

Up to Eleven

by Pan

**Eleven.**

Eric didn't see his wife the next day. Or the day after that, or the day after that.

But he heard her.

After that first night back, when he'd woken up from too-few hours of restless sleep and haunting nightmares, Eric had knocked on the door of the master bedroom. Jamie hadn't answered, but he knew she was in there.

He could hear her.

He could hear her moans through the door. Not of sorrow, or anguish. Not of regret.

No – moans that Eric was extremely familiar with.

Jamie, alone in their bedroom, was moaning with arousal.

At least...Eric assumed she was alone.

His eyes widened at the thought. She couldn't...could she? She wouldn't...would she?

Why not? She already had.

No. No. Eric closed his bleary eyes, counted to ten, and forced himself to be reasonable. His wife was definitely alone. He'd slept so lightly; he would've heard someone else parking outside, entering their house.

Fucking his wife.

After another knock went ignored, Eric resignedly went into his office and started trying to patch things up with his boss. Their client.

But as he typed, as he worked, his mind was several rooms away, in the bedroom with his wife. In their bedroom. *His* bedroom.

Well, it had once been his bedroom once. Would it be again?

Leaving his wife alone to work through the feelings of betrayal, Eric tried to pour himself into his work. He sent his boss all the notes for the presentation, hoping it would be enough. He caught up on emails, and tried to get ahead on the next quarter's projections; anything he could do to try to stave off his boss's anger.

But he knew that no amount of work would earn his wife's forgiveness.

When he finally reached a point of complete exhaustion, he once more knocked on the bedroom door.

Again, no response.

And again, he could hear the sound of his wife's self-pleasure.

While he'd been working, she must have gone downstairs for provisions – the breadbox and fruit bowl were both empty, as was the small stash of snacks Jamie kept in the cupboard above the fridge, the cupboard she could only reach with a stool. The idea, she'd told him, was that if it was too much work to reach the chips and chocolate, she wouldn't be as tempted.

Tears sprung to Eric's eyes. Jamie was so wonderful. So loving. So...loyal.

And this was how he'd repaid her. He'd controlled her libido for months on end, manipulated her. And for what? For *sex*?

He'd betrayed the woman he loved most, just so he could get his dick wet. No, worse – so that he could avoid *asking* to get his dick wet.

What kind of a man did that? He didn't deserve her.

And now...he'd lost her.

The next night, Eric slept just as poorly as he had the night before. His dreams were haunted by the look on Jamie's face when he'd told her. Worse than the sobbing had been the fury. The

moment her eyes had become small dots of sheer anger. The moment her pain had drained away, and been replaced by...coldness.

Cold. The one word he'd never imagined could be used to describe his wife. But that's what she was, now. Cold and distant.

And it was all his fault.

Worse than the dreams were the moment he awoke, and realized he couldn't just shake them away and return to his happy life. No, his life was a living nightmare.

At least in his dreams he got to see Jamie's face.

On that second day, he tried pleading. "Let me in," he begged. "I'm not asking for forgiveness, but I'm sorry. I'm not expecting mercy – I just want to talk. Please, Jamie. Just let me see you."

In response, not silence. Not a hint that she was listening, or contemplating what he was saying.

Instead, all he heard was the sound of his wife's pleasure. Soft, long moans, deep enough to escape the bedroom and roll down the hallway.

As Eric worked that day, he wondered what his wife was doing. He had some idea, of course, but...what specifically? Upon the news of his betrayal, he'd expected her to reflect, process it emotionally.

It was completely out of character for her to spend an entire day masturbating, let alone two.

Just as he was about to drift to sleep that night, he remembered...she had his phone. She had access to the app which directly controlled her arousal.

Sex toys were a multi-billion dollar industry, and all they could do was stimulate you on the *outside*. Eric had never even considered calibrating the app to himself...but if he had, he could easily imagine that he would've ended up spending days in bed, bringing his arousal up, getting himself off without so much as touching himself.

Especially if he'd just been through something traumatic. Something he desperately wanted to be distracted from.

No wonder Jamie had only left the room for supplies. She must have been having a helluva time in there.

The next morning, slightly better-rested, Eric knocked firmly on the bedroom door.

"Jamie," he said, trying as hard as he could to sound firm. "Jamie, let me in. I need..."

He glanced around. Their Great Dane was napping at the top of the stairs.

"...I need to know where Rufio's food is kept."

It was a weak lie, and not convincingly delivered. When Eric wasn't met with a response, he hung his head and went downstairs to feed the pup.

Almost thirty-six more hours passed before Eric saw his wife again. He was pacing up and down the hallway, too stressed to work, when he heard it.

For the first time since his wife had disappeared into their bedroom with his phone, her impassioned groans stopped.

He stared at the door as it swung open, twisting his hands nervously, his eyes gleaming with hope.

When Jamie stepped out, a number of things were immediately obvious. Her eyes were bloodshot, as though she'd been crying...but he knew she hadn't been crying. Her hair was mussed, as if she'd spent the last few days having sex...but he knew she hadn't been having sex.

But most disturbing of all was the smile on her face.

It wasn't like any smile Eric had ever seen on his wife's face. It wasn't a smile he'd ever

seen on *anyone's* face, except perhaps a cartoon character.

An insane one.

“Honey?” he asked tenderly, his voice dripping with concern and guilt.

“Hey honey,” Jamie replied. The off-kilter smile wasn't limited to her mouth; it had somehow reached her eyes as well.

“How are you?” he asked.

“Wonderful,” she said with a shrug. “I ran out of food, so I came out for supplies.”

“It sounded like you were...busy in there.”

“Mm-hmm,” Jamie replied, and Eric blanched at the shine in her eyes.

Those were not the eyes of a sane woman.

“Using the, um...app?”

The smile was back. Eric wished that the smile hadn't come back. If you'd asked him five minutes ago, he would've said that he'd give anything to see his wife smile again.

Now, he felt like he'd give almost anything to make her stop.

“Mm-hmm,” she replied airily, and almost skipped down the stairs.

Unsure what else to do, Eric followed her to the kitchen like a lost puppy. He watched, unsure what else to do, as she ransacked the pantry, grabbing food without regard.

When she made her way back up to their bedroom, he just stared as she re-entered.

And didn't close the door behind her.

Eric was quite sure his wife knew that she'd left the door open. The gleam had never left her eye, the disturbing smile had never fallen from her face.

The smile didn't look like it belonged on her face. On *any* face. Eric would have paid a lot of money to erase that smile from his memory.

After downing half a can of peas and several crackers, she put the stash of hastily-collected food to the side, lay back, and held his phone above her head.

Her hands quickly tapped out his passcode, and in an instant...Jamie was cumming.

Without touching herself, without so much as removing her blouse or pants or any underwear, Eric watched as his wife writhed in a fast, furious orgasm. Her eyes never moved from the phone, and that damn grin never left her face.

Even when her orgasm was complete, Eric's wife continued to moan for several minutes, as though the experience had been too intense to process in the time it had taken.

Just as her breathing started to return to normal, she did it again. Her fingers flicked across the screen, her back arched, and the room was filled with the sound of her electronically-induced pleasure, and – Eric noticed for the first time – the smell of her wetness.

His eyes moved to the crotch of her pants, and he realized they were soaked. Had they been soaked this entire time? They must have been.

This orgasm was longer. Almost a minute of sheer, unadulterated pleasure, before she once more tapped the phone, and her body collapsed in exhausted pleasure.

But even as she lay there recovering, she never stopped moaning.

Eric stood there and watched his wife for hours. They didn't exchange a word – he just watched as she used the app to bring herself off, again and again and again. She would mix it up; some of her climaxes were only a few seconds long, while one lasted almost twenty minutes before she finally tapped the app to end it.

That one took her a long time to recover from, but she eventually blinked twice, opened a packet of ramen, and took a crunchy bite out of the uncooked noodles.

*I did this*, Eric realized, as he watched his wife – normally such a fussy eater – take a swig

of pea juice, straight from the can, to get the raw ramen down. *I did this to her. I..I broke my wife.*

But still he did nothing. He just watched as Jamie scarfed down the entire packet of raw noodles, then return to the app.

After her third post-ramen orgasm, he couldn't do it any more. Eric turned away, and returned to his office.

He doubted she even noticed him leaving.

Jamie normally did the shopping, but later that night, after watching her chug a can of tomato soup as though it were a pepsi, Eric decided that he needed to pick up that responsibility.

One hour of confusedly trying to work out when Walmart had decided to rearrange each of their aisles later, Eric returned home with supplies: mostly pre-packed food (he was useless in the kitchen, and it was obvious that 'cooking' was no longer one of his wife's priorities) and some fresh fruit.

After unpacking the last bag, Eric nearly jumped out of his skin at the sight of his wife, standing at the doorway, an intense gleam in her eyes.

"Uh, hi," he stammered. Jamie had changed out of the clothes she'd been soaking in for the last few days; now, she was wearing his favorite of her negligees. It took him a moment to work out the perfect word for the look on her face.

Predatory.

Eric's wife was staring at him as though he was prey, and it wasn't hard to guess what she wanted.

"Fuck me," she growled, and – not sure what else to do – Eric nodded.

In no time at all, he was sitting on the couch, pants around his ankles, while Jamie rode him like an animal. Her legs were on either side of him, his hard dick inside her as her pussy clenched and twitched like it was having a fit.

"Cum for me," she ordered. "Cum for Jamie. Do it – I want you to cum, baby."

For some reason, it was the last word that did it for him. Eric's wife wasn't behaving at all like the woman he'd fallen in love with, but it was still clearly her.

It was the least erotic coupling that Eric had ever been a part of (he suspected his dick was hard mostly out of fear), but at the sound of his wife's familiar pet name for him, Eric's cock began to pulse with orgasm.

"I'm cumming," he gasped. "I'm...I'm cumming inside you."

At his words, Jamie picked up Eric's phone, poked the screen, and then dropped it as she began loudly moaning in a long, app-induced orgasm.

Tearing his eyes away from his wife's face as she came, Eric glanced down at the app.

A single word filled the screen:

"Eleven."