

Kate Gets Marks I

sample

Book One of the *Kate's Marks* series

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Web Sample Edition

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Also by Ronnie F Strong

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1. Thinking

I was a different person all those years ago when I ended up in Mark's bed one January afternoon. It really was love at first sight for me when I encountered him at a conference, just six months before that. Discovering he was already in a relationship with a long-term partner and two kids was devastating. That night I wept for the children I would not be having with him. I cried so hard my body ached as if I was going to die. As it turned out, my wailing tears were premature. I pursued my feelings for Mark, although I let him think he was the one doing the chasing. Now I am no longer the young weeping woman of that tumultuous time and we have been married fourteen years, with two children of our own.

I have never stopped loving him, although it has not always been easy. For a long time, Mark worried he was a bad person for leaving his former partner, even though she was far from nice. He would fret and get himself in a silent fury. Those days are behind us now. After a lot of confusion, financial struggle, and hard work, we have a good marriage, good sex and good kids. I still feel the same burning passion that overcame me that first day, and I would do anything for him. Well almost anything!

Despite his regular suggestions, I have never wanted to try anal sex. I do not understand the attraction. When I ask him why he wants us to do that he just says that he thinks I will like it and that we should try it out. Once he went into describing the effect of the anatomical

differences. I was not at all interested in hearing those kinds of detail. I have not been that big on trying new things because what we already have between us is so great. Why complicate things? I grant you, I am squeamish and a bit of a prude. Anal sex just seems a bit icky and I worry that it will hurt. Anyway, recently we have been working up to maybe doing that too.

Mark has always been keen on sex, and wants it every day. For the first eighteen months of our marriage, we did have sex every day and often many times. Our lovemaking enthralled me. My husband was a kind and considerate lover then. He would massage me, and please me with his words and touch me just right without a thought. With busyness, tiredness and the humdrum of marriage that easy amorousness faded away. For a long while now, having sex once a week has seemed quite enough. From my point of view, less than weekly was not a problem either, except for Mark's sulking.

There has been a regular exception to this general attitude of mine. When I am ovulating I get the overpowering urge to have sex, and I become altogether a different person. At this point in my cycle, I become sexually aggressive and longed to be fucked hard and fast. Being tied up by Mark is good then too. If I get what I need, as hard and fast as Mark can manage, I am soon satisfied, although there is a good chance I will soon be up for more.

This was how my sexual appetite had been since my mid-twenties and into my thirties. Sex did not interest me most of the time, except for a day or two each month punctuated with heightened arousal and desire. I do not believe it a coincidence that childbirth and child rearing responsibilities dominated me in those years. I was also combining the pursuit of studies and a professional career at that time. I now think that these pressures, acting in tandem, suppressed my libido to a significant degree.

During that long period when I was little interested in sex, Mark would sometimes sulk and remove himself from our bed for hours at a time. I knew he was going into the online world and its various temptations, although he was quite secretive about it. Even though we were together, we both got a little lonely which tested our marriage. I never stopped wanting to be his wife and I think Mark wanted to keep being my husband, but maybe with someone on the side. That was not acceptable to me. Mark respected my wishes for most of the time, although every year he would go into a short fugue where he lost sight of what he had with me. Our marriage survived those temporary lapses and I hope those doubts of his are now gone for good.

Nowadays it is easier to have time for each other. The children being that little bit older means we do not have to be parents every single minute of the day. It is a nice feeling to be able to go out as a couple, and enjoy each other's company again. I am also much more comfortable in my career and feel secure in a way that I have not before. I am much more relaxed about everything.

My attitude to these recent changes has had a noticeable effect on me. I am now up for sex more often, and I am a little more willing to experiment too. I still pretty much like it to be over quick, but now I am on top and controlling the pace, or telling Mark how to fuck me. I feel like my sensuality has returned, and is growing stronger. I am noticing that I am aroused and wanting sex throughout my entire cycle, not just when I am ovulating and my desire is at its strongest.

This persistent turned-on feeling is quite exquisite, and I love what else accompanies my own arousal. I have noticed this feeling rippling outwards from me to touch others. I see men, and sometimes women too, looking at me with obvious interest, as if they sense my body's excitement. I like having this attention, although sometimes the more overt reactions are a bit confronting or vulgar.

Whatever these possible admirers are sensing or thinking; I have not wanted to follow up with them. That would be taking things too far; well, at least that is how I have felt. Now I am less sure. Some of my most basic attitudes and values, and perhaps my intentions too, are changing. My fanciful contemplations and swelling desires are driving this revision.

I have never considered making love with another man since I married Mark. I had indulged myself with nothing more than a fantasy when I noticed myself attracted to a few different men. That is, until now.

I am not sure why, but lately my husband has been encouraging me to explore this same idea. He sometimes raises this notion of his while I was telling him about my day. I might mention seeing a man whom I found attractive or appealing at work or somewhere else. Sometimes he raises the idea after we have just finished having great sex. If I were to be honest with myself, I cannot pretend that it is just his idea.

Life-long monogamy and fidelity was the explicit basis of our marriage through our wedding vows. We both accepted that our marriage would contain all our love, eroticism and sexual intimacy when we married. We excluded sharing these enjoyments with others.

We took those vows a long time ago. The premise of lifelong monogamy within marriage did not seem as strong for me now. In recent years we had been doing some reading, personal growth and self-exploration. We were questioning the imposed limits that we used to think sacrosanct. I still loved Mark and valued my marriage to him, but the way I thought about that had changed. My love for Mark did not have to make him my one-and-only-true-love. Moreover, I was not his one and only.

We were past that kind of thinking. We had worked out that love was abundant. As our capacity for love seemed limitless, it seemed pointless measuring and rationing it out. In theory, we agreed that we should not be so concerned with policing and restricting each other's pleasures. Even those most intimate of joys, which to this point we only, shared with each other.

Was it not more selfless and loving to allow a wider sharing of the gifts of sexual intimacy and satisfaction? At least this was what we were beginning to talk and think about in a hypothetical kind of way. I still worried a polyamorous relationship would challenge the closeness within our marriage. My biggest concern was quite practical. With our busy daily lives, I could not see how we would negotiate even more complexity and demands upon our time. We already had so little time for each other due to work, children and necessary domesticity.

I worried about Mark's suggestion in other ways too. His idea that I pursue adultery came with the proviso that I keep him informed about everything that I did with the other man. It concerned me that this might be the simple voicing of a fantasy, without any real desire for its actualisation. It was unfair, but I was also a little mistrustful because of his past behaviour. I wondered if he might be trying to create an atmosphere where it would be okay for him to conduct an extra-marital affair. It would be harder for me object if I were doing the same.

I wanted to work what I felt about the idea anyway, even with all these different reactions going through my head. Mark had sex with a dozen women before he met me. He was my one and only lover. I never thought this would be the case forever, and neither did Mark. He is almost twenty-years older than I am. It is natural enough to think he will die well before me. We both expected I would have other relationships after his passing. Now we were considering the idea of me having sex with other people while he was still kicking, and with us remaining married to boot.

I had to suppose also that he would be doing the same. That seemed less important to me now. For the moment, I was completely preoccupied with what was going on for me. A strong

impetus for this major turning point in our relationship was how much my sexual appetite and desires had grown. Mark and I had been taking increasing advantage of this in recent months.

For the first time in my life, I was conscious of myself contemplating having sex with other men. As well, I was having regular vivid dreams of me having exciting sex with men I knew. I had met a man at work also named Mark some time ago. As silly as it seemed, I had to admit that I had some serious hots for this Mark Two. Sometimes during the day, I entertained myself with little fantasies involving him. He featured often in my dreams at night too.

My fixation with Mark Two was a little disconcerting for two reasons. The first was that I seemed to be serious about considering pursuing my erotic interest in him. The second reason I found it strange was that he was like my husband Mark in so many ways. Cigarettes, drugs and alcohol had a serious addictive hold on my husband before I met him. Mark Two still struggled with the same addictions. They both talked left politics all day to anyone who would listen. They were a similar height and build and even their voices were similar. It was puzzling to think why I had such an incredible attraction for someone who was so like what I already had.

As I thought about this conundrum, I noticed how much I enjoyed the train of my thoughts. I was all alone. The urges overtaking me were irresistible. I undressed and made myself comfortable in the bed I shared with husband Mark. I wanted to give myself a proper opportunity to contemplate my attraction and desires for Mark Two. I was way past the point of in any way considering this minor infidelity a problem.

I pictured him in my mind, and remembered how he acted in my presence, so I could examine what it was about him that I found attractive. He was definitely more polite and humble than my husband. More of a gentleman, he did not seem to leer and perve like my husband did. He was also quite handsome. I did not know if I were falling in love with Mark Two or just wanted to know what it would be like to have another man make sweet love with me. A nice and attractive man. I left the vibrator in the bedside draw while I pondered these thoughts and desires. My gentle pleasing of myself with just my fingers sufficed for the moment.

The more I thought about Mark Two, and the possibilities of having his hard penis inside me, the more my body quivered. This made it seem even more reasonable to share my desires and horniness with him. I wondered what it would be like to share my passions and body with a lover. How would he respond to the delights and gifts of my body: skin, mouth, neck, back, breasts, belly, thighs and my dripping open cunt?

How would I hold him? What would he taste like? How wonderful would it be to fuck with him? To kiss, cuddle and feel his hard penis entering me would make me soar and purr. Holding one another as if we would never let go!

How good would it be to enjoy gentle-quiet-easy-going-love-making with this man. How much better would it be to have desperate-loud-urgent-moaning-hard-sex with him! Fucking and fucking and fucking, as if we never going to stop. Exploding together, our bodies and selves joined in bliss until spent and wrenched apart. The real orgasm that swept over me at this moment shattered my whole being into shards of light and darkness.

After a long moment of nothingness, I was me again. I lay there quiet in my bed recovering from my self-attentions. I needed to resolve my curious thoughts and swirling feelings somehow. This was different to any prior point in my life. I was now entertaining the pleasing possibilities of a more promiscuous lifestyle. I could not distinguish if this were a real change in me. It was possible that for the first time I was admitting to having these feelings. This might have been me returning to a more normal state, whatever normal might mean.

Analysing in an intellectual way what was going on deep inside my emotional and desiring self missed the point anyway. I did not need to justify what was going on for me if my husband and I were both okay with what was happening inside and outside our marriage. I needed to adjust to the fact that for most of the time I was now horny as hell, and wanting to do something about it! At thirty-six-years of age, it was good to be alive, healthy and desiring. I just needed to enjoy and celebrate my revitalised sensuality and sexual drive as the true blessings they were.

As I pondered these reflections, my body was still jerking with nice aftershocks from my wonderful orgasm. I wanted to be intimate with Mark Two in body and mind. The thought of having sex with him thrilled me. I still wanted to make sure this was what I wanted before I went there, even though I now had little doubt. This moment was a real turning point for me, as I realised that possibility had become more like destiny.

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