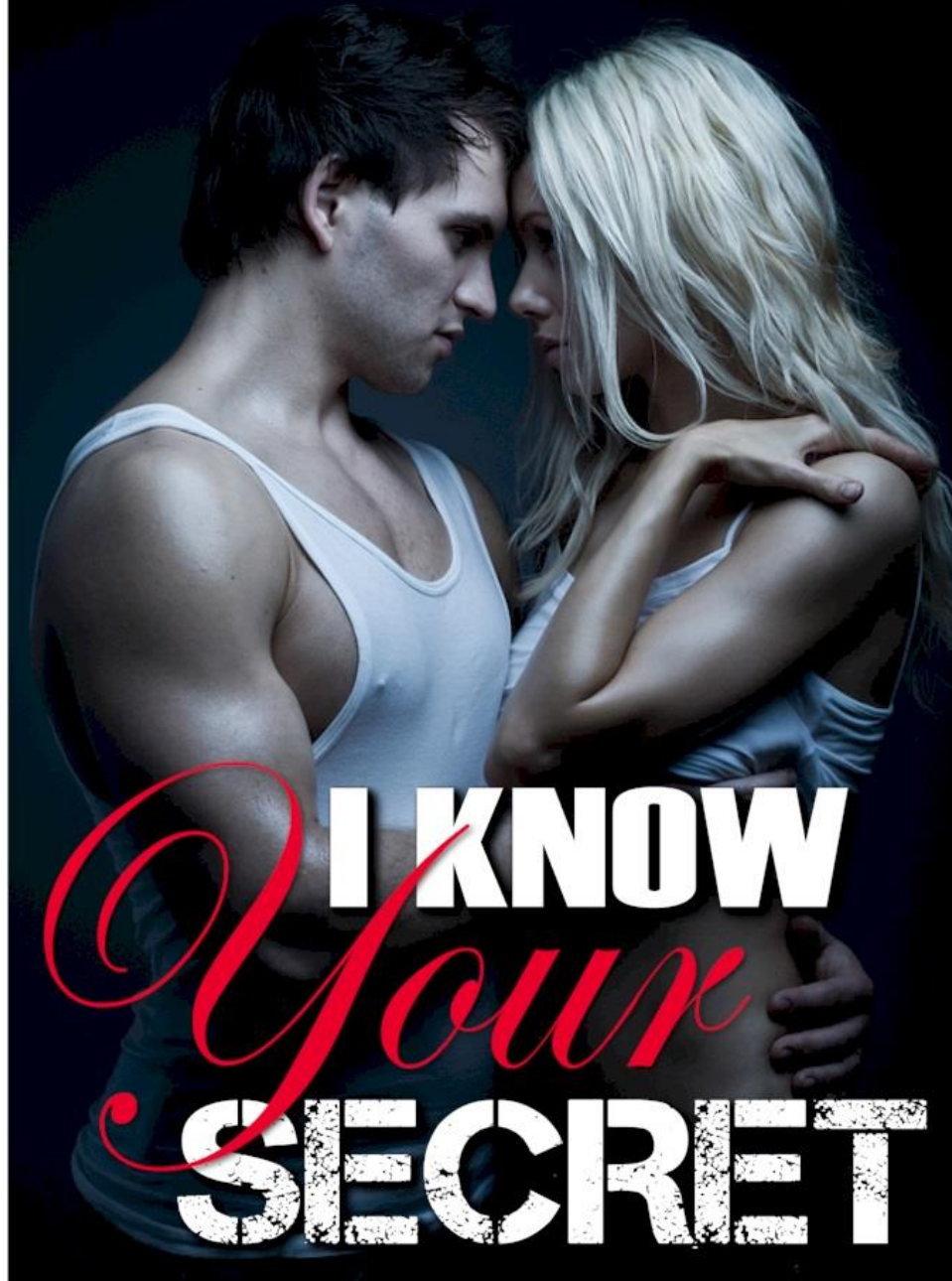


CORY GARCIA



Baby, I Know Your Secret

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Book 1: Baby, I Know Your Secret

by Cory Garcia

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Chapter One

“Oh, Cayson, hmmm... harder...” I twist my body, moaning loud.

As a husband of two years, he knows what I need.

I moan in desperation. My nails cut deep into his back.

He huffs and puffs for a few minutes and then rolls down.

Holding me tight, he asks, “Laura, did I... fuck you enough?” His voice is sheepish.

“Ah, yeah, why?” I put up a smile and look at him. My privates are still tingling vigorously, crying for more pumping. *Maybe I should finger myself a dozen times to give myself total satisfaction?*

Cayson tries to say something but finally gives up. He gives me a soft kiss and whispers to my ear, “I’ll give you more next time, okay?”

“I can’t wait for it,” I tease. What else can I say?

I wait for a few seconds and then say, “Honey, I need a hot shower. I’ll be right back, okay?”

He doesn’t say a single word.

“Cayson?” I look at him. His eyes are closed. His breath is long and shallow. As always, he is now *sound asleep*.

This is the oddest thing I can never understand: You fuck your wife and get super excited. You should talk to her about something super romantic, right?

I still can’t figure it out but I don’t want to spend my time investigating. Now I have an urgent task to accomplish—to release my depressed orgasm from my body.

I slide down and rush into the bathroom. I lock the door and step into the shower.

Within seconds, my body is massaged by thousands of water beads. Heats build up both outside and inside.

Tossing my head back, I move my middle finger fast. Soon, two more fingers join the action.

“Fucking Jesus, oh... FUCK!” I try to lower my voice as much as I can, worrying that Cayson may wake up and hear what’s happening in the shower.

Tension builds rapidly between my legs. It spreads to my ass in just seconds. Then my whole body is seized by the incredible excitement.

I'M GIVING MYSELF A HUGE ORGASM! What a smart girl.

I dry my body and crawl onto the bed. I pull the cover over to cover Cayson and I. Soon, my mind drifts into my fantasy world, which... oops! I can't tell you for some peculiar reasons.



“Laura, how are you?”

Without looking, I know who he is. It's Cayson's younger brother, Brody.

“Hey, Brody, I'm fine. You?”

“Fine.”

“Want a drink?”

“Can I have a beer, please?” He grins.

“Sure.” Soon, I get the beer for him.

“Thank you, Laura.”

“No problem,” I smile.

He sits down at the big BBQ table and takes a big sip.

“So... you're back for summer vacation?” I smile.

“Yup. The first day.”

“No more exams, huh?”

“No more exams,” he beams.

“Cayson is going to be back from the office soon. Then you guys can talk.” I'm busy preparing a seasoned salad. “I'll fix something you really like for the dinner.”

“Thank you so much, Laura,” he smiles. “How about we talk first?” He looks into my eyes.

“Me? Is it something about me? Or you need my help for something?” I don’t get it.

“Yeah, about *you*.”

Gosh, the way he looks at me makes me feel like being watched by those dudes in the bar. His look is not dirty, lusty, or anything like that but it’s more than a normal, brother-in-law look.

“Really?” I almost drop my salad dressing bottle.

“Can you please sit down, Laura?” He narrows his eyes. It’s like a huge leopard narrowing its eyes before the fatal attack.

My heart thumps. *What the fuck is going on? Cayson is not at home and now he wants to talk about me. What is he going to talk about? Does he...?* Oh, boy, the thought of him wanting my body crawls into my mind and refuses to leave. My body heats up quickly.

To be honest, I have been fancying him in my fantasy world many times, especially when Cayson couldn’t totally satisfy my body and I had to finger-fuck myself in the shower—like what I did last night.

Brody is three years younger than Cayson. Being a soccer player in college, he has a well-built frame full of muscles. More than once, I found it was so hard not to drop my body on his when we were alone for one odd reason or another.

I knew that was immoral but I couldn’t help it. Can any girl resist a body *that hot*? I don’t think so.

So... what if he is going to talk about something... sensual, sexual, or absolutely horny and dirty? Should I say *yes*? Gosh, I wish I were not married at the moment. *Oops*.

Chapter Two

I sit down on the other side of the table, facing him. I move my body a few times to sit comfortably. Unfortunately, my body is hot like a red hot BBQ grill. Anywhere I sit, I feel sensually uncomfortable.

I give him a soft smile and wait.

“Going to the same college can be super exciting, right?” He gives me a mysterious smile, sipping his beer.

“What do you mean?” My heart is seriously pounding.

Gosh, my deeply buried secret surfaces quickly. Has he found out the secret? If so, how?

“See, I happened to go to the same college as you did. And I happened to hear something interesting about you.”

My heart drops like a rock. *Oh, boy, that must be it. Gosh, what am I going to do now?*

“Brody, I don’t know what you’re talking about.” My cheeks turn hot red.

“Does the word *SpaceCats* ring a bell?” A tiny smirk appears on his lips but disappears right away.

Oh, my gosh. He *does* know the secret. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, feeling like a trembling rabbit trying to outrun a cheetah.

What am I going to do now?

Why does he mention that?

What is he going to do next?

A million questions pop up in my mind.

I have no way to figure out everything but I refuse to give up without a fight.

“That was our interest group for astrology study.” I try so hard to keep my voice smooth and calm.

“Hah, that’s interesting to know.”

Thank God. My heart comes back to my chest.

“Very interesting indeed,” He gives me an innocent, college student smile.

“Want another drink? How about a coffee?” I try to make him happy.

“It’s also interesting to know that the members were *studying* the sky on the rainy nights, too.”

What?

My heart almost explodes. Jeez, he absolutely, definitely knows the tightly-kept top secret of our interest group.

“Who said that?” Oops, the words blurted out shows my admission and worry.

“Is that important, Laura?”

I bite my lower lip and think hard. Then I squeeze out a tiny smile. “Of course not. See, it’s only a casual, temporary group for the sake of fun.” I try to sound as if it were no big deal.

“Right, casual, temporary fun, huh?” He smiles at me, his eyes shining with great excitement.

I get a bit angry. “Brody, **be a man**. Tell me what’s in your fucking mind and what you want from me.”

“Very good, Laura. Please allow me to be frank with you then. See, I happened to hear some details about your interest group from one of the members—when he was damn tipsy, of course.”

*Gosh, he does know **everything** about the secret.*

I’m almost certain that he is going to take advantage of the information but I’m not ready to give up just yet.

“People talk nonsense when they are drunk.”

“Well, he was just light-headed, not completely drunk.” Before I can say anything, he raises his hand to stop me from trying. “Of course, he might be talking nonsense. That’s why I’m having this conversation with you.”

Right, you shameless asshole. Please stop pretending.

I stare at him.

He takes another sip of his beer and then smiles, “May I ask you a few simple questions?”

“Sure,” I’m trying so hard to stop my heart from jumping out of my mouth.

“This interest group had nine members, right?”

“Right,” I murmur.

“Two girls and seven boys, right?”

“Right.”

“There was only one bedroom with two beds in the log house, right?” He looks straight into my eyes.

“Right,” my voice is hardly audible.

“And the two girls took a turn with all the boys, right?”

I want to say *no* but nothing comes out of my mouth because... I was one of the girls who did exactly what he said.

I didn’t know why all that happened but it felt so natural at the time. I was doing three or four boys each night on average. It was exhausting but addicting. I was actually the girl insisting on doing our “observation” on the rainy nights, too.

*Gosh, that fucking asshole member must have told Brody **everything**.*

I blush deep. I wish the ground would open up and swallow me right away.

Brody’s eyes brighten. Obviously, he is enjoying his victory. What is he going to say next? I shake my head and swallow hard.

“Please don’t tell me that you told my dear brother your little secret.” He stops for a short moment to see my reaction. “Instead, you must have been acting like a pure virgin giving him your first time.”

“Brody, you bitch. You’re so fucking rude.” I almost yell.

“Oh, come on, Laura. I wouldn’t have been here had I wanted to be rude with you. I’m here to help you out, okay?”

“Right, to help me out, huh?” I stare at him. “Then why didn’t you keep it a secret?”

“That won’t be fair to my brother.” He sounds so sincere. However, one quick glance at his body reveals his lie. His cock has greatly hardened, turning his pants into a huge dome.

“Tell me what you want.” I know it’s a silly question. *My body*, of course. What else can he possibly get from me?

“I want to protect you, Laura.”

“Oh, shush, you shameless *liar*.”

Chapter Three

He doesn't get angry at all. "See, the thing is, to be fair to my brother, I will have to tell him the truth. But if I do that, he may have to leave you. Then both you and he get hurt badly."

"So, what the fuck do you want from me?"

"Laura, we are adults. So I'm going to be absolutely frank with you."

I stare at him, saying nothing.

He puts down the beer bottle and sits straight, holding his hands together.

"I have to be honest with you, Laura. **I love you.**"

What? What the fuck are you talking about? I'm not angry. In fact, I'm... actually thrilled. I know this is absolutely immoral but... Gosh, I don't know what to tell you. I blush all over.

"Brody, are you serious?"

"Yes, I am. The moment I was introduced to you by my brother, I was thinking *shit, why didn't I meet her first?*"

"But you didn't know me at all."

"Right. But I found out we had so much in common. Remember, we talked for hours that day?"

Right... So many memories comes into my mind. The day we met, we talked a lot about almost everything. I could see the jealousy in Cayson's eyes but I couldn't take my eyes away from Brody.

Then, *gosh...*

Didn't I call him to come over for dinner, or help with some work in the backyard when Cayson was on a business trip?

Didn't I blush all over, my voice turning lusty and horny when I was talking with him?

Didn't I wear those super sexy sheer blouses, push up bras, miniskirts, and... oh, gosh, I can't tell you more than that.

I kept telling myself, *Damn it, Laura. This is so fucking immoral, so fucking WRONG.*

But I can't get him out of my mind.

He came to my mind when I was alone.

He appeared in my dreams.

He was my imaginary sex partner when I was finger-fucking myself super hard.

Sometimes, I do wish that there were a new State law that allows a wife to have two husbands.

I nod slightly. "Yup... we talked."

"And we touched fingers more than accidentally." His voice is so soft.

"But that was by accident," I protest, blushing all over.

"Yeah, I know. Remember what you always say when I steal a look at your cleavage like this?" He gives me that dirty look again.

My heart races. The same phrase blurts out, "Hate you."

"We have been hiding our feeling for too long, Laura. Don't you think so?"

"But I hate the fact that you're taking advantage of me this time," I protest, but my voice is so lusty that there is **absolutely no** power of protection.

"I didn't."

"Yes, you **did**. You're *still* doing that."

"Laura, I've known the secret since last summer but I decided to keep it to myself. But my urge to be close with you tortures me. I can't sleep. I can't study properly. So, I decide maybe it's the time to talk with you with this little secret as an excuse."

"That's **not** a good excuse." I try to show my anger. Unfortunately, my whole body tells him that I'm all thrilled and happy.

"I know I'm dirty and mean but I feel it's better to let you know. And here's the deal: you can say *yes* and we move ahead, or say *no* then nothing is going to happen."

I hate this Brody. Now he throws the ball back to me. What am I going to say? Say *yes*? Honestly, that's what I really want to say. But I'm a *wife* and my husband treats me well. I can't say that. It's just too immoral, too inadequate.

I smile slightly and then lower my head. I dare not look at him. My heart is beating vigorously. My breath is shallow and fast. My cheeks are burning hot.

Suddenly, two huge hands land on my shoulders. **It. Is. Him.** I moan slightly and toss my head back, parting my lips a bit, waiting for his kiss. The word *pretending* disappeared from my dictionary.

He holds my cheeks and kisses me slightly. Then he rubs my lips a few times with his. "Laura, let's go in."

I stand up and drag my feet. Excitement and guilt have seized my body simultaneously, paralyzing it completely. My head is all blank, I'm unable to think at all.

I find myself in the house, then upstairs, then in the bedroom. Brody is stripping me.

"Brody," I hold his hands to stop him.

"Laura, you don't want it?"

I shake my head and then nod firmly. Gosh, I am so confused. Swallowing hard, I try to piece everything together. Then I murmur, "Cayson will be home soon."

"He will not." Brody's voice is full of confidence.

"Why?" My eyes widen. How come he's so sure?

"Because Dad asked him to come over for some repair work in the house."

"Really?" My eyes brighten. *Oops!*

Then I understand. "Brody, you set everything up, did you? You mean bitch." I try to hide my smile but it appears big time.

"Yes. For you, Laura."

I throw my body on his. "Brody, trust me, I'm not that dirty."

"Yeah, I know, Laura." He kisses me hard.

I kiss back, gasping.

Within seconds, my body is absolutely naked. The only thing I'm wearing is my wedding ring.

I take it off and place it on the night stand carefully. *Sorry, Cayson.*

I lie on the bed, covering my boobs with both hands. My legs hold together tight.

I'm having a fierce battle in my mind. On one hand, I do want Brody to be in my body, deep and hard but on the other hand, I do feel guilty for betraying my husband.

Brody stands right beside me, all naked. He gives me a few light kisses and then whispered, "You're so beautiful, Laura."

"Brody..." I look at him.

"What?"

"Can we... stop?" My voice is almost completely inaudible.

"Are you speaking from your heart, Laura?"

I look at him for a long time and then shake my head slightly.

"Can you please spread your arms and legs?" His voice is so soft, yet so powerful that my limbs spread automatically.

Brody bends down and sucks in my nipple, teasing it with his rough lips and powerful tongue.

My moan turns louder and then grows into growling and gasping when he rubs my boobs with both hands while sucking my nipples.

"Oh, Brody, oh, please..." I push my hips high and pull his head down hard. Before he can do anything, I order, "Brody, FUCK ME NOW. Ummm, hmmm... You're so fucking incredible."

Brody gets onto the bed and lowers his body carefully on mine. Gosh. That crush. I feel as my boobs are all squeezed out of my body but it's absolutely exciting.

I spread my legs wide. Juices gush out immediately. I grab his thick cock and bring it to the center of my pussy hole.

"Fuck me now, Brody."

He fucks in. The cockhead pushes through my hungry pussy walls, setting fire to every cell right away. Then his bumpy shaft follows, adding a ton of gas to the fire.

I hold him tight and scream, sharp and loud. Soon, my body is all wet.

Tightness grows in the middle of my body, accompanied by a growing fireball. They move and expand rapid along my spine, up to my head and down to my crotch. A huge orgasm seizes my body completely. I scream, enjoying every pump and kiss...



“Laura, how many orgasms did you have?”

I bury my face in his muscular chest and think hard. “One,” I look at him, sticking my middle finger on his chin.

“I want an honest answer,” He gives me a big kiss.

I “think” again. “Two.” I stick both my index and middle fingers on his lips.

“As I said, I want an *honest* answer.”

I stick *all* five fingers on his rough cheek. “Are you happy now?” To be honest, I’m not sure how many orgasms I had. Two, or three, or four? I don’t really care, but I know my body is absolutely, totally satisfied this time. His young cock is absolutely powerful yet durable, fucking me like forever.

Suddenly, I get a great idea.

“Brody?”

“What?”

“Can you please do me a favor?”

“Sure, anything.”

“How about we arrange something... you know, you, me, and Cayson getting together?”

“You mean a threesome? Absolutely.” He grins. “Let me call him.” He sits up.

“Oh, no you don’t.” My heart pounds. Then I remember something. I get off the bed and lift the window curtain a bit. Gosh, it’s all dark outside.

Hmmm, it's getting late. I get back into bed, roll over, and push him down. "Let's get some good sleep." Gosh, aren't I tired after being fucked thoroughly?

Brody raises head and listen carefully.

"Brody, what the fuck are you doing?" I pull his body hard.

"I gotta go."

"No fucking way, Brody. You stay for the night." I pull again.

He listens again. "A car is coming into the garage. Listen..."

I listen intensely. He is so *fucking right*.

"Brody, get out of this house, quick, you bastard. Oh, **fuck**, move your ass. Cayson is home, don't you know that?"

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