

Anna and Phil - Part IV

Realizations

As Phil woke up from hearing his alarm clock, he hit the snooze button almost without thinking about the consequences. A few minutes passed. After the alarm went off again, Anna woke up and looked at the clock. After realizing that that Phil was still in bed, she tried to shake him from his slumber.

"You're going to be late," she exclaimed.

"Ok, I'm getting up, just relax."

Phil changed into his work clothes. Anna put on a robe. As usual, the words spoken between the couple were sparse and mechanical. Phil made his way to the kitchen while Anna went through a few drawers of her dresser. The only thing on her mind right now, was what she was going to wear when she would leave to visit Alexis.

Phil quickly grabbed a banana and some orange juice. He consumed both in just a couple of minutes. Anna finally made her way to the kitchen, and put some toast in the toaster and sat down at the table. After looking sort of bored, she picked up a copy of Redbook magazine. She turned to an article entitled, *Men and women that have lost that romantic spark*. Even though Phil was a bit in a hurry, he still noticed the article that Anna decided to read. Without saying anything, he still made a mental note of this rather awkward scenario.

Are we even a couple anymore? Phil mused the question over in the silence of his mind.

After realizing that he needed to get going straight away, Phil picked up his toolbox and headed for the door.

"I hope you make the most of your time today," Phil stated hurriedly.

"Don't worry, I will." Anna suddenly felt a bit of a tugging at her heartstrings as she spoke the words. She wasn't sure what to make of these feelings however. Since last night, she had made up her mind that she deserved something better than what she was getting from Phil.

After getting something more to eat, Anna scoffed at the copy of Redbook magazine, and headed over to another room to do the laundry.

Phil put on some loud music as he drove to work. It may not have been the best way for him to improve his personality, but at least it made him a little more awake. Besides, cranking up the car stereo was a great way for him to escape the questions that were nagging at him for some time now.

After getting situated at his construction site and saying hello to some of his fellow workers, he took some tools out of his toolbox. It wasn't long before he went to work.

Clink, Clink, Clink. The nagging questions started to return with the repetitious sounds of

his hammer. At the sound of each hit, he felt his heart start to feel a little more upset with each strike. After a few more minutes of work, the images from the film that he saw last night came back to the vision of his mind. It then became difficult for him to put much effort into his job, when his heart was somewhere else.

"Are you doing okay?" Dale Wadsworth suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He was a stout little man, but full of vigor.

"Yeah, I am getting by," Phil mumbled. He felt that his response to his coworker's sympathetic question was a half-truth at best.

"You usually look a little more energetic in the morning. In fact, you are the one that often asks me if I am the one that is doing alright." Dale made the statement sound as if it were a fact, without any room for a debate.

"Well, I have a lot on my mind these days." Phil felt uncomfortable making this confession. Never did he like to reveal any weaknesses to anyone at work. This was after all, a place where he needed to receive his fair share, so he could put food on the table.

"Well, take a rest if you need to, and I will fill in for you." Dale patted Phil on the shoulder.

"Thanks Dale, I appreciate it."

No, problem man. That is what friends are for.

Phil went back to work with a renewed sense of stamina. It was reassuring to think that he had friends like Dale to count on. However, he couldn't help but ask himself another nagging question.

How many friends would I have if I told them all about my obsession?

The question seemed a bit silly. Phil realized that it was his right to choose his own kind of personal life, but the woman that he married should not be left in the dark about it either.

Anna's heart stirred with anxiety as she laid out her clothes on the bed. It was important to her that she choose what she would wear very carefully. After looking at the white lace stockings and matching garter belt, she wondered if this was really the best color to wear.

Seems a little too pure, she thought. After realizing that she had a black skirt that was not completely opaque, she slowly put the stockings on and wrapped the favorite matching garter belt around her waist. When she slid on a black top, she tossed all of her bras back into her drawer, including the one she was wearing a minute ago. After looking into the mirror, she then judged that her appearance was very daring, but thought that the white lingerie stood out too much. She decided to search for something else more subtle, and finally replaced the white garter belt with a dark violet one. Once she put on a black bra with matching panties, she felt that she had made some good decisions.

Something still doesn't seem right. Anna became a bit frustrated at her ability to feel

satisfied with her choice of sexy attire. She realized that the solution was simple. She just needed to replace the garter belt and stockings with black ones, and wear a dark violet bra with matching brief instead. After making the switch, and putting on the semi-transparent skirt and top, she looked at herself once more in the mirror.

Perfection, she thought.

Perhaps I should put some extra clothes into my purse. I never know if I will get into a car accident. I wouldn't want the whole world to see me like this, or at least not an officer. she mused the precaution over in her mind. Anna went through the various items in the different compartments, threw out some things that she didn't think that she would need. After making extra space in her purse, she put some black leggings into one section, and a think opaque top into another.

After realizing that she had lost track of time while contemplating what to wear, Anna suddenly realized that it was already 11:30 a.m. She told Alexis that she would be at her place by noon. She made a guess that it would take at least twenty, or twenty-five minutes for her to get there. Hastily, she looked into her billfold and took out the the note that she received last night. In spite of being pressed for time, she could not help but feel her heart soar after reading it.

Anna,

My estate is located at 1464 West Bloom-ridge Road. Take the main street out of town and turn left down Hickory street. After you pass the library, it is after the second road past the bridge.

After we watch some of those sexy erotic videos that you said were really great, we could head on out to the pool. I am sure that we will get very, very, wet together.

xoxoxoxo

Alexis

Anna felt herself get excited in a way that she never had before. It wasn't like she felt like she needed to take off her clothes and make love to the nearest human within reach, but instead felt her mood altering to a state of pure optimism. Regardless, she didn't want anyone to find out who wrote this very revealing note.

I won't need the second half of this, nor do I want anyone to find out about Alexis. Besides, how could I possibly forget what it says?

She quickly tore the note in half so that she would still have the directions. After tearing the unnecessary second part of the note in a few other places, she pitched it into the trash. In between some pages of a magazine on her bookshelf, she retrieved some discs, and headed out the door.

Sweat came running down Phil's forehead as he struggled to make it to his lunchtime break. He had been moving and lifting heavy objects for a while now, so he was starting to feel quite tired and dizzy. His progress and movements had also become considerably slower.

Just a few more minutes. Once I have some more food I will be ok. Phil continued to talk himself into continuing his heavy labor.

Just when Phil least expected it, Mr. Hensmith walked within range of Phil's peripheral vision.

I don't know how long he has been watching me, and I don't want to know.

Mr. Hensmith was the kind of construction site supervisor that would do a good job of being a nice guy. However, at the same time, he wouldn't forget about things that he saw that he didn't like. Workers that moved slow were one of those things. At least that was what everyone else said about him.

Phil took an extra amount of reserve energy out of himself so he would move just a little faster.

"Hello there Phil. Is everything going okay for you? You seem pretty stressed."

"Everything is going good Mr. Hensmith." Regardless of how spent he really was, Phil mustered as much energy to say the statement with plenty of confidence.

"I am concerned that you don't look so good. You are usually working pretty strong, even by the middle of the afternoon." Mr. Hensmith's face became outlined with concern.

"I am okay. It is just that I am not used moving all this stuff in this heat."

Mr. Hensmith considered the defensive statement. "Well, within the next hour, we need the rest of those bricks and other materials moved from that truck, to over here. At the rate that you are going, you are not going to make it. I will tell you what. You have been working pretty hard for some time. You have not missed a day of work for at least a couple of months now. How about if I have Wadsworth fill in for the rest of the afternoon for you? He is all caught up with his work for today."

Good grief, Phil thought. I really am slipping.

A moment went by as the two men faced each other in the bright sunlight. Phil took a good look at Mr. Hensmith's facial expression to see if he could find any clues to his real intent. What Phil saw was a look of compassion, in spite of the rumors of him being unforgiving of anyones flaws.

"Alright. I guess I could use the extra time this afternoon to get some rest." Phil felt a sense of relief when he made the statement. On the other hand, he also felt like a quitter.

Mr. Hensmith quickly noticed Phil's look of resignation. "Don't feel so bad. Dale told me earlier that you feel a bit overwhelmed."

Great, thought Phil. Just what I need. There are now at least a couple of people that might think that I am not a good worker.

Mr. Hansmith noticed that Phil was lost in thought. "Take it easy and try to get to bed early tonight. I will see you tomorrow morning."

"Thanks, I will see you then."

Phil ate some of his lunch in the shade and regained some of his energy. He made it over to his truck and proceeded to drive home.

After driving for a while, Phil rolled down the window and felt vitalized by the rushing wind. His thoughts drifted back to the steamy sex scene he watched last night. It wasn't long before his conversion with Mr. Hansmith dissolved into the afternoon heat.

Prior to seeing the film *Hot and Wet*, he couldn't help but remember being enticed by some of the previews for the newer adult films. He would find them extremely alluring and often went to the nearest video store to see if he could find them. This afternoon was no exception. After passing Ray's Quick Lube, he stopped in at Big John's Video HQ, and made his way inside.

"Hello, Phil. Stopping in early for a Monday?" Jodie was often behind the video counter and often helped Phil find what he was looking for. However, today, Phil decided to keep his interests for films to himself. His mind needed time to sort things out.

"Hello Jodie. I just thought I would just look around for a while."

"Ok, no problem. Take your time."

Phil made his way over to the adult section. After spending a few minutes looking around, he spotted a new video that fit the title of a preview he saw last night. *Trapped and Taunted* was the name of the film. How could Phil forget? It was about a nun in a Catholic sisterhood that was kidnapped by dominatrix. However, Phil wasn't too interested in the plot. There were other parts of the film that he knew he would be more interested in seeing. He couldn't help but notice that the film was for sale and not for rent. He also noticed that it was only available in VHS format. After checking his wallet for enough currency, he took the video, paid for it, and made his way home.

Phil decided to take Mr. Hansmith's advice, and get a little more rest. He did so in the car for a few minutes. After realizing that Anna might be home, he thought he should call her first to know where she really was. It was bad enough that he was sent home early from work. If Anna saw this video that he had bought, it would only make things worse. Phil dialed Anna's cell number immediately.

Anna was driving over the bridge as her cell phone rang. Being in a rush to get to her destination, she reluctantly answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Hello, it's me, I decided to come home early. I mean, I hate to admit it, but I wasn't feeling too well all morning. Mr. Hansmith talked to me and decided that I did enough work for

the day. He said that Dale could fill in for me."

Anna felt a bit of trepidation at the statement. "That is odd. Well, whatever the case, I am going to the grocery store," she lied.

Phil felt a bit of relief at the news. "Ok, I am going to get some rest. See you this evening."

"Ok, take some aspirin if you need to. I will see you soon."

Phil poured himself some orange juice and laid down on the couch when he made his way home. After almost dozing off, he went to open the video and put it into the player. He then realized that he should get rid of the package. There wasn't anywhere to hide a box for a VHS tape. The photos on the box were extremely revealing, so he tore it up into a few different parts. Before tossing the shredded fragments of the cover into the trash, Phil couldn't help but see something strange in the basket. Part of a piece of paper had the letters *se*, and part of the letter *x*." He then noticed that there were other small stubs of paper, one of them bearing the word *head*. The letters were in red ink, and were written by someone with a very feminine style of handwriting. As he made his way through the basket, he kept finding more words that he knew were handwritten by someone other than Anna. Eventually he found the word *wet*, and a fragment that said, *watch som*. On another piece, *vid*, and so on. It was only a matter of time before Phil felt that he had to put these pieces of paper back together, and as well as possible.

Anna was breathless at the sight of the estate. A perfectly manicured lawn stretched out across the property for quite some distance. Fountains and gardens marked various points along a path for one to admire. Many colorful flowers adorned the gardens. Anna parked her car in the driveway and made her way up to the door.

The door opened before Anna was able to knock. Alexis was waiting for her.

"Welcome." Alexis smiled sweetly and motioned for Anna to come inside.

Anna walked into the house and looked at Alexis. She was wearing a white long dress with matching high heels. Sweet incense filled the house which had a hypnotizing aroma.

"How are you?" Anna asked.

"I couldn't be better. It really helped to talk to you last night."

"That is good to hear. I have some unfortunate news however. My husband called and told me he was sent home early. Apparently he wasn't feeling well at work."

"My, I am sorry. What is wrong?"

"He didn't say. I told him I would be home this evening, so I can not stay here for more than a couple of hours. If I don't get home soon, I am afraid he may get suspicious."

"I see. Did you bring some movies?"

"Yes. I have the videos. I think that you will enjoy them. The best one out of the two

that I have is called Lessons of the City. It is about a young boy who grows up on a farm, but soon moves to the city to meet and experience older women. It is incredibly erotic."

"It sounds interesting. Let's watch it together."

Alexis took Anna into a large room with a nice looking entertainment center. There was a thirty inch wide screen on one wall, and large speakers on each side of the screen. After Anna handed the disc to Alexis, she put it into the player. Alexis adjusted the volume so it was still possible to talk over the sound, and sat down on the couch and started to watch attentively. Anna sat down about a foot away from Alexis. Soon, she found herself assessing her situation.

I have seen this movie before. I didn't come over here to watch it again. It is that hot body that Alexis has -- that's what I want. Anna mouthed the words almost out loud, almost as if they were a plea.

Phil had emptied out the trash that contained the loose pieces of paper, and had finally made more progress. Some of the pieces had tears in them that were jagged enough so that it was easy to find the other piece that was torn from it. After about a half hour of putting together the scattered fragments of paper, he had something like this:

After we watch some sexy videos...

...out to the pool.

He wasn't sure where to put the word *head* however. His best guess was that it fit into the other papers like this:

I am sure that we will get head together.

Phil liked what he came up with, but for some reason, the papers that created that sentence didn't fit just right. After moving some other papers around, he finally had something else that made sense. He now had a group of papers that looked quite a bit like the original note.

Now Phil had another question. Who in the world was Alex?

In any event, Phil realized what this note meant. In all of his worries about what Anna would think of him watching porn, he had finally found a strand of hope. He wasn't exactly sure what kind of videos could be considered *sexy and erotic*, but he could start by showing her the more "conservative" films, and then going on from there.

Back at the estate, while the two women watched the film, the erotic scenes started to build on top of each other. Finally, there came a scene where the young boy had to learn about some of the ways to keep a woman happy and sexually satisfied. If he didn't succeed, he was not allowed to live in the city. The women in the film had a very dominant personality, while the young boy was always forced to be very submissive. At one point, he was to help his female masters achieve a climatic sexual plateau, and this really turned Alexis on. After a moment, Alexis turned to whisper something in Anna's ear.

Thanks for bringing this movie over. It's making me hot. She then proceeded to put her hands in between her own legs, while lifting her head back over the top of the couch.

For crying out loud, when in the world is she going to make a move on me? Anna almost screamed the words in her mind. *I guess it is up to me then.*

Just as Anna moved her hand so that it was going around her friend's shoulder, her cell phone rang once again. Fortunately, she had it set on vibrate, so she asked Alexis if she could use the restroom.

"Hello," Anna stated.

"Hello dear. I was just wondering if you were coming home soon."

"Yes, soon."

Phil took a moment to muster up his courage. "You know dear, I have been thinking. How about if you get home as soon as you can so we could watch some movies together."

"What kind of movies?"

"Well, something sort of romantic, or even a bit sexy."

"Hmmm.. I suppose. What's in it for me?" Anna bravely asked.

"It is a surprise, and I don't think you will be disappointed," Phil quickly replied.

"Okay, you talked me into it." Curiosity always enticed Anna.

"I will see you soon then?" Phil asked hopefully

"I will be home in less than an hour. Bye for now."

Anna went back to the couch where Alexis was sitting. She wasn't sure what to do right away, but she sure felt like her time with Alexis wasn't going anywhere either.

Anna cleared her throat. "I should probably be going soon. I don't want my husband to think that I am doing anything mischievous. Besides, I don't think he is well. He's talking funny. I should keep a close eye on him."

"Well, thanks for stopping by. I hate to see you go so soon. Let me lead you out."

"Do you mind if I put on a change of clothes first?"

"No I don't mind. Besides, you wouldn't want to get pulled over by an officer like that. You would get accused of starting a fire somewhere. You can use the bedroom."

Anna changed into her leggings, and put the opaque top on as well. As Alexis walked with Anna to the front porch, Alexis looked at Anna and reached out to say goodbye with a warm embrace.

"I hope to see you again soon," Alexis whispered.

"I will call you. Goodbye for now," Anna replied.

"Goodbye."

As Anna was driving home, Phil had enough time to sort out his DVD collection. He put the movies out that were a bit more tame than the others, while the other extremely raunchy films he left in his briefcase. After doing his usual pushups and other exercises, he had some food, and felt that he was ready.

After opening the front door, Anna walked up to Phil. "Hello, I am home." Anna spoke the words precariously.

"Hello Anna. Like I told you on the phone, I have been thinking. I picked up some movies I think you might like. I don't know if you will enjoy them for sure, but I think they might help us in our relationship with each other."

After Anna's rather bleak experience of hardly being able to touch Alexis, at least where she wanted to, Anna was hesitant to even reply to the proposal. However, looking over the films, and what they were about, she was a bit surprised that Phil even possessed such items. She thought she would give one of them a try, since she figured that things couldn't get much worse.

After the first few minutes of Autumn Aroma, an asian girl with a shapely figure came dancing out in a forest, wearing nothing but fig leaves over her breasts and lower private area. The different positions that she put herself in, revealed her luscious behind. Anna's attention was quickly sparked. After a few more minutes of exotic dancing, a male came out on the set. It wasn't long before the couple performed erotic gestures with each other, which very much simulated the act of actual sex.

Where in the world did he get this? Anna couldn't help but think the words in her mind. However, she always loved shapely women, and started to get really hot. She could not help but see that Phil was getting turned on as well.

"What is your intention in watching these films? Is the whole movie like this?" Anna couldn't help but ask the questions, even though she knew she had the answers.

"No, it gets better," Phil smiled while making the statement a fact.

After a few more moments, the couple in the film was joined by another couple. A new male and a new female were added to the erotic dancing. This time however, the sex was much more real, and not just hinted at by exotic dancing. When one of the male dancers revealed his manhood, Anna felt as if a new chapter in her life had just started.

"So, what do you like to do when watching these kind of movies?" Anna looked at Phil in the eye, hoping for an honest answer, but not expecting one.

Phil moved close to Anna, so close that he was pressing himself against her body.

"Oh, I see," Anna whispered.

Anna took off her leggings and the extra layer of her thin top. Phil stared at her body for a moment, although he wasn't really surprised at her choice of sexy underwear. After Phil took

off her bra and put his hands on her breasts for the first time in six months, Phil and Anna had finally come home.