

Up to Eleven

by Pan

One.

Eric was thoroughly unsurprised to see his wife was at One.

He'd known Jamie had a lower libido than him when he'd married her. He'd told himself that it would be fine, and that love would conquer all...and it wasn't like he'd been *wrong*. They'd been happily married for almost five years, and he really did love her.

It would just have been nice if she were a little more...adventurous. Sexual.

Horny.

Submissive.

It was this thought that got him over the edge - his body twitched, his right leg kicked, and his hand never slowed down as his cum arced over his own prone body.

Five minutes later, he'd cleaned up his mess, and headed downstairs to where Jamie had breakfast waiting for him.

That was the thing - it wasn't like she was withholding sex deliberately. If she *knew* how often he jerked off, how much he wished they would make love more than once every week or two, he was sure that she would have offered more.

But that wasn't what Eric wanted. He didn't want his wife to fuck him out of obligation - he wanted her to *want* him, as much as he wanted her.

That's why he'd bought it.

"Waffles?" Jamie trilled out merrily, and he shot her a smile.

"My favorite," he said warmly, and she leaned over for a kiss.

He hadn't used it. Not yet.

A part of him wondered if he'd *ever* use it. Hell, it probably didn't even work.

But if it was a scam, it was an extremely elaborate one. After he'd first calibrated it to his wife, the number had changed regularly. It could have just been at random, but...it didn't feel like it.

About six months earlier, Eric had decided to test it. When he and his wife made love, she was almost always the instigator. It was the only way he felt he could know for certain that Jamie wanted it, that she wasn't just making love to him to fulfill her side of the matrimonial contract.

She'd approach him about two or three times a month, a coy look on her face. Sometimes she'd just be wearing her normal around-the-house clothes, sometimes she'd be wearing much less. Once or twice, she'd even dressed in the lingerie she'd worn on their honeymoon, just to see the look of delight on his face when she did.

The signals couldn't have been more clear - he'd move his mouth to hers, run his hands around her body, and within half an hour he'd be cumming inside her. Sometimes Jamie came, sometimes she didn't; it wasn't a high priority to her. She just liked knowing that she'd made *him* happy. That was what excited her.

And knowing that she was excited was what excited Eric.

But as part of the test, Eric had - completely uncharacteristically - made a move on his wife.

They'd been laying in bed, he'd leaned over and kissed her, and it hadn't been long before she was writhing under his touch.

Before things got too far, he'd pulled back. To his delight, his wife's face now held that coy look he loved so much, but he'd fobbed her off, telling her that he'd just remembered a call he had to take for work.

As soon as he'd gotten back into his office, he'd checked the app, and sure enough...Seven. The highest he'd ever seen it go. His wife generally made her move when it got to Five.

One time, after of his regular out-of-town trips, he'd come home to find it at a Six. His wife had worn lingerie that night.

Eric sat in his office, slowly watching the knob tick back over the next hour and a half. When it got down to Four, he made his way back into the bedroom, knowing that was probably too low for his wife to initiate anything. He found her fast asleep, a half-smile on her adorable face.

Eric loved his wife. He loved their life together, he loved their once-a-week sex, he loved her body, he loved her mind. She was everything she'd ever wanted - he just wanted *more*.

He wanted her to approach him for sex every day. Twice a day. He wanted to make love to her as often as he brushed his teeth. And as much as he enjoyed taking his wife under the covers in the missionary position, he wanted to explore some of the positions he saw in dirty movies, some of the sexual stuff he'd read about online.

Eric wasn't a pervert; he didn't want to do any of the really extreme stuff he'd read about. Some of it excited him, sure, but only in the abstract. As hot as the *idea* of his wife swallowing his piss was, he knew that he'd never actually do it. He couldn't.

No matter how much he wanted to.

Similarly, even though he'd fantasized about seducing his wife's younger sister, it could never be more than that - a fantasy. Eric had a sister of his own, and the idea of doing anything with her was repulsive. Having his wife do something similar would be downright cruel; she would (quite rightly) find it repugnant, and it would probably ruin their family dynamic forever.

He wouldn't be able to live with himself.

And then there was stuff that he'd seen people discussing online that just made no sense to him at all. Like bestiality - the image of Jamie with their great dane, Rufio, the pup that she'd had since before they'd met...just the idea of it made Eric sick.

But there were some perverted images that held an undeniable appeal. Cumming on his wife's face, for example. Assuming that she was wearing her glasses, and there was no chance of any of his semen getting into her eyes, and there was a cloth nearby so they could clean it off again straight away...if all of those were true, *that* was an idea that got him hard.

Or submission. The idea of his wife begging for his cock, begging for him to cum. Begging for permission to use her body to please him, and obeying his every command.

If Eric had calibrated the app to himself instead of his wife, he knew that just thinking about his wife on her knees would be enough to send him straight to Seven or Eight.

After breakfast, Eric returned to his office. Unable to stop himself, he checked the app again.

One.

Jamie spent most of her time hovering between One and Two. What made her number rise and lower wasn't clear, but he figured that was just part of the mystery of women. When he saw it creep up to Four, he'd stop masturbating for a few days, knowing that they'd soon be making love.

The morning after sex, it'd drop straight back down to a One, where it would stay until the mood hit her once more.

The app had been absurdly expensive, but he'd been unable to resist. A few days after he'd downloaded it, it had disappeared from the store; Eric had tried googling around to see what had happened, but there were no references to it online anywhere. As far as he knew, the copy on his

phone was the only one that existed.

He just hoped that an OS update wouldn't render it unusable.

"Honey," Jamie said, coming into his office, startling him so much that he dropped his phone. "I..."

Eric turned to see what his wife wanted, and – to his great surprise – she had that look on her face.

That coy, two or three times a month look.

"What's up, darling?" he asked nervously. His wife had been at a One. He was sure of it. He'd just been looking at the phone.

He glanced down at his pocket computer, but it was sitting face-down on the carpet, and he couldn't see what the screen showed.

Pah. It was probably a scam after all. He'd spent more than a hundred dollars – a truly crazy amount of money to drop on an app – to be scammed by a simple interface with a number that fluctuated at random.

He sighed, turning back to his wife. If he'd suspected she was going to be 'in the mood', he wouldn't have bothered jerking off that morning.

"I came in to let you know that..."

Jamie trailed off and shook her head, her eyes dark with lust.

"...it doesn't matter."

To Eric's great surprise, his wife dropped to her knees in front of him. In all the time they'd been married, they'd never made love outside of the bedroom. Hell, they'd never made love outside the *bed*.

What had gotten into her so suddenly?

"I want you," she murmured. "God, Eric. I want to taste you..."

What was *happening*?

Eric's eyes widened.

The app.

Before he'd dropped the phone, he must have...he must have accidentally brushed up against the screen.

He must have adjusted his wife's number. Straight from a One to...god, he didn't even know what number he'd set her to. For her to make the first move, she had to be at least a Five.

For her to do something like *this*...god, she must have been at a Six.

Or higher.

"Honey," he gasped, as his wife's petite hands fished his cock out of his pants. "I..."

"Mmm?" she said, looking up at him. To Eric's surprise, he was hard again. Hard, after just cumming a few hours earlier; that was practically unheard of.

"Nothing," he whispered.

Eric stared, agape, as his wife's mouth slowly lowered over the top of his cock. This was something he'd fantasized about (literally that morning) but never, ever expected to see.

His eyes flicked towards his phone again.

The app had done this.

The app had made his dream come true.

A few minutes later, as Eric's hips thrust involuntarily and he came down his wife's willing throat, he realized; he would have to investigate the app a little closer.

Up to Eleven

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Two.

Jamie didn't say anything after swallowing his seed down. She just smiled shyly and stood up again, smoothing her skirt with her hands and leaving the room, leaving Eric on his office chair, his softening cock hanging out, traces of his wife's lipstick still visible.

"Wow," he said to himself. "Wow."

When he felt his strength return, he picked up his phone and turned it over.

Sure enough, his wife wasn't at a One, as she had been before entering the office. By the time he looked at his phone, she was at a Four – and fading fast! Eric didn't get any work done that morning, just sat and watched his phone, staring at the app as it slowly counted down. Four. Three. Two.

Two.

Two.

Eric narrowed his eyes. In the past, after he and his wife had made love, she always returned to a One.

Always.

He set the phone aside and tried to at least start to make a dent in the list of bug reports. Jamie didn't interrupt him again for the rest of the day. Clearly, whatever she'd come in to discuss with him hadn't been important enough to justify another visit.

The satisfied husband checked the phone again about once an hour, fascinated to see that it still wasn't dropping below a Two.

Perhaps his wife wasn't satisfied giving him head. Maybe cumming inside her pussy, even when it didn't cause her to orgasm, was enough to satiate her needs, to return her to a One.

Or maybe the adventure of what she'd done – blowing her husband for the first time, dropping to her knees to service him in his office – was as exciting to her as it was to him.

Or (and this was thought he couldn't shake as he stared at the app) perhaps manually adjusting her level had done something, had permanently affected her libido.

It was possible that cranking her up to a Seven, or an Eight, or whatever number he'd inadvertently hit...it was possible that had permanently affected her floor.

She might never return to a One again.

The idea excited Eric, although you wouldn't know from looking at him. His cock, worn out from all the excitement (two orgasms in a single morning!) barely stirred at the idea of his beautiful, sexy wife having a new, permanent lower bound to her arousal.

But he couldn't stop thinking about it.

That night, when he finished work and left his small home office, Eric checked his phone. Still Two.

He was tempted to push his wife to a Seven, just to see what would happen. Would she suddenly drop to her knees once more? What number had he moved her arousal to that morning? The app had no kind of log, so he couldn't check; the only way he'd know would be by playing with his wife's numbers and seeing what happened.

But he didn't. For one, he wasn't sure what would happen if his wife *did* paw at his trousers. He was confident that he wouldn't be able to give her the response that she expected; even if he did manage to get hard for a third time that day, there was a good chance his penis would lose interest halfway through.

Tomorrow, Eric told himself. I'll see what happens tomorrow.

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Three.

Eric didn't touch the dial the next day. Or the next day, or the next day, or the next day.

He continued to check it every hour or so, but as the days went past, the number never changed.

Two. Two. Two. Two.

Whether she was awake or asleep, whether she was working or at the gym or in the shower, the knob never moved.

Two.

He spent a lot of time watching his wife, trying to see if there were any discernible changes. Was she walking with a *little* more sway in her hips, or was that just his imagination? When her lips wrapped around the straw of her iced coffee, was there a saucy look in her eyes, or was he just projecting?

Was she a *hint* more cuddly than normal, or was she always this affectionate?

After a full week had passed, Eric decided he genuinely couldn't tell.

That, more than anything, was what gave him the courage to do it.

It wasn't to affect his wife's libido, he told himself. It wasn't to turn her on, it was just to... test. To see if he could tell the difference. It was research, that's what it was. If he could tell the difference between a One and a Three, he wouldn't have to wait for his wife to make the first move. He'd be able to tell when she was on the upswing, and then he could be ready.

He was just future-proofing their relationship; preparing for a day when the app no longer worked.

That's all it was.

And so, three days after their spontaneous tryst in his study, Eric did it. He waited until his wife was asleep, opened the app, and - for the first time - deliberately placed his finger on the number, slowly moving it to the right.

Three.

As soon as he'd done it, Eric closed the app. He didn't want to sneeze and move his wife to a Ten...or worse, discover there was a Zero. Or negative numbers! If raising her number had meant she was incapable of getting back down to a One, he couldn't even imagine what negative numbers would do.

Glancing over to his wife, he was unsurprised to see that he couldn't see a difference in her sleeping form. No, he'd have to wait until morning. That's when the changes - if there were any - would be perceivable.

Up to Eleven

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Four.

Eric woke up to find his wife's ass firmly pressed up against his erection.

His eyes widened in shock, and – careful not to awaken her – he reached for his phone.

Four! *Four*. He'd been very careful to tick Jamie up to a Three. How the hell had she reached a Four so quickly?

His palms sweaty, Eric got out of bed and made his way to the office, where it took him almost half an hour to calm down.

He'd made a mistake, he decided. Playing with the app was like Pandora's box. He should never have bought the damn thing, he should *never* have opened it, and he certainly shouldn't have deliberately manipulated his wife's arousal.

What had he been thinking?

The thing was clearly buggy, and not to be trusted. That must have been why it was taken down from the store.

He had to delete it. He *had* to. As long as it was on his phone, he'd be tempted to mess with it, to affect Jamie's libido, and that wasn't wrong. He loved her, she loved him, and they had a relationship built on trust. Messing with her mind, messing with her excitement...it was wrong. It was so, so wrong, and he couldn't believe he'd even considered the prospect, let alone carried through on it!

Taking a deep breath, Eric picked up his phone. The app was still open, and he was surprised to see that Jamie was back down to a Three.

For the next several minutes, Eric stared at the screen in his hands.

Three. It clearly, clearly said Three.

Had he imagined the change that morning? He'd just woken up, after all...but no, he knew what he'd seen. He'd set it to Three, and woken up to a Four. He would have bet his life on it.

"Morning," his wife said with a smile. Eric jumped in shock, but was careful not to drop his phone. Before turning off the display, he glanced at it once more.

Three. It *definitely* said Three.

"Good morning," he said, reaching out his hands. Jamie took them, then stepped forward and gave him a soft kiss on the mouth.

"How'd you sleep?" he asked, smiling at the uncharacteristic greeting. His wife was no stranger to physical affection, but the way she'd kissed him...

He was starting to recognize the signs of a Three.

"Mmm," she moaned, causing her husband's cock to stiffen in his pants. "I had such good dreams all night long..."

With a grin, she leaned forward, and gently rested her hand on Eric's erection.

"As did you," she continued with a wink.

"I...I..."

"This little fellow was *very* affectionate last night," she purred, giving his cock a light squeeze. "I felt you against me all night long..."

"Oh?" Eric asked, lost for words. He could feel a sweat beginning to form his forehead.

"It was nice," she said, a flirtatious grin on her face. "It's nice to feel wanted, you know?"

"Uh huh," Eric stammered. "Mmm."

Jamie let go of his cock and stepped back. "Anyway, I'm going to put the coffee on. You want me to bring one up for you?"

“Mm-hmm. Um, yes. T-that’d be nice. Thanks!”

“No problem, hot stuff,” Jamie said, throwing her husband another stunning smile. “I’ll see you in a bit.”

The moment his wife was out of the door, Eric had the phone out once more.

Four.

Four, slowly creeping towards a Five.

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Five.

For the rest of the morning, Eric got almost no work done. Every time he started a task, he'd find himself pulling out the app and staring at it.

By lunchtime, it had hit a Five.

Eric knew what a Five meant. A Five meant his wife – his prudish, almost asexual wife – was so worked up, she'd soon be trying to seduce him.

He'd caught her at a Five in the middle of the day a few months ago, but it hadn't changed her behavior. She'd still waited until they were in bed before making her move: rolling over and looking at him invitingly, moving her hand down his body...

It was hot, but it was always in bed.

Always.

The office blowjob had been unprecedented. Both parts, in fact: the office AND the blowjob. He had no idea what level had inspired it...and with the unpredictable way that the app was working, he didn't know if he wanted to.

By 3pm, Eric had officially missed a deadline on one of the cases he was working on, but it didn't matter.

His wife was at a Six.

His wife was at a Six, and still climbing.

A part of him was tempted to see what would happen if he turned her down. She was going to approach him for sex that night; of that, he was certain. If he rebuffed her, would it deflate her number? Would she drop back down to a Two – or even a One? At this stage, he would frankly have found that more comforting than disappointing.

Or would her number be unaffected? Would it continue to rise, until it got all the way to Ten?

If a spontaneous office blowjob had been, say, an Eight...what would a Ten look like?

By 5pm, Jamie was past Seven, and Eric couldn't handle the stress any more. He closed down his computer and left his office, to find Jamie downstairs with a saucy look in her eyes.

"H-hey babe," Eric stammered, and his wife growled seductively in response.

Less than a minute later, Jamie was sitting on the couch, while his wife enthusiastically rode him. They'd never had sex outside a bed before...but now, twice in two days?

The app definitely wasn't a scam.

It wasn't long before he was gasping with orgasm. Eric's climax triggered his wife's, and he got to appreciate a brand new perspective: watching from below as his wife's eyes fluttered with orgasm.

"Mmm," Jamie hummed happily, pulling herself off her husband's rapidly-softening cock. "I don't know what's come over me lately."

She hesitated, a hint of nervousness in her eyes. "I hope that's okay?"

"I'm definitely not complaining," Eric smiled, his heart racing. Partially because of the sudden, intense sex that they'd just had, but mostly from guilt.

He knew exactly what had caused his wife's sudden change in mood.

Him. The app. And with post-orgasm clarity, he could again see how wrong it was. His wife was a person – she had free will, and her autonomy deserved to be respected.

"Me neither," she replied, raising her eyebrows happily. "I'm loving it."

As soon as Jamie left the room, Eric pulled out the app.

Six, rapidly moving towards a Five. He continued staring at it while his wife prepared dinner - by the time they were finished eating, he was relieved to see that she'd returned to a Two, and while the acceleration had slowed, it looked like she was destined for a One.

He wasn't sure whether to be excited or disappointed, but at least he knew that whatever he'd done the previous day hadn't been permanent.

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Six.

The next day, Eric was awoken by an angry phonecall about the deadline he'd missed. Giving his wife a quick peck on the forehead, he moved straight into his office and didn't get a chance to tear himself away from his computer until well after lunch.

Jamie had brought him both breakfast and lunch, but he'd been so busy putting out virtual fires that he'd barely even noticed her coming in.

At 3pm, the files were signed and sent, and he had a chance to breathe again.

Glancing over at the phone, he told himself that he shouldn't. He shouldn't, right? He'd been happy with their old sex life. It hadn't been everything he'd ever wanted, of course, but what was? He'd been happy, Jamie had been happy - he should just let sleeping dogs lie.

Of course, yesterday, in the living-room...

And the day before, in the office...

And hadn't Jamie *said* how much she was loving the sudden new libido she'd found herself with?

Like a virtual moth drawn to an electronic flame, Eric was unable to stop himself picking up the phone. As his trembling fingers typed in his passcode, he reminded himself that he was just *checking*. When he'd checked before going to sleep, his wife had been at a One.

Safe, familiar One.

Trusty, reliable One.

Boring, unexciting One...

With a sigh of resignation, Eric opened the app, and was alarmed by what he saw.

Six?

Six??

Jamie, just one day after they'd had mind-blowing couch sex, was at a Six.

His eyes widened as he realized that she wasn't *just* as a Six.

She was at a Six...and climbing.

Leaning back in his chair, Eric realized that he was messing with something he didn't understand. He hadn't touched the app since the previous morning, and Jamie *never* reached a Six naturally in a single day.

No, this wasn't right. He should never have altered her number. Something was happening, something out of his control. And as a result...

Eric's cock slowly thickened as he realized what the number on the screen meant. In a few hours, when his workday was done, he could go downstairs and make love to his wife again. Three times in three days! That was more sex than they'd had on their honeymoon.

And not just 'make love'. He could...fuck her. His gentle, loving, demure wife - he could bend her over the kitchen table, and make lo-...*fuck* her, right in the middle of the kitchen.

He'd never before had sex standing up, and the prospect was undeniably alluring.

And hell, if this pattern repeated, he could do the same thing the next day...and the next... and the next! He could fuck his wife every day for the rest of his life, taking her in every room in the house. Maybe if he waited until later in the evening, she'd be even more adventurous, and he could do some of the other things he'd long been fantasizing about.

All his dreams were coming true, and he didn't even need to do anything about it. The app had already been activated; now all he needed to do was sit back and reap the benefits.

It was tempting. It was very, very tempting...

But he couldn't. He couldn't do it. Downloading the app in the first place had been a mistake; using it to alter his wife's libido was unforgivable. It was wrong...and more than that, it was dangerous. It was already behaving in unpredictable ways; who knew what would happen if he allowed things to continue?

He couldn't do it.

With a heavy sigh, Eric moved his finger to the app, and adjusted his wife back down to One, as she typically would have been after a day of making love.

I should delete it, he told himself. I should just remove it from my phone, destroy the temptation completely. Ensure that I never open it again.

But he didn't.

For the next several days, Eric watched the app intently. To his great relief, his wife never moved off a One.

Jamie didn't say anything about the past few days. No mention of the office blowjob, or the amazing sex they'd had on the couch. And she never discussed with him the day that she'd felt her arousal level slowly rising throughout the day, then rapidly disappearing again.

A week passed, then two. Eric checked the app every day, and Jamie stayed the course.

One.

One.

One.

One.

A month after Eric had adjusted his wife's libido level, he was starting to get worried. In all their years of marriage, they'd *never* gone this long without having sex before. He knew that he couldn't be the one to initiate – not while she was at a One – but as time passed, her number never shifted.

One.

One.

One.

One.

At the end of the sixth week, Eric was starting to realize the extent to which he'd messed up. His wife eventually brought it up herself - "Sorry, darling," she'd said sadly. "I guess I'm just in a valley, you know?"

"Don't worry about it," he replied soothingly. "Let me know if there's anything I can do."

"I will," she said sadly, reaching out and patting his hand. "You too, okay?"

Eric's first instinct was to ask her for a blowjob, a handjob, *anything*. He was climbing the walls; he couldn't remember ever being so worked up. The horny husband was jerking off at least once a day, sometimes twice, and the more frustrated he got, the more tempted he was to reopen the app...

After all, he reasoned, this is why I kept it. In case something screwed up, and the app was the only fix.

And something had definitely screwed up.

But he was a good husband, and a moral man, and he knew that he couldn't mess with his wife's libido. He just couldn't.

What if he made things worse?

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Zero.

At the eight week mark, Eric opened the app to an alarming sight.

Zero.

Zero!

He hadn't even realized the app *went* to Zero.

In all the time he'd had the app, he'd never seen it go below One. He'd assumed that was the floor - that it was a standard scale, from One to Ten.

What the fuck did *Zero* mean?

Eric went about his workday, a vague feeling of unease hanging over him. When his wife came in to bring him his lunch, the unease turned into dread.

She had a...a look about her. Like her fire had gone out inside. Like she was still doing what she had to do, but there was no *her* any more.

If One was the lowest a person was meant to go, Zero was unhealthy.

Zero, Eric realized, was depression.

As soon as Jamie left, he knew what he had to do. He had to raise that number. He *had* to. If he still could.

Up to Eleven

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Seven.

Eric stared at the app for a long time.

A *long* time.

He hadn't ever meant to use it again. He'd realized the danger of what he was playing with; he'd seen how easily it could backfire.

His wife was the most important thing in his life, and just the *idea* of hurting her, of doing something to damage her in any way...it was the worst thing he could imagine.

But he already had. He'd used the app. Eric had caused his wife to hit Zero, and he needed to fix it.

Part of him wanted to just move it to One. Get his wife out of the depression, return her to the status quo of the last few months.

But the last time he'd manually moved his wife back to One, she'd stayed there. She'd maintained her bare minimum libido, until the last of her sexual energy had died out.

Who was to say that the same wouldn't happen this time?

And if he was messing with her libido anyway, wouldn't it be better to change it to something that would make them both happy?

Three.

When he'd manually adjusted his wife to a Three, it had caused some kind of loop. Every day, she'd slowly risen to Six, Seven; she probably would have gone higher, if he'd waited.

Every day, he'd get to fuck his wife. And not just late at night, with the lights out, in the missionary position.

He'd get to take her in the kitchen, in his office. In *her* office.

Maybe in the living-room, against the window, where the neighbors could see.

Not that he actually wanted them to, of course. He'd make sure that they only did that when he was sure no one was home. But the *risk* of being seen...

Eric took a deep breath. He needed to make sure he was doing the right thing here, not just letting his penis do the thinking for him. It had been two months since his dick had last gotten what it wanted, so it was not shy about sharing its opinions on the matter, but he had to do what was right.

He had to do what was right by Jamie, first and foremost.

...and if that happened to line up with what his cock wanted, well – what was the harm in that?

"I'm loving it." Like a McDonald's commercial of old, Jamie had been pretty clear about her feelings when she'd been in the 'loop', slowly getting more aroused throughout the day. He hadn't pushed her into sharing how she felt, and it had been right *after* they'd fucked, so Eric was confident that it hadn't been the app's influence making her share her excitement.

She wanted it. He was as sure of that as he'd ever been. The app had cured her near-asexuality, and she'd never been happier.

And, in a happy coincidence, her happiness lined up exactly with his dick's.

Eric knew the next step. He knew what he had to do.

And he didn't want to make his wife suffer any longer than was necessary. Normally he would sleep on a major decision like this, but every moment he hesitated was another moment that his wife was stuck in whatever sexual depression his actions had caused.

And so just a few minutes after Eric decided what to do, he did it. With a deep breath, he

placed his finger on the app, and slowly, carefully slid it to the right.

One.

Two.

Three.

Proud of himself for not listening to his insistent erection, silently screaming at him to see exactly how high the app went (if it could dip below One, could it go above Ten?) Eric carefully raised his finger and closed the app.

Downstairs, he was enormously relieved to see that his wife's demeanor had changed. It was as though someone had flipped a switch - gone was the hollow gaze that he'd woken up to that morning.

Instead, he was met with the flirty look that he knew his wife got when she was at a Three.

"Hey handsome," she said. "You want some toast?"

"I'm good," he said, feeling as though a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

Jamie was okay. His wife was going to be okay. He'd undone whatever damage he'd caused - he'd pulled her out of the pit his actions had accidentally dropped her into.

He'd saved her. Sure, he'd been the one to cause the issue in the first place, but the truth remained: he'd saved her.

"Yeah you are," she purred. A goofy grin spread across Eric's face. His wife had still been loving, still been present...but he hadn't realized how much he'd missed this, *this*. The way that she looked at him when she was in the mood, the way it made him feel, to be wanted.

"You're in a good mood," he replied, and she laughed in response.

"Yeah, I guess I am."

To his surprise, Jamie sauntered over to her husband, wrapped her arms around him, and looked into his eyes.

"How are you?"

"I-I'm good," he stammered.

Jamie bit her lip, and her eyes flicked down his body. There were few things that his wife could do that *wouldn't* give Eric an erection, but this move was pretty close to the bottom of that list.

"Oh yeah?" she said, sinking to her knees. "I bet I could make you feel a lot better..."

A mix of emotions rushed Eric, fighting for dominance. Excitement, arousal...and fear.

He'd set his wife to a Three. A *Three*. He knew what a Three looked like: it was fun.

Flirtatious. A Three was a good time, but not *this* good a time.

As Jamie unbuckled his pants, Eric desperately wished that he hadn't left his phone upstairs. He didn't want to put a halt to the second blowjob he'd ever received from his wife (his dick would ever forgive him if he did) but he would have given almost anything to know exactly what number his wife was currently at.

"Mmm," Jamie whispered to her husband's erection. "I've missed *you*."

A part of Eric knew that it was important that he focus, that he try to solve this - his wife's mental health was at stake! - but it wasn't long before that part of him was overruled, his erection succeeding in its coup against reason, fueled by the pleasure of his wife's truly talented tongue.

Just as he was about to cum, his wife surprised him again. Pulling his cock out of her mouth, she looked up at him, her eyes clouded with lust.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Eric, please...I need to feel you inside of me."

Before he could find the words to respond, she'd pulled down her shorts and her panties,

and was laying back on the couch. “Fuck me,” she moaned once more. “Oh, god...I need it. Fuck me!”

Eric had never heard his wife so powerfully aroused, and it wasn't long before he was inside her. The sheer heat of the situation was enough to tip Eric over the edge, and it only took a few short thrusts before he was cumming, his cock pulsing as he climaxed inside his wife.

Jamie came as soon as he did. He could feel her tremble beneath him as she climaxed, her breath coming out in small, desperate pants. There was a long pause, the only sound in the room the excited breath of the spent couple.

“Wow,” Jamie finally said. She was still wearing a top and shoes; her shorts and panties were bunched up around her ankles.

Eric had never seen her wearing anything sexier.

“Wow yourself,” he said, unable to stop a nervous grin from appearing on his face.

“I guess I don't mind if we go a few months without sex, if that's how we break the drought...”

Eric tried to hide his dismay. Even now, even after using the app again, she was *happy* to have spent the last several months in a sexless marriage?

Before he could say anything, Jamie moaned slightly as she pulled his softening dick out, and pulled her pants back up.

“Thanks, stud,” she said, her demeanor exactly as it had been when Eric had entered the room.

What the fuck was happening?

As soon as he got back into his office, Eric pulled up the app.

Three.

It still read Three, just as it had when he left.

Not for the first time, he cursed the fact that the app seemed to have no history, no memory. Had it been at a Three for the entire time he was downstairs? Had a two-month stint at One and a brief foray into Zero somehow...reset his wife's scale? Was Three the new Seven?

Or was there something else entirely going on?

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Eight.

Eric kept a close eye on the app for the rest of the day.

For the few hours after their shared orgasm, it stayed at Three. Around the time he was finishing up his last tasks for the day, however, he saw movement – it slowly crept up to Four.

By the time he logged out of his computer, it was a Five.

He went downstairs to find that his wife was flirty, but nowhere near where she'd been earlier that day, when she'd dropped to her knees and spontaneously given him the second blowjob she'd ever given him. Maybe two months without sex had affected her as much as it had him, and now that the dry spell was broken she'd regained some self-control?

Aware of just how rude he was being, he kept checking his phone throughout dinner, watching his wife slowly drift from a Five to a Six to a Seven.

By the time they got to bed that night, she was at an Eight. An Eight! The highest he'd ever, ever seen the app go.

If the Three earlier had led to a spontaneous blowjob, he had no idea what Eight would look like.

As soon as the lights were turned out, Eric felt his wife's hand under the covers, reaching for his cock. It was hard again (it felt like he'd been hard for hours, watching her number slowly rise) and Jamie was completely unsubtle about what she wanted.

"Fuck me again," she whispered directly into his ear. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about how good it was earlier. God, Eric, you're so sexy..."

He'd only used the app again because he'd had to, because it had somehow glitched out and turned his wife into a walking sexual zombie. He'd had no choice - he'd done what was best for her, what was best for Jamie, because he loved her.

But as his wife climbed on top of him and slowly lowered herself onto his cock, he had to admit...things couldn't have worked out better for him.

Jamie gasped slightly as the last inch of his cock slid inside her.

"God," she said breathily. "Eric...I'm so full. You're filling me up so good..."

Eric didn't say anything. In response to his wife's dirty words, he just reached up and (after a few moments of fumbling) found his wife's bare breast. Jamie had been wearing her favorite pair of thin silk pajamas when she'd gotten into bed just a minute ago; he wasn't sure when she'd slipped out of them again, but he certainly wasn't complaining.

She groaned with pleasure as his fingers found her nipples, and pinched them roughly.

His gorgeous, normally-frigid wife, riding him naked in bed while he played with her tits.

He could definitely get used to this.

The next day, Jamie was at a Three when she awoke, but almost immediately started rising again. By lunchtime, she was back at an Eight. Eric had been staring at the app in bewilderment when his wife surprised him by walking in – naked – to his office, dropping to her knees, and then riding him in his office chair when he was hard.

Again, that took her back down to a Three...but by bedtime, she had returned to an Eight.

That night, they left the lights on as Eric's wife came around his cock.

The rest of the week followed the same pattern. Twice a day, Jamie would initiate sex, reaching climax as soon as she felt her husband cumming inside her. Eric always checked his phone after she did; his wife always dropped straight back down to Three after she came, but he never saw her go any lower than that.

Eric was in heaven. It was everything he'd dreamt of when he'd first downloaded the app; his beautiful, loving wife finally had a libido that matched his fantasies. She was constantly wet, perpetually hungry for his cock, and (as he discovered as soon as he built up the courage to try it out) was completely open to any of Eric's lewd suggestions, so long as she was at an Eight or higher.

At his request, she'd allowed him to pull out as soon as he felt his orgasm approaching, and cum onto her face. He'd been amazed to discover that despite the fact that he was no longer between her legs, just watching him orgasm was enough for his wife to reach her own climax.

The sight of Jamie rolling around the floor in orgasm, his cum coating her face, sticking on her glasses...it was almost enough to get him hard enough for a second round straight away.

A few days later, he mentioned how much it would turn him on if she acted submissive, obedient. Jamie took to it like a duck to water – she'd always been a people-pleaser, but the knowledge that her husband found it hot when she obeyed him was all the motivation she needed to turn that aspect of her personality up to eleven.

"Please, sir," she'd beg, her eyes glassy with lust as she knelt in front of him. "Master, please...your slave needs your cock. Your slave needs your cock inside her. Please...I'll do anything."

"I'll do anything."

Eric knew that it was just play, but he suspected there was some truth to her words.

When she was at an Eight, it was like lust completely took over her brain. Like she was no longer play-acting, she really *did* need his cock. That she needed to cum, like it was a higher priority than anything else in her life at that moment. Like she lost all sense, all reason; she her body only existed to serve him.

No – to serve her. To server her up orgasms. When she was at an Eight, that was all she cared about.

"Beg for it," he'd say teasingly, a huge smile on his face. Post-orgasm, when she was down to a much more reasonable Three or Four, Jamie had once compared his expression to a kid in a candy store, and he had to admit...that was what it felt like.

All of his secret desires, everything he'd ever wanted from his wife...it was all coming true.

"Please," she'd beg, her voice cracking with need. "Please...I need it."

Before long, she was begging for more than his cock. She was begging for permission to cum - the first time she'd hit Eight on the fifth day, he'd told her how sexy he'd find it if she waited to cum until he commanded it. It had clearly been a struggle, but she'd obeyed.

She loved to obey him.

The next step had been more than just waiting for the order, but begging for it. He'd once been tempted to see what happened if he didn't grant it – would she keep rising past an Eight? To a Nine? A Ten?

Or even higher?

But after several minutes of begging, tears would enter her eyes, and he couldn't deny her any longer. He had never been able to deny Jamie anything.

More now than ever. Even as his wildest sexual fantasies were coming true, Eric was struggling every day with guilt about how he'd gotten there. He was happier than he'd ever been – as was Jamie, from what he could tell – but he hadn't earned it. He had cheated...not on his wife, of course, something he'd never do.

No, he'd cheated in a way that was somehow worse. More fundamental. He still had no idea how the app worked, but he knew that it had done something that should have been impossible.

And so when his wife's voice got desperate, Eric gave her what she so desperately wanted. Whether she was begging for his cock, or to orgasm, or for *him* to orgasm, he'd do everything he could to make her happy.

Eric loved his wife more than anything. More than himself, or the sexual paradise he found himself living in; more than even his cock. If Jamie wanted it, she'd have it, no matter what it was.

As well as that, he didn't want to take any risks. After two weeks, he was confident that the current loop was stable. Three to Eight in the morning, then back down to Three, then Eight again at night.

It worked. It was reliable. Predictable. Not the sex – Jamie made sure that every time was different, that every time they fucked was unique. The sex itself was as far from predictable as Eric could imagine sex being, especially compared to what they'd had before.

But the rhythm was predictable; hot sex during his lunch break, hot sex again at night. Sometimes in the bed, sometimes pressed up against the living-room window (if Eric had seen both his neighbor and her wife leave the house).

It was safe. There were no devastating lows, and Jamie's numbers never fluctuated.

Eric was living a perfect life, and he didn't want to do *anything* that might ruin it.

And as long as he played it safe, what could possibly go wrong?

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Nine.

Eric stared at the email, his heart sinking. He could practically feel it in his boots.

He should have seen it coming, really...but he hadn't.

The past few months had been the best of his life. Since his wedding day, he'd considered marrying Jamie to be the smartest move he'd ever made, but now it was clear to him that popping the question had now been usurped by purchasing the app.

Purchasing the app, and somehow calibrating Jamie's arousal to such a perfect loop.

He'd kept waiting for the other shoe to drop. For something to glitch out, or for Jamie to get suspicious, or to get inexplicably sick of it.

But it hadn't happened.

If Eric had been tasked with designing heaven, it would have looked exactly like his the past few months. Each and every day, his wife and he would have a quickie at lunch. He'd cum inside her – or, on rare occasions, *onto* her – and then they'd repeat the experience at dinner.

All of his fantasies (well, the ones he felt comfortable sharing) had come to life. Eric had cum into his wife's hair, on her chest, and after he'd spent several weeks building up the courage to ask, she'd even let him cum onto her ass.

He wasn't completely confident that she'd have agreed to anal, if he'd asked, but there was certainly no evidence to suggest otherwise. Maybe for his birthday.

Everything was perfect. *Perfect.*

And then...

"Honey," Eric called out, his voice wavering. Jamie appeared within moments, dressed in the French Maid outfit he'd purchased from the internet. His cock perked up at the sight, but he mentally slapped it back down again.

He had something to deal with first.

"What is it, master?" she asked, a deliberately-docile look in her face.

She knew exactly how to turn him on, and he loved it.

"Look at this," he said, turning his monitor to face her.

The look of stupidity she'd so diligently learned for him disappeared as his wife read the email, then turned to him.

"What's wrong?"

Eric closed his eyes and mentally counted to five.

She was right, of course. If you didn't know what you were looking for, there was nothing wrong to see. He went away all the time. But by chance, he hadn't needed to since the good times had begun. The last time he'd had to leave was during the "weeks of One".

What was Jamie going to do without him there twice a day, to get her off?

He'd had to work through lunch on several occasions, and by the time he was able to service his wife, she'd actually been at a Nine.

A Nine!

She was all but gibbering as she desperately tore his clothes off, and Eric had never before felt his wife so wet.

If he'd known it was orgasm-based, he would have felt a lot better about going away for a week. But he'd done some tests, taking full advantage of the fact that Jamie was so happy to obey his every command. At one point, he'd forbidden her from reaching climax for two full days...but the effect on her libido hadn't been what he'd expected.

After he came inside her (or onto her), her number still dropped, even without Jamie receiving an orgasm of her own. The drop wasn't as extreme as if she came, admittedly, and her ascent afterwards was far quicker than average, but it had led him to a simple conclusion – it wasn't getting off that satisfied her.

It was getting him off.

To confirm, he'd instructed her to get herself off while he worked, using some toys that he'd ordered online. Again, the effect on her number wasn't what he'd expected.

Yes, it had dropped, but the shift was only a fraction of what happened after she got him off. A Seven to a Six...and she'd bounced back to a Seven less than an hour later.

And so Eric had tried a third experiment. It hadn't been easy, but he had made love to his wife without reaching orgasm. Jamie had been alarmed, but he'd assured her that it was perfectly normal (that may have been true for some, but Eric had never had any trouble cumming) and that he was still more than satisfied.

To his surprise, checking the app revealed that Jamie was again very nearly as satisfied as she was when he came, forcing him to revise his theory once more.

She hadn't been lying when she'd used the classic line. Sex really *wasn't* about getting off. She cared not for her own orgasms, or for his.

It was sex that satisfied her, pure and simple.

And so what was going to happen when he was gone for seven days, and completely unable to give her the twice-a-day fuck they'd both grown accustomed to?

Up to Eleven

by Pan

Ten.

Eric paced back and forth in his hotel room.

It was fine. Everything was fine.

Of course it was fine.

It had taken Jamie a lot of effort to convince him to go. “I’m a grown woman,” she’d assured him. “I’m pretty sure I can survive without my husband for a week. I’ve done so dozens of times – why would this be any different?”

Eric had even emailed his boss, asking if there was any alternative.

Nope.

His job was well-paid enough to support both him and his wife. He got to work from home on projects that engaged him, he set his own hours, and he had one of the best health insurance plans out of anyone he knew.

But the job had certain requirements, and regular face-to-face time with clients was one of them.

So the choice was simple: go on the trip, leaving Jamie alone for a week...or quit his job.

Eric had to admit - the latter was extremely tempting. He’d found heaven. Why risk that for a paycheck?

But in all his years of marriage, Eric had never lied to his wife about anything of importance, and the line of questioning that suddenly quitting his job would open up meant that he’d either have to come clean about the app, or lie directly to her face.

In the few days left before his trip, Eric had more sex with his wife than they would have had in a full month before the app. Even when his dick ran out of oomph and refused to participate, he went down on her, or used his fingers, or used one of her various toys.

He was one part delighted, two parts horrified to discover that his wife was practically insatiable. Even after cumming again and again, she never turned him down. He managed to sneak the occasional look at the app between Jamie’s orgasms, and couldn’t believe it; even if her number dipped for a moment, playing with her (or even just telling her that he was going to) was enough to get it back up again almost instantaneously.

The hope had been that he could wear her out, ensure that while he was gone, her number remained at a manageable level...but it seemed he was suddenly destined to have the opposite problem to that which he’d encountered during most of their marriage.

No matter what he did, his wife wanted *more*.

As his wife had driven him to the airport, he’d thumbed the phone in his pocket. He could manually set her back to a One, just while he was away...when he returned, maybe setting her back to a Three would exactly recreate the loop they were currently in.

But, of course, maybe it wouldn’t.

The app was so unpredictable – it hadn’t yet done exactly what he’d expected, and everything was so perfect right now; he didn’t want to risk it. He couldn’t.

Worst of all, there was always the chance she’d return to a zero. The sight of his wife’s dead eyes had been the single most horrific sight Eric had ever witnessed – he couldn’t have that happen again.

It wasn’t worth the risk. Nothing was.

So he’d made the decision not to touch the app, to avoid doing anything that could irrevocably change things in either direction. He didn’t want to lose what they had...and he’d do

anything to avoid putting his wife back into a depression.

Instead, they'd made plans. They would Skype every day. Twice a day, if possible. Since Eric knew his wife's satisfaction came from satisfaction itself, not sex, perhaps getting off with him on camera would be enough to scratch her itch.

He could only hope.

For the first few days of his trip, everything had gone exactly as planned; at least twice a day, he'd found time to go back to his hotel room, lower his pants, and jump on Skype. Jamie, of course, had no idea that his phone was open beside the laptop as they video chatted (and did so much more than chat), and Eric was fascinated to watch the numbers shift in real time.

She was basically always at a Six or higher when the call started, and at the sight of his cock, she'd almost immediately jump to a Seven. Eight.

He'd talk sexy to her, silently praying that the people in the next room couldn't hear his dirty words through the wall. For the first time, he could see exactly what got her excited – she'd never before told him, but his wife apparently found being called a “dirty little girl” quite the turn-on, almost as much as when calling him “daddy”.

When she came, she'd spike to a Nine. No wonder she'd been struggling to talk when he'd missed their midday fuck.

To his delight, she'd hit a Nine when *he* came as well. Perhaps both of them cumming together would be what was needed to push her to the assumed upper limit of her arousal: a Ten.

Eric could only hope.

Then, the weekend arrived.

Eric's client, to celebrate the success of the big project they'd closed together, had organized a tour of Orlando. He'd procured VIP tickets to Universal Studios, then followed it up with a booking at the city's glitziest restaurant. At the start of the day, Eric had tried to keep in touch with his wife via text, but was too nervous to open the flurry of photos she responded with. What if someone saw?

He'd finally broken away from the group at lunch, and at the sight of the raunchiest nudes he'd ever seen outside of a porn site, had been extremely glad that he hadn't opened them while anyone was around.

It had been hours before he got another chance to pull his phone out; this time, as well as another collection of sexy images, she'd sent more than a dozen videos.

“Sorry boys,” he'd said with a guilty grin. “Got to phone the wife.”

Hurriedly marching away from the good-natured jeers, Eric had called Jamie...

...and she hadn't picked up.

He double-checked the stream of messages he'd received just a few hours earlier - she hadn't said anything about being unavailable, just detailed worked up she was. She'd definitely been at home – apparently she'd landed on a fashion show as the best way to sate her needs, dressing up in lingerie, her French maid outfit, a schoolgirl skirt and blouse...and finally, one of her old clubbing outfits.

Squinting at the screen, Eric had realized she wasn't just wearing the short dress that had driven him so wild when they'd first met. She was also wearing heels, stockings...

Make-up.

Afraid of what he was going to see, Eric had closed the conversation and opened the app.

Ten.

Ten.

Ten.

At a Nine, his wife had all but lost the power of speech, not able to do anything but non-verbally beg her husband to fuck her.

What the hell did a TEN look like??

Realizing that he couldn't spend any more time in the bathroom without looking like he had a drug or bowel problem, Eric power off his phone and returned to dinner.

Whenever he thought he could get away with it, he sneaked it out of his pocket and glanced at it.

No messages. No calls. No response to his urgent inquiries.

And whenever he checked the app, it just presented him with the same three awful letters.

T.

e.

n.

The evening finally wrapped up, and Eric returned to his hotel room. He called and texted and texted and called, but wherever Jamie was, she either hadn't brought her phone, or hadn't thought to look at it.

He paced back and forth until 3am, trying desperately to convince himself that it was fine, that nothing had happened, that his wife had probably just passed out in a masturbatory stupor. Everything was okay.

And then, to his great horror, he saw it.

Nine.

Eight.

Seven.

Six.

Five. Five! Without feeling him inside her, Jamie hadn't been as low as a Five in months. Until she got fucked, she never went any lower than a Six.

Four.

Three. In less than a minute, Jamie had gone all the way from a Ten – a new record – to a *Three*.

And then, just as it looked like it was about to tick down to a Two, the app disappeared, replaced by a request for a video call from Jamie.

As soon as he answered, Eric realized two things.

Firstly, his wife wasn't at home. The wallpaper behind her wasn't one he'd ever seen before.

And secondly, judging by the mascara running down her face, everything was *not* okay.

"E-Eric?" she said with a sob. "Honey? Oh, god...I'm so sorry.

"I'm so, so sorry."

Up to Eleven

by Pan

?

Eric flew home the next day.

His boss hadn't been happy about the idea. They'd had a big lunch meeting scheduled (to build out the next year's timelines) but at the sight of Eric's panicked face, his boss had held her tongue, and immediately agreed that he should go attend to whatever had happened.

Eric spent the entire flight home trying to work out what he'd say to Jamie. What *could* he say to Jamie? The previous night, she'd sobbingly confessed to him what she'd done.

She'd just wanted to dress up for him. That had been the whole plan: to get him off with her photos and videos. She'd wanted so desperately to get him off; even hours later, he could still hear the echoes of need in her voice.

But as her number had climbed higher, she'd unconsciously begun dressing for a night out.

She'd donned a clubbing outfit, the sort of thing she'd been wearing the night that they'd met. She'd put on heels, stockings, done her make-up.

Not to look pretty. Not to look classy.

Jamie had put on make-up to reflect how she felt inside. Needy. Worked-up. Horny.

Slutty.

And then, in a sexual stupor, Jamie had called a cab and gone out.

Eric didn't think he'd ever forget the distress in his wife's voice as she'd described it. "It was like I couldn't stop myself," she wept. "It's like I wasn't in control."

"You weren't," he'd wanted to console her. "This isn't your fault. None of it's your fault. It's mine. Mine, and this damned app."

But he hadn't. He'd just stared at his phone silently, watching his wife sob in a stranger's house, his stomach turning as he waited for her story to finish.

She hadn't even made it to the club. She'd offered the cab-driver a night he'd never forget. Jamie had purringly asked him if he'd ever had his dick sucked while he drove; if he'd ever taken a passenger in the back seat of his car.

He'd taken her back to his place, and spent the next several hours having his world – and bed – rocked by the horny housewife. They'd fucked again and again, Jamie sobbingly told him, until she'd had the longest and loudest orgasm of her life, finally finding relief after the days of frustration she'd been experiencing while Eric had been away.

After the cab-driver came inside her, Jamie had lay in bed, her eyes widening as the impact of what she'd just done hit her. When the stranger – she didn't even know his name! – fell asleep, Jamie had sneaked into his living room to call her husband.

At the end of her story, Eric's wife had once more begged him to forgive her, told him that she had no idea what had come over her and sworn she'd never, ever do it again.

But Eric knew that wasn't true.

Or, more accurately, that it wasn't entirely up to her.

If he didn't adjust her app, if he left things in the loop – the beautiful, glorious loop that they'd been experiencing for the last few months – his wife would cheat on him the next time he wasn't available for a day. Calling twice a day had been enough to keep her number simmering at Six, but the first time she'd gone a full twelve hours without being able to call and cum together, she'd literally fucked the first man she'd seen.

After half a decade of happy monogamy, Jamie had cheated on him. His wife had been unfaithful, and it hadn't even been her fault.

It had been his.

“It’s okay,” he’d said, shushing her gently. “My darling, it’s okay,”

Jamie had tried to explain to him that it wasn’t, that she’d ruined everything, and he’d just smiled a watery smile and told her to go home and wait, and that he’d be back soon and they’d sort it out then.

Booking a last-minute Sunday morning flight from Florida hadn’t been cheap, but Eric hadn’t balked at the price. He needed to get home. He needed to be there for his wife.

And once he was there...well, he didn’t know what he was going to do.

Jamie had met him at the door. Her eyes told Eric that she hadn’t slept, that she’d spent the night crying, reliving what she’d done while she waited for him.

“I’m sorry,” she started, but Eric held up a hand to silence her. “But—”

“Jamie,” he interrupted. All of a sudden, he’d realized exactly what he had to do. “Jamie, I need to show you something.”

On his flight, Eric had debated showing his wife the app, but the idea was easily dismissed. He couldn’t. The betrayal was too great; he knew that she’d never forgive him for what he’d done.

He didn’t deserve to be forgiven.

But at the sight of his wife, the devastated look in her eyes, the guilt emanating from her every pore...Eric knew that he didn’t have a choice.

He’d done this to her. He’d broken his wife, worse than even the time her libido had dipped to Zero.

Using the app had been immoral; he’d known that each and every time he’d opened it. From the moment he’d downloaded it to when his plane had landed and he’d checked Jamie’s number, Eric had known that he was crossing the line. That he had access to something no man should.

What had happened had been entirely, one hundred percent his fault...and worst of all, Jamie thought it was hers. Eric knew he wouldn’t be able to live with himself if he didn’t tell her the truth.

His wife didn’t deserve this. She didn’t deserve anything that had happened to her. He’d betrayed his spouse, the person he loved most in the world, and she needed to know what he’d done. Who he was.

“Honey,” he said with a sigh. “This isn’t going to make sense, not straight away.”

Jamie fell silent as Eric opened the app, and started telling her how it worked. His words spilled out; he’d never spent any time considering how best to share the details of such an impossible thing. After all, he’d never planned to tell anyone.

Especially not Jamie.

She didn’t argue the details or protest at the absurdity of what he was telling her. Either due to exhaustion or – as Eric suspected – because the tale he was sharing offered a better explanation of the last few months than anything else could.

When he was done, her tears had dried up. She was staring at the phone as he watched her, biting his lip, desperately waiting to learn what his wife thought of the truths he’d just shared.

Finally, she looked up at him, and Eric’s heart sank. Her pupils were pinpoints of fury.

Jamie was, for the most part, quite easy-going. The way she’d accepted their new sex life was reflective of her attitude towards most things; Jamie took life as it came, and was rarely regretful or frustrated. If Eric had come home one day and told her they had to move to Antarctica, she likely have nodded, asked a few questions, then immediately started packing for their new adventure together.

She was still human, of course; every few months she'd get into a new fight with her sister, but it always ended with an aimable reunion. For the most part, she made the most out of what they had.

It was rare that Jamie wasn't happy, or – at the very least – content.

But the look Eric saw on his wife's face wasn't one of contentment, or happiness. It was an emotion he'd only seen a few times in all their years of marriage.

Jamie looked mad. Angrier than he'd ever seen before. She hadn't been this upset when her sister had sold their family home without warning. She hadn't gotten this angry when the neighbor had accidentally run over their cat.

In eight years of knowing his wife, six and a half years of living together, and five years of being wed, Eric had never seen her look nearly as furious as she did in that moment.

He gulped, which she seemed to take as a signal to respond.

"You did this to me?" she said, her voice low and dangerous.

Eric nodded.

"You used an app to control me? To manipulate me?"

Opening his mouth to object, Eric realized that he couldn't. He hadn't thought of it in those terms, not exactly, but...well, it was true. He had.

He'd used an app to control his wife. He'd manipulated her feelings. Her libido.

Everything she was saying was true.

"Yes," he responded, feeling smaller than he'd ever felt in his life.

"You used me," his wife said. Her voice was steady, but there was an unmistakable note of sadness in her voice.

No, not sadness.

Betrayal.

He'd betrayed his wife.

The previous night she'd betrayed him physically, but he'd been doing worse than that for months. He'd been betraying her autonomy. He'd reached into the core of her and tweaked levers without even knowing what they did.

"You used me," Jamie repeated, more insistently.

She needed to hear him say it, Eric realized. For reasons he didn't understand, she needed to hear him say what he'd done to her.

"I used you," he echoed hollowly.

"You used me...for sex."

"Yes," he replied, his voice a low rasp. "I used you for sex."

The anger drained from his wife's face, and she slumped back. All of a sudden, the exhaustion was back.

She looked at him wearily.

"Why?" she asked, her eyes looking through him, as though he wasn't even there. "Why would you...I would have had sex any time you wanted. All you had to do was ask, and I would've..."

Jamie trailed off. Eric opened his mouth, then closed it once more.

There was no answer that she would have accepted. No, more than that – there was no answer to give.

Nothing he could say would justify what he'd done. There was no possible justification. There was just greed. Selfishness.

Cowardice.

“Give me your phone,” Jamie demanded wearily. Eric didn’t try to argue. He handed it over. She unlocked it (they had never had any hesitation in sharing their passcodes; it had always been a marriage of trust) and stared at the app, as he’d done so many times.

Four.

“I’m going to bed,” she said, without even glancing at her husband.

She didn’t need to say that he wasn’t welcome. They both knew that he wouldn’t be welcome in her bed for a long while.

Eric spent the rest of the day on the couch, staring up at the ceiling, not sure what to do, or even what to think. What *can* one think, after the love of your life discovers that you’ve betrayed them? That for months on end, you betrayed them repeatedly, uncaringly.

No, not uncaringly. He’d always cared.

He’d just cared more about satisfying his libido.

Jamie’s words were bouncing around his head. He didn’t think he’d ever forget the hollow look she’d had on her face as they’d quietly slipped out of her mouth, her weary-looking eyes staring into the distance.

“I would have had sex any time you wanted. All you had to do was ask.”

That wasn’t true. Was it?

After all, that was why he’d been so drawn to the app in the first place. Because they weren’t having sex as often as...they were only making love when...

If Eric could’ve sunk into the couch and never emerged, he would have gone willingly. The eight years they’d been together...he’d always waited for Jamie to make the first move. At first it had been out of fear; anxiety that she’d think he only wanted her for sex, a desire to make sure she truly wanted whatever they were going to do.

After that it had been...habit.

No, not habit.

Fear.

If he made the first move, he risked being rejected. If he went to his wife and asked for sex, she might have turned him down. Better to wait for her to come to him; if Jamie approached him for sex, it meant she definitely wanted it.

He’d made sure he never risked being rejected...and in the process, shifted that burden entirely onto her. Perhaps she’d been just as afraid of being turned down as he was.

Eric’s eyes shot open. Oh, god. Was that why she’d approached him so infrequently? All that time, he’d thought she just had an almost-non-existent libido...but by putting all the work onto her, he’d essentially trained her to think that he was only interested in twice-a-month sex.

Or worse: maybe *he’d* trained *her* to only want to have sex every two weeks. He’d watched her numbers, after all; she didn’t masturbate, or seem to desire sex more often than once every two weeks. Aside from when they were making love, he’d never her number go up, except...

Squirming uncomfortably under the sheets he’d taken from the linen closet, Eric realized that he had seen his wife’s number rise outside of sex before.

Once.

The night he’d tested the app. He’d rolled over, kissed her, and then left for his office. She’d gone straight to a Seven, the highest he’d ever seen up to that point.

In five years of marriage, in eight years of being together, he’d only ever once made a move on his wife. And as soon as he had, her number had hit a record high. She must have been so excited that her almost-asexual husband was making a move on her.

And then, to add insult to injury, he'd made an excuse and left. He'd turned his wife on and then disappeared, abandoning her to look at an app, waiting in his office until her number had dropped, until she'd fallen asleep.

God. What was wrong with him?

"All you had to do was ask."

But he'd never asked.

"I would have had sex any time you wanted."

Eric had fantasized not about a wife who wanted him whenever he wanted her, but of a woman who always made the first move.

He could've had the sex life of his dreams. He could've had everything he dreamed of.

But he'd been too cowardly to try. Too stupid to see what he had.

And now he'd be lucky if his wife took him back at all.

As Eric finally drifted into a restless, uneasy sleep, he couldn't help but wonder.

The phone that his wife had taken. The app which he'd obsessed over since the moment he'd downloaded it.

What number was it showing now?