

Open Relationship

Cassie

"I'm sorry you want to do what?" I asked, my boyfriend Rick of 6 years. I looked at him hard as he explained to me how he wanted to try an open relationship, or maybe bring other women into our bed with both of us. His brown hair was disheveled as he paced and ran his fingers through it. His brown eyes were darting looks at me, as he took in my hostile eyes and posture. We'd been together since we were 16 and sophomores in high school. He grew from a lanky, lean, bean pole of a kid, to a 6-foot muscular man, with a swimmer's build. He was lean with wide shoulders, slight muscular chest and arms, a narrow waist and muscular thighs. We graduated from Columbia University. I have a major in Computer Science and minors in Coding and Cybersecurity. I was an amateur hacker, but that was my little secret. And he has degrees in Economics and Business Management. He kept droning on and on about how this could help our relationship. I didn't even know our relationship needed help. How this could spice things up. Didn't I just give him roadhead last night on the way home from a movie? How this could bring us closer as a couple. How much f*cking closer did he want to get? We lived together for f*cks sake.

"So, what you're telling me is, you want to f*ck other women, and you recommend having an open relationship, so it isn't considered cheating? Why not just break up with me Rick?"

"Because I love you and I still want to be with you. And this wouldn't be considered cheating if you just agree to us being open in our relationship." So he wanted his cake and then some. I stared at him while he stared at me with a hopeful, dumb look. Was I not enough? Am I not attractive enough? Is he not satisfied in the bedroom with me?

"I might be open to a threesome if it's with another man only."

"Absolutely not. I'm not touching another guy's d*ck!"

I sighed and rolled my eyes. Of course, he wouldn't be open to that.

"How about we just take a break? You can be with whomever you want during this break, and then we can talk about it in like, 6 months' time."

"No Cassie, I don't want to break up. I still want to come home to you. Okay, how about we don't do the threesome stuff, just hook up with others when it strikes our fancy. We never bring anyone home. If we stay out all night, we shoot a text to let the other know they won't be home. We don't fall for anyone else. And we'll be discreet so none of our friends or families find out."

"I'm just not understanding why, Rick? We have a good thing, or at least I thought."

"Cassie, we've only ever been with each other. Don't you want to know what it's like to be with someone else?"

"Um, no." I whispered in disbelief.

"Just give this a chance. You'll see it'll be a good thing."

"You know what, Rick, you do what you want. But know, you will regret this."

"Don't say that. This will work out."

"Fine.

I went into our bedroom and opened my side of the closet door. I found a short, red, sleeveless mini dress that would stop at mid-thigh. I knew it would hug my petite curves and showcase my C cup and bubble butt. I worked hard for my body. I lifted weights, ran three miles a day, and I was a black belt in Karate. I grabbed a pair of red ve-inch heels that had an ankle strap that would bring my 5 '2 tiny self, to 5' 7.

I then went into the bathroom, and jumped into the shower, shampooed and conditioned my hair. I scrubbed my body with my strawberry body wash and shaved my pits, legs and my v*gina bare. I hopped out, blow-dried and curled my long ebony locks that hit the middle of my back. Then I moisturized my face and put on my war paint. I didn't need any foundation or concealer, my skin was creamy and awless. I grabbed my black eyeliner and did a cat-eye look. Then I swiped on my black mascara. I dabbed on some bronze and brown eyeshadow and blended it in for a nice bronzy smokey look, making the emerald of my eyes pop. Last but not least, I did a bold red lip. Rick wanted to pick up other chicks, then ne. I knew I was hot. Let's see how he'll feel when I come home late tonight. I ran my fingers through my black hair, ung out my curls. I stared into the mirror.

"You are enough, there is nothing wrong with you. He's just having some premature midlife crisis at 22. No negative thoughts, you are HOT!"

I left the room with a little black clutch that I grabbed on my way out of the bedroom and grabbed my phone, ID, a credit card, keys, and a hundred and fty dollars out of my purse and put the items in my clutch.

"Where are you going?"

"Starting our open relationship. No time like the present to get d*ckmitized."

"Cassie, I didn't mean to start right away, we just talked about this."

I looked at him in disgust.

"You made this bed, Rick. Now sleep in it."

I left our little two-bedroom apartment and called my sister as I walked down the steps and out of the gate of the complex.

"Hello?"

I took the phone from my ear as my sister Becca shouted into it. In the background I could hear a lot of male laughter and cheers. Was she at a party?

"Becca, where are you?"

"I'm at my job babe, what do you need?"

"I need to see you, please. It's urgent."

"Um, Cassie, I'm at the MC. Are you sure you want to come here? The Lords of Chaos will eat you alive."

"Seriously, Becca? You know I can take care of myself. You also know I have no problem putting someone down or in the hospital."

Becca chuckled. "Like what you did to Michael Davis in high school, your freshman? Wooo, daddy had a t when he found out that boy put his hands on you and groped you."

I laughed, "Yeah, just like that. So, can I come? Will they mind?"

"No girl, they won't mind a pretty young thing like you coming into their club on a party night. Just to be safe, I'll let the President of the club know. I hope you dressed to impress."

"You have no idea, Becca. Rick pissed me off tonight, and I am out for blood."

"Oh, sh*t girl, everything okay?"

"I'll tell you when I get there. It's a sh*t show."

"Okay, baby sister. See you when you get here." I hung up and opened my Uber app. I really hope the person that picks me up won't have a problem going across town to the seedy side of New York.

While I waited for my Uber to arrive, I thought about my relationship with Rick. Was he right about this? We had only been with each other. But if you really loved someone, shouldn't you only want to be with each other? I was kind of hurt Rick didn't chase after me. Was he already looking for someone to hook up with? Or did he not care that I was dressed to the nines, to possibly hook up with someone? Did he think I wouldn't go through with it? Would I go through with it? Ugh, I hate this. Rick just destroyed my condence, no matter the pep talk I gave myself. What was I doing? I needed Becca's advice and some liquid courage.

The Uber pulled up and I got in.

"Where to?" said the young man behind the wheel that was eyeing me up and down. "The Lords of Chaos Motorcycle Club."

"You sure about that? Because the way you're dressed, you might be asking for trouble."

"Did I ask your opinion?"

"Fine, ne. But if you're looking for a good time, I get off at midnight," he said with a irritating grin.

I eyed him. He was cute, but not really my type. Wait, did I have a type? I just smiled and shook my head. He shrugged and pulled away from the curb. 30 minutes later, the car pulled up to the gate at the club. I said bye to my driver and got out. I walked up to a short, stocky, bald guy with an earring that had a wicked-looking dagger charm hanging off his left ear. He had on a white shirt, dark blue jeans, and sh*t kicker boots. He also wore a leather vest that had a patch on it that said prospect. His face was pockmarked and he had gleaming black eyes. His thin lips smiled at her.

"What can I do for you little lady?"

"Hi, I'm here to see Becca."

He pulled out a phone and dialed it. He told whoever that a ne piece of ass was at the gate for Beccs. After a minute, he hung up and pushed back the gate for me to walk through. As I passed, he made kissy noises. I smiled and winked at him and he chuckled. Taking a deep breath as I walked towards the door, I gave myself a little pep talk, "Okay b*tch, put your game face on." I grabbed the handle of the door and opened it.