

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 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 own 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.

After an out-of-town trip, he'd once come home to find it at a Six. That had been a night when his wife had worn lingerie.

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 wouldn't 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 in the missionary position, under the covers, 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 taking his wife and her 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 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...with those conditions in play, *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 an app 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.

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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. He didn't get any work done that morning, he 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 get work done. 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 each 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 - 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 thought wouldn't leave his brain 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.*

**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 few days, 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.

**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! 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, he 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.