

Yard Guy's Intentional Seduction

Author: Sonia

Chapter 1 My Husband's Rejection

My name's Wendy, and I'm a thirty-year-old stay-at-home wife.

When my husband, Mark, and I first started dating, I felt cherished and vibrant. We knew each other's bodies intimately, experimenting with everything. We were constantly in that honeymoon phase; we even got it on in his office once—talk about a thrill!

Mark is amazing. He's handsome, successful, and utterly spoiled me.

But six months ago, things changed. My happy marriage turned into a sexless one. He started working late all the time, and that thing became an afterthought.

On our anniversary, I slipped into my black lace lingerie, hoping to reignite the spark. I wanted to reconnect.

I wrapped my arms around him, whispering in his ear, "Honey, I want you."

He pushed me away. "You stay home all day; you don't know how hard I work. Can't you be a little more understanding?"

I was stunned. A wave of disappointment washed over me. I hadn't changed, but he had. His words lacked the tenderness he used to show me, replaced by impatience and indifference. What kind of job was so draining? I hadn't heard of any changes at his work. Why the sudden exhaustion?

"No, I don't want to understand," I said, wrapping my legs around his waist, holding on tight.

He reached down, and I braced myself, arching my back in anticipation. But he just gently removed my legs, turned over, and went to sleep.

It felt like a galaxy separated us. I nudged him, trying to talk, but he didn't respond, falling fast asleep.

I glared at his back, resentment simmering. I turned away, too.

The next morning, I woke to noise outside. Mark was already gone—again—leaving before I even had a chance to talk to him.

Annoyed, I looked out the window to see who was making so much noise.

It was Samuel, our new landscaper. His jawline was sharp, and he had this intense smile as he talked to someone. He was incredibly handsome, with a ruggedly attractive look.

He was shirtless, showcasing a ripped physique. His muscles rippled as he wielded a saw, his abs, chest, and biceps on full display. Total hunk.

One thought dominated my mind: *Wow, he's strong...*

My lips tingled, my heart pounded. A wave of intense arousal washed over me.

I was desperate!

The more I looked, the hotter I got. My body temperature soared. I unconsciously squeezed my legs together, only to feel the heat intensify.

I curled up, my legs clamped tight, staring at Samuel's back. Then, a warm rush escaped me.

Seeing the stain on the sheet, shame flooded me. I'd completely lost it! I'd gotten aroused just from looking at him!

It must be because I haven't been with a man in so long, I thought, blushing furiously, trying to rationalize my reaction.

My hand instinctively went down to soothe myself. My body was screaming for attention.

My vision blurred. I started imagining him holding me.

My face burned. The heat intensified.

Then, Samuel looked up.

"Ma'am, are you alright?"
