedly be pleased to receive some flowers.

“What woman wasn't?” he reasoned aloud to himself.

On arriving at Pat's house, he was professionally impressed. Being a Realtor, he appreciated that this was an expensive home, and he realized that he had never discovered what Pat did for a living because she had mostly asked him about his life. He became a little more nervous as he figured that she had to be quite successful to enable her to afford this particular home.

‘Thank goodness I brought these flowers,’ he thought.

He approached the front door thinking how fortunate he had been in meeting Pat at the party. His success ratio with women was limited by his shyness. But he realized that, Pat however, had sufficient self-confidence not to need, or in fact want, a typically aggressive male, although she herself had not yet fully realized this.

On hearing the doorbell, Pat went to the door thinking what a pleasant change it was for her date to not only arrive on time, but also to come bearing a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

“Oh Ken, those are such pretty flowers, the scent is wonderful,” she exclaimed, bending to smell at them. “Come inside please, as I must put them in a vase before we leave. Thank you ever so much.”

Ken was indeed stunned by her outfit, which he found so exciting that he began to get aroused. He became so flustered with embarrassment at his physical state and her effusiveness, that he blushed a bright pink shade. In order to cover up he asked, “are you sure you want me to be in the house alone with you?”

Pat inwardly smiled. She enjoyed the totally relaxed feelings she experienced in Ken's company and didn't want him to feel humiliated by any flippant comment she may ordinarily have made. His somewhat obvious trouser bulge clearly indicated his feelings and she had consciously dressed to achieve this kind of result.

“Don't worry,” she promised, “I won't bite you.”

After dealing with the flowers, she told Ken where the restaurant was and off they went.

Toni's was a tiny intimate bistro and they were soon ensconced in a candlelit corner.

Ken couldn't concentrate on his order as he constantly looked at Pat. He was especially fascinated by her glamorous clothes, which showed every advantage of her classical figure.

Pat soon found herself leading the conversation. She gradually drew out of Ken the story of his shyness and consequent ineptitude with women. In view of the fact that she really did like him, she took a great deal of care to put him at ease and reassure him.

At the night club, having sated their appetites, they had more cocktails and danced intimately.

Ken rapidly became aroused once again as he pulled Pat's body close to him and felt the smooth silk of her lingerie through her dress.

The evening progressed as naturally as might be anticipated with a mutually attracted couple. Ken drove Pat home hoping that this would not be the end of a fantastic night out.

Pat certainly knew by now that Ken wanted her.

His continuous erections and avid attention to her needs all evening, made her feel that she would enjoy making love with this considerate and gentle person.

"I want to dance some more," she noted. "Why don't you come inside and we can play some of my favorites. "

"As long as they are romantic," Ken, lacking subtlety, hinted. He was beginning to feel that this would be a lucky night for him.

Before long, they were in each others arms, swaying to a gentle rhythm and kissing passionately.

Despite his natural timidity, Ken suggested that they should move to the bedroom.

For her part, Pat was delighted with his idea. She had loved the tranquil feelings generated by Ken's earlier hesitancy, but still needed to feel that the man would take the lead in this type of situation. She was sexually aroused and ready to make love.

"Why don't you undress me?" she half teased half invited.

"Nothing could please me more and I'll savor every moment," Ken responded.

He kissed her with a probing tongue as he reached around to unfasten her dress. The dress slipped down over her hips, for the first time allowing Ken to catch sight of her erotic underwear. His heart missed a beat as he took in the luxurious appearance of the smooth black silk clinging to her voluptuous body. His penis strained against his trousers and began to excrete seminal fluids in anticipation of what was about to happen.

He caressed Pat's nipples through the lace timed bra and undershirt, causing them to spring up proudly to life under their silken covering.

"Mmmh," Pat sighed, "That feels wonderful. Please don't stop."

"How could I?" Ken answered, "You've bewitched me with your conversation and enticed me beyond control with your fantastic figure so close to me while we danced."

He actually stared at her sensual clothing for a moment before realizing it. Quickly, he covered the erotic responses he had by continuing to disrobe her. He gently eased her slip down, only to be confronted by the vision of his dreams: a black garter and panties, in more of that lush silk. to complete the fantasy, she still wore the sheer, black stockings and matching 3 inch patent heels. In an almost vertiginous state, the whole ensemble was captured in his mind at that moment. He knew that he would never forget it.

Pat could wait no longer. She started to remove his clothes, at the same time, urging him to remove the remaining lingerie.

Soon, they were both naked and embroiled in the hectic rush of impassioned love. Neither could control themselves, as they explored each other's bodies, pausing only for passionate kisses or caresses.

Finally, Ken entered her vagina, slowing sufficiently for her to feel his enlarged penis work its way into her passage. The warmth and fullness as he rocked up and down was exquisite as her whole being tingled with excitement and shivers made her tremble in ecstasy. The tip of his penis was titillating her clitoris and she writhed in pleasure as he ejaculated, the hot sperm providing the final stimulating impetus for her own climax.

Ken had the knowledge, admittedly from friends or sex manuals, rather than much practical first hand application, that women did not merely *switch off* at this point. He continued to kiss and caress her and was rewarded by her sighs of contentment.

Pat was high on sex. She didn't want to let it end so quickly. In her case, she knew, through practical experience, that men could not generally maintain an erection after ejaculation. It would likely be some time before he naturally would become erect again, so she decided to give nature a helping hand along the way. She bent over Ken, beginning to tickle his testicles and the base of his penis with the tip of her tongue. The gentle flickering motion quickly had the desired effect and Ken once more entered Pat and they continued their lovemaking in a languorous manner. Pat luxuriated in the spasms of pleasure that swept through her body and clung to Ken as she attained her second fantastic orgasm.

In the meantime, Ken's fantasies about the evening, had truly been realized. He adored the way Pat looked in her silken underthings and was thrilled to touch them as he removed them from her superb body. The fact that she had orally stimulated him.....this had only happened rarely before.....made him feel genuinely a very competent lover for the first time.

"You were great," Pat exclaimed, affirming his belief, "I've never felt so needed. "

"Your smile, fantastic looks and sexy lingerie turned me on so much, I was desperate for you," Ken avowed.

"What a romantic you are," Pat added. "You bring me flowers, wine and dine me, dance me off my feet, make love totally unselfishly and finally compliment me!"

TWO

The romance blossomed and they met frequently, wallowing in the bliss of a newly found, exciting intimacy. After about six months, they were more than infatuated, having become friends, as well as lovers. They explored each others interests to the full and spent many weekends together, making love at almost every opportunity.

Ken brought or sent flowers and had lately taken to buying her gifts of the sexiest, slinkiest lingerie, which he obviously liked her to wear.

She accumulated a substantial collection of satin, silk and nylon underwear including basques, bikinis, bras, garters, nightgowns, panties, slips, teddies, waspies. Every imaginable item found its way into her wardrobe.

Pat was quite happy with this expression of his feelings for her. She felt it accentuated his desires to provide a more than satisfactory love life, so therefore encouraged him. Besides, the erotic clothes helped her to be in the right frame of mind, even when she had been working hard at the bank and was exhausted. The occasional training classes and other business trips she took, only served to heighten their passion for each other on her return.

Ken had always been fascinated when catching sight of his mother's underclothes. Now, his relationship with Pat allowed him every opportunity he wished, to adore the sight of her clad in the exotic lingerie he'd indulged in purchasing.....probably more for his own satisfaction than for hers.

He realized that the thrills he experienced, merely in wandering around the intimate apparel sections of women's stores, were a little unusual. In fact, when he handled the silky items, he became instantly aroused. It was as much for this reason, as for the turn-on in seeing Pat wearing these sexy things, that he spent so much time in his searches for more and more lingerie. He really was attracted to Pat and slipped into the habit of pretending that he was doing all this just to please her. After all, she always seemed very appreciative and spent a great deal of time modeling his purchases, to his delight.....before they ended up in bed for passionate lovemaking.

“Please would you marry me....soon,” Ken asked around Christmas time.

“I'd love to. Thank you very much for asking,” Pat responded.

“Fantastic,” Ken cried as he slipped a beautiful solitaire diamond engagement ring onto Pat's finger. “How does the anniversary of the party, when we met, sound for a wedding date?”

“Oh Ken, that would make me so happy,” Pat swore, hugging him close to her. “That's only six months away and now we've decided, I don't think we should wait a moment longer.”

Pat's parents, who had somewhat spoiled their only child, gave a splendid wedding. It was a near perfect day, with sunny blue skies and a soft breeze in the air. Pat was angelic in a Paris designed, fitted, white wedding gown. It had long sleeves and a high neck, both adorned with a delicate lace trim. The hem reached the floor and it also had the fullest long train imaginable.

The bridesmaids were pretty in lavender matching ensembles. The groom and other men were equally splendid in morning dress, complete with top hats and gray gloves.

The reception took place at the exclusive country club Pat's parents belonged to, with the banquet catered by a renowned Chef. A gourmet meal was provided, with appetizers from far flung countries, succulent meats, the most tender moist fish, mag-

nificent tropical fruit and chocolate or raspberry sauces. All was served by polite, efficient liveried waiters.

Dancing to music provided by a popular local band, Ken led a radiant Pat onto the dance floor to a tremendous round of applause. They both glowed with pleasure and happiness as they slipped into each others arms for the first time as man and wife.

Ken was full of heady anticipation about the later evening when he would see Pat in the glittering white matching set of ultra feminine underwear he'd gotten for her to wear, just for this special night.....

THREE

After a glorious honeymoon on an exotic Caribbean Island, the happy couple returned to live together in Pat's perfectly adequate home. The early weeks and months were idyllic in many ways. They were together most of the time now, with the only gaps being Pat's continued demands from her job at the bank. A gradual easing in the intensity of their love-life came about through familiarity gained from well practiced sessions in the bedroom, in front of the fire on a goatskin rug, watching the shadows and reflections from the fire flickering over taught stomachs, hairy thighs, and creamy breasts, straining against satin slips.....

Around two and a half years later, Pat came home in a state of excitement that Ken hadn't seen for some time.

"I've been promoted," she joyously announced. "From next Monday, I'll be the Administrative vice-president. "

"That's great, darling," Ken said, "I know how much effort you've put in over the years and how bright you are. I'm only surprised it hadn't happened sooner. "

"Well, I'm over the moon about it, but I'm afraid it means going away for a month for special training and there will be more business trips. I hope you don't mind too much, I know I'll miss you terribly during training."

"I'm really happy for you and I guess I'm lucky to have such a clever wife. Of course I will miss you, I always do, even when you've only been away for a day or so," he replied with some feelings of guilt.

One time, when Pat had gone away for three days, Ken had been putting away some dirty laundry, when he came across her discarded underwear. He was drawn towards it by some subconscious feelings, and soon had a pair of panties and a garter in his hands. He had developed an erection just through doing this and in view of his enforced abstention from sex, quite naturally began to masturbate. As he did so, he recalled that he'd done the same thing as an adolescent, using his mother's lingerie. He was too aroused to let this worry him, soon coming in rapid spasms. The sperm soaked into the panties creating a large wet stain.

The stain bothered Ken, as he felt certain Pat would notice it when she came to do the washing and could conceivably jump to the false conclusion that he'd had another woman in the house. Still, she wasn't due home until the next day, so he went to bed that evening without concern, only feeling contented from his sexual release.

The next day, he worried more. On returning home, he took the stained panties from the laundry basket. The stain was, to say the least, huge. He had spurted a build up of several days sperm into them and let it thoroughly soak. When he picked up the next item from the basket, it was a silk slip. His penis jumped to attention as the smooth cool material fell against him, caressing his skin. Before very long, a stain, similar to that on the panties, was all over the slip. Feeling physically relieved, but a little uncertain mentally about his activities, he gathered up the laundry and set about to do the washing.

When Pat went to the training course, he had found himself going through the same ritual. By now, it had developed onto a regular, enjoyable routine.

He should have known that his doing the laundry would arouse suspicions with Pat. Having grown up in an environment where his mother fulfilled the traditional women's role he was not exactly domesticated. It didn't occur to him that as his wife also worked....in fact, much harder than he did.... that he should share in the domestic chores.

Pat cooked and cleaned, did the laundry and shopping and by far the majority of the rest of the jobs necessary to keep the household running smoothly.

In fact, she was pleasantly surprised at first, by his new behavior of doing the laundry. Her vague suspicions that something was amiss, only began to form in her mind when Ken became less enthusiastic about sex when she returned from business trips. She had acclimatized herself to almost frenzied attacks, so Ken's somewhat cooler attitude started to puzzle her a little. Still, she had been working too hard to gain her promotion and pressured herself even more to ensure her boss felt totally justified in his action, forgetting other thoughts as she threw herself at her work.....

One holiday weekend, around five months after her promotion, Pat became particularly agitated over Ken's reluctance to help around the house.

“Ken, I know you work hard each day, selling houses. You seem to do quite well at it, but I work hard too. Since my promotion, you have occasionally done the laundry; but, I can't keep up the pace and need some more help around the house,” she reasoned.

“It's not a job for a man,” Ken rejoined, feeling somewhat guilty about being given credit for his self created need to do the washing.

“Come on, let's be fair about this,” Pat urged, knowing in her mind that she had a greater strength of character than Ken and that she could probably use it to her advantage in persuading him to agree without the necessity of an argument.

Ken's guilt made him act defensively and he continued, “That stuff is definitely for a wife, or housekeeper, to do.”

Pat's anger boiled, but she didn't want to take advantage of his hesitant nature. She thought instead, of finding another way in which she may achieve her objective and came up with an idea that she knew he would go along with.

“How would it suit you if we played Trivial Pursuit to decide who should do the housework this weekend?”

“Sure, why not,” Ken quickly replied. He knew that Pat always got stuck on Sports questions and was confident he would win. “I suppose I should at least allow you a fair chance like that. I must warn you though, that if I win, I'm not going to lift a finger around here.”

“OK.,” Pat agreed, silently fuming at this chauvinist response. She figured that she would win and that her revenge would be in watching him do everything while she relaxed.

Ken won.

Pat said nothing, being furious with herself. She had been way in front; but, just couldn't get the final question.

Ken always insisted on Sports subjects for this and she had a very limited knowledge in that area, despite her excellent education at an Ivy-league college.

Reluctantly, she set about the various tasks she had become all too familiar with.

Back at her office, her thoughts kept straying to the events of the weekend and she found them irritating her more and more. The demands of her position enabled her to put it all to one side while she concentrated on the immediate tasks. It was not to be for some time before the whole matter asserted itself once again.

As the routine continued, Ken found that he grasped every opportunity to go through his ritual with Pat's underwear. He had not been quite so “turned-on” with Pat lately, perhaps because she was so tired and didn't make the effort to dress in her unlimited supply of sexy lingerie every time they were going to make love. In consequence of this and his games with her underwear, he did not feel as great a need to seek sexual gratification in her arms.

In the time he had to himself, during one of her longer absences, he had some difficulty obtaining an erection. He figured that it was due to having stopped for a few cold beers on the way home, so he didn't let it bother him.

A couple of days later, he had the same problem, but had not had any drinks that day. He started to become concerned and thought that perhaps it was because he was feeling guilty about all the masturbation he'd done using Pat's clothes. He convinced himself that this was the answer and that he should not masturbate again, but wait for Pat to come home to try for a repeat of the wonderful evening of lovemaking that followed their first date.

When Pat did return, he gave her a dozen roses, telling her that she should shower and change, as they were going out to dinner.

Pat was very happy about the surprise, but rather tired. She relaxed so long in the steaming hot shower that she had only a few minutes left to get dressed. There wasn't

time to select erotic lingerie, having so much to choose from, so she merely took some clean white basics that she normally wore for the work day, from her suitcase.

A red cocktail dress, cut low enough to reveal some cleavage, was, she thought, sexy enough. A little make-up, jewelry and a dab of perfume and she hurried downstairs to an eagerly awaiting husband.

Ken had tried to recapture every moment of their first date. He had reserved the same corner table that had felt so intimate and cozy.

Toni himself, had agreed to provide a personalized service.

It turned out better than Ken could have anticipated as Pat revealed in the special attention she was getting.

The candle glowed in a tiny cut glass holder and soon, soft smiles were reflected on her cheeks. The pasta was heavenly and Pat graciously thanked the grinning owner.

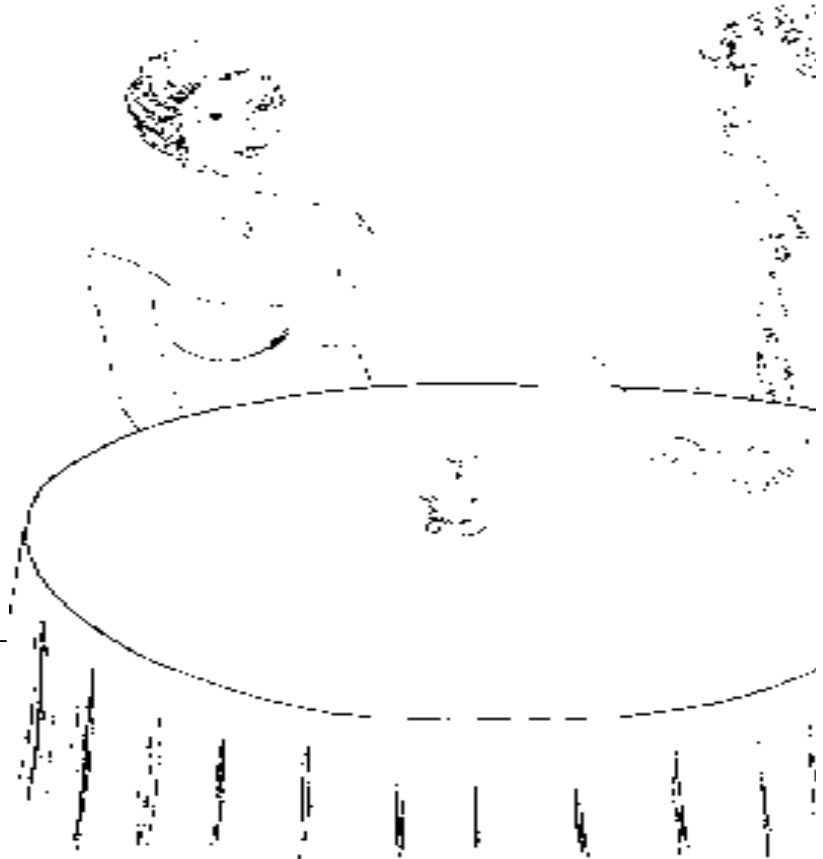
At the club, later that evening, Pat's efforts at work began to affect her ability to keep up with Ken's enthusiastic gyrations on the dance floor. She managed to restrict most of this to the romantic, slower tunes. The embraces that occurred while swaying to the gentle music, along with the spirit of Ken's efforts to cheer her, finally got her thinking of sex. It had been around six weeks since they had last made love because of her period, followed by a long business trip. She whispered in his ear... "I want you, and I don't want to wait. "

Ken glanced over her still beautiful body, noticing how her dress clung in strategic parts and emphasized her breasts. He imagined the erotic matching red underwear she would have on, and the beginnings of his first erection for a long time, began to assert itself within his trousers.

"Great," he said. "I've missed you terribly. I think we should leave right now. "

In the bedroom, Ken hugged and kissed Pat, repeating how much he had missed her. Then he reached for her zipper, sliding the dress down to her slim ankles.

"Ugh "he thought, as he saw the plain white, unadorned cotton bra and panties. He quickly lost the desire to continue.... and his erection.



Pat saw what had transpired, but didn't understand the reason. She only knew that he'd gone to an awful lot of trouble to please her; but, now when she was lusting for him, he had apparently lost interest. Somewhat hastily, because of her frustration, she concluded that he couldn't get it up because he'd been having an affair. Perhaps, she figured, this was the real reason for the wining, dining and dancing. Considering this, she remembered that his sex drive had been rather diminished lately. That tended to confirm her line of thinking.

“Have you been having an affair?” she demanded to know, in a fit of temper.

“No, honestly,” Ken claimed, somewhat meekly. He was too upset with himself to notice how angry Pat had become. “I only care for you. ”

“You don't show it very well then, do you?” Pat responded in an arrogant manner, looking pointedly at his groin.

“I'm the one that's been under pressure at work. You didn't even do the laundry while I was away this time,” Pat challenged. “Here I am, exhausted, but you've been completely idle and haven't the energy to get hard. The only logical explanation is another woman. ”

Ken was hurt and confused. He wanted Pat, but couldn't raise an erection. He wasn't sure why, especially as he'd been *saving* himself for the moment. It was true that he was lazy around the house and he'd forgotten that when indulging himself during her trips, he usually ended up doing laundry. How could he explain?

“Look, I can't explain the reason.....maybe it's the dinner wine. I just can't get a hard on. You're tired and upset but please believe me when I tell you that I wouldn't dream of seeing anyone else..... As for the housework, let's play Trivial Pursuit again, this time, I promise not to ask Sports questions. The loser will do anything the winner wants for a week,” Ken promised, hoping his idea would appease Pat, preventing her from pursuing the line of questions and accusations further.

“All right,” Pat replied reluctantly. She had suddenly become too exhausted to fight and decided that she was certain to win the proposed game with the new rule.

“Tomorrow morning then. I'm going to get some sleep, as I don't intend losing again.”

Ken couldn't sleep. He was plagued with his conscience. In addition, it hit home that Pat was more than likely going to win. What could he do now, but keep to his commitment?

Next morning, Pat got to the last question, before Ken had four pieces of the pie. He asked a Science and Nature question, which Pat had scarcely to think about. She silently gloated, having been both frustrated and angry last night. In addition, she had remembered his chauvinistic response the last time they had played.

“First of all, I'd like coffee. Now, please. I'll think about what I want you to do next while you make it,” Pat demanded.

A somewhat subdued Ken left to make fresh coffee.

In the meantime, Pat contemplated what she should insist Ken do. The laundry came to mind first of all, then he could do the shopping and later make lunch and dinner. He'd also have to do the ironing and cleaning.

"That ought to ensure he understands just how much effort I usually put in around here," she mused.

When Ken arrived with two cups of coffee, she laughed.

"You won't have time to linger over coffee." She told him what must be done that day.

Looking rather sheepishly at Pat, Ken set down both cups and left to start work on what seemed to him, an eternal list. He regretted his rash wager and changing the rules of the game already.

Pat had plenty of time to relax and basked in every moment. Doing nothing was just not in her nature however, so she spent the day planning Ken's spare time for the week. She determined that he would do all the housework and more.

If he had been cheating on her, then he'd certainly be too tired to continue for the present. In addition, she felt it would be gratifying if he were to pamper her a little. It would be pleasant to have a total massage each evening and she could judge Ken's responses to touching her body. The extra work wore Ken down quickly. He had been so lazy these last four or five years, that he had become out of shape. The jobs around the house seemed endless, and when Pat required her massage, he was so exhausted that he performed them by rote, rather than with any enthusiasm. He imagined that even if Pat were to be wearing some of the erotic lingerie, he wouldn't have the energy to become aroused.

Ken's lack of interest in attempting to make love, despite the nightly massages, infuriated Pat. She normally did all the work he was doing and had always been expected to be ready to please Ken in bed. It was hardly surprising then, that she became even more convinced of his infidelity. Still, she enjoyed her welcome respite from housework and an abundance of opportunity to catch up on things that she had never had chance to do in the past year or so like reading magazines or watching her favorite TV. programs. At the end of the week, she thanked Ken for being such an efficient "wife."

"I hope you've realized that I need your continued help," she added.

"Yes," Ken said, "I hadn't appreciated how much there was to do. I'll try to help out more in the future, although I'm not agreeing to do everything like this last week. "

Pat conceded that the arrangement had been honored and that it was not intended as a permanent state of affairs...although to herself, she thought it would be a perfectly good idea if it could be.

"I hope you live up to the latter part of your statement," she retorted.