

# The Useful Rival



## Chapter 1

Derek was a good man. A strong man. One with a shy laugh and a chiseled chin. A kind demeanor and washboard stomach. Gentle eyes and pecks that made even tailored shirts fit him tight.

He was the kind of man every manhunting woman would want, and though many did, indeed, *want* him, Kiran was the one who had caught him.

But it didn't take a struggle or a chase. In fact, it took little more than finding him at a bar with his friends, and taking him. Without warning or introduction, laying her hands on his broad shoulders and leaning down.

"Hey stud." She whispered, before using her grips to turn him just enough to give her space to take a deep seat in his jeans-covered lap.

There were at least 8 other women in that bar, and each of them would have made the same bold move, had they thought it would work.

Most men like Derek knew their value. Their place in the food chain. And they used that status to either play hard to get, or as a key to the city -- or kitty, so to speak.

But Derek was different. Nature or nurture, he didn't see himself as a predator or other women as prey. And so, even as Kiran took her place in his lap, he did not place a hand on her. Not until, a few moments later, she reached for those hands of his, and then placed them on her body. One high up her thigh, and the other across her dress-hugged hips.

There, on that throne, she introduced herself to Derek's friends. Not as a stranger. Not as an interested girl at a bar. But as Derek's new girlfriend.

Derek had never met her before that night. Never intended to find a girl on that outing. But still, when Kiran made the unagreed-to proclamation, the strong, sheepish man simply smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Hours later, Derek was following Kiran back to her apartment. Days later, he was moving in with her. Weeks later, the last few remnants of his life before her were discarded. And months later, they were married.

Not in a church with all of Derek's friends and family, but at the civil clerk's office, without fanfare. By a dead-eyed civil servant, so that nobody had the chance to get in Kiran's way.

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## Chapter 2

Nearly 4 years later, the couple lived in a beautiful home in a neighborhood most would love to live in. Their combined income far more than enough to keep she and her stay-at-home hunk comfortable.

In many ways, Derek's life seemed idyllic. A beautiful wife. A gorgeous home. And space for their family to expand, should they decide to have children. They truly seemed to have everything a young couple could want. And yet, Derek felt a growing desire in his heart for more, though more of what, he did not know.

That longing was a secret he held well behind warm smiles, and days lived without complaint. The clock and calendar moving forward, and with each, his unspoken yearning grew.

Kiran too longed. She loved Derek. Truly. Deeply. Intensely. But she too wanted more from him. And the more that she wanted, unlike her husband, she could identify in an instant.

Pinpoint it in a flash.

She wanted him, now that he was her's in every conceivable way, to be what he wasn't when they met. To be that stud. That bull that he appeared to be. To reach for her with his strong arms, pick her up into the air, and take her to the bedroom. She wanted him to fuck her. To ravage her. To take her to rapture and back, and then ... to once more recede back into his shell.

Yes, he was kind.

Without question, he was handsome. In fact, he was in such shape, it often felt to Kiran like she was dating a reborn Greek god.

And though he looked like Hercules and Adonis, in the bedroom, he was neither. Not because he was unable to rise to the occasion, but instead because he lacked the requisite appetite and drive. He would have sex, if Kiran asked him. He would fuck her, if she took charge.

But it was clear to Kiran, that whatever it was that might drive Derek wild, she had not yet found it. A fact that left her ever with a watchful eye.

Not for temptations to hide from Derek, but for temptations to use to try and excite him

