

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Seven.

Eric stared at the app for a long time.

A *long* time.

He hadn't ever meant to use it again. He'd realized the danger of what he was playing with; he'd seen how easily it could backfire.

His wife was the most important thing in his life, and just the *idea* of hurting her, of doing something to damage her in any way...it was the worst thing he could imagine.

But he already had. He'd used the app and caused his wife to hit Zero, and he needed to fix it.

Part of him wanted to just move it to One. Get his wife out of the depression, return her to the status quo of the last few months.

But the last time he'd manually moved his wife back to One, she'd stayed there. She'd maintained her bare minimum libido, until the last of her sexual energy had died out.

Who was to say that the same wouldn't happen this time?

And if he was messing with her libido anyway, wouldn't it be better to change it to something that would make them both happy?

Three.

When he'd manually adjusted his wife to a Three, it had caused some kind of loop. Every day, she'd slowly risen to Six, Seven - she probably would have gone higher, if he'd waited.

Every day, he'd get to fuck his wife. And not just late at night, with the lights out, in the missionary position.

He'd get to take her in the kitchen, in his office. In *her* office.

Maybe in the living-room, against the window, where the neighbors could see.

Not that he actually wanted them to, of course. He'd make sure that they only did that when he was sure no one was home. But the *risk* of being seen...

Eric took a deep breath. He wanted to make sure he was doing the right thing here, that he wasn't letting his penis do the thinking for him. It had been two months since his dick had last gotten what it wanted, so it was not shy about sharing its opinions on the matter, but he had to do what was right.

He had to do what was right by Jamie, first and foremost.

...and if that happened to line up with what his cock wanted, well - what was the harm in that?

"I'm loving it." Like a McDonald's commercial of old, Jamie had been pretty clear about her feelings when she'd been in the 'loop', slowly getting more aroused throughout the day. He hadn't pushed her into sharing how she felt, and it had been right *after* they'd fucked, so Eric was confident that it hadn't been the app's influence making her share her excitement.

She wanted it. He was as sure of that as he'd ever been.

And, in a happy coincidence, it lined up exactly with what would make his dick most happy.

He knew the next step. He knew what he had to do.

Eric didn't want to make his wife suffer any longer than was necessary. Normally he would sleep on a major decision like this, but every moment he hesitated was another moment that his wife was stuck in whatever sexual depression his actions has caused.

And so just a few minutes after Eric decided what to do, he did it. With a deep breath, he

placed his finger on the app, and slowly, carefully slid it to the right.

One.

Two.

Three.

Proud of himself for not listening to his insistent erection, silently screaming at him to see exactly how high the app went, Eric carefully raised his finger and closed the app.

Downstairs, he was enormously relieved to see that his wife's demeanor had changed. It was as though someone had flipped a switch - gone was the hollow gaze that he'd woken up to that morning.

Instead, he was met with the flirty look that he knew his wife got when she was at a Three.

"Hey handsome," she said. "You want some toast?"

"I'm fine," he said, feeling as though a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

Jamie was okay. His wife was going to be okay. He'd undone whatever damage he'd caused - he'd pulled her out of the pit his actions had accidentally dropped her into.

He'd saved her. Sure, he'd been the one to cause the issue in the first place, but the truth remained: he'd saved her.

"Yeah you are," she purred. A goofy grin spread across Eric's face. His wife had still been loving, still been present...but he hadn't realized how much he'd missed this, *this*. The way that she looked at him when she was in the mood, the way it made him feel, to be wanted.

"You're in a good mood," he replied, and she laughed in response.

"Yeah, I guess I am."

To his surprise, Jamie sauntered over to her husband, wrapped her arms around him, and looked into his eyes.

"How are you?"

"I-I'm good," he stammered.

Jamie bit her lip, and her eyes flicked down his body. There were few things that his wife could do that *wouldn't* give Eric an erection, but this move was pretty close to the bottom of that list.

"Oh yeah?" she said, sinking to her knees. "I bet I could make you feel a lot better..."

A mix of emotions rushed Eric, fighting for dominance. Excitement, arousal...and fear.

He'd set his wife to a Three. A *Three*. He knew what a Three looked like - it was fun, flirtatious. A Three was a good time...but not *this* good a time.

As Jamie unbuckled his pants, Eric desperately wished that he hadn't left his phone upstairs. He didn't want to put a halt to the second blowjob he'd ever received from his wife - he didn't think his dick would ever forgive him if he did - but he would have given almost anything to know exactly what number his wife was currently at.

"Mmm," Jamie whispered to her husband's erection. "I've missed *you*."

A part of Eric knew that it was important that he focus, that he try to solve this - his wife's mental health was at stake! - but it wasn't long before that part of him was overruled, his erection succeeding in its coup against reason, fueled by the pleasure of his wife's truly talented tongue.

Just as he was about to cum, his wife surprised him again. Pulling his cock out of her mouth, she looked up at him, her eyes clouded with lust.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Eric, please...I need to feel you inside of me."

Before he could find the words to respond, she'd pulled down her shorts and her panties, and was laying back on the couch. "Fuck me," she moaned once more. "Oh, god...I need it. Fuck me!"

Eric had never heard his wife so powerfully aroused, and it wasn't long before he was inside her. It only took a few short thrusts before he was cumming, his cock pulsing as he climaxed inside his wife.

For the third surprise of the morning, his orgasm triggered his wife's - he could feel her tremble beneath him as she came, her breath coming out in small, desperate pants.

There was a long pause, the only sound in the room the excited breath of the spent couple.

"Wow," Jamie finally said. She was still wearing a top and shoes; her shorts and panties were bunched up around her ankles.

Eric had never seen her wearing anything sexier.

"Wow yourself," he said, unable to stop a nervous grin from appearing on his face.

"I guess I don't mind if we go a few months without sex, if that's how we break the drought..."

Eric tried to hide his dismay. Even now, even after using the app again, she was *happy* to have spent the last several months in a sexless marriage?

Before he could say anything, Jamie moaned slightly as she pulled his softening dick out, and pulled her pants back up.

"Thanks, stud," she said, her demeanor exactly as it had been when Eric had entered the room.

What the fuck was happening?

As soon as he got back into his office, Eric pulled up the app.

Three.

It still read Three, just as it had when he left.

Not for the first time, he cursed the fact that the app seemed to have no history, no memory. Had it been at a Three for the entire time he was downstairs? Had a two-month stint at One and a brief foray into Zero somehow...reset his wife's scale? Was Three the new Seven?

Or was there something else entirely going on?

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Eight.

Eric kept a close eye on the app for the rest of the day.

For the few hours after their shared orgasm, it stayed at Three. Around the time he was finishing up his last tasks for the day, however, he saw movement - it slowly crept up to Four.

By the time he logged out of his computer, it was a Five.

He went downstairs to find that his wife was flirty, but nowhere near where she'd been earlier that day, when she'd dropped to her knees and spontaneously given him the second blowjob she'd ever given him. Maybe two months without sex had affected her as much as it had him, and now that the dry spell was broken she'd regained some self-control?

Aware of just how rude he was being, he kept checking his phone throughout dinner, watching his wife slowly drift from a Five to a Six to a Seven.

By the time they got to bed that night, she was at an Eight. An Eight! The highest he'd ever, ever seen the app go.

If the Three earlier had led to a spontaneous blowjob, he had no idea what Eight would look like.

As soon as the lights were turned out, Eric felt his wife's hand under the covers, reaching for his cock. It was hard again - it felt like he'd been hard for hours, as he'd watched her number

slowly rise - and Jamie was completely unsubtle about what she wanted.

“Fuck me again,” she whispered directly into his ear. “I haven’t been able to stop thinking about how good it was earlier. God, Eric, you’re so sexy...”

He’d only used the app again because he’d had to, because it had somehow glitched out and turned his wife into a walking sexual zombie. He’d had no choice - he’d done what was best for her, what was best for Jamie, because he loved her.

But as his wife, in another first, climbed on top of him and slowly lowered herself onto his cock, he had to admit...things couldn’t have worked out better for him.

Jamie gasped slightly as the last inch of his cock slid inside her.

“God,” she said breathily. “Eric...I’m so full. You’re filling me up so good...”

Eric didn’t say anything - he just reached up and, after a few moments of fumbling, found his wife’s bare breast. Jamie had been wearing her favorite pair of thin silk pajamas when she’d gotten into bed just a minute ago; he wasn’t sure when she’d slipped out of them again, but he certainly wasn’t complaining.

She groaned with pleasure as his fingers found her nipples, and pinched them roughly.

His gorgeous, normally-frigid wife, riding him naked in bed while he played with her tits.

He could definitely get used to this.

The next day, Jamie was at a Three when she awoke, but almost immediately started rising again. By lunchtime, she was back at an Eight - he was actually staring at the app in bewilderment when she surprised him by visiting him naked in his office, dropping to her knees, and then riding him in his office chair when he was hard.

Again, that took her back down to a Three...but by bedtime, she had returned to an Eight.

That night, they left the lights on as Eric’s wife came around his cock.

The rest of the week followed the same pattern. Twice a day, Jamie would initiate sex, reaching climax as soon as she felt her husband cumming inside her. Eric would always check his phone after she did - his wife always dropped straight back down to Three after she came, but he never saw her go any lower than that.

Eric was in heaven. It was everything he’d dreamt of when he’d first downloaded the app; his beautiful, loving wife finally had a libido that matched his fantasies. She was constantly wet, perpetually hungry for his cock, and - as he discovered as soon as he built up the courage to try it out - once she reached Eight, she was completely open to any of Eric’s lewd suggestions.

At his request, she’d allowed him to pull out as soon as he felt his orgasm approaching, and cum onto her face. He’d been amazed to discover that despite the fact that he was no longer between her legs, just watching him orgasm was enough for his wife to reach her own climax.

The sight of Jamie rolling around the floor in orgasm, his cum coating her face, sticking on her glasses...it was almost enough to get him hard enough for a second round straight away.

A few days later, he mentioned how much submission and obedience turned him on. Jamie took to it like a duck to water - she’d always been a people-pleaser, but the knowledge that her husband found it hot when she obeyed him was all the motivation she needed to turn that aspect of her personality up to eleven.

“Please, sir,” she’d beg, her eyes glassy with lust as she knelt in front of him. “Master, please...your slave needs your cock. Your slave needs your cock inside her. Please...I’ll do anything.”

“I’ll do anything.”

Eric knew that it was just play, but he suspected there was some truth to her words.

When she was at an Eight, it was like lust completely took over her brain. It was like she

wasn't play-acting, that she really *did* need his cock. That she needed to cum, like it was a higher priority than anything else in her life at that moment.

"Beg for it," he'd say teasingly, a huge smile on his face. Post-orgasm, when she was down to a much more reasonable Three or Four, Jamie had once told him that he looked like a kid in a candy store, and he had to admit...that was what it felt like.

All of his secret desires, everything he'd ever wanted from his wife...it was all coming true.

"Please," she'd beg, her voice cracking with need. "Please...I need it."

Before long, she was begging for more than his cock. She was begging for permission to cum - the first time she'd hit Eight on the fifth day, he'd told her how sexy he'd find it if she waited to cum until he commanded it. It had clearly been a struggle, but she'd obeyed.

She loved to obey him.

The next step had been more than just waiting for the order, but begging for it. He'd once been tempted to see what happened if he didn't grant it - would she keep rising past an Eight? To a Nine? A Ten?

Or even higher?

But after several minutes of begging, tears would enter her eyes, and he couldn't deny her any longer. He had never been able to deny Jamie anything.

More now than ever. Even as his wildest sexual fantasies were coming true, Eric was struggling every day with guilt about how he'd gotten there. He was happier than he'd ever been - as was Jamie, from what he could tell - but he hadn't earned it. He had cheated...not on his wife, of course, something he'd never do.

No, he'd cheated in a way that was somehow worse. More fundamental. He still had no idea how the app worked, but he knew that it had done something that he should never have been able to do.

And so when his wife's voice got desperate, Eric gave her what she so desperately wanted. Whether she was begging for his cock, or to orgasm, or for *him* to orgasm, he'd do everything he could to make her happy.

He loved his wife more than anything. More than himself, more than the sexual paradise he found himself living in, more than his cock. If she wanted it, she'd have it, no matter what it was.

As well as that, he didn't want to take any risks. One week in, he had grown confident that the current loop was stable. Three to Eight in the morning, then back to Three, then Eight again at night.

It worked. It was reliable. Predictable. Not the sex - Jamie made sure that every time was different, that every time they fucked was unique. The sex itself was as far from predictable as Eric could imagine sex being, especially compared to what they'd had before.

But the rhythm was predictable; hot sex during his lunch break, hot sex again at night. Sometimes in the bed, sometimes pressed up against the living-room window (if Eric had seen his neighbor and her wife leave together).

It was safe. There were no devastating lows, and Jamie's numbers never fluctuated.

Eric was living a perfect life, and he didn't want to do *anything* that might ruin it.

And as long as he played it safe, what could possibly go wrong?