

Game of Dominos

When I was in college several years ago, my fraternity brothers and I spent many an afternoon passing the time telling many a tall tale about fine tail that we had enjoyed. We also learned all kinds of card games, board games like Penta and backgammon, and other diversions when the boredom of lying about our exploits with women got to be too much. My favorite game was dominoes. I could sit and play that game with a couple of my friends all night if there was nothing else going on. I loved the challenge of the game, and creating a strategy that could let me take on all comers. The cut throat competition with my fraternity brothers honed my skills and drive to win that to this day helps me succeed as a foreign exchange trader in the US office of a small European investment banking firm.

If you ask most people about dominos, they won't relate it to the game itself. Instead they can recall scenes on television or on the Internet where a large group of people line up domino game pieces in a hugely complex maze, and then set off the chain reaction of knocking every piece in wildly artistic pattern. The pure beauty of it amazes. And there were times where we would get bored playing, and we would set up these wild patters in the fraternity house lounge. Sometimes we'd put a shot glass in the middle of the pattern or empty beer can to see what would happen. That version of what you do with dominos is a more appropriate way of describing the last couple of months of my life.

I met my wife Tanya at college, although we didn't start dating until after we both graduated college and ran into each other at a happy hour near where we both work. Tanya is a cute young woman of 28 with brilliant blue eyes and we've been married for a little over three years. She works in the marketing department of a multinational consumer goods company, the name of which is irrelevant to the story. During college, she wasn't much for board games as she could rarely sit still for the quiet introspective thinking for the game. Rather, she'd watch me play feigning interest, and then move to hang around at the bar, dancing and talking to whomever.

By the time I ran into Tanya that night, I had been working for a couple of years for my firm, creating a foreign exchange trading strategy that was fairly lucrative. I had not been spending much time playing dominos, but my strategy was not unlike the crazy maze of pieces toppling along according to a preset plan. The strategy moved across the globe each day starting in Asian markets, moving to Middle Eastern markets to European markets to the United States and then back across the Pacific. Sort of an endless game of dominos - trading yen, diners, euros and dollars. However, no matter how perfect the layout, occasionally, a piece set up in the wrong place causes the toppling to go awry.

As I said, Tanya and I have been married for a little over three years. Even though we have a nice house in an upscale urban Denver neighborhood, we have not even begun to think about children due our fast paced careers. Tanya travels about once per month for presentations, and I have to occasionally fly out of town to meet with potential clients of our firm to discuss my strategy. Even without traveling, we are so busy at work that we usually aren't home until around 8pm each night. Generally on Thursday and Friday nights, we meet up at happy hour with either mutual friends from college or our neighborhood or with our work colleagues from our companies.

Tanya is a very outgoing woman who is supremely confident in herself without being considered arrogant, bitchy, or any other negative stereotypes with ambitious young career woman. She is 5'4" 115 pound bundle of energy with a straight black hair and blue eyes. Of northern European descent, her skin is sexy pale during the cold winter months, but turns to very nice tan in the summer. She looks hot in a small bikini, and she also looks hot in a short black skirt with thigh highs. For that matter, she turns

many a head when she enters a room. When hanging around at happy hour or a dinner party, people who don't know her well would say she is "tastefully flirty". Just enough flirtation to make you feel good about yourself, but also let you know that she has her limits.

Fortunately, our relationship has been very good since we married. Very little in the way of fights or disagreements beyond the usual stuff - unloading dishwasher, going to the dry cleaners, errands, etc. Real small stuff. Although I've had the opportunity on a few occasions, I've never stepped out on Tanya. I'm sure that she's had similar opportunities, and to my knowledge hasn't acted on any advances by men she has come in contact with. Our sex life is also pretty hot. Although we didn't hook up the first night we kindled our relationship, it wasn't long before we were spending the entire weekend in bed exploring each other. While not out of control adventurous, very little is out of bounds with each other, and we enjoy oral sex, playing with her toys, anal sex (not too regular) and getting crazy when we go away for a long weekend or a weeklong vacation at a resort or after we've had a few glasses of wine. Our lovemaking is generally four or so times per week, but less than the twice a day routine seen in many marriages during its first year.

Recently, I took on two staff members to help run my trading strategy so that I could spend more time marketing it to clients, and to reduce the active time spent executing trades. There have been times where I've woken up in the middle of the night and tinkered with my trading model for hours. The disruption in normal sleeping pattern was making me feel tired, and I caught myself "setting up a domino in the wrong place" before trades lead to big losses. Early on I would get a call at 2am or so maybe once or twice a week from the traders to ask questions, but for the most part, the strategy worked just like the game - dominos falling right into place.

At about the same time, Tanya was working on restructuring a marketing campaign and had to travel one or two nights a week for about a two month period, plus work late a few nights a week. I also had to travel a bit to meet with clients and prospects so we weren't spending an awful lot of time with one another. We had even missed the last three Thursday and Friday happy hours, and our friends were texting us asking when we were going to make a guest appearance.

Over a hurried cup of coffee one Wednesday morning, Tanya and I were chatting and laughing that we hadn't made love in over two weeks which was a record for us - part of one week missed because of her travels, then her period, then my travels, then more of hers. She gave me a very sexy kiss and said she was getting unbelievably horny. She said that she needed some hard cock, and we should make damn sure we made happy hour this Thursday night, followed by -- wink wink, and maybe we take Friday off and spend it in bed. I gave her a nice kiss back and laughing, told her that if she dressed like she has been dressing as sexy as she had been lately, she'd have no problem with getting what she needed. I had teased her about wearing more skirts to work lately, and with a laugh she turned it around on me saying that it's my fault - I shouldn't have bought her those expensive thigh high stockings for Valentine's Day. They were far more comfortable than regular tights, and it didn't make sense to wear them with a pants suit. She had even been noticed more at the most recent couple of happy hours, as more guys would come up to her and try to chat her up. In fact, three weeks before, I had arrived at the bar late and one guy that hangs with our local group was spending a great deal of time with her before they noticed I had strolled in. We made plans for Thursday night.

Before I left the office on Thursday, I set up my team for the night's trading plan. We were going to invest in a series of trades and enter into repurchase agreements to lock in profits which required timely execution of the currency exchanges. Nothing we hadn't done before, but with a few twists to try to outsmart other currency traders that may have been betting against me. I got to our local wine bar

around 730pm and it appeared that Tanya had been there for a bit. Holding a glass of red wine, she was talking to the same guy from three weeks ago. Dressed in a white silk blouse with black skirt that was about four inches above her knee, Jon frequently looked at her legs encased in sheer black stockings. When she wears this blouse her breasts gently wobble when she laughs or giggles or makes a gesture. Jon, who was single local guy of about 30, worked as a lawyer in a local practice. We'd played golf a few times as part of a larger group, and I thought of him as a good guy. Although you could tell there was a bit of flirtation and attraction between the two, other people at the bar were also in and out of the conversation with the two of them. When Tanya saw me, she waved me over with a big smile on her face, and when I got to her, was greeted with a very nice kiss and squeeze of my arm. I could tell she was patiently horny. We would spend time catching up with friends, maybe have some snacks with our wine, and then either have a couple of people over before kicking out everyone to jump into the sack. I looked forward to the evening to come.

As I mentioned earlier, a misplaced domino can mess up the entire toppling of dominos. At around 11pm, one of my traders called me about such a misplaced domino. While far more complicated to describe, the trader had mismatched repurchase agreements and we were committing to buy Euros with yen when we should have been selling yen for dollars. The trading scheme was all messed up. Although I was concerned that I had had perhaps one or two more than I should have to help reset this strategy, an improper unwind would have screwed up the domino maze. I had to go into the office to help reset the trades.

Tanya was disappointed, but I did tell her that I wouldn't be too long and would meet her home in perhaps an hour or so. I'd keep in touch with texts to let her know how I was doing. She gave me a nice kiss and told me to hurry. One or two of her neighborhood girlfriends were probably going to come over to the house for a nightcap, so she was cool with it. It wasn't the first time it happened, and was bound to not be the last. I kissed her one last time goodbye, and playfully ran my hand along her stockinged thigh. Her wink back to me with those sparkling blue eyes almost made me say the hell with my currency positions!

I got to the office, and the trading program was upside down and would require much thinking to unwind positions, and get us back to dollars, and more importantly with minimal losses. After spending about 45 minutes with it, I feared that I would have to do manual trades with my team all night until the US bond market opened the next morning. I texted Tanya to make her aware of what was going on, and she told me to do what I had to do - she was already at the house with a few friends. About a half hour later, we figured a way to properly hedge ourselves, and I felt confident that I could let my traders restart the domino game and I could be on my way.

At around 1am, I left the office and took car service to my house which was about a ten minute drive. When I got to the house, since it was a warm spring night, I went around the back to see if everyone was hanging around on the patio. The house is on a fairly nice and private lot with hedges surrounding the sides and back of the property. I could hear a few women talking and giggling including Tanya and a guy laughing. I caught myself quickly as I stood by a lilac bush, and saw two of Tanya's friends laughing at a joke told by our friend Jon. Tanya was sitting very closely to Jon on a love seat lounge and I saw his hand was on her thigh. She was not making any effort to move his hand away, and each time he made them all laugh, she would grab his arm with both hands and bump her head into his shoulder.

Needless to say I was pretty surprised at her behavior, and frozen in my tracks. I was quite fascinated by this, and even though I had seen her flirtations in the past, somehow this felt different. If I moved

around the path onto the patio, I think it would have caused some embarrassment even though it appeared innocent. Sort of. The hand on the leg, the sitting too close, the touching. I decided, let's let this play out. Maybe a misplaced domino was in the offing. After a gabbing and talking for awhile, the girls began looking at their watches and said they needed to be on their way. Jon picked up the empty glasses and the half empty bottle of wine and followed them into the house. Tanya walked them to the girls to the door as Jon brought the empties into the kitchen and loaded them in the dishwasher. When Jon walked from the kitchen into the great room, Tanya was walking back inside the front door. He suggested that there was enough for a half a glass of wine each to kill the bottle, and that he had to get on his way too. I moved toward the sliding screen doors - this was yet another surprise.

They sat on the love seat talking for a bit, and Jon started saying things that made her start giggling again - mostly about the people's habits at cocktail lounges and restaurants, commenting about moves guys made and women reacting. During one comment that made them both laugh, they both leaned toward each other and Jon put his hand on her shoulder. As they continued to laugh, Jon moved a bit closer and she looked into his eyes, and her laughing slowed. Putting his hand on the side of her head and running his fingers through her hair, he moved his face to hers and kissed her. The kiss lingered a bit, and after a minute their tongues started to move in each other's mouth. They leaned back on the couch. Although his hand continued to play with her hair, her hands remained in her lap, perhaps indicating her indecision. After a few minutes, Jon moved his hand down to her neck, which is a very sensitive part of her body. I could hear her sigh quietly and he moved his hand lower to cup her left breast over her shirt. His gentle squeeze and massage brought another quiet sigh from Tanya. After a few minutes he moved to her other breast, and I noticed her breathing seemed to pick up. Her face was beginning to flush and she moved one arm around his neck as the kissing became a bit more intense.

A few minutes later, he moved his hand inside her blouse, and I could see it move inside the cup of her bra. This time, her sigh was more a soft gasp as his fingers touched the skin of her breast. A few soft caresses and he used his other hand to unbutton two buttons of her blouse. He reached further into her bra cup, and pushed it to the side. Tanya is a perky 32B, with nipples that look like half inch pencil erasers when aroused. As they moved ever so slightly, I could see Jon rolling her incredibly erect left nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Tanya was beginning to breathe more rapidly as he moved his chest to touch her body.

Cleverly, he unsnapped the front bra clip and moved his other hand up to her other breast, pushing the bra cup to the side. Jon broke the kiss and glancing at her breasts and smiling, he moved his head lower. He stuck out his tongue, and flicked it softly back and forth across her right nipple and Tanya stiffened. As they moved lower on the sofa, her skirt was rising higher, and I could see the dark pattern at the tops of her stockings. After a few minutes of teasing her nipples, first the right, then the left then back again, he put his hand on her knee. Tanya had her head resting on the back of the sofa and her eyes were closed as she enjoyed what he was doing to her.

Jon moved up and began kissing Tanya again. Tanya slowly opened her eyes and slowly wrapped her right arm around his neck and kissed him back. I could again see their tongues playing in each others mouths as the intensity began to build.

Although I've heard these stories of men encouraging their wives to have affairs, I never thought about one way or another in the context of my wife and me. I was feeling jealous about what was happening. Jon is a very good looking guy and you have to wonder where something like this leads. But I was also fascinated by her actions. I had a decision to make. Do I create an obstacle to the pattern of dominos, or do I clear the way of the obstacles to see what would happen.

Jon was caressing her legs lightly and slowly moved his right hand up her inner thighs. I could no longer see his hand under her skirt. But I saw her close her eyes again and rest her head against the back of the sofa so I imagine that his fingers were playing over her panties. Slowly, he moved his fingers around, Tanya spread her legs more. Widening her legs pushed her skirt higher and I could see that his fingers were inside of her panties.

I decided to send a quick text Tanya to say that I was going to be at least a few hours. A few seconds after I hit the send button, I could see her jump a little, probably in reaction to the vibration of her blackberry receiving my text. As she unwound from Jon, I could see her coming out of the intensity of the last fifteen minutes as she reached for her blackberry. After she read the text, I could see but not hear them talking quietly. Most likely he asked who it was and she told him that it was me. He moved to kiss her again as he found out I wasn't going to walk in the door any minute. Tanya appeared a bit more reluctant, so John took his time picking up where he left off. I guess I got my answer. The dominos would continue to fall.

He resumed suckling on her breasts, and that seemed to get Tanya back into the groove. Soon, Jon began caressing her legs lightly and slowly moved his right hand up her inner thighs. She made no effort to remove his hand, which was running up and down along her smooth stockings and the bare leg above the stocking top. I could no longer see his hand under her skirt. But I saw her close her eyes again and rest her head against the back of the sofa so I imagine that his fingers were playing with her vagina over her panties. Slowly, he moved his fingers around, Tanya spread her legs more. The act of widening her legs pushed her skirt higher and I could see that his fingers were now inside of her panties. Her hips began to undulate to the rhythm of his fingers, but I could see that she was more anxious, perhaps as she was thinking about what was going on.

I was wrong. I guess her skirt impeded his efforts to bring her pleasure, so leaning forward, she reached back to unzip her skirt. Jon saw this as another opportunity and he removed his hands from her pussy and moved to remove his pants. Once they were on the floor, he sat back on the sofa with a very hard and thick cock pointing to the ceiling. After neatly placing her skirt on the arm of the sofa, she turned again to face Jon. She was very startled to see him sitting there in just his shirt and his penis sticking upward. Jon moved over to kiss her again. Tanya closed her eyes and spread her legs very wide as he moved his hand back inside her panties.

I could see that he pushed at least two fingers deep in to her canal. Moaning deeply, he hooked his thumb around the top of her panties. Pulling downward on them, he moved his left hand to her crotch and his fingers began playing with her thick pubic hair. After she kicked off her panties, his right hand moved back up and his fingers played with the lips of her vagina. Tanya becomes very lubricated when we have sex, and I could see that this time was no different. Soon her hips were moving up and down and her moans became more continuous.

Tanya moved her right hand from the back of his head and began feeling around for his penis. Grabbing at it, she squeezed it to feel its hardness and began pumping much it to Jon's delight. A minute or two later, Tanya began to have an orgasm as his fingers dug deeply into pussy. The orgasm wasn't intense, but was one that let me know that it was the first of a series of multiple orgasms that would build in intensity as their lovemaking progressed. After she came down, Jon maneuvered her so that she was lying flat on the sofa with her right leg draped over the back of the sofa. He bent his head and body lower and began to move his tongue up and down her slit and making little circles around her clit. Tanya squirmed her ass up to meet his mouth and began the first of what would be five or six

orgasms. Tanya's face was red and covered with perspiration from the intense licking she had just received. Her head was flat on the sofa cushion and her eyes were closed as she savored the run of orgasms. My mind couldn't escape that it was just like dominos. One orgasm after another. Soon, Jon moved his body upward and he positioned himself between my wife's legs. Tanya looked up at him with excitement in his eyes, knowing what would happen next. She curled her right leg up so that it was on his shoulder. His left hand stroked her stockinged leg as he held his thick cock in his right. My wife looked at him and said don't tease me. Holding his cock, he rubbed in twice along her slit, feeling the wetness coat his cock. From my position I could see clearly as he slowly pushed his cock into her pussy until his balls were resting on her ass. Tanya cried out as he hit bottom and he held deep inside her for a minute until they could catch their breaths. I know from experience that the first plunge into my wife's wet depths feel incredible, like a warm wetness swallowing your cock. With that feeling it's a challenge not to cum after a few strokes, so the pause prevented that from happening as if they could both sense it. After a minute or so he began pulling out and pushing back deeply until they met a very steady pace. Caressing each other and kissing they were in a state of pleasure.

My hands were shaking as I took this all in. I wasn't fully erect because I was just so stunned that Tanya would bring herself to this point. But I was certainly aroused by this strange scene before me. After about five minutes Jon leaned back and pulled Tanya up so that she was now on top of him riding his hard cock. My wife picked up the pace of rubbing herself against him followed by another series of orgasms. Jon wasn't able to hold out much longer either as he pumped his cock deeply into her having his own very intense orgasm. I suspected that a huge amount of cum was draining out of her onto his cock and pubic hair as they lay there together catching their breath.

After about five minutes of this, I decided I had enough. I became very concerned that if there was a round two that may lead to problems, so I quickly fired off a text that I would be home soon, problem solved. Tanya was startled and looked at her blackberry vibrating on the coffee table. She reached for it and after glancing at it for a few seconds, she disentangled herself from Jon and it appeared that they would be getting dressed.

I needed to chill for awhile before I got home, so I quietly exited the backyard and began walking the neighborhood. After about a half hour or forty five minutes of aimless walking, I found myself back at my front door. Pushing the door open, I saw that the living room was empty and Jon had made his exit. I went into the bedroom and saw my beautiful wife Tanya laying in bed sleeping in a flimsy nighty. Seeing her lay peacefully on the bed but knowing what she had just received suddenly gave me a huge erection. I just had to have her right there. Stripping off my clothing, I crawled into bed and put my arm around her and nuzzled her neck. I could have sworn I smelled men's cologne as I teased her.

Tanya stirred slowly from her slumber and said hello sleepily to me I reached into her nighty, cupping her breasts and teasing her nipples. She mumbled that felt nice, and nuzzled back. Perhaps she didn't remember immediately what had just happened because still acted sleepily. I wasn't going down on her, but as I pulled her panties down, she whispered that maybe we should wait until the morning because it was late. Now she probably realized what happened and was trying to let me down easily. I told her we could again in the morning but I really needed to push it into her. I got on top of her despite her protests, and a second or two later, pushed my own penis deeply into her. She was incredibly wet from her own arousal caused by Jon and his cum and it was all I could do not to cum. I whispered to her that she was pretty wet and really began pounding into her. She relaxed and soon had a mild orgasm, and not long after I shot rope after rope of cum up into her steaming wet vagina.

We kissed softly and holding each other we were soon asleep. I woke before Tanya and after thinking

about it, I deferred a confrontation, deeming it a one time event. I assumed, and hoped that this was a coincidental event, and to preserve our marriage, I'd just let it go. However, I would make it a point to be a bit more on guard in the future and try not to wonder if she'd ever strayed in the past. Most importantly, I'd get my staff trained better to leave me playing my own game of dominos rather than have someone else do it.