

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. For a long time, he'd considered marrying Jamie to be the smartest move he'd ever made, but now it was clear to him that its position had 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. On the surface, there was nothing wrong. He went away all the time. But by chance, he just hadn't had to since the good times had begun. The last time he'd had to leave was during the "weeks of One", as he thought of it.

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. Not as far 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 dropped, but the shift was only a fraction of what happened after she got him off. A Seven to a Six...and she was 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 (which 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?

**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. We've done it 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 break his honest streak.

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 threw in the towel 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, 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 fingered 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 was yet to do exactly what he'd expected, and everything was so perfect right now...he didn't want to risk it. He couldn't.

And there was always the chance she'd return to a zero. The sight of his wife's dead eyes had been the single worst thing he'd ever seen - 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 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 the thread 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! His wife hadn't been as low as a Five in months. Her default low, since he'd last messed with the app, had been 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."