

Win-Win

by Pan

With apologies to Stephen Covey.

“We’ve been planning it all year,” he said, massaging his temples with his fingers. “Why are you blowing everything up at the last minute?”

“I’m not blowing anything up,” his wife replied, her voice a forced calm. “I’m telling you that I think this is more important.”

His eyebrows shot up.

“More important?” he repeated incredulously. “More important than the family vacation we booked last September?”

“Yes. She’s my *mother*.”

“And I’m your husband. Are you saying that visiting your mother is more important than spending a vacation with your husband and two children?”

“I never get to see her...–”

“We’re going to see her at the Christmas family reunion.”

“In five months! We don’t even know if she’ll be with us by then.”

“She’s not that sick,” her husband shot back. “Besides, she has your sister to take care of her.”

“She’s my mother too. And that’s why I want to go. She needs a break!”

“Your mother or your sister?”

“Both,” she admitted, and the couple shared a wry grin. “But seriously, you know how important this is to me.”

“We reserved the cottage and boat as soon as we learned my schedule. The boys are so excited about going; they’re going to be miserable, sitting around their grandmother’s house for a month.”

“I can’t believe you’re being so selfish,” she said, incredulity in her voice. “We don’t how know much longer my mother will be around, and I want to be with her. This might be our only opportunity to do that.”

“I’m not being selfish, I’m being pragmatic. You can phone her every night.”

“She needs me and she wants me.”

“The boys and I need you too! What kind of a family vacation will it be with just the three of us?”

“My mother is more important than fishing.”

“Your husband and sons are more important than your mother!”

Without even noticing, the couple realized they were standing, voices raised, fists clenched. He raised one hand, pausing the fight.

“There must be a better way to resolve this,” he said softly. “What did the book say?”

“Win-win,” she replied. “A solution that gets us both what we want.”

He nodded, making eye contact with his wife. “Well, let’s break it down logically. What do you want? Be specific.”

“I want to spend time with my mother,” she said, her voice growing softer as she started to lose herself in her husband’s eyes. “I want to relieve my sister.”

“What else?”

“That’s all,” she replied.

“Nothing else?”

She shook her head, her eyes never leaving her husband’s. “What do you want?”

“I want to have the vacation we planned,” he said firmly. His words were like steel, cutting through the fog in his wife’s mind. “I want to take our sons to the lake and teach them how to fish. I want to show my sons the beauty of nature.”

“So then you can go, and I’ll...–”

He interrupted, his voice firm and strong. “That’s not all. I want someone to do the housework. The meal prep.”

His wife felt like she should object, that she should point out that she was more than just the cook and cleaner, but he continued before she could fully form the thought.

“I want someone to lay next to at night.” His voice was a low growl. “Someone to sleep with. Someone to make love with on vacation.”

He paused, and she took the opportunity spoke up, her voice barely louder than a whisper.

“Honey, I don’t think there’s any way we can both get...–”

“I do,” he insisted, his tone resolute, his eyes boring into hers. “I know exactly how we can turn

this into a win-win.”

Her nose wrinkled. “How? If I’m at my mother’s, how can...–”

“I said I wanted someone to make love with,” he said calmly. “I didn’t say it needed to be you.”

There was a pause as his words, so casually spoken, sunk in.

“You want to take someone else?” she asked, so shocked that she could feel the fog lifting.

Her husband simply nodded in response.

“But...but you can’t...” she stammered. “We’re *married*.”

“I asked what you wanted from this situation,” he reminded her. “You never said you wanted me to be faithful.”

“No, but...I...”

She trailed off, her objections dying away at the sheer force of her husband’s stare.

He was right. He’d asked what she wanted. She’d been given a chance to ask for fidelity, and she hadn’t.

So clearly it...wasn’t that important to her.

That didn’t sound right, but the mother of two was finding it incredibly hard to think. As her husband’s eyes bore into hers, her objections felt so fleeting. So hard to grasp onto.

“Of course,” she finally agreed. “That’s fair. Do you want to hire a...a maid?”

He shook his head, a soft smile on his lips. “I don’t think they typically perform wifely duties.”

“A p-prostitute?”

As the words crossed her lips, she felt like there was something wrong. Surely she wasn’t suggesting they hire a sex worker for an entire month on the lake.

Fortunately, her husband didn’t accept her offer.

“Too expensive,” he said, and she nodded. “Besides, I don’t want a stranger in my house.”

“Oh. So...someone we know?”

“I think that would be best,” her husband agreed smoothly. “Besides, do you really want a stranger around the boys all month?”

“I...I suppose not.”

There was another pause, as she tried to think, tried to dig through the fog in her mind to find a win-win solution.

Someone her sons knew. Someone who would be interested in spending a summer on the lake. Someone her husband found attractive.

She stared deep into her husband's eyes as she thought. Ever since he'd read that latest self-help book, the one about leadership and the power of eye contact, he seemed...different. More confident. More powerful.

More persuasive.

She had started agreeing to things she never would have considered. Little things – the way she wore her hair. Her clothes. The split of household chores.

How often she gave him head.

It was all so reasonable. Like it was the obvious thing to do.

Like it was the logical answer.

Win-win.

“What about my sister?” she finally said, so quiet that she could barely hear her own voice. “She needs a break. She loves the boys. And I'm sure she'd...”

She trailed off, but they both knew what she'd been about to say. Her sister was even more attractive than she was, with a body sculpted by yoga and Pilates, and a face that made men stop and stare.

And a reputation for being an absolute wildcat in the sack.

She had no doubt that her sister would be more than happy to help out. And she was sure her husband would enjoy her 'help' very much.

“I think that's a great idea,” he said warmly, his eyes still locked with his wife's.

“I'll call her and tell her to pack,” she said, her voice tinged with excitement. She could see it all now – her sister, on vacation with her family. Cooking, cleaning, showing off her toned body by the lake.

And each night, slipping into bed with him. Wrapping her long, slender legs around his waist. Lips pressed against his ear. The sounds of her heavy breathing echoing in the bedroom. Bringing him to the heights of ecstasy, each and every night.

She paused. Her sister had never shown any interest in her husband before. But as she continued to stare into his eyes, her mind flooded with images of her beautiful sister, naked and aroused beneath him. Her tits bouncing gently as he fucked her. Her nubile pussy wet with desire. His

fingers plunging into her cunt. A moan escaping her lips. His cock, pulsing as he filled her sister with his seed. The seed that had made their two children. The seed that had made her sister's nephews.

*No, she thought, a thought so true, crystal-clear through the fog. He'll be able to convince her. He's so persuasive.*

*She'll quickly see that this is exactly what it is: a win-win.*