

At 35-years old Dave Parker never thought he would be that guy, but some how some way he found himself clicking thumbnail after thumbnail. An hour earlier he walked into his office to check the baseball scores, but an errant key stroke on his desktop took him to much more proactive site. At first he quickly clicked away, but soon remembered that his wife was out shopping and he was home alone. Against his better judgment he went back to the site and listened to the big breasted blonde that encouraged him to take a free tour. In the beginning the pictures were innocent and sweet as a young couple kissed and hugged, but as Dave kept clicking the 'next' button the pictures became much more pornographic and erotic.

The starlet couldn't have been more then nineteen and her cheerleading uniform and pigtails made her look much younger then that. Although he was embarrassed and ashamed he was also turned on, and kept clicking like a man possessed until the teen was covered in white creamy goo. Not wanting his experience to be over he leaned back in the chair and unzipped his pants. In the middle of his electronic three-some Dave started to have second thoughts but the eagerness of the actress and the excitement of something so taboo turned him on even more. Plus it had been nearly a month since his wife had taken care of needs.

Sexually satisfied, and his pants around his knees Dave waddled to the bathroom so he wouldn't get cum all over his favorite sweat pants. While cleaning off his limp, pink, dick Dave made the mistake of looking at himself in the mirror.

Without notice or warning the cocky, arrogant jock that got plenty of pussy as a bachelor was long gone and the only thing left was a fat, middle aged insurance salesman who just got finished jacking-off. "What a loser," he mumbled to himself as the reality of life hit him like a ton of bricks.

By the time his wife got home he was cleaner then a new born baby and so was the computer. With a guilty conscience he welcomed her home with a kiss on the cheek, and at that very moment he told himself it would never happen again, but it did. Every time his wife left the house he slowly made his way to the computer and followed the same routine. At first he was quick with the draw, but overtime he built up a tolerance and needed to see more provocative videos instead of the pictures. To make matters even worse he knew every major porn start by their real name and stage name, and kept tabs on their latest work.

On his tenth wedding anniversary Dave came home to find his wife in sexy lingerie, and that night she let him do things to her that she swore she would never do.

While Dave was all smiles he could hear his wife crying in the bathroom. "Is everything alright," he asked as he finally got out of their kings bed. At first she didn't answer, but her tears of pain and desperation would quickly turn to rage.

"I can't do this," screamed Amy as she kicked off her high heels and ripped off cum stained costume.

"Do what," said her husband who tried to console her, but was pushed away.

"What I just did! I can't believe what I just did!"

"Do what, what did you just do."

With a psychotic laugh Amy sat on the toilet after putting on her robe and then looked up at Dave. "I want a divorce."

"What the fuck are you talking about? How in the hell are you going to make love to me on our anniversary and then ask for a divorce."

“You didn’t make love to me, you fucked me. You fucked me in the ass like one of those bimbos you watch on the computer.”

Although the cat was already out of the bag Dave continued to lie. “What are you talking about?”

“Oh come on Dave don’t insult me.”

“I really don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“About two months ago I needed to find a website that was on the computer so I checked the history and somehow it got erased. A week later the same thing, so the next time I went to the store I came home, and guess what the history was deleted again. So I bought some of that fancy-dancy encryption software that brings the history back up, and I saw all those disgusting sites you’ve been looking at.”

"Oh baby I'm so sorry."

"Don't touch me," screamed Amy who slapped Dave's hand away once again and then wiped the tears from her face with an excessive amount of toilet paper. "You want to know what's really sad? After I watched all those videos I felt like a bad wife because you had to turn to that smut instead of making love to me. So for the last week I've been trying to lose weight; I even dyed my hair and bought this stupid outfit on the internet."

"Oh Amy you're still beautiful. "

"Then why? Why do you have to look at those girls."

"I don't know," said Dave who sat on the floor and hid his shameful eyes by looking at the ceiling instead of his wife.

"Are you addicted," asked Amy who was trying to understand, but her questions were doing more harm than good.

"Of course I'm not addicted," shouted Dave who was embarrassed by the question.

"But you're on those sites almost everyday."

"I'm not addicted", screamed Dave who quickly cut her off.

"Why are you screaming at me? I'm not the one in wrong here. "

"You were fucking spying on me. How is that not in the wrong "

"Oh no, don't you try and turn this shit around on me. I'm not the one who's looking at naked girls day in day out. I mean do you just look at those pictures and fantasize, do you masturbate? Where you thinking of those girls while you were fucking me in the ass and cumming on my face?"

"I'm out of here," said Dave who quickly got up and slammed the bathroom door behind him as if it was going to stop his wife from following him.

"I'm trying to save our marriage here and all you can do is walk away from me. Why can't you just answer the questions?"

Like a tea kettle sitting too long on the stove Dave finally exploded "Yes I masturbate," he screamed as he looked his wife in the eyes. She already knew the answer to the question because she did his laundry but hearing it out loud was a different story.

"Unlike you I like to have sex, in fact I love to have sex; even if I have to do it by myself."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Come on Amy we've had sex maybe three times in six months. I mean every time we get in the bed you fall fast asleep, and when I try to be spontaneous you're always like I'm too tired, or my head hurts," said Dave as he mocked his wife's voice with a high screeching pitch.

“Taking your dick out while we’re watching TV is not spontaneous, trying to rub my tits or my pussy while I’m half way sleep is not spontaneous; it’s cheap and disgusting. If you want to have more sex you should be more caring, thoughtful, and romantic.”

“So are you saying that I don’t care about you?”

“I’m not saying that, but you could clean up after yourself, or make the bed when you leave in the morning, cook dinner, sit and watch and movie with me, or my favorite show. You don’t even have to pay attention I just want you to sit next to me. The reason why I don’t want to have sex with you is because you make me feel like a maid and not a bride.

“Come on Amy We’ve been married for ten-years and the honeymoon is over. We’re not newlyweds anymore.”

“You just don’t get it do you,” said Amy as she continued to shake her head with a sly smirk on her face. “If you truly loved me you wouldn’t have said that.”

“So now I don’t love you anymore,” screamed Dave as he sat on the edge of the bed. “Help me understand what I don’t understand.”

“I know I’m not a bride anymore, but I want to feel like one from time to time. When I get out of my car after a long day of work I want to walk into this house with same passion I did when I walked down the aisle because I’m coming home to a man that loves me and still looks at me like I’m the prettiest woman in the world.”

“That’s ridiculous,” shouted Dave as he got back up to match his wife’s volume.

“What’s ridiculous is that you don’t see it, or understand it. To keep this marriage alive I did things tonight that sickened me, but I did it because I love you. Can you say the same thing?”

“Whatever! The man you’re looking for doesn’t exist.

“He does exist, and I almost fucked him.”

“Excuse me,” said Dave who leaned his left ear towards his wife and squinted his eyes as if he didn’t hear her correctly.

“I almost had an affair.”

Devastated by his wife’s omissions Dave plopped his limp body back on their bed and used every ounce of his testosterone to hold back his tears. “What do you mean you almost had an affair?”

While trying to think of the right words Amy walked over to her husband and sat beside him. “You remember that bible study class I was going to.”

“Yeah,”

“Well there was a guy in there and we were kind of going through the same thing. His wife didn’t want to go to church or bible study because she was a slave to her job and he was tired being neglected. So we started having lunch, and sending each other text messages.

“I cant believe this shit. How could you,” interrupted Dave?

“Damn it Dave I was lonely, and I wanted some attention, and some romance.”

“So what happened?”

“The last time I saw him he invited me over to his house, and after he cooked me lunch we sat on the couch and watched an old episode of Grey’s Anatomy. About halfway through the episode his wife came home and she asked me to leave.”

“Sounds to me like nothing happened,” said Dave who was somewhat relieved.

“But I wanted something to happen.”

“But nothing happened, so lets just drop it,” said Dave who got up from the bed and tried to runaway into the living, but his wife soon followed.

“Damn it Dave I need you to listen.”

“I’m done talking, and if you want to me to leave then I will leave.”

“You would rather get a divorce then here what I have to say.”

“Whatever you’re about to tell me I don’t want to know.”

“But I need tell you.”

“Why do you need to tell me?”

“I need to tell you because I need to see the hurt in your eyes. I need to see if you still care. And also need to know that we can get passed this.

“So what happened,” said Dave reluctantly as he took a deep breath and looked his wife him eyes.

“Before we sat on the couch I went the bathroom and took my panties off so if he wanted to fuck me on the couch I wouldn’t loose them.” said Amy as tears started to roll down both their faces. “I’m so sorry Dave, I’m so sorry.”

At first he wanted to hit her in the face, but instead he held her tightly while she kept apologizing. “Shhh,” he said as he kissed her forehead. “I know you’re sorry, but I pushed you away. I put my own needs in front of yours and orchestrated this shell of a marriage.”

“What happened to us,” asked Amy who finally looked up at her husband.

“Let’s not worry about were we’ve been, lets just worry about where we are going, and as long as we have each other we’ll be alright.

“So where do we go?”

“We start here,” said Dave who wiped the dust off their bible that was sitting on the living room table and opened it up.