



Ike and Anika asked their best friends Dorian and Chrisette for a huge favor to try and revive their marriage. Neither couple had any idea that one night would change everything.

When You Share Too Much

by Jessica Terry

Order the complete book from the publisher
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10305.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.

JESSICA TERRY

*When You Share
Too Much*



Copyright © 2019 Jessica Terry

ISBN: 978-1-64438-635-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2019

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Terry, Jessica

When You Share Too Much by Jessica Terry

FICTION / African American / General | FICTION / Family Life /

Marriage & Divorce | FICTION / Romance / General

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019937214

Chapter 1

Chrisette glided around her spacious kitchen, mentally going over the checklist to make sure that everything was done for the dinner party that night. She had been preparing and cleaning the house all day and as always, she had to have everything just so. Appearances were very important to her and she didn't believe in things like CP ("colored people's") time or doing things half-ass. Not one hair on her head could be out of place and there couldn't be one water spot on the silverware. Everything had to be on point.

"Babe!" her husband Dorian called out from the hallway.

"In here, honey."

Dorian emerged, a tall hunk of tattooed muscles and sweat and sawdust, having been working in the shed just off from the house where he built custom furniture. He had on a t-shirt where the sleeves had been ripped off, dirty jeans, and his work boots. His

tool belt still hung from his waist and he took off his work gloves as he strode into the kitchen.

“Mrs. Clarke,” he greeted his wife, reaching for her. “Come here and give me some sugar, woman.”

Chrisette giggled as she stepped out of his reach. “I know you’re not trying to touch me with those dirty hands. You’re gonna mess up my dress.”

“Damn the dress. I’ve been out there working on this dinette set all day and I need some lovin’ from my fine-ass wife.” He placed his work gloves on the counter.

Grinning, Chrisette kissed her finger and then placed it against his moist lips. “I promise, you can ravage me as much as you want later. But I’m not about to let you sweat out my hair and my dress thirty minutes before our guests arrive.” She picked up his dirty gloves with the tips of her thumb and forefinger and handed them back to him. Then she whipped a container of Chlorox wipes from under the sink and wiped off the spot where the gloves had been.

“It’s just Ike and Anika, baby, not Barack and Michelle.”

“I don’t care. They’re coming to our home and you know how I am.”

“Yeah, I do,” Dorian agreed, conceding. “But I’m gonna hold you to that promise about later on.”

“Trust me, I’m looking forward to it as much as you are,” Chrisette assured him. She stood on her tiptoes to give him a quick peck on the lips before gently nudging him towards the door. “Now go ahead and get showered and dressed, sweetie. They’re going to be here before we know it. I’ve already laid an outfit out for you.”

“Thanks, babe,” Dorian said as he headed for the stairs. He didn’t mind that his wife picked his clothes out for him; it was one less thing for him to do. Plus, she knew his style and what he liked and didn’t like so anything she chose for him would be fly.

Dorian and Chrisette were opposites by many people’s standards. He was a rough and rugged man from the other side of the tracks, and Chrisette was a rather prim and proper lady who came from a wealthy family who never thought he was good enough for her. He had his own furniture business where he built custom pieces for both businesses and residential customers, and he was actually very successful, despite Chrisette’s family’s muted assurances that it would eventually fail. It wasn’t lost on him that his in-laws weren’t big fans of his, but he didn’t let it bother him. People had looked down on him his entire life. He and Chrisette were both Georgia natives but he was Bankhead while she was Buckhead. He was

rough and she was refined. There really wasn't a whole lot they had in common, but ever since they had met when he was dropping off a piece of his furniture near Lennox Mall where she was shopping, they've been hooked on each other. To him, Chrisette was the epitome of the whole 'lady in the streets, freak in the sheets' notion. He loved how classy she was but that she still liked to have a good time, and she didn't try to impart her ways onto him. She loved him just the way he was. Chrisette thought that Dorian was the sexiest thing walking; she loved how rugged and hardworking he was, and she was extremely proud of him for how he built his own business from the ground up doing something he loved and was extremely good at. Sometimes she would look at a cabinet or chair or something else he had made and just stare at it in awe, amazed that he could craft something so beautiful with his own two hands.

She smiled and hummed to herself as she began to move the crystal serving containers to the dining room. She was already thinking about what her and her sexy husband were going to do later on that night. While she might not have wanted him to touch her when he was just coming from his work studio, her skin was already tingling thinking about him touching her later. Dorian was an absolutely amazing lover. She

couldn't get enough of him. It was almost funny how different of a woman she was when she and Dorian were having their private time together; the refined, girly, all-about-appearances woman went out the window and she turned into a woman who would say and do things that would probably horrify her ultra-conservative parents.

Christette would be lying if she didn't admit that one of the things that at least partially endeared her to Dorian initially was that he was the complete opposite of the kind of men she usually dated, therefore the complete opposite of the kind of man her family approved of. When they wanted to be, they could be kind of snobbish and elitist, and while Christette appreciated nice things as much as the next person, she didn't look down her nose at anyone or think she was better than anyone else just because she came from money. Dorian was exactly the kind of man she had always been curious about, and when he approached her, she decided to stop worrying about what her parents thought and indulge. The last thing she expected was to fall for him as hard and as fast as she did. Now, she couldn't imagine being with anyone else. The fact that they were so different wasn't a deterrent but instead an endearment. Simply, she just loved her some Dorian.

Once he was dressed, Dorian came downstairs and the smell of his cologne mixed with the scents of the prepared foods in the kitchen. Chrisette eyed him in his tan linen slacks and butter-yellow button-down shirt and immediately felt herself twitch with appreciation. He walked right over to her and wrapped his arms around her from behind as she folded the cloth napkins on the table.

“You need any help?” he asked, kissing her neck.

“No, thank you,” she responded, trying to ignore how good his lips felt. “You know you don’t like folding napkins.”

His hands slid around her waist and stomach, gathering the light material of her dress. “You wanna do somethin’ real quick?” he muttered as he continued tongue-kissing her neck.

“Baby, stop,” Chrisette scolded with a smile, gently pushing his hands away. “You’re gonna wrinkle my dress.”

“Then just take it off.” He spun her around and kissed her deeply, grunting as he did so.

Chrisette instinctively slid her arms around his neck, but she forced herself to pull back before she completely melted into him. “You know we can’t do this right now,” she said, holding his face in her

hands. She stroked his skin with her silk-wrapped nails. “As much as we both might want to...”

“So what’s the problem?” Dorian asked, although he knew why she was rebuffing him. She wouldn’t risk being unkempt when their guests arrived, or worse, being caught in the throes. Even though Ike and Anika were their closest friends and would probably be more amused by it than anything else, that would completely embarrass her.

“Dorian,” she whined, pushing him away. “Can you go and make sure there are enough beers in there for you and Ike while I go touch up my lipstick? They should be here any minute.”

“Aight,” he conceded, not being able to resist a grab to her backside before walking away. Chrisette just grinned at him and shook her head.

A short time later, Ike and Anika Mayhew arrived and the four friends greeted each other enthusiastically.

“I love your hair!” Anika praised Chrisette, checking out her short blond-tipped hairdo. It looked like it was straight out of a hair magazine; not one hair was out of place.

“Thank you!” Chrisette grinned, smoothing a hand down her tapered nape. “I just got it done earlier today. Those are some cute shoes!”

“Girl, I got these on sale at DSW-”

“Okay, okay, can y’all wait to start talking shoes and hair and stuff until later? We haven’t even been here two minutes yet,” Ike said jokingly, leaning down to give Chrisette a hug and kiss on the cheek.

“Whatever,” Chrisette sucked her teeth and smiled, playfully hitting him in the arm. “Don’t you start tonight, Ike.”

“I’ll be good,” Ike promised, removing his jacket.

“Don’t believe that, girl,” Anika said, removing her own coat. “They’ll be talking about chicken wings and touchdowns before we know it.”

“Wow, y’all really think that’s what men talk about?” Dorian asked, taking their coats. They all started heading for the living room. “I think we’re a little more evolved than that. And what could we even say about chicken wings?”

“You know y’all secretly exchange recipes,” Anika joked, playfully bumping Dorian. “Ike thinks I don’t know he watches the Food Network.”

Ike cut his eyes at her, then said to Chrisette, “The house looks amazing, as usual.”

Chrisette grinned again as she led them into the living room, where she had wine chilling and a carafe of sparkling water. “Thank you! We’ve changed a few things around since you all were here last.”

“I don’t know why you’re even trying to share the credit with Dorian on that. You know he doesn’t know anything about decorating,” Ike teased, playfully punching his friend in the arm.

“Hell, I know I don’t,” Dorian admitted, wrapping an arm around Chrisette’s shoulders and kissing her cheek. She smiled up at him as he looked at her lovingly. “I leave that to my baby here. I build the furniture and she puts it where it’s supposed to be.”

Anika tore her eyes away from them. “I still can’t believe you built most of the stuff in here, Dorian,” she said in wonderment, looking around the spacious living room in awe. She swallowed, trying to suppress the sad feeling that overcame her when she saw the obvious love pass between Chrisette and Dorian. She couldn’t remember the last time Ike looked at her like that.

“Yeah, my man is talented, isn’t he?” Chrisette praised, wrapping her arms around Dorian’s tight waist.

“He really is.”

“Aww,” Dorian blushed, never totally comfortable receiving a lot of praise for anything. “It’s just what I love to do.”

“It must be something knowing that no one else has the stuff you have,” Anika commented, running

her hands over the powder blue fabric of the chaise lounge she was sitting on. It was her favorite piece in the living room and where she always gravitated. Ike sat a few feet away on the overstuffed eggshell-colored couch. They couldn't even sit next to each other.

"If y'all want me to make you something, you know all you have to do is ask."

"Hell, I doubt I can afford you," Ike joked, taking a sip of the Hennesey and Coke Chrisette had just handed him in a crystal tumbler. "I know those Dorian Clarke originals cost a grip."

"Man, please, you make more than I do, Mr. Big-Shot-Marketing-Director," Dorian scoffed. He went to hang their coats in the foyer closet.

"Anika, girl, you want some wine?" Chrisette offered.

"Please," Anika responded emphatically. She needed a drink.

"Red or white?"

"Whichever you get to first," Anika smiled as if she was joking.

Chrisette poured her a glass of red wine and greeted Dorian with his own glass of Hennesey when he returned to the living room before going to the kitchen to get the hors d'oeuvres. She filled with pride

when everyone raved about the bacon-wrapped dates and crab salad canapés. Chrisette might not have been a four-star chef but she could hold her own in the kitchen pretty well, and she loved to entertain. It made her feel good when people appreciated her efforts.

“Save some room for dinner,” Chrisette chuckled as they all gobbled up the appetizers. She grabbed a canapé before they were all gone. “If I’d known you would like these things so much I would have made more.”

“Well, I was swamped today and I missed lunch so I’m especially greedy this evening,” Ike explained, popping another date into his mouth. “Trust me, though, I’ll have plenty of room for whatever you made for dinner.”

“And anyway, girl, you know your stuff is always good,” Anika added, wiping the corner of her mouth with a napkin. “I’ve never had dates wrapped in bacon before.”

“Oh, they’re really easy,” Chrisette said. “I had them at another party a while back and had to make them for myself.”

A little while later, they all moved into the dining room for dinner. They continued their easy rapport as they dined on spinach and pear salad, marinated lamb chops, and roasted root vegetables. Chrisette

admittedly wasn't much of a baker so she just had fresh fruit with honey yogurt for dessert. Everyone loved what she had prepared, though, and there weren't any leftovers, mostly thanks to Dorian and Ike.

After dinner, the men went into the den with their after-dinner beers while Chrisette and Anika went back into the living room, each still nursing the glasses of wine they had with dinner. Chrisette was just on her second glass, though, while Anika was getting ready for her fourth.

"What's going on?" Chrisette asked as soon as they had sat down and kicked their shoes off. She could tell when something was going on with her friend and Anika had looked anguished several times over the course of the evening.

"Girl," Anika sighed, not even planning on hiding it, "It's me and Ike. We're going through it right now."

"Why? What's wrong?" Christette asked, concerned.

"We've been kind of at each other's throats lately," Anika admitted. "Heck, we were arguing on the way over here. We just can't seem to agree on much of anything nowadays."

When You Share Too Much

“You two *did* seem kind of distant this evening,” Chrisette observed thoughtfully. “You don’t know what brought this on?”

“Girl, really, I think we’re just getting tired of each other. We’ve been married twelve years now.”

“It’s been that long already?”

Anika nodded, then drained her glass. She and Ike had gotten married when they were both twenty years old and were high school sweethearts before that; they didn’t really know anything else outside of each other. They had fallen into a slump that neither of them seemed to know how to pull themselves out of. Ike worked long hours and Anika was getting more and more into the church, so they weren’t spending much time together. She didn’t like that he didn’t go to church with her as much as she preferred, and Ike was often finding any excuse to stay at work longer so he could put off going home. They just didn’t click anymore.

A few rooms away, Ike was also thinking about the situation he and his wife were in. He didn’t know about her, but he was starting to feel like he had missed out on a lot by marrying so young. He still loved Anika very much and had no desire to step out on her, but he often wondered where he would have been if they had waited a few years until they got

married. Neither of them had really had a chance to experience much outside of each other. Their parents had tried to tell them this, but they were *so* in love and insisted that all they needed was each other. Now, Ike wished they had listened.

Three or four hours later, Chrisette wrapped her short hair thoughtfully, preparing for bed. A slight frown marred her smooth brow. She had been concerned about her friends ever since Anika had confided that she and Ike were having issues.

“What’s on your mind, baby?” Dorian asked, coming into the bathroom and noticing the look on his wife’s face. She had been kind of quiet since Ike and Anika left.

“I’m a little worried about Anika and Ike,” Chrisette answered. She put the comb down and turned to him. “Did Ike tell you they were having problems?”

“Nah, he didn’t mention anything, though there were a few times he did kind of zone out.” Dorian reached for his brush and ran it along his black shiny waves. “Hopefully it’s not anything too serious.”

“She said they’re probably just tired of each other. That’s so sad to me. How can you get tired of the person you love and chose to marry?”

“It happens, baby,” Dorian commented, putting down his brush and grabbing her by the waist. “After a while, love stops being enough and you have to start putting in more work to keep things hot.” He nuzzled her neck. “And speaking of *hot*...”

“I hope they can work this out, though,” Chrisette mused as she slid her hands up Dorian’s bare tattooed arms and around his neck. She closed her eyes, enjoying how he was licking her neck. “I would hate to see them break up.”

“I doubt they’ll let that happen. They just need re-juicing, that’s all,” Dorian muttered against her skin. “Now can we stop talking about them and get to our own husband-and-wife business? I believe you owe me some lovin’.”

Grinning, Chrisette squealed when he squeezed her firm backside then purred when his hand traveled to her breast. “Yes, I do,” she moaned. Her legs wrapped around his waist when he picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. In no time, he had her out of her nightie and was sweating her hair out.

Chapter 2

Ike took a deep breath as he stuck his key in the lock, steeling himself for whatever drama was going to come his way this particular evening. He hated the fact that he was no longer in a hurry to get home to his wife, but things just weren't like they used to be.

“Anika? You home?” he called out, placing his briefcase and keys on the marble kitchen island. He listened for the sound of a television or any movement but heard none. He started to make a quick round of the house when he noticed the note stuck to the refrigerator.

Ike,

Gone to Bible study. I'll be back later.

Almost relieved, Ike opened the door of the refrigerator, looking for the plate she had fixed for

him. Usually when she left the house before he got home, she left him a plate of whatever she had made for dinner. But after looking in the fridge, the microwave, and the oven, he realized that hadn't happened this time. He shook his head and sighed. She couldn't even fix him a plate anymore, or at the very least, let him know she wouldn't be doing so as usual. As he poked around the pantry for something to make for himself, he wondered what could be done to stop this downward spiral they were in. He didn't want things to continue as they had been, and he hoped Anika shared that thinking, also.

There was a time Ike and Anika couldn't get enough of each other. He would rush home from work to be with her. They talked, they laughed, they sincerely enjoyed each other's company. They had the kind of relationship and bond that Chrisette and Dorian had. But at some point, things just started to unravel. Ike got promoted, which meant longer hours, which Anika wasn't crazy about. They stopped having fun together. Instead of talking, they nitpicked and argued. And forget about sex. Anika sometimes seemed disgusted by Ike, even though he knew he still looked good. Plenty of women were attracted to his toned six-four frame, his smooth butterscotch skin, and his light brown eyes framed by thick lashes. It

made Ike feel good to get appreciative looks from other women, especially since his own wife didn't seem to look at him that way anymore. He was still attracted to her, even though he could admit that oftentimes he just felt bored with her. She was a conservative kind of pretty, with jet black hair that she almost never wore down, caramel-toned skin, and high cheekbones. And he had always loved her butt. Even though she didn't quite have the body she used to have, her butt was still round and beautiful to him; that is, whenever he got a chance to see it.

Ike didn't want to keep going like this. There had to be a way to rev things up again between them.

It was almost ten o'clock when Anika got home. Ike was in bed reading the newspaper, and he glanced at his watch. He wondered why Bible study lasted so long, but he shrugged it off. He figured she had probably just taken her time getting home like he often did. The thought saddened him and reaffirmed that what he was going to talk to her about was a good idea.

Anika seemed a little surprised that he was still up when she trudged into their bedroom. “Oh...hey.”

“Hey,” Ike returned her greeting, tossing the paper onto the floor next to the bed. Anika eyed the action, but didn’t comment on it. Ike knew she hated when he did that because she was something of a neat freak, but he had other things on his mind right then.

Anika wordlessly started to head to the bathroom but Ike stopped her. “Baby, can we talk for a minute?”

“I’m really tired, Ike,” Anika droned, stopping but not even turning around to look at him.

“I’m not trying to argue with you or anything; just talk,” Ike assured her. “It’s really important, baby, please.”

Anika looked at him and, noting the earnest look he had on his face, pursed her lips and conceded, walking over to the bed. Sliding backwards until her back met the headboard like his, she laced her hands together and looked at him. “What’s up?”

Ike turned to face her. “I’m worried about us, Anika,” he stated seriously. “We seem to be pulling apart from each other and I don’t like that. I’m sure you’ve noticed that things aren’t at all like they used to be with us.”

Anika nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah, you’re right. We *have* kind of fallen into a rut or something lately.”

“Exactly. And I want to try to do something to get us back on track. ‘Cause I miss you, baby,” he said, taking her hand in his. “I miss the way we used to be. I know we’re not newlyweds anymore but there’s no reason we can’t be just as happy as when we were, if we want to be.”

He was glad to see her smile a little. “I do too, Ike. I hate all this tension we have between us. This isn’t the way it’s supposed to be and I know that. Do you think we’ve just started taking each other for granted?”

Ike considered her words. “Maybe, yeah,” he finally answered. “After twelve years of marriage, we have to put in more effort to keep things smooth and spicy between us. And neither of us have been doing that.”

“You’re right.”

“So I was thinking,” Ike hedged, stroking her soft fingers, “How about we do something we’ve never done to get the motor running again?”

Anika eyed him curiously. “Like what? Counseling?”

“That wasn’t what I had in mind...”

“But it’s not a bad idea, though. We could talk to the pastor. I’m sure we’re not going through anything

that tons of other couples haven't gone through. A few sessions and we should be as good as new."

"Anika, when was the last time we had any *fun* together?" He looked hard at her, challenging her to remember.

Anika's mind raced but she drew a blank. She shook her head. "I can't even remember. Wow," she whispered, amazed at the realization. She looked at him. "Has it really been that long?"

"Sadly, yes," Ike answered. "But we can fix it, baby. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with counseling, but I just don't think we're quite to where that's necessary. We just need a little rejuvenating."

"So what did you have in mind?"

Ike took a deep breath, already knowing this was going to be a hard sell. "I think we should do a threesome."

"What??" Anika exclaimed, jerking her hand away. "Are you serious?"

"Yes, I'm serious. It's new, it's wild, it's fun--"

"It's *ridiculous!*" Anika interjected, scooting a little farther from him on the bed. She looked at him incredulously. "Ike, really. You should know me well enough to know I wouldn't go for something like that!"

"Why not?"

“What do you mean, ‘why not’? Seriously? How is three people in one bed fun? And how is that even desirable? It seems like someone would always be left out of things at any given time.”

“Not necessarily, but if that’s a concern for you, what about a foursome, then?”

Anika opened her mouth to immediately rebuff this suggestion, as well, but to both of their surprise, she actually took a considerate pause. Strangely, this option seemed slightly more feasible to her, even though she still had a truckload of doubts about it.

Finally, though, she shook her head vehemently. “I don’t think so, Ike,” she said. “I just can’t see myself being comfortable enough to do something like that.”

“You could drink some wine beforehand to loosen yourself up.”

“So now I’m supposed to get drunk, too?”

“Anika, come on...”

“Ike, we didn’t even do this kind of stuff when we were in college. We’re in our thirties now.”

“So?”

“So we’re supposed to be more responsible. It just seems like such a reckless thing to do.”

“It’s not like I’m talking about having some kind of orgy.”

“Might as well be. And who would we even do something like that with, anyway?”

“I’ll take care of that.”

Anika eyed him suspiciously. “Oh, really?”

“Yes, really.”

“And where are you getting these people from, Ike? Please don’t tell me you’re part of some kind of freakish sex society.”

Ike couldn’t resist laughing, even though Anika wasn’t joking. “Of course not,” he assured her. “I just know you well enough to know who you would and would not approve of, that’s all.”

“Well, you know me better than I do, then, ‘cause I have *no* idea who I would feel at ease enough with to have a foursome.”

Ike sighed. “You’re making this more difficult than it needs to be, baby. Can’t you just think about it?”

Anika shook her head. “I don’t need to think about it. The answer is no, Ike. We’re just gonna have to think of something else.”

Ike sat at the kitchen table, thoughtfully eating a bowl of cereal. His mind was still on the conversation he had with Anika the night before. Part of him wasn't surprised that she had rejected his suggestion to have a foursome. In a lot of ways, Anika was very conservative, and most of the time he was fine with that, but he also thought that might have been part of her problem. She didn't seem to know how to just let loose and throw caution to the wind. She wasn't a *total* stick in the mud, but getting her to do anything even slightly outside the box required significant arm-twisting on his part. He had figured this wouldn't be any different.

He heard her moving around upstairs and glanced at his watch. He was glad that she was finally up because he had hung back specifically to talk to her before he went to work. She usually slept in on her days off from her job at the nursing home, where she worked as a registered nurse. He could have just waited until later on that night when he got home, but he didn't want to put this off.

She was surprised to see him sitting there. "Good morning. Aren't you going to be late?"

"I have some time," Ike answered, pushing his nearly-empty bowl away. "I wanted to talk to you before I left."

“What about?”

“I think you know.”

She cut her eyes at him as she pushed two slices of wheat bread into the toaster. “Please don’t tell me it’s about that foursome business from last night.”

“That’s exactly what it’s about. Baby, I don’t think you’re giving it a fair shake, here.”

“Ike, I considered it. But I just can’t see myself doing something like that, I’m sorry.”

Ike pursed his lips, then stood up. Walking over to her, he asked, “What if I promised I could find just the right people to participate? Would that ease your mind about it a little?”

Anika looked at him, her eyes slightly narrowed. “Why are you pushing so hard for this? Is this your way of trying to sleep with another woman with my approval? I know we haven’t had sex in a while, but—”

“No, baby,” Ike interrupted, wrapping his arms around her waist. He looked down into her pretty face, running a finger down her cheek. It was the most affection they had shared in weeks. “This isn’t about me wanting to be with another woman. I just think it’s something wild enough to jar us out of this rut we’re in. I’m not saying we should make it a habit. But when neither of us can remember the last time we’ve

had any fun together, it's time to shake things up. Don't you agree?"

Anika couldn't deny he had a point. "What if someone found out, though? Do you know how mortified I would be if someone from church found out I had participated in a foursome? They'd probably run me out with torches."

"Baby, if they'd do that, then that's not a church you need to be in. None of them are in a position to judge anybody. And besides that, how would they find out? I told you I'd find the right people to do it with us. The right people will be discreet."

Anika contemplated his words, her eyes fixated towards the side of the room. "I don't know, Ike..."

"Be real with me. Aren't you even a *little* intrigued?"

A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth before she could stop it, and Ike felt like he was finally breaking ground. He smiled down at her, silently encouraging her to go ahead and admit it.

"Okay, yes, a little," she finally admitted, blushing. She couldn't deny, there was something titillating about the thought of participating in such a taboo act. It would certainly be an experience. But she still had her doubts. "This is crazy, though!"

“Exactly! We *need* to do something crazy, baby; we’re too young to be so basic. We’re long overdue for something like this. Come on,” he urged, leaning down to give her a peck on the lips. “You won’t regret it.”

Anika looked up at her husband and into those beautiful light brown eyes she had always loved. She agreed that they were a pretty unexciting couple. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to do something she never thought she would do. A small part of her told herself to think about the possible ramifications of what Ike was suggesting, but she was always listening to that little cautious voice, and it was probably at least partly why they were in the predicament they were in now. She never wanted to take any risks. Now was as good a time as any to start.

“Okay,” she conceded, gripping his biceps, “I’ll do it.”

Ike grinned, and she realized how much she missed seeing him do that. “For real?”

“Yes. *But*,” she said, holding up a finger, “It all depends on who you’re talking about doing it with. If I don’t like or agree with who it is, all bets are off.”

Ike gave her a quick but deep kiss. “Don’t worry about it, I got you.”

A short time later, Ike left to go to work. As soon as he was behind the wheel of his Audi A6, he pressed his Bluetooth into his ear.

“Hey, good morning,” he said a few moments later.

“Good morning, man,” Dorian replied. “What’s going on with you? Headed to work?”

“Yeah, I’m in the car now,” Ike replied. His hands gripped his steering wheel, suddenly feeling slightly nervous. “Listen, I have something I need to ask you...”

Chapter 3

Chrisette wondered if she was somehow being Punk'd and kept looking for Ashton Kutcher to pop up at any moment.

Ike and Anika had come over and actually propositioned her and Dorian for a foursome. She had thought Dorian had been joking when he had told her about it after Ike's call the previous morning, but apparently it wasn't a joke. She wondered how long they, or namely Ike, had been thinking about doing something like this. Understandably, it had been a somewhat awkward conversation.

"I know this is out of the blue," Ike had said, looking back and forth between Chrisette and Dorian. "We do realize how strange it must be to get this kind of request from us."

"A little, yeah," Chrisette admitted. She was sitting close to Dorian on the couch in their living

room, their hands on each other's knees. "I know it was the last thing *I* was expecting to hear..."

Ike and Anika both noted the affection between Chrisette and Dorian and how effortless and natural it seemed to them. They had a rapport that both of them realized they really envied.

"Yeah, I know," Ike replied. He took Anika's hand. They were seated on the powder blue chaise. "And believe me, it wasn't the easiest thing in the world for me to bring up. We were concerned about what you might think of us."

"Man, we don't think anything bad about y'all, you know that," Dorian spoke up. "I've heard some of everything; it takes a lot more to shock me." He chuckled, which made Ike relax a little bit. He had worried about Dorian being insulted or even angry about the proposition, knowing how much he adored Chrisette and probably wasn't too amped to see her with another man, regardless of who it was.

"We just wanted to do something kind of wild, to kind of shake things up some," Anika stated. Even though Chrisette and Dorian were their closest friends, she had been feeling kind of bashful due to the subject matter and hadn't said much since they had arrived, letting Ike do all of the talking. But she wanted it to be known that she was on board with it, also. "Y'all

know we've kinda hit a wall with our relationship and we thought something like this would be a great way to bust through it. And while I had my trepidations, you two are really the only people I would trust enough to do something like this with."

Dorian and Chrisette looked at each other. Anika wondered what they were thinking. She imagined that as close as they were, they were probably having an entire conversation right then without speaking.

She was right. Without even saying anything, Chrisette and Dorian knew they would need to discuss this in private before they agreed to or declined anything. Dorian was on the fence for a few reasons, and Chrisette was still in shock that they had even asked them at all. Dorian gently squeezed her knee, silently letting her know he would speak up.

"Can we let y'all know, say later on tonight or tomorrow?" he asked, looking between the two of them. "We just wanna talk about it some more."

"Of course," Ike said quickly. "Take all the time you need to."

Anika's palms were sweaty; with every moment that had passed as Chrisette and Dorian contemplated, she inched closer and closer to withdrawing the proposition. Part of her was in disbelief that they had even taken it this far and brought something like this

to their friends; she hoped to high heaven it didn't ruin their friendship.

"And if you decide this isn't something you want to do, we completely understand," she added, glancing over at Ike. "We know this is kind of a lot to ask, and our friendship is more important to us. So if you're not comfortable with it, Ike and I will just come up with something else."

"Absolutely," Ike concurred.

"Our friendship is more important to us, too," Chrisette agreed. "Whatever happens, nothing is going to change that."

"No doubt," Dorian chimed in. "We know y'all and we get why y'all are asking us for this."

"And we understand it probably wasn't the easiest thing to do," Chrisette added, having noted Anika's slight uneasiness. She smiled at her, and was glad when Anika smiled back. "And if we can help you two get your marriage back on track, we're happy to do that, so we'll certainly be taking that into consideration when we talk about it."

"Thanks so much, y'all," Ike said. He squeezed Anika's hand and smiled at her, as if they had gotten a 'yes' instead of just a consideration. "Just let us know what you decide."

After Ike and Anika had left, Chrisette and Dorian had sat and talked about what they had been asked to do. Chrisette had finally moved beyond her initial shock and was thinking about the possible implications on what doing something like this would have. Like Anika, she was concerned about their friendship more than anything else. But there was also the part of her that was very much intrigued. She had always wanted to try something like this but didn't really trust anyone enough to keep it to themselves. No one could know she had engaged in such behavior, and the thought of it getting out was enough to keep her curiosity about it at bay. But this was Ike and Anika; she trusted them. She knew Anika would never want anyone to find out about it any more than she would.

"You don't think it would be weird, doing that with them?" she asked Dorian, her nose crinkled slightly.

"Maybe at first," Dorian shrugged slightly. "That's what alcohol is for, though."

Chrisette looked at him with raised eyebrows. "So you want to do it?"

Dorian stroked his chin, his mind churning. He hadn't had the same reaction as Chrisette when Ike had initially broached the subject with him. True

enough, he hadn't been expecting it, but it hadn't blown him away like it had his wife. With his upbringing, there wasn't a whole lot he hadn't seen or encountered at some point. He had seen, done, and heard a lot in his thirty-three years, including seeing people get mugged, beaten, and even shot. Not much surprised him. And he had engaged in a few threesomes back in the day, though they had been with two women. He had never thought about doing a foursome, especially with his best friends. There were pros and cons to that. He trusted them and didn't doubt their intentions, but something like this could change things. And he also couldn't deny that he wasn't crazy about another man's hands on his wife, whether it was his best friend or not. But if Chrisette was down with it, he was down with it.

"I admit, I have my concerns," he said, "But as long as we're all on the same page, it should be all right."

"You don't think doing this would mess up our friendship with them? Maybe make things awkward or something?"

"Anything's possible with something like this, baby," Dorian replied matter-of-factly. "It could go any number of ways. The only way to know is to do it. We just have to decide if we want to risk it or not."

Chrisette looked at him thoughtfully, considering his words. She knew he had more experience with this kind of thing than she did. He had told her of his previous exploits. “I *do* want to help them out. And honestly, it might be fun,” she said with a tiny smile.

“That’s that closet freak you got in you,” Dorian teased, tweaking her nose. She giggled and playfully hit his chest, letting her hand linger. “I feel you, though. But are you sure you wouldn’t have a problem watching another woman partake in all of this chocolaty goodness?” He lifted his shirt slightly, revealing his six-pack.

Chrisette bit her lip, eying his toned abs. She knew he was joking with what he said, but he had a point. *Could* she handle seeing Dorian with Anika? Dorian was hers, and she didn’t like the thought of sharing him. But she knew that there were no ulterior motives here; Anika wasn’t after her husband and Dorian wasn’t going to leave her for Anika. She was certain of that. She just had to remember what they were all doing this for. If she kept her mind on that, she felt she could be fine. And anyway, it’s not like she would just be sitting there watching them; Ike would be there, too. She didn’t want him but at least he was easy on the eyes. And like Dorian said, there would have to be alcohol involved.

“I think in light of *why* we’re doing it, I can handle it,” she finally said confidently.

“Well, it’s up to you,” Dorian said with a kiss on her hand. “I’m down if you are.”

After a few more contemplative moments, Chrisette finally nodded, actually feeling herself getting excited. She could just imagine what her stuffy parents would think about her even considering such a thing, and the thought endeared her even more to the idea.

“I’m down.”

A few miles away, Anika was growing more and more anxious. Ever since they had left Chrisette and Dorian’s house, her mind had been on the pending proposition. She still couldn’t believe they had actually gone over there and asked their friends to engage in a foursome with them. Even more so, that Doran and Chrisette were actually considering it. Anika had been afraid they would scoff at them or even throw them out, but they hadn’t. They were over there discussing it at that very moment. And Anika

was on pins and needles wondering what was being said.

If she was honest with herself, the more she thought about the whole idea of the foursome, the more she warmed to it. And if she was even *more* honest with herself, she could admit that the big part of the reason for that was because of Dorian. He was an incredibly fine, downright sexy man and Anika had always found him attractive. She respected him and their friendship way too much to ever, ever act on it, but if they agreed to do this foursome, she would be getting an opportunity to live out a fantasy that no one knew she had. There were times, though forcibly rare, that she allowed herself to think about Dorian when she was in bed with Ike. She almost couldn't help it. Ike was sexy, but Dorian was sexy times ten. There was something about him that just seemed so *forbidden*, and not just because he was married to her best friend. He was just so dark and rugged and strong and confident, and on top of all that, he was a good guy, though she knew he could rough someone up if he needed to. That made him even more appealing.

Just thinking about Dorian's fit body got her thinking about her own. Her figure wasn't in the shape it used to be in, since she had slacked off when it came to working out. And she knew Chrisette kept

herself up and so did Ike; she didn't want to be the ugly duckling of the group. She ran a hand across her soft stomach. Even if they had the lights off, they would still be able to *feel* that she wasn't in the best shape. If she was going to do this, she wanted to look good doing so. Just like that, she decided to go on a liquid fast.

When Ike came home and found Anika huffing away on the treadmill, something he hadn't seen her do in months, he raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"What's going on?" he called out from the door of the spare bedroom they had turned into a workout room. "I haven't seen you in here in a while."

"Oh, well, you know," Anika panted, slowing down her pace and wiping her forehead with the towel that was draped over the console, "I just looked at myself today and realized I had started to let myself go a little bit, so I figured now was as good a time as any to fix it."

She didn't know why she couldn't just admit that she wanted to look the best she could in case Chrisette and Dorian decided to agree to the foursome.

"Oh okay," Ike responded. "Well, don't overdo it and hurt yourself in here."

"I won't."

Ike turned and left the room, a slight frown marring his face. He was a little curious about the timing of this sudden desire to get fit, but shook his head to clear it of such thoughts. No need in making an issue when there wasn't one.

Later, after they had eaten dinner (well, Ike had eaten; Anika just had liquefied vegetables), and they had both showered and gotten into bed, Ike reached for his wife and nuzzled her neck.

“Mmm, what are you doing?” she purred.

“Hoping I can make love to my wife,” Ike murmured, palming her small breasts with his large hand. He moaned as he slid on top of her. “It’s been too long, baby.”

“Ike,” she moaned, her hands sliding along his bare back. She returned his kiss when he pressed his lips against hers, then opened and their tongues met. They kissed deeply for a few moments before she felt Ike trying to pry her legs open. “Ike, I want to, sweetie, but I’m *really* sore.”

Resisting the urge to curse under his breath, Ike opted for a compromise, not wanting to be totally deterred. “Are you too sore for me to go down on you?”

Smiling, Anika shook her head. “I think I can handle that.”

Ike returned her smile and slid his long body down below her waist, lifting her nightgown and pulling down her panties. Anika gasped at the first touch of his lips on her nether region. She couldn't remember the last time he had done this and was quickly reminded why she had always loved it so much. And after he made her scream, twice, she was all too eager to return the favor. This time, Ike didn't try to control his tongue and cursed out loud as he enjoyed Anika's mouth on him. It was almost like old times and both of them were glad that they seemed to be making progress.

Afterwards, though, as Ike held his sleeping wife in his arms, he wondered if he should be concerned about her rather sudden sexual vigor and concern about her appearance. He couldn't help but wonder if she was anticipating this foursome a little more than she let on. Was she excited about the possibility of being with Dorian? Ike wasn't an insecure man, but he knew that Dorian was a man that women lusted after. For the first time, he wondered if his wife was in that number.

He still didn't know what Chrisette and Dorian's decision was, but if it turned out to be yes, they were going to have to lay some ground rules.



Ike and Anika asked their best friends Dorian and Chrisette for a huge favor to try and revive their marriage. Neither couple had any idea that one night would change everything.

When You Share Too Much

by Jessica Terry

Order the complete book from the publisher
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10305.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.