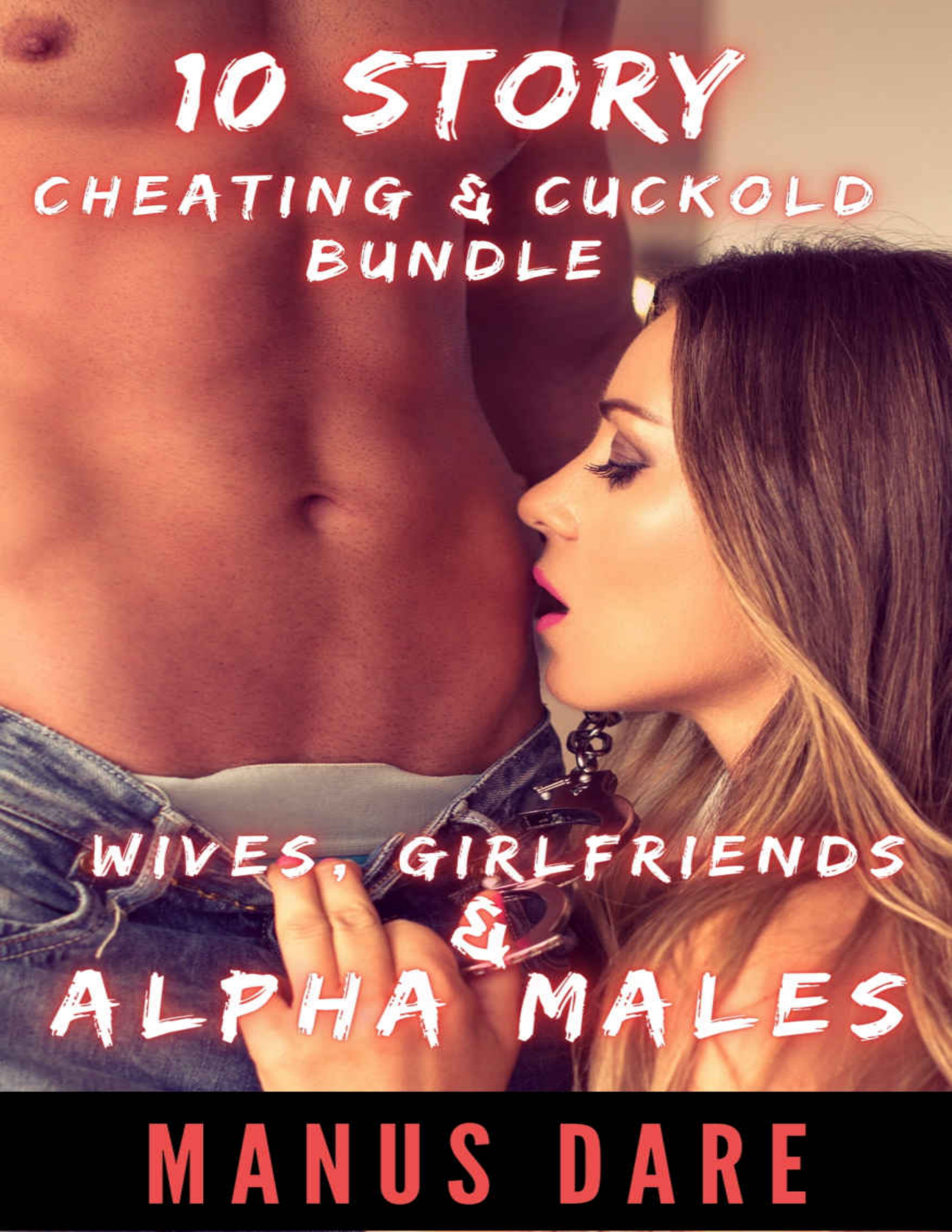




10 STORY

**CHEATING & CUCKOLD
BUNDLE**

**WIVES, GIRLFRIENDS
&
ALPHA MALES**

MANUS DARE

10 Story Cuckold and Cheating Bundle

Manus Dare

Published by Manus Dare, 2021.

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

10 STORY CUCKOLD AND CHEATING BUNDLE

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Complete Abandon

John

"Hey, baby!" I said. "How's everything going?"

"Fine, Johnny!"

Sarah's voice was bright and happy. I worried about calling her on her girl's night out, but those worries melted away as I heard the warmth in her voice. I didn't want to seem like a jealous boyfriend and the truth was; I wasn't the least bit worried about Sarah.

Not that Sarah wasn't worth getting jealous about. She was gorgeous!

My girlfriend was curvy, with a beautiful round ass I couldn't help but fantasize about. She had long brown hair and olive skin with large doe eyes that covered up an inner strength that she wielded effectively against unwanted male attention.

No, the person I really didn't trust was Holley. Whereas my girlfriend was an avowed feminist, her best friend Holley was the complete opposite. A party girl, Holley, slept with the same toxic assholes my Sarah fought against every day. Holley inevitably got her heart broken by those bastards, but she kept going back, like a moth to flame. I always worried when Sarah spent time with her.

And now, it was an entire weekend! Holley had convinced Sarah and a couple of other friends to drive to the beach and spend a weekend of sun and fun. A last bit of freedom before Sarah moved in with me, as if she was being sent to prison. To my chagrin, Sarah, never able to deny Holley, said yes.

I knew better than to get mad. That would only cause a fight. Instead, Sarah promised to check in and, if she felt like it, she could call me and I would drive down and pick her up.

"How's everything going?" I asked. I could hear loud music in the background and a high-pitched laugh.

"No boyfriends, bitch!" I heard Holley's voice scream over the music.

I held my anger in check as Sarah came back on the phone.

"Don't mind her," Sarah said consolingly. She knew my opinion of her best friend. "She's just jealous."

"Oh, I don't," I lied. "Sounds like you're having fun?"

"I suppose," Sarah said. "Wait, a second. Let me go somewhere a bit more quiet."

I waited, the sound of techno music muffled, as if Sarah was holding her phone against her chest. I heard her voice say something to Holley and Holley's vicious laugh, then it was quiet.

"Whew!" Sarah said. "Found the bathroom. Much quieter here."

"You doing, OK?" I asked.

"Yeah," Sarah sighed. "You know Holley. Ten minutes into the trip and she wanted to hang out in the hotel bar."

"You shouldn't be too surprised." My voice was more than a little grumpy.

"I know, I know," Sarah said. "I just keep hoping she'll grow out of it."

I knew what Sarah meant. Sarah, herself, had been a party girl before we had met. I didn't have all the details, but I suspected she had a lot more experience than I had. Also, Holley would always offer veiled hints at Sarah's past, hints that made me wonder just what kind of trouble my girl had gotten into before she had realized that the party lifestyle was degrading rather than satisfying. One too many nights with a hangover and a random guy who never knew her name lying next to her. She didn't need it or want it.

She had dressed more conservatively and had taken feminism classes and joined clubs designed to empower women. That was when I met her, at the height of her power as a woman, and I enjoyed her strength.

"Babe," she sighed. "I'm really sorry to leave you with all the mess at home. I promise to help unpack when I get there."

"Oh, honey," I cooed. "You just called it home!"

Sarah laughed.

"I guess I did, didn't I?"

I looked around at the apartment. Sarah and I had moved in her boxes, which were still ranged around the apartment, ready to be unpacked. The sight filled me with warmth. Soon, Sarah and I would live together for good. And, not only that, I had another surprise for her, a surprise I had wanted to wait until she came back from her weekend getaway.

"It's fine," I said. "I'll unpack the books and stuff. We can decide where to put your other things when you get back."

"We'll decide?" she said with a hint of humor.

"Well, you'll decide and I'll move it." I laughed. "That better?"

"Perfect," she said. "I can't wait to see you all sweaty moving my stuff around."

"And I can't wait to see you," I cooed.

Sarah responded just how I wanted her to.

"Aww," she whined. "Now I wish I hadn't come."

"It's fine," I said. "One last night as a free woman and all that, right?"

I didn't mean that. In fact, the idea of her out on the town with Holley filled me with dread. But if anyone could handle it, Sarah could.

"It's not like that!" Sarah said. "Just us girls! No boys allowed!"

"Holley agreed to that?" I asked.

"She insisted," Sarah said. "Although I think it was more to get rid of you than anything else."

"Ouch!" I chuckled. "I'll never figure out why she hates me so much!"

"Of course you do!" Sarah said. "She's jealous of you and me. That's all it is. Anyway, just us girls for the weekend and I'll come straight home to you!"

"Promise?" I said, and I fiddled with a small velvet box on the kitchen table.

"Promise," Sarah said, and I heard the door swing open. "Listen, someone else is coming into the bathroom. I love you. I'll call later."

"Tonight?" I asked, hoping there wasn't too much whine in my voice.

"Of course," Sarah giggled. "Who else am I going to drink dial for phone sex?"

She hung up on that note and my cock lurched in my pants at the thought. It had been awhile since we's had phone sex, but I knew that Sarah always got horny when she was drunk. I was looking forward to that call.

I looked down at the box on the table. I opened it up. The engagement ring was small, but pretty, and I knew Sarah would love it. Only two more days and she would be all mine.

I snapped the box shut and looked around, wondering where to unpack.

Sarah

I hit the End Call button just as Holley came stumbling into the bathroom. I could tell by how she swayed on her feet that she was already drunk. I shook my head with pity as she found me at the sink, putting my phone away in my purse.

"What are you doing, bitch?" Holley laughed. She was wearing a skintight gold dress that clung to her taut curves. Her hair was light brown with frosted highlights and, in her own way, she was striking, but there was nothing subtle about her look. She wanted men to eye her as she walked along the bar. She wanted them to buy her drinks and fight to get inside her pants.

She hadn't changed a bit since college.

I looked in the mirror, checking my makeup, not that I had put a lot on. I ran a hand over my long black hair, which framed my round olive cheeks. My large brown eyes started back at me, eyes that lulled many men into believing I was a pushover. I was not.

I had on a simple skirt and blouse. Tasteful, yet good looking, the loose top hiding my large breasts and the skirt doing an admirable job of hiding my round ass, which John loved to grab. When Holley moved into the frame of the mirror, I could not think of two women less likely to be friends and over the last year, we had grown apart. Holley wanted nothing more than to go out and party, while I wanted something more. An actual life.

So, I had agreed to one last weekend before I moved in with John. One last chance to hang with the girls and say goodbye to the old Sarah I had been and embrace the woman I had become.

"Just talking to John," I said, ignoring Holley's scowl.

"Why?" Holley said. "It's only been like two hours. Can't he get on without you for two fucking hours?"

"Holley," I said, a warning note in my voice. "You know how I feel about him. You need to just get over it. Otherwise you won't be invited to the wedding."

"The what?" Holley scoffed and leaned against the counter. "You guys are talking about getting married already? You haven't even moved in with him yet!"

I grinned into the mirror, sweeping my thick, dark hair over my ear.

"Oh, I know he's getting ready to ask," I teased, mostly to get to Holley. "I'm just waiting for him to get up the nerve."

Holley looked truly shocked.

"Come on, Holls," I said. "I've been dating him for two years. Did you actually think I wasn't going to end up with him?"

"I hoped," Holley said, sulkily,

"Jesus! What do you have against him, anyway?" I asked, even though we'd been through this a thousand times before.

Holley grabbed my hands and me around.

"He's sooo boring!" she laughed, and I had to admit, I laughed too. John was boring, but that's what I like about him. Boring and dependable. "I mean, he's a computer guy! You used to go out with athletes!"

And gotten my fair share of heartbreaks, I thought, but I knew Holley didn't share my sentiment. To her, the perfect man was tall, large, and could run, throw, or hit better than anyone else. She had even dated swimmers, whose trim forms and breath control helped them last all night. I didn't know if I believed that, but I knew Holley had more experience than I did.

That wasn't the point, though, and we both knew it. The point was, Holley wasn't ready for college to be over and she was not ready for me to move on. It was too bad, really. She was a funny, beautiful woman and she could find a nice guy like John if she wanted to. She just needed to grow up.

That wasn't happening soon, so I changed the subject. After all, this was supposed to be a girl's weekend. There was no need to think about decisions that had already been made. This weekend should be about having fun.

"Listen," I said and held Holley's hands firmly. "It doesn't matter, right? All that matters is that we're all together this weekend, right?"

Holley looked into my eyes, and I thought I saw tears glittering in her eyes. Then she blinked, and it was gone.

"That's right, bitch!" she grinned. "Just us girls. Now, let's go find the others!"

Sarah

Michaela and Kelly were waiting at the bar when we got back, waiting for us as usual. Holley had invited the only other two girls we knew from college who didn't have partners, which made me nervous, but I genuinely like them both and although we had hung out together in college, Michaela and Kelly were not the party animals they had been just a year ago.

Michaela was working on a graduate degree in teaching. She had platinum blonde hair to die for and was tall and sleek. She was a head taller than Holley and me. Next to her was Kelly, Holley's college roommate. She was shorter and heavier than Holley, but she was still beautiful, and she dressed to stress her curvy body. Looking at the three of them, I got a sudden chill. They were dressed to kill. I had never felt so far away from John.

Then Michaela bent and gave me a warm, long armed hug while Kelly bounced with excitement.

"Oh! It's so good to see you!" Kelly gushed and gave me a chesty hug. "How long has it been? A year?"

"Almost," I said. A year since we had graduated and went our separate ways. I felt the tears burning my eyes. Such a short time to lose track of your friends. "Almost."

"This calls for a drink!" Holley announced and motioned to the bartender, whom she had already flirted with, even though I was pretty sure he was gay. "William, four shots of your finest whiskey please!"

"Whiskey?" I asked. "What are we freshman?"

The girls laughed.

"Tonight," Holley said with a wink. "We are whatever we fucking want to be."

We were a few drinks in when I felt a presence lingering around our group. I felt the gaze long before I saw him lumber up to our gaggle of girls.

He was tall and broad, well dressed in a chocolate brown suede jacket, white dress shirt and tight jeans that showed off his well-toned legs.

I saw him staring at me and I turned away, not wanting him to think I was checking him out. Of course, in the old days, I would have checked him out. He was just the kind of guy I would have gone for two years ago, before I met John.

I hoped he would pass us by, but just as he entered the outer lip of our circle of femininity, Holley turned around and cried out.

"BRAD! You made it!"

Holley flung her arms around the muscular man and hung from his thick neck like a toy. Brad grinned and whirled her around. As he set her down, his eyes flickered towards me, looking me over and his smile went cool as a crisp December day.

I felt the hungry chill of it even from three feet away. Even though he was touching Holley, his masculine gaze was on me.

I turned, flustered by the look, and knocked back my whiskey. The liquor burned away the chill, but the feeling of his eyes on me. It had been a long time since I'd been checked out at a bar and the feeling was invasive, yet hot. At one point in my life, I would have ached to be checked out by a man like Brad, even if he was touching my best friend. Luckily, I had moved past such toxic thoughts.

I clutched my purse and motioned to the bartender for another drink, mostly to ignore Brad and the other girls as they twittered and cooed over his maleness. I knew that this would only increase my allure; I knew how to play the game, but I was far past those games now. Maybe I should just get my things and leave?

"Sarah!" Holley said, and suddenly I felt them at my side. Holley, with her shiny gold dress and her arms clinging to Bart's large bicep, which I could see through the taut chocolate suede. I could even smell him, a thick musky scent helped by a woody aftershave that tickled my nostrils. John wore no cologne, just the clean scent of deodorant and man. This smell was different, and there was nothing clean or simple about it. It touched a nerve. "I want you to meet, Brad."

I turned slightly and found myself looking at Brad's broad chest. Damn, he was big! I looked up into his cool, gray eyes and frosty smile. His gaze was calculating, yet hungry, and I couldn't get the feeling that he was trying to decide how long it would take to get me out of my pants.

"Hello, Brad," I said, then pointedly ignored him and looked at Holley. "I thought we said no men."

"Who, Brad?" Holley giggled and laid her head against Brad's large arm. "He's just a friend, right Brad?"

"Right," Brad said. "You don't have to worry about me seducing you. Holley already let me know you're taken."

"Oh, Brad!" Holley said, and slapped his shoulder. "I told you not to say anything about John."

She held up her hand as if to whisper something to the big man, but her voice was too loud.

"She's sensitive!"

"Stop it, Holley!" I snapped. I had no time for her games and even less time for fuck boys like Brad. "You couldn't have seduced me, anyway."

"Really?" Brad said, and disentangled his arm from Holley. "And why is that?"

I looked at Holley to see if she was angry that her boy toy was hitting on me. To my surprise, she was grinning.

"You know, I have to go to the little girl's room," she giggled.

"I'll come with you," I said hurriedly, picking up my purse.

"No, no," Holley laughed. "You stay. Get to know one another!"

She leaned down to Brad and gave him a kiss on the earlobe.

"And you behave yourself."

"Never," Brad said and Holley let out her high-pitched giggle, as if that was the funniest joke she had ever heard. She was still laughing like a hyena as she disappeared into the crowd.

"So, I'm Brad," Brad said again, holding out his hand.

I looked desperately for Michaela and Kelly, but they were on the dance floor, dancing with a couple of younger college kids. They had left me alone with Brad.

"Charmed," I said, ignoring his hand and turning to my drink.

Brad just smiled and ordered a beer. While he was waiting, he looked me over with those calculating eyes.

"Ses ailes sont coupées et on lui reproche alors de ne pas savoir voler."

My head came up, and I stared at him.

"What did you say?"

"Your bag," He smirked and took a drink of his beer.

I looked down at my purse. I had bought on Etsy a year before after I saw a similar bag at our weekly Girl Power club. It had a beautiful butterfly stitched in rainbow thread on the front. Underneath the butterfly were the words,

Her wings are cut and then she is blamed for not knowing how to fly. - Simone De Beauvoir

I thought it was a beautiful sentiment and a wonderful antidote to the toxic masculinity I had seen all my life. To me, it summed up the feeling of women everywhere. For so long, we've had our wings pulled without ever being able to fly.

"You know Simone de Beauvoir?" I asked.

Having gotten my attention, Brad turned towards me.

"Sure," he said. "The Second Sex. It's a great book, especially in the original French."

"Oh, and I suppose you know French?"

Brad leaned forward, his face inches from mine.

"Oui, Madame. Tu es un beau papillon."

Despite the smell of hops on his breath, the words themselves washed over me like warm silk. No one had ever spoken French to me before.

I stayed there for a moment, my eyes locked with his, then remembered who I was. I straightened in my seat.

"What did you just say to me?" I asked.

"Why don't you Google it and find out?" he grinned and went back to his beer.

"Are you flirting with me, Brad?" I asked. "Because if you're flirting with me, you should know I have a boyfriend."

"Oh, I know," Brad said. "Holley told me. Don't worry. I like a challenge."

"Challenge?" I felt my cheeks grow hot. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

Brad turned the full force of his gaze on me.

"Holley said this might be the last night you get to have any fun," he said. "I'm just here to help."

"Oh, you have got to be joking!" I said and looked around for Holley. She was nowhere to be seen. "I'm not looking to have that kind of fun."

"Sa la vie" Brad shrugged. "Of course, Simone de Beauvoir would stay."

I turned back in my seat.

"What are you talking about?" I snapped.

"Well, she never got married," he said smugly. "Not that she didn't believe in it, just never did it. You know what she said about marriage?"

I wish I had. I'd never actually read the book *The Second Sex* or any of her other writings, although a battered copy was on my bookshelf at home.

No, not on a bookshelf. It was in a box inside John's apartment, waiting to be unpacked.

"You tell me, since you're so smart," I said, still waiting to see if Holley would emerge from the bathroom.

"The curse which lies upon marriage is that too often the individuals are joined in their weakness rather than in their strength, each asking from the other instead of finding pleasure in giving." Brad leaned close to me and placed a firm hand on my thigh. "Tell me, Sarah, is your boyfriend strong enough for you or is he just a weak man stealing your strength?"

As I hesitated, letting the words sink in, Brad leaned forward and kissed me.

The words reverberated through my head. Were they real? And now Brad's lips were on mine. His kiss was confident, his hand sliding up my thigh, and I felt the moist heat of my lust building between my legs.

But I wasn't drunk enough, or turned on enough, to fall for it. I remembered John, lovely sweet John, waiting for me at home. Our home. A chiseled jaw and some French quotes would not make me forget that.

Brad finished his kiss and sat back with a self-satisfied grin on his face, as if he had conquered me. That look filled me with anger.

I said nothing, took a sip from my drink, then threw the rest into his smug face.

There was a collective gasp from whoever was watching as Brad calmly wiped whiskey from his cheeks. I gathered up my purse and whirled around in my seat. If this is what the rest of the weekend was going to be like, I had enough.

As I stalked to the door of the bar, I took out my phone. I did not like that. My hand was trembling as I looked through my contacts to call John. It would be an hour before he got there, but that didn't matter. I would find a lobby or something to hang out in until he got there.

Just as I made it to the door, I felt a hand grab my elbow.

"Sarah, where are you going?"

I turned and saw Holley standing there, smiling. She was flanked by Michaela and Kelly, who had the decency to look embarrassed.

"I'm calling John and I'm going home!" I spat as I lifted my phone.

"Home? Why?" Holley asked, as if she didn't know. "And what the hell did you do to Brad?"

Heat was still thrumming throughout my body, my uncontrollable lust turning to anger.

"What did I do?" I screamed, and other bar patrons turned their heads to look. "He goddamn kissed me, Holley!"

"He did?" It was Kelly who said it, a look of admiration on her face. "Wow!"

"Yeah, wow!" I hissed and took a step towards Holley. "Listen, I love John, all right. I don't know why it bothers you so much, but that's the way it is. This was supposed to be a girl's night out and I find out that you're pushing fuck boys at me? Like what? I'm just going to fuck the first hot guy that comes along?"

"So, you think he's hot!"

"THAT'S NOT THE POINT!" I screamed, and I noticed the entire bar was watching us now, including that bastard Brad.

I took a deep breath.

"It's not the point, OK?" I said. "I'm with John. End of story."

Holley looked at me for a minute and I knew she was trying to come up with some argument to persuade me I was wrong. She couldn't understand why I wanted to tie myself down to one man for the rest of my life. She couldn't understand, because Holley had never loved anyone in her life except for me.

"Fine!" She raised her hands in supplication. "I'm sorry, all right. Just please, please don't go. I'll tell Brad to get the fuck out of here and it can just be us."

I searched her face, but her eyes were wide and brimming with tears. I realized she didn't want to lose me, not tonight, not ever. I looked at Michaela and Kelly and they were nodding, encouraging me to give Holley one last chance.

For a moment, I held my phone in my hand, my thumb poised above John's number. Then I sighed and put the phone back in my little butterfly purse.

"Fine," I said. "Just us, got it?"

Holley held out her pinky, and I hooked it with my own. For a moment, it felt like we were back in college.

"Girls!" Holley shouted. "The party is back on!"

Three hours later, I was drunk and having a great time. Holley had been true to her word and even if men came sniffing around, Holley would chase them off with a bitchy attitude. That was hilarious. Or maybe it was hilarious because I was drunk. Anyway, having my best friend defend my honor and my choices was a nice change of pace.

Still, after three hours of loud music and too many shots, I decided it was finally time to pack it in. Holley pouted a bit, but in the end she understood. I wanted to call John while I still had enough energy to make the Facetime call worthwhile.

Because, with the alcohol warming my blood and my encounter with Brad fresh in my mind, I was more than a little horny. I was also feeling quite proud of myself for the way I had fended off his advances, even if his kiss had been a good one. The other girls were proud of me too and for a moment I felt like I was a strong, powerful woman who stood up for her ideals despite the raging hormones burning inside of her.

Either way, I couldn't wait to talk to John. I had not forgotten teasing him about phone sex and I was ready to peel down to my panties and get off while my boyfriend looked on. I wanted him to see what he would get from now on, every day, if I felt like it. I wanted to see him jerk off with that thought in his mind.

"Holley!" I yelled over the music. "I need the room key."

Since Holley had set up the entire weekend, she had kept the room keys to herself so no one would lose them.

"Aww!" she pouted. "Are you turning in already?"

"Yes," I sighed as she slid the room key into my hand. "I want to call John."

"Ooh!" Holley's eyes lit up brightly. "Are you going to tell him about Brad?"

"What? No! You bitch!" I swatted at her and she backed away, laughing.

"Just kidding!" she said. "Have fun."

As I turned to leave, Holley called to me.

"Say hi to John for me!"

Then she let an evil laugh and was gone, fading back into the drunken crowd.

In my inebriated state, it took me a while to find the room. I was sure that Holley had said we were all sharing rooms on the third floor, but when

I got there, I realized the key was for room 403 instead. I cursed and got back into the elevator.

By the time I got to the room, I was swaying on my feet. The alcohol had affected me a lot more than I had thought and all I wanted to do was get in the room, take a quick shower, and call my boyfriend.

I didn't even notice that the lights were on in the room when I opened the door. I set down my bag and noticed clothes, men's clothes lying on a chair next to the bed. I had just enough time to register the white dress shirt, blue jeans and the chocolate suede jacket before I heard a voice behind me.

"Hey, there you are!"

Brad was standing between me and the door. He was wearing only a towel, his beautiful muscles glistening with drops of water as if he had just stepped out of the shower. In his hand, he was holding two glasses of champagne.

"Holley said you'd be late. I just didn't realize a good girl like you knew how to party anymore."

My mouth fell open and the bag I had been holding dropped to the floor. I heard the buzz of my phone, another call from John, but I didn't move to pick it up. All I could do was stand there as Brad smiled and moved in for the kill.

John

I busied myself sorting and putting Sarah's books on an empty shelf as I tried to get my mind off of her. I kept one entire shelf just for what I called her 'female empowerment' books. I had skimmed some of them, but I was still learning. However, if it made Sarah happy, I would read every damn book on the shelf.

I wanted to call her, but I was sure she was just having fun. Still, as I stared at the box on the counter, I knew I couldn't wait for the entire weekend.

Besides, wouldn't it be romantic if I drove the hour up to the hotel, got down on one knee in front of her friends, and proposed? I knew Holley would hate it, but Michaela and Kelly would be on my side. Besides, it didn't really matter what Holley wanted, right?

I waited for a couple hours and finally scooped up the ring and grabbed my wallet. As I got behind the wheel of my car, I looked at my phone to see if there were any texts. There were none.

I thought about texting Sarah, but decided that the surprise was more than worth it. I started the car and as I pulled out of the drive, I couldn't help but smile.

She is going to be so surprised! I thought. *This is a story we're going to tell our children!*

Sarah

"What are you doing here?" I asked as Brad stepped forward.

I was wrong. He wasn't moving in for the kill. Instead, he was handing me a glass of champagne.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "This is my room!"

"You... your room?"

It all made sense now. Holley hadn't sent me to my room. She had sent me to Brad's room. It could have been a mistake, but somehow I knew it wasn't.

"No, no, no!" I said and tried to brush past him. Instead, in my drunken state, I stumbled right into the powerful man's arms. The glasses of champagne splashed over him, adding golden drops to his chest and stomach. That was the second time I had spilled on him in one night.

I fell to my knees in the puddle of champagne and suddenly Brad was towering above me, nothing separating me from his flesh but a fluffy white towel.

"Hey now," he grinned down at me. "Watch your step."

I shook my head, trying to clear my confusion.

"You never answered my question," he said as he stood over me. I had never felt more helpless.

"What question, you bastard?" I spat up at him. I should have been running, but the room was spinning and all I could focus on was Brad's glistening body.

"Is John a strong man, or is he just stealing your strength?" he asked and opened his towel, revealing his naked flesh to me.

I gasped, then covered my mouth. Brad chuckled.

"Bigger than John?"

I said nothing, but it was bigger than John. It was bigger than anything I had ever seen in my life. I had always heard the term 'hung like a horse' but I had always thought that was just a figure of speech. But Brad's cock was HUGE! It hung down to mid-thigh, and it was thicker than my wrist. It was throbbing with thick, pulsing veins that curled around the shaft. The thing should have been ugly, but after the pleasure Brad had had just given me, my brain was telling me it was the most beautiful I'd ever seen.

Brad rubbed the fat tip against my lips, and I moaned. He worked that throbbing flesh around my mouth and, with my mind a confused mess of booze and lust, I opened and allowed Brad to shove the spongy head deep into my hungry mouth.

"If you want me to fuck you, bitch," Brad snarled. "You better suck this cock like you mean it."

Wait, what? I thought to myself. If I wanted to fuck him? *Of course I don't want to do that. I only want to be with John?*

My thoughts were brushed aside as Brad's thick, salty flesh slid over my tongue. This cock right here, this flesh, could fuck me the way I truly needed to be fucked. I was ashamed of my needs; I had kept them in check for so long, but now, kneeling here in front of this powerful man, they all came crashing down on me.

Brad sensed my submission. He knew what he wanted, and he would not hold back. He placed a large hand behind my head and held me in place as he shoved his throbbing cock deep into the back of my throat. I'd never taken anything this big, and it filled my senses with his salty, musky, burning flesh.

"I knew you'd be a good little cocksucker!" Brad grunted with each thrust. "I knew your mouth would be better wrapped around my dick!"

I moaned in shame as Brad laughed, fucking my face until I was choking on his cock, my hand gripping the pulsing shaft. Spit and drool covered my cheeks and chin.

How could I deny it? How could I deny the pulsating throb in my pussy as I sucked down his flesh while he spouted abuse down upon me?

"What a fucking slut!"

"I'm not!" I sobbed when he pulled his cock out of my mouth and slapped my face with the long, wet length of it. "I'm not like that."

"Maybe not with John," Brad chuckled. "But you are with me."

He shoved his balls in my face and, before I could stop myself, I was sucking the fat, round testicles one by one into my mouth. I buried my face in his flesh to hide my shame and lose myself in the flavor and odor of his make essence.

It was too late to go back now. I was on my knees, trying my best to please this bastard, and for what? So he would fuck me?

I'm sorry, John, I said to myself as Brad dug his hands into my hair and hauled me to my feet. *I'm so sorry.*

Brad pushed me to the bed and gripped my legs. I tried to kick him, but he brushed aside my attacks. I thought he might throw himself on me and I knew there was no way to stop him, but he grabbed my foot, raised it to his lips, and kissed my toes. The tenderness of his lips confused me, and I watched as he kissed down my leg, slowly lowering himself to his knees.

"So," Brad asked between kisses. "Is John a strong man, or a weak one? Because I know you're strong. That's why I want to take you. I want that strength."

I moaned, the words echoing inside my brain. Was John a strong man? Not in any physical way, but he was a good man. Still, he did let me make a lot of the decisions and bowed to my confidence, especially in bed. After all the years of men satisfying themselves at my expense, it was nice to have a man who listened to my needs.

But, was that kindness or weakness?

Brad chuckled and slid his hands up my skirt. His nails scraped along my hip as he skinned off my panties.

"You're wet," Brad chuckled.

"Not for you," I moaned, but I was lying. I had been moist when I thought about calling John, but now that I had sucked Brad off, my juices were flowing hotter and heavier.

This was so wrong! I needed to move, but Brad's words held me still.

"Simone de Beauvoir said something else, Sarah, something you should take to heart. She said sexual pleasure in women is a kind of magic spell; it demands complete abandon: if words or movements oppose the magic of caresses, the spell is broken."

Bart hiked up my skirt and exposed my wet, swollen pussy.

"Has John EVER made you feel complete abandon?" he asked and his tongue flicked out along my sensitive slit. "Because I can!"

Brad dove forward, his hot mouth connecting with my pussy. I moaned, trying to shut my legs, but it was too late. I had let him in and he was going all the way.

As his tongue speared my wet opening, he worked his fingers into my wet pussy. Working together, he licked and finger-fucking me hard and fast, playing with my pussy like he was playing an instrument. My alcohol-infused blood and the wonderful sensations flooding my pussy made me feel like I was floating above the bed, only to crash back down as I felt myself at the peak of my lust.

"No!" I cried. "Oh, no!"

I didn't want to feel this pleasure, but I couldn't help it. My whole body tensed, then exploded in erratic movements of my arms and legs as Brad continued to pummel my pussy with his mouth and hand. He didn't let me rest, but kept on plunging, working through my orgasm until I was rising on the bed again, screaming as he gave me a second orgasm and then a third. It was like an avalanche rolling over my body and as I finally came to a rest on the sheets; I felt like I was being smothered by my bliss.

"Oh, God!" I moaned when I could finally breathe. "What...how?"

Brad rose from between my legs, his mouth covered with my juices.

"If there's one think fuck boys know how to do," Brad smirked. "It's how to fuck little sluts like you."

"I... I'm not a slut!" I moaned as Brad pulled me to the edge of the bed and swabbed my hot cunt with his cock.

"We'll see about that!" Brad growled and stabbed me in the center with his gigantic cock.

I screamed in pain as his thick flesh tore me open. My mind went blank with pain and pleasure as his cock hammered deep into me. My legs slid up his flanks and hooked under his muscular ass. I was actually pulling him into me, looking for more of that wonderful cock, instead of pulling away.

Brad grinned down at me with that goddamn gorgeous smile, knowing he had me. He HAD me.

"Oh, fuck!" I cried. "Oh God, no!"

"That's right, slut! Tell me you want it! Tell me you want it!"

I tried to fight the urge, but I felt the lust building inside me, threatening to force me over the edge into insanity.

"YES!" I screamed. "Yes, I want it! Fuck me! Fuck me with your big fucking cock!"

It wasn't my voice, it couldn't be my voice. Yet, as I screamed, I felt all tension release in my body and I was carried over the edge into ecstasy.

"That's it, slut!" Brad hissed violently down at her. "Tell me you're my slut!"

Brad slowed down, keeping her from cascading over the edge into orgasm.

"Please!" I cried. "Please! Just fuck me!"

Brad gripped her throat, their faces inches apart.

"Just give into it!" he hissed. "Give into it. Tell me you're my slut!"

I couldn't hold back anymore. The feeling of Brad's cock stabbing deep inside of my belly and the feel of his hard, muscular body driving into me made me forget everything. He was giving me pleasure she had never felt before.

Her submission was a small price to pay for that ecstasy.

"Yes!" I cried, tears of pleasure running down my cheeks. "Yes! I'm your slut!"

"Who owns your pussy, bitch?" Brad growled. "Who fucking owns your pussy?"

"You do!" I screamed. "You own it. It's your pussy! IT'S YOUR PUSSY!"

I howled out my lust and shame to the ceiling as my body gave into the biggest, wettest orgasm yet. I no longer cared about my pride or my fiancé. I had NEVER wanted to please a man like Brad, but at that moment, it was all I wanted to do. I wanted to be his slut, his pussy.

His woman.

Sorry, John, she said to herself again. *It just feels so good!*

Brad tensed, and I knew what was going to happen. He was going to come inside me! I had always warned condoms with John but I'd been so turned on, so drunk I had not realized that Brad was inside me, bare as the day he was born.

"Please!" I cried. "Please don't come inside me! I could get pregnant!"

"You should have thought about that before! Brad grunted. "Unless you want me to stop?"

I was so close to feeling pleasure I'd never felt before. He couldn't stop now. That would just be too cruel.

"Please! don't stop! Don't stop fucking me! FUCK ME!"

Brad growled triumphantly and hammered into me hard. I finally reached the heights of my Bliss, my body lifting off the bed, fucking upward to meet his thick cock. I could feel every bump, every vein as he pounded inside of me. I'd never been so full before that I could feel a man come um, that was enough to bring me over the edge. I screamed in pain as he emptied his seed deep into my fertile unprotected womb.

But he didn't stop there. Even though he had um he kept fucking me harder and harder. my first orgasm giving way to another. He leaned over and hissed in my ear.

“I want you to cum with my load inside you! I want you to cum knowing I could get you pregnant!”

The thoughts turned acid in my brain, but the pain wasn't enough to stop the enormous pleasure as I gave into another orgasm, my pussy squirting out his hot load as it spasmed on this throbbing flesh.

Finally he stopped fucking me, and our bodies came to a rest on the sodden sheets. I thought he was done. John could never last after he had cum. This was my chance to make my escape.

But Brad wasn't done. He pulled out his thick cock, gooey streams of cum dripping down over my ass. He rubbed the cum between my cheeks, working his fingers into places no man had ever touched before.

“What are you doing?” I cried as Brad turned me over onto my stomach.

“I'm going to fuck your ass!” Brad growled, working his fingers into my asshole.

“I've never done that!” I cried. “I can't do that!”

Brad laid on top of me, his lips by my ear, his hard body pressing me into the mattress. tenderly, he moved a lock of hair back behind my ear.

“But you're going to let me take your ass, aren't you?” he murmured. “Because you're my little slut.”

I groaned with shame. I couldn't deny it. I'd even cried out the words at the height of my pleasure.

Brad rubbed his cum over his cock and rubbed the fat head of it up down the puckered entrance of my ass. I moaned, but didn't try to get away. I was a slut now, his slut, and a part of me wanted to know what it would feel like to have that final hole taken from me.

“Oh, fuck!” I cried out in agony. “It hurts.”

“Just relax, Brad murmured to me. tak“T a deep breath.

”I took a deep breath, and Brad slid the head of his cock into my asshole. The pain was intense, but there was something else, just a flicker of pleasure before he pulled out. He let me rest, then slid his cock in again. He repeated the procedure again and again until finally his whole massive flash was throbbing inside of my ass.

It still hurt, but now there was pleasure with the pain. There was another feeling, too. The feeling of giving in to my desire, something I had never done for my boyfriend.

Brad's words echoed in my mind.

Sexual pleasure in woman, is a kind of magic spell; it demands complete abandon: if words or movements oppose the magic of caresses, the spell is broken.

As my ass opened to Brad's cock, I felt it for the first time in my life.

Complete abandon.

That's what I felt as a new orgasm raged in violent waves throughout my body.

This is complete abandon.

John had never done this for me, made her forget who I was and what she stood for. I had never felt complete abandon, complete freedom until Brad took my ass.

"YES! FUCK MY ASS, BABY!" I screamed. "TAKE THAT ASS! IT'S YOURS BABY. IT'S YOURS!"

"Oh, you little fucking whore!" Brad gripped a handful of my thick, dark hair and forced my head out of the pillows. "I knew you were just another whore."

The words hurt, but she was too far gone to care. She was a whore, his whore.. The next words, however, came as a complete shock.

"Now, tell your boyfriend what a fucking whore you are!"

He forced my head to the door, and through the haze of pleasure, I saw him. My love, my boyfriend, John, standing there with his mouth open in shock.

"Sarah?" he said, his voice like a small child's. "Sarah, what is happening?"

John

I arrived an hour later. Sarah still wasn't answering, and I was thinking maybe she had settled in for the night. So, I texted Kelly, who finally texted that they were in the bar. My fantasy of getting down on one knee and proposing in front of everyone filled me with excitement. I didn't care if it was embarrassing.

Sarah was worth it.

Except Sarah wasn't in the bar.

"Johnny!"

It was Holley who greeted me drunkenly at the bar. She had to be drunk because she threw her arms around me in a sloppy hug. I stood rigid, letting Holley get it out of her system. She only played nice when she was drunk or wanted something.

Finally, she let me go and wagged an accusing finger at me.

"Thish is a girlsh weekend, buddy!" she slurred. "You're not supposed to be here!"

I brushed her hand aside.

"I guess I just couldn't wait," I said. "I want to go see Sarah."

Holley laughed and looked at Michaela and Kelly for backup. The two girls wore forced smiles on their faces that set off alarm bells in my mind. Something was wrong.

I stepped forward and gripped Holley by the shoulders.

"Where is she, Holley!" I growled.

"Ooh!" Holley cooed and patted my chest. "So strong! I can see why Sarah likes you!"

She turned and gave a drunken sarcastic wink at the girls. They both smiled sickly.

"Stop fucking around," I snapped, then let her go. "Please, I just want to see her."

"All right, all right!" Holley said as she dug in her purse. "She went upstairs about an hour ago. I'm surprised she didn't call."

I was too, but I pushed the worries from my mind. Sarah had probably been drunk and tired. Still, that she hadn't at least texted me made me wonder.

Holley held out the key to me, and just as it grazed my palm, she held it back.

"Wait!" she giggled. "If I give you the key, I won't have another left!"

"Come on, Holley!" I said my patience was at its end. "Just give me the damn card."

"No!" Holley laughed. "I think we should all go up to the room and see what Sarah's up to. You ready, girls?"

The girls nodded, and I sighed in exasperation.

"Fine! Let's just go."

I followed the girls to the elevator. Michaela and Kelly kept giving me sidelong looks like they wanted to say something, but this was Holley's show.

I slid my hand into my pocket and closed it around the warm velvet box. I held onto it as we stepped out on the fourth floor and Holley led us down the hall to the room.

Holley stopped outside the room and I swear I could hear screaming coming from inside. Was Sarah watching a horror movie? She didn't usually like that kind of thing, but it was the only thought I had as Holley gave me a cruel smile and opened the door.

I realized as I stepped into the room that the screams were not on a screen. They were Sarah's cries, cries of lust and degradation that I had never heard before.

"YES! FUCK MY ASS, BABY! TAKE THAT ASS! IT'S YOURS BABY. IT'S YOURS!"

Sarah was naked and on all fours, her olive skin glistening with sweat. A hugely muscled man was thrusting hard and fast inside of her, thick fingers digging deep into Sarah's round, firm butt cheeks. He saw me and gave me a cruel smirk. He reached forward and gathered my girlfriend's dark hair into a rough ponytail and pulled her head off the bed.

It took me a long moment to understand her words.

The bastard was fucking her ass, something I had never done. Something she had never wanted me to do, yet here she was bouncing her beautiful ass back against this stranger as he stretched open her virgin hole.

"Oh, you little fucking whore!" the big bastard growled. "I knew you were just another whore."

This wasn't right. Sarah wasn't a whore. This wasn't her. I stepped back, but ran into Holley. She pushed me forward.

"Where are you going, lover boy?" she hissed in my ear. "Didn't you want to talk to your girlfriend?"

The bastard turned Sarah to look at me and I saw such a look of lust and hunger on her face, my stomach clenched. I had never made her look like that.

""Now," the evil bastard said, grinning at me. "Tell your boyfriend what a fucking whore you are!"

Sarah's eyes opened clearly as if she was seeing me for the first time.

"Sarah?" I asked. "Sarah, what is happening?"

My voice was weak, but Sarah heard me. She tried to shake her head, but the muscular man behind her gripped her hair.

"Oh God, John!" she moaned. "I'm so sorry!"

"What's it look like she's doing?" Holley interrupted. "She's getting fucked by a real man!"

My limbs went weak, and I wanted to run, but I couldn't.

"You see that, there's your strong man, Sarah!" the bastard snickered. "He can't even move. Let's show him how it's done!"

"No!" Sarah cried, but the bastard was already pushing Sarah forward. Her protests turned to cries of pleasure as he slammed his thick, long cock deep into her asshole. Holley laughed behind me, and I looked at Michaela and Kelly. Their eyes were wide, shocked smiles on their faces. That's when I realized they had all been on it. They had all planned for my girlfriend, the love of my life, to get fucked. The only one who wasn't supposed to be here was me.

"That's it, bitch!" Brad snarled down at my messy, fucked-out girlfriend. "Tell me you love it!"

"I do!" Sarah screamed. "I love it!"

"Tell your boyfriend!" he growled and pulled back on her hair as he redoubled his thrusts into her ass!

"I- I'm sorry, John!" Sarah cried. "I love it! It's so good!"

"Better than him?"

"YES!" The admission drove a nail into my heart. "YES, IT'S SO MUCH BETTER!"

The last words were a scream as Sarah's eyes rolled up into the back of her head and she convulsed on the bed in the most violent orgasm I had ever seen. Brad pushed her head into the pillows as she screamed out her

lust and I watched in horror as his massive buttocks tightened and he shot his load deep into my girlfriend's ass.

After that, everything was quiet except for the exhausted sobs of my girlfriend and the snickers of Holley behind me.

"Damn!" Holley laughed. "That looked like it felt good!"

Sarah moved on the bed, and the bastard helped her sit up. He spread open her legs, and I saw not just one, but two gaping holes dripping with thick, white cum. It hit me, then. He had cum in my future wife's pussy and her ass. Both things I had never done.

Sarah dipped her fingertips into the thick, white froth and raised them to her lips. Then she looked at me, a tired smile on her face.

"I'm sorry, John," she said. "It was just so good."

The large bastard who had stolen my girl grinned at me. I didn't even know his name. He turned Sarah's face up to him and I felt my stomach plummet as he kissed my would-be bride.

Next to me, I heard Holley's cruel laughter bite my ears. My hand went numb. The small velvet box I had been clutching in my fingers fell to the floor, but no one noticed. The love that ring symbolized was dead.

I finally found my legs. I forced my way past Holley, Michaela, and Kelly, who were all laughing now, driving the shame deep into my soul.

I finally ran from the hotel, but the laughter followed me.

I can still hear its echoes.

The End

Mother's Day

1

When I woke up to the smell of bacon that morning, I was confused. I'd worked a double shift at the hotel the day before and I still had to come home and make dinner for my family. By the time I had collapsed in bed next to my husband, I no longer cared what day it was. All I wanted to do was sleep.

My stomach gurgling, I sat up in bed and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. I looked out the window and noticed the sun was up and realized that Harold must have gotten up and shut the alarm off. For a moment, I was angry. I relished my alone time in the morning. I was able to sit on the patio, watch the sunrise over the mountains, and have my first cup of coffee. It was the only alone time I had, even on the weekends.

However, when Harold and my son Bobby entered the room carrying a tray, I suddenly realized what day it was.

The one day a year they made me breakfast. The one day a year they thought about me first. The one day that was supposed to make raising a family all worthwhile.

Mother's Day.

I smiled when Harold and Bobby set the tray next to me on the bed. My enthusiasm was dampened somewhat when I looked down at the tray. The eggs were runny and the toast was burnt. The bacon was limp and soggy. Harold was not a good cook, which is why I had taken over the cooking duties in the house once we were married. It wasn't like I had the time, I just liked to eat well.

At least they had cooked protein with very little carbs. They even used gluten-free bread, although it had been cooked to crisp, brown boards with black edges.

Still, it's the thought that counts right?

That's what I told myself as I crunched into the dry toast. My boys looked at me expectantly. They had tried so hard, I could see that. I smiled as I choked down the toast.

"It's good," I said and took a sip of the cold, bitter French press.
"Really good."

Harold settled back on the bed, sighing in contentment, his mission accomplished. Bobby looked at his father through almost identical glasses

and smiled, giving Harold a manly punch on the shoulder.

I loved my boys. They tried their best, they really did. A warm tear welled up in my eye. I don't like to cry, so I looked down at my runny eggs and stirred them around with a piece of bacon.

"Thank you, boys," I said. I even meant it.

"Do you really like it, Mom?" Bobby asked with a tremor in his voice.

So fragile, just like his father. Looking at them with their thin, wiry bodies and earnest Labrador-brown eyes, I could see that Bobby was his father's son.

"Yes, dear," I said and rubbed his cheek. "I love it. Thank you."

They were pleased and I felt warm inside as I always did when I made them happy. So, I set about eating my breakfast. It wasn't all that bad and I felt good despite the greasy feeling the eggs gave me. My boys smiled eagerly.

I thought that would be it. I'd get my breakfast, some conversation, and we would all go our separate ways. I'd get an hour or two by myself, out of respect for the day, and then I'd go back to doing all the things that needed doing. Maybe they'd take me out for dinner later in the evening. That was typically how Mother's Day had gone for the past decade.

But, Harold surprised me, really surprised me and that hadn't happened for a long time.

"We got you this, too," he smiled slyly. "Not sure you want it, but..."

I looked at the card he handed to me. It was thick, mint green cardstock. Engraved in the soft paper were words with vines twining through the dark green letters.

You are invited to a special day at CoCo Hot Springs.

This invitation can be exchanged for a whole day of being pampered at our facilities including:

massage therapist, mud bath, pedicure and manicure, and facial.

Come see us, relax, and enjoy a full day of our spa experience.

I was stunned. A full day at CoCo Hot Springs? A day of being pampered? A day away from my job, my family, and all of the pressures of my life?

"Harold?" I gasped. "My God, this must have been so expensive!"

My husband's face flushed with pride.

"I've been saving up," Harold said, and winked at Bobby. "Bobby helped, too."

Bobby worked at the local grocery store in town, stocking shelves and bagging groceries. At minimum wage, he made just enough to keep gas in his car but he had used his hard-earned money and helped his father pay for a spa day. I'd never felt so proud.

Or ashamed.

"Really?" I pushed the feelings of guilt and shame to the back of my mind. "My beautiful boys!"

I hugged them both, tears of love and guilt on my cheeks.

"You deserve it, Mom," Bobby said and even kissed my cheek, which reminded me of other, stronger kisses.

"You okay, Mom?" Bobby said when he noticed the look on my face and the red in my cheeks.

"Yes," I said, smiling. "I'm just happy."

That seemed to make my son happy and he got up off the bed. Meanwhile, Harold looked at the clock.

"The appointment I set up is in half an hour, so you better get ready."

"Oh! I didn't realize!" I said. "Maybe I should take a shower so I don't stink."

"Honey, you smell great," Harold said and kissed me on the lips. He lingered there for a moment, his tongue darting across the opening of my mouth. Again, I was surprised. Harold didn't like kissing, especially not in front of our son.

"Stop it, you guys!" Bobby said and made a big show of being disgusted. "If you're doing stuff like that, I'm leaving."

Harold chuckled, "Go ahead and leave then."

Bobby stopped for a moment, shocked. Then we all laughed.

"As much as I'd like to," I said, grinning. "I really do need to get ready."

Harold nodded and stood up. He shifted his pants out of sight of Bobby and I noticed a slight bulge. I smiled again and he winked at me.

"Let's go, son," Harold said and ushered Bobby out of the room. "Let's let your mom get ready for her big day."

As my two boys left the room I sighed, my shoulders relaxed, and the smile on my lips turned into a frown. The kisses I had suppressed came flooding back and a moist heat collected between my thighs. A heat that had very little to do with my husband.

I didn't linger in the shower, however. There wasn't enough time to stand under the hot spray long enough to touch myself and get any real

pleasure. Instead, I washed quickly, got out of the shower, and scrubbed myself off with a dry towel.

Fifteen minutes after I got out of bed, I came downstairs dressed in a bright yellow sundress. Harold looked up at me from the kitchen and let out a low whistle.

"You look great, baby," he said.

I smoothed the sundress down over my body. I did look pretty good for a thirty-six-year-old woman who had a teenager still in high school. My breasts had never regained their former shape, but they stretched the fabric of the dress nicely. My stomach was flat after a good diet and exercise, and my ass was firm under the yellow dress. When I moved, everyone could see the muscles of my thighs move sensually under the yellow cloth. I felt sexy.

"Thank you, sweetie," I said and walked into the kitchen. I looked around for a moment.

The pan with eggs in it was still on the stove. A thin yellow crust had splashed over the edges of the pan and onto the top of the stove. Dishes were piled up in the sink even though I had washed and put them away the night before. It looked like Harold and Bobby had dirtied every pan in the cupboard.

"Don't worry," Harold said, noticing the disappointed look on my face. "Bobby and I'll clean up the house before you get home."

I smiled, but inside I wondered. I couldn't remember the last time the two men had cleaned the house and I could just imagine what it would look like when I got home.

Still, it was my day and I had somewhere to be. It was so much easier not to worry about the mess in the kitchen, or if the house got vacuumed while I was gone. All of a sudden, those things seem so insignificant next to the day of pampering ahead of me.

"Okay, honey," I said and gave Harold a peck on the cheek. His hands roamed over my body but I slipped away from him. "My, my. You really are excited today."

"You always make me excited," he said.

I swatted him playfully on the shoulder. That wasn't true and we both knew it. For the longest time, I blamed myself, but things in my life had changed. I knew I looked good. If Harold didn't always notice, that was his loss.

"Well, you boys have a good day," I said as I headed out the door, waving my fingers playfully at Harold.

"You too, Mom," Bobby said from the living room over the sounds of his Xbox and Harold grinned and waved back.

The front door shut behind me and I took a deep breath of the cool mountain air. I was finally free. Steadying myself, I walked down the front steps and to the car.

The best thing about living in Montana was the mountains. Despite living here for years I still caught my breath every time I walked out of our front door. I took in the view of the valley and the misty, blue mountains in the distance. The sight never failed to remind me of the postcards we sold at the hotel in town. We truly lived in a beautiful place.

Our small house was just outside the town of Spearfish. Spearfish was very much a tourist community, living off skiers in the winter and nature lovers in the spring and summer. I passed the Wayback Hotel and had to stop myself from slowing down. I ran the hotel and Sundays were one of my few days off. If I stopped, I knew my day would be ruined by questions or problems. Just like my family, my employees could handle it for one day.

Taking a turn off Main Street, I passed Harold's small, gray office. His insurance company provided coverage for all the seasonal workers in town. It wasn't a very lucrative career, but it paid the bills. With our two incomes, we just managed to be able to afford to live year-round in a place most people only dreamed about visiting. That was the price you paid to live in a postcard.

The street turned into the highway and I sped up, feeling Spearfish fall away behind me. I passed the sign for Coco Hot Springs about a mile before the turnoff. I had just enough time to imagine spending a whole day to myself being massaged, manicured, and pampered. Six months ago it would have been a dream to spend the whole day at the spa.

I flew past the turnoff without even slowing down.

I drove another twenty miles. Out here the valley flattened out and the houses became smaller and dingier. If there had been a train running through Spearfish, I was definitely on the wrong side of the tracks.

I turned off the highway onto a small, gravel side road hidden by weeds and a drooping maple tree. The long, narrow lane was bordered on both sides by waving grasses and a small creek. Scattered around the pasture I could see large, black cows chewing calmly on their cud, unconcerned with why I, a wife and mother, was driving down a backroad on Mother's Day. The accusation I felt in their long, baleful looks was all in my head.

Finally, the lane ended at a dilapidated old farmhouse. White paint was flicking off the outside like dead skin, exposing the dark boards beneath. Rusted hulks of cars were scattered about the gravel yard in front of a rotting barn that had once been red but had faded to a dusty pinkish-gray.

I stopped the car and waited, my hands clenching the steering wheel. I listened for the dogs I knew were there, but there was no barking and I assumed they were in the kennel behind the barn. After a few moments, I collected myself and got out of the car.

I walked up to the door and knocked. I tried to control my breathing as I waited. Suddenly, the battered front door opened and Jason stood there behind the screen. He was tall, so much taller than I had expected the first time I had seen him. He was the same age as Bobby, just eighteen, but he looked every inch a man. He wore no shirt and I found myself following the harsh ridges of his body, my eyes caressing his supple, taut skin. I licked my lips without even thinking.

"Hello, Mrs. Harris," Jason said with a smirk.

He knew my first name was Heather, but he enjoyed calling me by my married name. Even now his blood was quickening just thinking about the married woman standing outside his front door waiting for him to open it. I felt the blood rush to my cheeks, the same reaction that happened every fucking time I saw him.

He looked me up and down, running his eyes along the curves of my yellow dress. As always I felt naked under his gaze. My thighs grew wetter and my nipples hardened painfully against the fabric of my bra.

Jason stood there for a moment, staring at me. He was torturing me, I knew that, but it only made me want him more. Finally, he opened the screen door with a rusty creak.

"Do you want to come in?" His smirk turned into a grin.

Of course, I wanted to come in. I always wanted to come in, but I wasn't going to say it. I managed to frown as I stomped past him and into the dingy living room.

The house was a stark contrast to my own. Smaller and darker, the carpet a dusty blue color from years of dirty feet. Dirty laundry Jason didn't bother to hide was lying on the edge of the couch. There's a dank, musty smell hanging in the air.

"So," Jason said. "How long do you have?"

I didn't turn around. I kept my eyes on a patch of brown mildew on the wall just above the television.

"All day," My voice trembled. "I have all day."

"All day, huh?" I could hear the smirk in his voice.

"Yes," I said. "It's Mother's Day."

"Yeah, I know," he said. "My mom had to work. But, that's all right..."

I flinched as he slammed the door shut. The floor creaked as he came up behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist. I felt his hot breath on my skin as his lips grazed my ear.

"It means we have all day together," he murmured and I moaned as his sharp teeth bit into my neck.

2

How did I get here, in this place, with this boy? I ask myself that a lot these days. I relive the moments in my mind. I don't know why I'm here or keep going back. All I know is it started with a black eye.

"Oh my God! Bobby? What happened?"

Bobby slammed open the front door, trying to rush through without saying hello. He had his hand up over his face trying to hide something, but it was too late.

I came around the kitchen counter and grabbed Bobby by the arms, stopping him. I placed my hand under his chin and made him look at me. On the right side of his face was the biggest shiner I had ever seen. It was new, still red with the purple bruising beginning around the eye and along his cheekbone.

"It's nothing," Bobby said, trying to get by me, but I held him firmly.

"That's not nothing!" I said. "What happened to you?"

While the one side of his face was covered in bruises, the other one was bright red. It'd been like that ever since he was a little boy when he was embarrassed he blushed cutely. It also made it very hard for him to lie to me.

"I just..." he stammered. "I just got into a little bit of a fight at school."

"Fight?" I said, shocked. That didn't sound at all like Bobby. "You got into a fight at school? Why didn't anybody call me?"

"Well," Bobby looked away from me. "It wasn't at school, it was right after. Some of the other boys were teasing another kid. I tried to stop them, but..."

That sounded a lot more like my son. He wasn't big, or strong, but he had a lot of character. As a mother, it made my heart swell with pride that he would stick up for someone else. But, as a mother, it infuriated me that he was hurt for doing the right thing.

"Who was it?" I demanded.

"Mom," Bobby said and rolled his eyes. "It's nothing, okay? It's just a group of boys at school."

"Do they pick on you?" I asked.

Bobby looked away again and blushed, giving me my answer. I hated the idea of my son being bullied. He was a good, sweet kid. Seeing him like

this, embarrassed for being beaten, made my heartbreak.

"Who was it?" I said again. "Who hit you?"

Bobby knew I wouldn't let go until he told me. He looked anywhere but my face, then finally rested his eyes on the floor.

"Jason Carver."

I stopped for a moment, thinking. Spearfish, Montana was a resort town, but it was just like every other small town. And, just like every small town, there were always those families who seemed to produce nothing but bitter, angry people. The Carvers were a family like that. They lived in the foothills on the edge of town and rumors swirled through Spearfish about their involvement in drugs, fights, and vandalism. Jason Carver was just another in a long line of Carver hoodlums.

"Jason, huh?" I said.

"Mom," Bobby said, seeing the look on my face. "Mom, it's okay. I handled it."

I looked again at the bruise on his face, brushed the purple mark with my finger. Bobby hissed in pain and that made me even angrier.

"Yes," I said. "It sure looks like you handled it."

Bobby looked at me with such shock and I suddenly realized how that sounded. Like he couldn't handle himself. Like he was still my little boy.

"Oh honey," I said and rubbed the other cheek. "I didn't mean it like that."

Bobby shrugged as if it meant nothing, but I knew I had hurt him.

"Can I go now?" he asked.

"Yes," I smiled and he accepted another pat on his unmarked cheek.

He began to walk away and I stopped him.

"Wait!" I walked into the kitchen, opened the freezer, and pulled out a bag of frozen peas. I walked back to him and handed him the bag. "Put this on your eye. It will help with the swelling."

"Thanks, Mom," Bobby said and took the peas. I watched him walk up the stairs to his room. I waited until I heard his door shut before letting out my anger.

"Fucking bastard!" I said to the kitchen.

I made the decision right then and there to contact Jason's mother, Sarah. I waited till I was sure Bobby wasn't going to come down the stairs, then I looked up the number for the Moonstruck Restaurant. The last I had heard, Sarah was working there as well as the night shift at the Triple T

Tavern. Like most of us, she made her living catering to the tourists who came and went throughout the summer and winter.

I called the Moonstruck and asked for Sarah. I kept looking up the stairs to see if Bobby was coming. Finally, a woman came on the line.

"Hello?" she said and I heard the weariness in her voice.

"Sarah?" I said, trying to keep my voice neutral. "This is Heather Harris, Bobby Harris's mother? Our sons go to school together."

There was a long pause as Sarah no doubt wondered why a woman who had never spoken to her was calling in the middle of the day.

"And how can I help you, Heather?" There was just a hint of sarcasm in her voice.

"Well," I said. "It seems like our boys got into a fight after school. My son has a huge bruise on the side of his face. He says Jason did it."

"That's what he says, huh?" she asked. "So, what do you want to talk about?"

"I want to talk about..." I took a deep breath, trying to keep my voice calm. "I want to talk about what we're going to do to make sure Jason doesn't bully my son."

"And how do we know that was Jason's fault?" Sarah said, her voice sharp with bitterness. "How do we know your son didn't start the fight?"

"Bobby would never do that!" I said.

"And my son would?" She was angry now and I could practically see the poison dripping off her tongue.

"No," I said, hurriedly. "No, that's not what I meant."

"I know what you meant," Sarah spat into the phone. "If there's a problem it's got to be one of the Carvers, right?"

I didn't know what to say. She wasn't wrong. If something happened in town, a store was broken into, vandalism, or drugs being sold out of the back of the Rock Creek Tavern. Every time something like that happened in our town, the Carver name came up.

I never realized until that moment how horrible that must be, to live under a cloud of suspicion your whole life. I tried to think of some words to say but couldn't.

"Listen," Sarah said. "I have to get back to work. Jason's home today and he's eighteen, for God's sake. You want to take it up with him, take it up with him. Frankly, I don't have the time."

There was a click as the call ended. I stared at the silent phone in my hand. I felt embarrassment mixed with my anger. I could not believe how she had turned the conversation back on me! Wasn't she worried about how her son was hurting other people? I know I would if Bobby was suspected of bullying others.

Bobby would never do that.

Of course, Bobby would never do that. Not my sweet, gentle son.

Well, I said to myself. If his mother's not going to take care of it I'll just have to talk to him myself.

Even as I had the thought, I knew I was wrong. At least part of me knew I was wrong. This wasn't the way to go about fixing things. In fact, it could make things worse.

But, the mother tiger in me rose its gnarly head. I wasn't going to sit back and do nothing while my son was being hurt. That was just *not* how I operated.

So, I gathered up my purse and the car keys and called up the stairs to Bobby.

"Bobby? I need to run to the store for some..."

I paused, trying to come up with some logical reason for running to the store.

"Milk," I said. "I need to go get some milk and some other things for dinner."

"All right, Mom," Bobby called from behind his closed door.

And that was it. A simple lie. A split-second decision. It all happened so quickly.

And that's where it all began.

3

Everyone knew where the Carver's lived. They were scattered amongst the foothills outside of Spearfish on land their forebears had claimed over a hundred years ago. Most of the buildings on their property were falling down in some way and most of the pasture had been allowed to go to seed.

The house that Jason and his mother lived in was in no better shape than the rest of the Carver residences. It was old and saggy and in dire need of a paint job. Rusted hulks of cars were scattered around the courtyard in front of a dilapidated old barn.

As I pulled up in front of the house, I heard the frenzied barking of dogs a moment before a huge Pitbull jumped on the side of my car and clawed at the windows.

I screamed as another Pitbull thumped against the opposite side of the car. There was no way I was going to get out of the car with those two snarling, slavering animals. I had my hand on the key to start the car when I heard a voice call from the house.

"Cookie!" I looked up and saw a tall, young man standing on the rotting porch. "Marshmallow! Get down!"

It took me a moment to realize that Cookie and Marshmallow were the dogs. I watched as first the brown one then the white one slunk back from the car towards the porch. The man sauntered down the porch, took each of them by the collar, and dragged them around the side of the house.

I was still shivering in my car when the man returned. He knocked on the window and I realized the tall, young man was Jason Carver.

"It's all right," he said. "I locked them up. You can get out now."

I didn't think I could get out. My hands were locked onto the steering wheel. Jason walked around the side of the car and opened the door.

"It's all right," he said again and held out his hand.

I peeled my fingers away from the steering wheel and took his hand. His fingers were strong and rough, with dirt under the nails. Still, his strength calmed me and I stepped out of the car.

"They're really not that bad," Jason said and helped me to my feet. "They just wanted to see who you were."

"Yes, well," I said, still shaking. "I'm Heather Harris."

"I know who you are, Mrs. Harris," Jason said. He was still holding my hand and I looked down, suddenly feeling awkward. I pulled my hand away and had to fight the desire to wipe it against my jeans. "You're Bobby's mother."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, that's actually what I came here for."

Standing here next to him, I realized just how tall he was. The last time I had been this close to him must have been ten years ago. I was used to Bobby and Harold who both were about even height with me and I wasn't tall. Jason, however, loomed over me with a long, muscular body. He looked more like a man than my husband.

I shook the thought away, trying to wipe away the comparison, but the image persisted.

Jason smiled, it was the first time I had ever seen his smirk and I felt a flash of anger rising in my chest.

"Let me guess," Jason said. "Little Bobby went home to his mommy and told him that big, bad Jason hit him?"

"That is not what happened," I said, trying to defend my son. "He wouldn't have even told me if I hadn't noticed the huge black eye you gave him."

Jason continued to smirk down at me and I watched as his eyes took me in. It was a possessive, hungry look.

I was dressed in a simple button-down shirt and jeans, but I felt naked under that gaze. He stood there looking at me for a while and I contemplated getting back in the car and just going away. This wasn't going to work. It had been a stupid idea to even try. The boys would have to work it out on their own. Or, maybe, Booby would just have to avoid him.

"I see," Jason said and finally took his eyes off of me. My body shook like a deer suddenly released from the hypnotic glare of a car's headlights. I hadn't even known I was frozen until I could move again.

I was moving to get into my car when Jason said, "Why don't you come inside for a drink and we can talk about it."

I stopped. He was no longer looking at me, and God help me, I felt the absence of that gaze. I couldn't help but watch his firm buttocks move under his jeans as he strode to the house. He looked over his shoulder and caught me staring. My face burned with shame and Jason's smirk became a grin.

"You coming?" he asked.

My mind was screaming at me to stop. The look he had given me was still throbbing through my blood and I realized just how dangerous this boy was. Strong, wild, beautiful. The kind of boy who only wanted one thing and then dropped you the next day like a whore. I had never needed that kind of attention. I'd always had my sweet, gentle Harold. I didn't need anyone else.

I knew I shouldn't follow him into that house. No good would come of it. But, I needed to protect my son. At least, that's what I told myself as I shut the car door and walked up to the front porch.

4

The house itself wasn't much smaller than my own home, but it was dark, and there was a musty, closed-in smell that permeated the place. Clothes and other items were strewn across the floor like someone had given up on cleaning a long time ago. I had to stop myself from tidying up. I really can't stand a mess.

Jason moved from the living room to a small kitchen that looked like something out of the 70s. Cracked, yellow linoleum counters contrasted starkly against the dark wood cupboards. Even though the garish colors had faded with age, it was still hard to look at.

"Drink?" Jason asked and pulled open an ancient refrigerator.
"Lemonade? Water?"

I could see from the dining room that the fridge was nearly empty. However, on the top shelf, there was a large jug of lemonade. It looked cold and I suddenly found myself with a parched throat.

"Yes, please," I said and wondered why I was being so polite. This wasn't a goddamned social call. Yet, a part of me couldn't help being intimidated by this tall, sexy boy.

Jason got out a couple of glasses and filled them up from the jug in the fridge. It was a sun tea jug, so it had a little spigot that he could push to fill the glasses with cold lemonade. When he was done he walked to me and passed me the glass which was already sweating.

I took a drink and even though it was the cheap, powdered stuff, it cooled my throat and the tartness stung my tongue.

"Thank you," I said. "Now, about Bobby..."

Jason said nothing, just looked at me over the rim of his glass as he took a long drink. I found my eyes drawn to a drop of lemonade that escaped the corner of his mouth and dripped down his chin. I suddenly wanted to bend forward and lick that drop from his mouth. My lips tightened and my tongue twitched as I imagined the mixture of sweat and lemonade.

What was I thinking? It was stupid, looking at this young boy like that. I chalked it up to the way he gazed at me outside and my memories of previous boyfriends. It was nothing more than a simple twitch of lust. It meant nothing. And it certainly didn't change why I was here.

"You want me to stop bothering Bobby?" Jason set his glass on the counter and looked down at me, with that cold smirk on his face. It should have been ugly and cruel, but on his handsome face, it made the blood hum in my veins. It was if Jason knew the punchline and I was the joke.

"Yes," I looked away from him and took another drink of my lemonade to cover my nervousness. "I want you to stop bothering him."

"Fine," he said, simply.

"Really?" I turned around. "Just like that?"

"Sure." Jason stepped forward. He was in my personal space now. I stepped back and bumped into the doorway of the kitchen.

Jason looked down at me and suddenly my vision was filled with his handsome face. His muscular body loomed over me. I felt helpless, but that helplessness sent a shiver of excitement up my spine. The strange desire a woman might feel in the presence of a strong, alpha male. The primal pull of his manhood reaching deep inside and stroking the equally primal woman hiding there.

"All you have to do is fuck me," Jason said.

The words made all of the lust evaporate instantly. I suddenly laughed, unable to stop myself. I covered up my mouth, tears in my eyes.

"I... I'm sorry, kid," I managed to gasp between bouts of laughter. "I mean, what do you think this is? Some kind of porno movie?"

Jason's self-assured smirk slipped just a fraction and he backed up a step. The moment was broken. Whether by his ham-handed attempt at seduction or just a ludicrous idea of me, a wife and mother, being blackmailed by this dumb kid.

I set the lemonade down on the counter, no longer thirsty. I turned to leave. I was no longer scared of his strength, or his charm or the firm line of his jaw. He was just so young. So stupid.

His voice stopped me at the door.

"So, that's it?" he asked. "You just going to walk out and let little Bobby get picked on?"

I rounded on him and let my full anger show.

"Oh, you're not going to hurt my son. If you do, I'll go to the police and tell them about you harassing me. I'll tell them you propositioned me. Who do you think they'll believe?"

"That's it, then." For the first time, his smile slipped into a frown. His grey eyes became cold like dirty ice. If I hadn't been so angry, I would have

been scared. "Sure, they'll believe you. After all, you're a fine upstanding member of the community and I'm just another Carver."

"That's not what I meant and you know it."

"Oh, I know what you meant," Jason said. He turned away from me and walked back towards the kitchen.

"Listen," I said. "Please, I just want you to stop messing with Bobby."

Jason nodded. This time he stalked over to me and he didn't stop until he was inches from me. Again I could feel the massive heat of his body as he encroached upon my personal space. He looked down at me and his smirk returned.

"All right," he said. "How about a kiss?"

"What?" My voice was small and weak. "No!"

"Come on," he murmured. "Just a kiss and I'll make sure nobody picks on Bobby ever again. Or his friends."

I stood there feeling the heat from his body make my cheeks warm. I wet my bottom lip, unconsciously preparing myself.

I shouldn't do this. It was wrong. But, the fact that this beautiful, young man standing before me wanted a kiss from me, wanted to kiss me so much that he was willing to take this chance, made something inside of me bloom. It was just a kiss, right? Just a kiss and Bobby would be fine and no one would ever have to know.

I nodded slightly. Just enough to give my assent. Jason leaned forward and placed his lips gently against mine. I expected him to kiss me eagerly, sloppily like an eighteen-year-old boy. Instead, his kiss was gentle and I found myself moving forward for more. As I did, he put his large, strong hands on my hips and pulled me into him. I moaned involuntarily against his lips. He took that as encouragement, pressed harder against my lips, and slipped his tongue into my mouth.

I confess I lost myself to the kiss. I leaned into his muscular body molding myself to his heat. His jeans scraped against my belly and I felt his cock, large and thick and pressing against the fabric of his pants. He was hard and he was huge.

I finally came back to myself. I pushed against him. He could easily have kept me in his arms, but he let me go.

I reacted instinctively. My hand flashed out and I smacked him square across the face. It was like smacking stone. Pain shot through my hand and

up my arm. He turned his head and I watched as a red welt formed on his cheek. That damn smirk was still on his face.

I had to get out. I had to run. The heat inside me was overwhelming. I scrambled at the door, finally able to yank it open.

I stumbled down the steps to my car, yanked open the door, and jumped into the driver's side. A moment later, the wheels were spraying gravel out behind me.

As I tore down the road, I looked back in my rearview mirror and I saw him standing on the porch, rubbing his injured cheek.

He was still smiling.

5

I finally started to relax as I got a mile away from Jason's house. Even though my body stopped shivering, I could still feel the heat in my belly and between my legs. I tried to shake off the feeling, but it just kept coming back.

Why did that turn me on? Was it his size? His beauty? His confidence? He was so young, yet he handled himself like a man.

My thoughts were still confused as I pulled into the driveway. Harold's car was home and I took a deep breath, suddenly feeling as if I had cheated on him. It was only a kiss, yet it wasn't just a kiss. If it had been a quick peck or a light brush of the lips, then it wouldn't have felt like a betrayal. But, Jason's mouth had drawn me in and held me until I had forgotten who and where I was. The fact that I had forgotten my family at that moment was the *ultimate* act of betrayal.

I got myself together and managed to get into the house, hoping that my boys weren't on the ground floor waiting for me. The house seemed quiet. I poured myself a cold glass of water and gulped it down. The terrible heat in my body had just begun to fade when Harold entered the room.

"Hey," he said. "How are you?"

He came towards me and I had to resist the urge to shy away from him. Being close to him after being close to Jason seemed wrong. I forced myself to give him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Such a chaste kiss compared to the one Jason had forced on my lips just minutes earlier.

"I'm fine," I said. "How was your day?"

"Good," Harold said. "Same old, same old. I took a few phone calls, went out to check some hail damage in the hills. You?"

"It was good," I said. "It's quiet at the hotel, but I suppose in a couple of weeks it's going to get busy."

"Too right," Harold agreed.

Bobby came into the kitchen. Harold didn't notice his black eye and Bobby quickly opened the refrigerator.

"Mom?" he said from inside the fridge. "I thought you went and got milk?"

I stopped. I had forgotten the excuse I had made when I left the house. I tried to think quickly as Bobby stood up and looked at me, turning his face

to the side so that his father could now see him.

"Bobby?" Harold gasped. "What the hell happened to your face?"

The milk was forgotten as Bobby was forced to tell his father what had happened. Harold listened intently, his face serious, nodding sagely at all the right moments.

"Wow, that's rough," he said finally when Bobby had finished. He reached out a fatherly hand and placed it on our son's shoulder.

Both Bobby and I looked at each other, then looked away. Harold had a long history of avoiding conflict. I knew it was a defensive reaction to the bullying he endured in high school. Bullying by people exactly like Jason Carver.

"Can you, you know," Harold mumbled. "Can you just try and stay away from him?"

"The school's not that big, dad," Bobby sighed. I put a hand on my son's shoulder and smiled.

"It's okay," I said. "Bobby can handle himself, can't you Bobby?"

As Bobby nodded, I thought of my agreement with Jason. I had kissed him, but I'd also slapped him in the face. In his mind, that probably meant our deal was null and void. If he had ever planned on honoring the agreement in the first place.

Thoughts of Jason brought the heat back to my face and I quickly busied myself in the kitchen. Bobby had forgotten all about my trip to the store, which was good because I didn't have a good excuse.

Dinner was a quiet affair. Everyone was subdued with their thoughts. Harold with work and Bobby with school. And I was worried about Jason. What would happen if he told someone that we'd kissed? It was his word against mine and even though he was a Carver, he was still a young boy. I was supposed to be the responsible adult.

You never should have gone into the house, I told myself over and over again, knowing each time that there was nothing I could do about it now.

Finally, the meal was over, the dishes were done, and everyone had gone their separate ways. Harold retreated to his office to read. Bobby went to his room with his iPhone to chat and play games with his friends. I went to my bedroom.

I tried to read a book, but I couldn't get my mind off of what happened. I thought of Jason and my hand slid down my body brushing my pussy through my pajamas. I felt the heat flare instantly as if the embers had been

waiting there all along for someone to fan into flame. My pussy was sopping.

I slid my hand into my pajama bottoms. The tip of my finger touched my wet pussy and I opened my lips to feel the swollen bud of my clit against my fingertips. It was insane for me to be this wet, this turned on, just from the memory of a boy.

I was just beginning to explore my sex when I heard Harold's footsteps on the stairs. Quickly, I moved my hand, wiped my juices onto my pajamas, and held my book up in front of my face to hide the guilt.

"Hey baby," Harold said as he began undressing for bed. "You tired?"

"No," I said, and suddenly I had an idea. A way of getting rid of the guilt and maybe, just maybe, getting rid of the heat between my legs in the process.

I laid down my book. Harold had his back to me. He didn't see me get up on all fours on the bed and crawl over to his side of the bed. I knelt on my knees and pulled my t-shirt over my head. I had no bra on and my heavy breasts hung free. My nipples were already hard, had been hard ever since I had fled from Jason's house.

Harold turned, now shirtless, and stopped, his mouth hanging open.

"Heather? What?"

"I said I wasn't tired," I grinned.

Harold stared at me dumbly. Our sex life had waned over the years since Bobby had been born. We still had sex, but more often than not one of us would be too tired. Usually, that was Harold. It was hard not to blame myself, and my aging body, for his disinterest. But, the way Jason had looked at me that afternoon made me feel beautiful and confident. I was still a desirable woman. So, I left my hands at my side and let Harold look at me.

"What about Bobby?"

We usually waited to mess around until after Bobby was asleep. More often than not we both fell asleep before our son and there was no messing around to be had. I wasn't going to let that happen tonight.

"Well," I said as I rolled on my back and slid my pajamas under my bottom. "I guess you're just going to have to be quiet then."

I threw my clothes onto the floor. Harold stood there for a moment, then suddenly he was struggling to get out of his pants. I giggled at his enthusiasm.

Finally, he got his pants and socks off. He came up to the bed, his thin cock was nice and hard. It was cute how hot he was for me.

I reached forward and touched his cock. It was hot and throbbing in my hands as I stroked him. Harold moaned, leaned over to the side table, opened it up, and pulled out a small box with roses on the cover.

In the box were a variety of different things for lovey-dovey time. Lubricant, cinnamon warming oil, and condoms. I didn't like the way the pill made me feel and, so far, neither Harold and I wanted to admit our baby-making days were over. So, condoms.

Harold tore open the condom and pushed the cold, slick plastic over the tip of his penis. I reached forward and, using my thumb and forefinger, rolled the sheath down to the base of his cock. I kept my hand on him, to warm him up. Harold groaned and moved his hips, brushing his rubber-coated flesh through my fingers.

"Do you need any lube?" Harold asked.

"No, baby." I laid back and spread my legs. After thinking of Jason all afternoon, I was more than ready. "I just need you."

That was all Harold needed to hear. He crawled onto the bed between my legs and slid his cock inside of me. I tried not to think of Jason as Harold's slippery cock quivered inside of me. But, I couldn't stop myself from thinking of the young bastard's hot body next to mine, his lips on me, and the bulge in his jeans as he rubbed against my stomach.

He must be huge! I thought. *If I could feel him through his jeans, he must be fucking huge.*

I moaned at the thought and the pleasure throbbed inside my body. Harold bounced on top of me, grunting in my ear as he banged away at my wet pussy. There was no finesse in his actions, no seduction. Just pure, primal need.

I lifted my hips, trying to slow him down and get a better angle for penetration. It was no use. His movements were getting jerky and I could feel his body go taut.

"Not yet," I moaned as I felt my husband spasm on top of me. "Not yet."

Harold tried to hold back, but it was too late. He buried his sweaty face in my breasts. He let out one last, wheezing grunt and it was over.

I laid underneath him, listening to him panting against my chest. Finally, when he'd regained his breath, he looked up at me with pure joy on his face.

"God!" he grinned. "That was so good!"

I smiled, but couldn't hold back a sliver of spite from piercing my heart. I was still throbbing between my legs. My desire had only been stoked, not sated.

I pushed the feeling aside. It had been a while since we'd had sex. Could I really blame him for being so excited?

We snuggled until our sweaty bodies turned clammy and Harold rolled over to the side of the bed. He took a tissue from the bedside table, reached between his legs, and slid the condom off. He wadded the used condom up in a tissue and tossed it discreetly into the wastebasket.

"I'm going to take a shower," he said and looked over his shoulder, smiling. "Want to join me?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe in a little bit. Why don't you go warm it up for me?"

Harold grinned like a little boy and hurried off to the shower. I waited until I was sure he was inside before I slipped my hand back between my legs.

I was wet and sticky from the lubricant on the condom. I teased my puffy lips open and slid my fingers up to my clit. I was already turned on by thoughts of Jason combined with Harold's enthusiastic lovemaking. I didn't need much to push myself to the edge.

I bit my bottom lip and thought of Jason's hot breath on my mouth, his tongue deep inside me, tasting me. That was enough. That memory and my fingers made me cum. I put my hand over my mouth to stifle my scream as I spasmed, spilling my juices onto the sheets. I rode out my orgasm for a solid minute until my body finally started to relax and I fell back on the sheets, exhausted.

I laid there for a few moments, collecting myself and relishing the pleasure of my orgasm. Finally, when I was sure I could walk, I rolled off the bed and went to the shower to join my husband.

6

After a good night's sleep, I felt better, even though thoughts of Jason still plagued me. I did my best to push them away and focus on what was important. My family.

And Bobby did seem to be doing better. His bruises faded in a couple of days and I envied his ability to heal. He was happier, too. I'm not sure what it was, but he was brighter at home, less like a moody teenager and more like my little boy. It was this shift that made me realize how moody he had been over the last few months leading up to his fight with Jason.

I wondered how much of his attitude had been because of being a teenager and how much was Jason. Ironically, I was too afraid to ask him how things were going, because I didn't want to add fire to my thoughts of Jason. It was bad enough the young bastard popped up in my mind during the day, attacking my brain at the most inopportune moments. When I was helping someone at the hotel, when I was in bed with Harold, or even worse, when I looked at my son and found myself comparing his small, frail body to Jason's tall, manly frame. It was wrong, so wrong, but it never failed to light a fire at my crotch, something that should not be happening in the presence of my son.

Luckily, by the end of the week, the evil thoughts had dwindled. I even managed to convince myself that I had responded to Jason's brash behavior because I had been so emotional. I didn't want the bastard. That was ludicrous!

That was my feeling on a cloudy afternoon when I heard Bobby's car pull up the drive. He'd been working a shift at the store and was bringing steaks home to marinate for dinner. Harold was watching something in the living room. I glanced out the window and saw Bobby walking up the drive with none other than Jason Carver.

My body trembled as I watched Jason walk up the sidewalk. What the hell was he doing here?

The two boys were talking together, which only increased my confusion. I stood, rooted to the spot, the water running over my hands and filling up the sink. I didn't know if I should hide or stand my ground, so I stood there, shivering like a scared deer.

Bobby came in the front door laughing. The laughter shook me out of my daze and I shut off the water. I crossed to the counter and looked at the two young men, trying to compose my thoughts.

"Hey Mom," Bobby said. "You know Jason Carver, right? Is it all right if he stays for dinner?"

Jason was standing behind Bobby, looking over my son's shoulder and smirking at me. I wanted to slap him again, but I could also feel the memory of his lips on mine. My mind reeled in confusion.

"Hello, Jason," I managed to say, forcing a smile on my face. "Sure, Bobby. Your...friend can stay for dinner."

"Hey, who's this?"

Harold came in from the living room and stood in front of Jason, looking up at him. Such a marked difference between the two. My husband, shorter and balding, his belly beginning to develop an old man's paunch. Our new diet had helped, but Harold didn't exercise, so his body remained soft and round. Jason was all firm muscle and hard edges.

"Hello, Mr. Harris," Jason said and held out his hand. "You know me. Jason Carver."

Harold smiled and shook Jason's hand.

"Of course I know who you are, Jason," Harold said. He looked from one boy to the other. "It's good to see you boys have worked out your differences."

That was just like Harold. He thought everything could be worked out by talking about it or avoiding it. I have to admit, most of the time this worked out for him, but I doubted Jason's sudden friendship with Bobby had anything to do with working things out.

"Yes, sir," Jason said deferentially, which made my husband puff up like a peacock. "We just needed to hang out a little bit. Bob's a nice guy."

He slapped my son on the shoulder and I saw Bobby wince, and then laugh. I watched the show, all the while remembering Jason kissing me, the heat of his body next to mine in his small living room. I felt like screaming, but I couldn't say anything without giving away that Jason and I had spoken. And if I did say something, what would Jason say? The time to tell anyone what had happened between us had long since passed. So, I was forced to smile and act like this whole show was real.

"Bobby," I said. "Did you get the steak?"

"Oh, yeah," he said. "I forgot it in the car. I'll be right back."

Bobby went out the front door and Harold gave Jason a manly pat on the shoulder.

"It's good to see you again, Jason," Harold said. "I hear you're staying for dinner?"

"Yes, sir," Jason said. "If that's okay with you?"

I could tell the request for permission pleased my husband, but he nodded at me and winked, "Well, if the boss says it's okay, then, it's okay with me."

"I already said he could," I muttered, but Harold didn't hear me. His job done, he gave Jason one more fatherly pat and turned to leave the kitchen.

"Honey, let me know when the steaks are ready to cook. I'm going to finish up some work in the study."

And just like that, Jason and I were alone together only separated by the narrow kitchen counter between us.

"What are you doing here?" I hissed.

Jason grinned, "What do you mean? I'm having dinner at my friend's house."

Again, that fucking smirk. Again the fire of anger in my chest followed by a twinge of heat between my thighs. I had never felt this confused by a man in my entire life.

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Do I?" Jason said. "You're the one that told me to stop picking on your son. Look at us now! We're friends."

"You are not friends!" I spat and leaned over the counter. "You're just pretending."

Jason bent forward, coming close to me. I tried to back up, but he put a hand on my arm, holding me in place. I thought he was going to kiss me again.

"Now," he murmured. "Why would I do that?"

Before I could answer, Bobby, burst in through the front door holding a Safeway bag. Jason stood up and I retreated into the kitchen, my face flushed.

'Mom!' he said, and my heart stopped in my chest. Had he seen how close I'd been to his bully?

Instead, he threw the steaks on the counter with a solid thunk.

"Jason and I are going to go play Xbox."

"Okay. You, uh, you two have fun," I stammered weakly.

"Come on, Jason!" Bobby said. "Let's go check out that new game I got I told you about."

Bobby left the room, but Jason lingered for a moment, smiling at me. I turned away from him, my cheeks hot and sweat tickling the sensitive skin between my breasts. I was hyper-aware of every sensation coursing through my body. I imagined his eyes on me, hungry and cold.

When I finally turned around again he was gone. I heard the two boys from the living room. I pulled one of the barstools from the island and sat down, resting my head between my hands.

What the hell was I going to do? That bastard was here at my house! Not only that, but I was also still feeling the same thrill I felt when I was in his house. It was maddening.

I walked back into the kitchen, wet the dish towel with cool water, and placed it on my forehead. I took in some deep breaths, controlling the beat of my heart until it slowed. Finally, I went to the wine rack and pulled out a bottle of red.

The plan had been to use the wine to marinate the steaks. However, my plans had changed since Jason walked in the front door. I took a glass from the cabinet and poured myself a large measure of the red. I took a big drink, ignoring the sting of the alcohol on my tongue and the burn of the fumes in my nose. Then, I set the glass back down again and refilled it.

After a few more swallows of wine, I felt myself relax enough to start preparing the food. I placed the steaks in a dish and poured wine over the top, then seasoned it with salt pepper and other herbs. I covered the dish and set the steaks aside to marinate and come to room temperature. Then, I took out some vegetables and began to prepare them for the grill.

I was in the middle of cutting the vegetables when I felt a presence behind me. I turned to find Jason standing there. Instinctively, I brought the knife around and Jason caught my wrist to avoid being cut.

"Watch it, now, Mrs. Harris," Jason said, plucking the knife from my fingers.

"What are you doing?" I hissed again, but Jason ignored me, pulled me forward, and forced me into a deep, wet kiss.

I wanted to scream or fight, but I was helpless. If I did anything, my boys would come running, and then what? Explain to them what was happening? Explain how I let Jason kiss me and that was why he was here, in our house?

The urge to fight or flee faded quickly under the pressure of Jason's mouth. Once again, my body responded to him. He pried my mouth open with his tongue and wormed his hot flesh between my lips.

A small whimper started in the back of my throat and bled out around his lips. Jason chuckled into my mouth and that made me moan even louder.

"There you go," he said soothingly. "That's such a good girl, Mrs. Harris. I wonder, do you kiss your husband like that?"

"Of course I do," I hissed like an angry cat, but he only laughed in my face.

"Should we bring him in here and ask him?" he asked.

Before I could say anything else his mouth was on mine again, his tongue deep inside me. I protested, but his breath forced my words down my throat. His hands began to explore my body. I tried to break away, but his hard body pinned me to the counter.

His strong hands explored my body expertly. He tested my reactions, touching my sensitive breasts, and rubbing my nipples through my shirt. When he found that I liked him pinching my nipples, he twisted them harder, sending shock waves of pleasure through my whole body. Slowly, he worked his strong hands down my flanks and gripped my hips. I tried to fight again when I felt his hand between my thighs. He stopped kissing me, then bit my neck. I moaned loudly, then remembered my family was just a few feet away, and I bit down on the webbing between my thumb forefinger to stop a scream.

He forced open my thighs, sliding his hand down the front of my jeans. I was already swollen and hot.

"Please," I whispered into his ear, unsure whether I wanted him to stop or keep going. "Please."

He worked his mouth over my chin, across my neck, and over my collarbone. He kissed the outside of my clothes as his hands ripped at my jeans, pulling them down over my ass. Harold and Bobby were only a few feet away and here I was getting my pants taken down like a whore for this young man. I couldn't stop him. I didn't want to stop him.

And when his mouth touched my pussy, all thoughts of Bobby and Harold left my mind. How? How could a boy his age be this good? He licked my swollen slit and tongued the slick groove up to my clit. He didn't attack my nub like an inexperienced young virgin. Instead, he teased it just

the way I would tease it, lifting it with the tip of his tongue then dancing away, only to return again and again.

My ass quivered against the counter as Jason Carver ate my pussy better than Harold had ever eaten me. I wasn't fighting him anymore, instead, my hands dug into his hair and I was stroking him, coaxing him further and further between my legs. I used my quiet moans and clawing fingers to tell him he was so good. So fucking good.

Finally, he raised his hand to my pussy and thumbed my clit vigorously while his tongue speared deep into my flesh. He worked me over hard with his mouth and hands. I fucked my hips against his face as my body spilled over into orgasm.

I frantically grabbed a dish towel and jammed it between my teeth. I screamed into the cloth as I came in Jason's wonderful mouth. I squirted, something I rarely did, all over his tongue. This boy who had beaten my son, giving him a black eye and made him weak, was giving me the best orgasm of my life.

Yes! Yes! I screamed in my mind. Yes! Yes, you win! You fucking win!

And just like that, it was over. My body gave a few final twitches as

Jason rose up from between my legs. He pried the dish towel from my mouth and wiped his face clean of my juices. Then, he put the towel on the counter, turned away from me, and opened the fridge like nothing had happened. He pulled two sodas from the shelf, then turned and smirked at me.

"Me and Bobby are thirsty," he said, shrugged, then walked back into the living room leaving me a shivering, wet mess.

7

This time, I didn't even bother to try and calm down. I ran to the bathroom and hid, trembling against the counter. This couldn't be happening, could it? Not like this, not with my son and husband in the house. How could I have cum like that less than fifteen feet away from my son? The thought of it filled me with shame, yet my body still sang with the aftershocks of my orgasm. I wasn't sated. If anything, my body wanted more.

Damn it, I thought to myself. Pull yourself together. If you don't, Bobby and Harold will suspect something.

I thought about playing with myself, remembering Jason's tongue on my swollen pussy. I held off, trying to avoid inciting my lust any further. I sat on the toilet seat and collected myself, slowly lowering my heartbeat and relaxing my twitching thighs. Finally, I was able to stand up. I looked in the mirror and washed my hands and face with cold water.

"You got this," I said to my reflection, but I realized the person in the mirror was only trying to comfort me and it wasn't working. I splashed more cold water on my face, dried my cheeks with the towel, and went back outside to face my family.

Thankfully, no one was in the kitchen. I drank another glass of wine, trying in vain to quell the heat between my legs, then went back to preparing dinner.

My respite lasted an hour before Bobby and Jason came back into the kitchen.

"Mom," Bobby said. "I got a problem."

"What is it?" I looked at Bobby and avoided Jason's gaze.

"I just got a call from Sherry. She needs somebody to cover for her at work. If I go in, can you give Jason a ride home?"

"No one else can cover for her?" I asked.

Bobby looked at his phone.

"She's called everyone. Besides, I could use the money."

He had a point. Even though Harold and I had given Bobby everything he always wanted, he had a strong work ethic which I was proud of.

I looked at Jason and already his mouth was curling up into a smile. That smirk. I tried one last time.

"Can't you give Jason a ride home on the way to work?"

"Sorry, Mom," Bobby said. "I have to go now. I don't have time to take Jason all the way out to his place. Please."

"Fine," I sniped. "Just go. I'll make sure Jason gets home."

"Great!" Bobby said, ignoring my tone. "I'll see you at school tomorrow, Jason!"

My son raised his fist and gave Jason an awkward fist bump.

"Sure, Bobby," Jason laughed. "See you at school."

Bobby rushed out the door and, a moment later, I heard the crunch of gravel as he pulled out of the drive.

"Good kid," Jason said.

"You two are the same age," I snapped.

"Sure," Jason shrugged. "Whatever you say."

I expected him to move around the counter and try to trap me again. I was ready for that, my muscles tensed to flee. If it went too far, I would scream.

Would I though? If I did that, would Jason tell Harold about the kiss, or worse, about the amazing orgasm he'd given me in the kitchen while he worked? It didn't matter. I wasn't going to make it easy on Jason this time.

But, to my surprise, Jason remained seated.

"You know what I mean," he said, leaning back on the stool. "Bobby's... innocent."

He gave me a look that was anything but innocent and I shuddered.

"You've coddled him, Mrs. Harris. Kept him close to your skirts. He's a mama's boy."

I opened my mouth to argue, but Jason wasn't completely wrong. I had kept Bobby close. I had protected him from the world. Hell, I'd even confronted his bully for him.

"He's not that innocent," I said lamely. "He's sweet."

"And I'm not?" Jason said.

I flushed. Jason had a way of verbally backing me into a corner that I wasn't used to. I was the quick-witted one, the one who always had the perfect snarky comment to win any confrontation.

"No, I said. "You aren't sweet."

Jason shot up out of his seat so quickly, I took a step back. Fear warred with lust as he bent over the island and planted his hands on the top. His eyes stared hungrily at me from across the counter.

What would I do if he came around the island and took me right there in the kitchen? Could I stop him? Could Harold? The thought both terrified and excited me.

Jason looked at me, reading the fear and desire on my face. Finally, as if making a decision, he stood up straight, his muscular body relaxed.

"Well then," he said calmly. "I guess you'd better take me home."

And with that, Jason turned away from me and walked out the front door.

I stood trembling with fear for a moment before I followed him numbly out to the car. It was stupid. All I needed to say was no. All I needed to do was take him home, drop him off, and leave him behind me. But, for some reason walking to that car felt like the hardest thing I'd ever had to do in my life.

I ignored his look as I unlocked the car. He climbed in, his long legs bent awkwardly. He made a show of reaching down between his thighs and pulling the lever to slide the seat back as far as it would go, proving, once again, how much larger he was than my son and husband.

He turned to say something, but I put a hand in his face.

"Stop right there!" I snapped as I turned the key in the ignition and the car came to life. "Whatever is going on it's done. I am not doing this anymore."

"All right," Jason said, holding his hands up in a placating gesture that only infuriated me. "I get it. It was a mistake. I mean, when you squirted all over my face in the kitchen I could totally tell you weren't into it. I probably should have just stopped before you got off."

I bit my bottom lip. There wasn't a good comeback for that. I *had* come on his face, hard. Harder than I'd ever come. And I hadn't wanted him to stop.

So, I said nothing, my teeth digging into my bottom lip almost hard enough to draw blood. I tried to focus on the road.

Jason turned away from me and looked out the window as Main Street turned into hills. Jason remained silent, a musing smile on his face until we neared the turnoff to his house.

"You know," he said. "You tasted really good."

His voice was low, a murmur. Something about the change in his tone drew me in.

"What?" I asked.

"You tasted good." He leaned over the padded armrest. "It was so hot seeing how excited you got. I couldn't believe how hot it was to make a married woman come like that."

"You're so wrong," I said, but my heartbeat sped up and once again I felt the heat build between my thighs. His words, so wrong, so taboo, yet they made me as hot as a kiss on my lips or a hand on my ass.

"Oh, I'm wrong," Jason grinned. "I'm wrong in all the right ways."

He sat back in his seat and I watched in shock as his hands slowly unbuttoned his jeans.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Watch the road Mrs. Harris," Jason said as he unzipped his jeans. I looked up in time to see I was headed for the ditch and I pulled the car back on the road with a spray of gravel.

"Turn here," he said.

There was another small lane that let off the main road. It was more of a driveway for a field of cows than an actual road. I pulled down the lane without asking any questions. I didn't know what I was doing. I just knew I couldn't let anyone see Jason with his cock out in the front seat of my car.

The drive was overgrown with weeds and blackberry bushes taller than the car. I stopped and looked around. It felt like we had entered a green cave completely cut off from the world.

I looked at Jason, struggling not to look down, but I couldn't help it. My eyes seemed to be drawn like a magnet to his hands.

I gasped in shock when I saw his cock. It was long and thick as my forearm. It ran from the base of his crotch to his rib cage. He squeezed and I watched, transfixed as the head swelled and the slit in the flesh opened up. A pearly drop of precum bubbled out of the tip and dripped down his fingers.

"Fuck!" I murmured, looking down at his monster. I'd only ever been with Harold. Harold's cock was thin and pale compared to the vibrant, red flesh Jason stroked in his strong hands. I'd always thought of Harold's penis as cute and serviceable, but never beautiful. Jason's cock was gorgeous.

"I'll bet Mr. Harris doesn't have anything like this, does he?" Jason asked, cupping his enormous set of balls in his hand.

I said nothing. I wasn't going to talk bad about my husband. Still, the words penetrated me. The combination of that beautiful cock and the humiliating words mixed together inside and made me pant with need.

I was wet. So wet. And my mouth was dry. I fought the urge to lick my lips and moisten them as Jason teased another drop of precum from his slit.

"It's okay to touch it, Mrs. Harris." Jason moved the thick flesh back and forth. "You see how hot you make me, Mrs. Harris. This is hard because of you."

"You're crazy," I said but didn't take my eyes off his cock. "I didn't do that. You're just horny."

"No, I'm not," Jason said. "I'm hard for you, Mrs. Harris."

I shook my head as he used my married name. He continued to slowly stroke his cock and move it back and forth, mesmerizing me with its beauty.

"It's okay to touch it," Jason said. "I know you want to."

"No." I shook my head and scrabbled at the key to start the car. Jason's hand shot forward, grabbed my wrist, and forced my fingers against his long, hard flesh.

"Yes," he murmured and rubbed my hand on the shaft. It was hot and throbbing and sticky with pre-cum.

God! What was I doing? Why was I letting him do this?

Even as I asked myself those questions, Jason let go of my wrist and my hand moved on its own. I rubbed the thick flesh, hypnotized by the heat of it under my fingers.

"Fuck! That is good!" Jason moaned and I found myself smiling. I was making him happy and that made me happy.

Jason reached over and took my other hand and guided it to his cock. This time I hesitated only a second before I took his throbbing muscle in both hands. It was so big and heavy I needed both hands to stroke it.

"Put your mouth on it, Mrs. Harris," Jason urged softly, his eyes closed to slits.

I wanted to. Oh, how I wanted to. I shook my head slowly, never taking my eyes off that beautiful thick muscle in my hands. I wanted to taste precum drizzled on my fingers. I don't know why. I had never wanted to taste Harold's. On the rare occasion I did let him come in my mouth I swallowed quickly to avoid having to have his bitter seed on my tongue.

But something about the thick, pearly liquid dripping from Jason's cock, liquid coaxed out by his need for me, made my tongue twitch in my mouth.

Jason could see it on my face. He lifted my chin, tearing my gaze away from his beautiful cock, and looked me in the eyes. He stared at me for a

moment. My hands continued to stroke him getting sticky from his cum. I was making a mess and I didn't care.

"That's right," he said, seeing the need in my eyes. "Yeah, you want it. You ever suck Mr. Harris's cock?"

"I...I..." He let go of my chin and I looked down at his cock. This time I licked my lips. My mouth already knew what it was going to do even before my brain did. "Yes, of course, I have."

"I'll bet it's not like mine is it?" Jason flexed his muscles and his flesh jumped in my hand, making me flinch.

"Please," I said. "Stop. I don't want to talk about Harold."

"Fine," He gripped the back of my neck with one hand and grabbed a fistful of hair with the other. "Then do what I fucking tell you. Suck my cock."

I whimpered at his harsh words, but I lowered my face into his lap. The decision, in my mind at least, had been taken away from me. I could now give in and tell myself that he was making me do this, that I was powerless.

As the thick, spongy head split my hungry lips I knew Jason wasn't making me do this. I wanted his cock and for the first time, I felt like a bad wife. A bad mother. My poor son had been hit hard enough to blacken his eye and here I was, my lips stretched wide to take his bully's cock deep in my mouth. What kind of mother would do that?

I whimpered in shame, but I took Jason in my mouth. The taste of his cum splashed across my lips. It was bitter, like Harold's, but in my heightened state of arousal, it tasted like heaven. I felt his throbbing meat fill my mouth and block the back of my throat. I gurgled and whimpered on his flesh, but I didn't stop him. I didn't stop him when his hands clamped onto my head and worked my mouth up and down on his thick meat. He was using my mouth for his pleasure and I let him do it. His musky smell, the taste of his flesh, and his grunts of lust as he fucked my mouth overwhelmed me. I gave in to the sensation of being taken by a stronger, better man. A real man. Probably the first real man I'd ever been with in my life.

His hands fell away from my head, but I didn't stop sucking. I slid a hand between his legs and I lifted his heavy balls, cradling them, squeezing them, babying them. All the while my mouth worked on his thick meat. Jason humped upwards as my mouth plunged down driving him even

further into the back of my throat. I gagged and spit and slobbered over his cock.

My own body was responding to the feel of his flesh pulsing in my mouth. I shoved my hand down my pants and between my legs. Before I knew it, I was coming again, coming with his huge cock in my mouth. At that moment, all I wanted was to cum while I was giving this boy pleasure.

Jason couldn't take it anymore. His ass lifted off the seat and he pushed his cock deep in my throat. I held him firmly between my lips and felt his flesh throb once, twice, then suddenly my mouth was full of his thick, bubbling seed. It filled my mouth, splashed against the back of my throat, and bubbled out around my lips and down his cock onto my hand. I continued to stroke his cum from his cock. My other hand worked between my legs and I came again as his thick, hot jizz filled my mouth.

His cock popped from my mouth and the cum spilled onto my hands, his crotch, and onto the seat of my car. Jason continued to buck in my hand, squirting another bubbling spurt of hot cum into the air hitting my lips and splashing across the bridge of my nose. No longer in my right mind, I took his cock and rubbed the spongy head across my lips, glazing them with his seed.

"Fuck!" Jason laughed down at me. "You made a mess, Mrs. Harris. You better clean it up before we stain your seats."

I'd never licked up cum before. Taking it into my mouth, yes. Swallowed it, of course. But I had never licked the hot drizzling liquid off of a man's flesh before. But I didn't stop to think. I just bent forward and licked the sticky cum from Jason's cock and balls, even a thick dollop that had somehow found its way into his belly button. I licked him clean until he was glistening.

Finally, I lifted my face and Jason grinned. A beautiful, warm smile. That smile said it all. I had pleased him. I had done exactly what he knew I wanted to do. I felt so weak, but happy at the same time.

"Good girl, Mrs. Harris," he said. And the words struck me deep in my belly. Imagine this young boy of eighteen calling me a good girl like I was some teenager he fucked after a high school football game. Still those words resonated inside of me and I couldn't hold back anymore. I smiled, actually smiled through the cum and spit.

Jason reached forward scooping the last of the cum from my nose with his thumb and sliding it into my mouth. I sucked it clean.

“You'd better take me home, Mrs. Harris,” Jason said, slipping his thumb from my mouth. “Little Bobby and Harold will be wondering where you're at.”

At the mention of my boys, the shame and guilt flooded me. I sat up straight, suddenly aware of where I was and who I was with. I looked around to see if anybody was there, watching. There was nothing but tall grass and thorny blackberry tentacles.

Jason sensed my fear and put a warm hand on my neck.

“It's okay, Mrs. Harris,” Jason said soothingly. “You're just taking me home. That's it. Nothing else happened.”

Jason kept his hand on my neck and I felt his strength flow into me. I nodded absently and started the car, pulled out of the field, and onto the main road.

Jason finally let go of my neck as we pulled up in front of his house. There was another car in the driveway which I assumed was his mother's. There was no sign of the dogs or his mother and for that I was grateful.

“Thanks for the ride, Mrs. Harris,” Jason said.

I managed to turn my head and look at him and the smirk was back. I felt the anger come back, but I was still too tired to say anything.

“Tell Bobby I'll see him at school,” he said and turned away from me. I sat, frozen and watched him walk up to his front door. I expected him to look back, but he didn't. Finally, I managed to put the car in gear, pull out of the driveway, and begin the long drive home.

8

I drove home with the taste and smell of Jason in my head. I somehow managed to make my way through the streets without incident and finally pulled into my driveway. And noticed Bobby's car in the driveway.

What was he doing home? Thoughts ran through my head, but nothing made sense, not with Jason's cum still in my mouth.

I got out of the car and hurried inside, hoping that at least Bobby was in his bedroom. Luck was not with me, however, as Bobby greeted me from the kitchen. He was pouring himself a glass of milk, the thick, white liquid dripping into the glass making me think of Jason's cock as it sprayed hot, thick seed onto my face.

"Hi Mom," Bobby said, brightly. "Thanks for taking Jason home."

"What are you doing home?" I had to resist the urge to touch my face and see if the evidence of Jason was there.

Bobby came around the counter and stood in front of me. I took a step back, not wanting my son to smell his bully on my breath.

"Sherry got her schedule messed up," Bobby said. "Evidently, she wasn't supposed to work tonight so I made the trip for nothing."

An alarm bell went off in my head.

"Didn't Sherry and Jason used to date?" I asked.

Bobby sneered, "If you call it that. She had a crush on him and they, you know..."

I knew all right. Jason had been hooking up with Sherry. What might a young girl with a crush do for that boy? Maybe lie and say she needed someone to cover her shift?

It was too crazy, yet my mind wouldn't let it go. Had Jason manipulated my son so he could get me alone in that car?

"Why'd you want to know?" Bobby asked.

"No reason. Just wondering," I said, trying to keep my voice neutral. I could feel the sticky sheen of Jason's cum on my face. "Listen, I'm going to go take a shower. I'm all sweaty. Let's grill after."

"Sounds good, Mom," Bobby said. "Thanks for taking Jason home. He's been a pretty good friend for the last few days."

Bobby surprised me by stepping forward to giving me a hug. My body went rigid as I felt his arms circle me and I thought of my mouth on Jason's

cock and lapping up the cum I could still taste on my lips.

Bobby didn't notice. He just squeezed me tight, picked up his glass of milk, and went upstairs.

I rushed up to the bedroom. Thankfully, Harold was still in his study. I stripped quickly and got into the shower. I stood under the hot spray of the shower with my mouth open, trying to spit out the taste of Jason while also to drive the memory of him from my mind.

It didn't work. As I washed my body with sweet-smelling soap, I felt the urge to touch myself come back stronger than ever. I stayed under the hot spray, reached my hand between my legs, and opened up my puffy lips. I worked my fingers into my pussy using soap to make myself slick and hot.

"Hey, honey," Harold called from the bathroom door. "Thanks for taking Jason home."

"It's...it's all right," I said, trying to keep my voice from trembling.

"Do you want some company in there?" Harold asked.

My orgasm was lost, the shame welling up like poison in my heart.

"No, baby," I said. "That's okay. I'm just going to finish my shower."

"All right," Harold said and sounded a little disappointed. "I'm going to go get ready for bed. Do you want anything to drink from downstairs?"

"Water," I said, suddenly feeling thirsty. "A big glass of ice water would be great."

"Ice water. Got it," Harold said and shut the door behind him.

I stood under the shower for a few more minutes, feeling tears in my eyes as I realized just how bad of a wife and mother I had been. I needed to forget about Jason. I needed to never see him again. As the hot water turned cold, I promised myself I was never going to be alone with Jason Carver again.

9

The next day I had to work at the hotel. Even though business was picking up, there wasn't enough to drive Jason completely from my mind. Even an angry customer lying about seeing a rat to get a better room wasn't enough to stop the throbbing pressure between my legs. The only thing that got me through the day was knowing that I wouldn't have to face Jason again.

Thankfully, Bobby did not bring Jason home the next day, or even the next. He spoke of him often and every time he mentioned his name at the dinner table, I felt that familiar throbbing heat. However, as time moved on, what happened between me and Jason seemed more and more like a dream. I was able to breathe easier. I realized that Jason hadn't really wanted me. He was just playing with me, like a toy. And, like an idiot, I had fallen for it. I felt a little bit of pain at being so easily used, but at the same time, I was relieved that it hadn't gone any further.

I was just getting off work on Thursday afternoon when I heard a rumble like distant thunder as I opened the door to my car. I looked over my shoulder and saw a beat-up, green pickup pull into the parking lot. My heart beat faster when I saw who was at the wheel.

No, no, no. This can't be happening! I thought. *He can't be here in broad daylight.*

But he was there and I watched in horror as he pulled up beside my car.

"Hello, Mrs. Harris," Jason said and opened the door to his truck. "How are you?"

He came around to my side of the car. I looked wildly around the parking lot. There were people walking up and down Main Street, but so far no one was looking our way. Had they been looking our way, all they would have seen was me talking to a tall, handsome young man. So far, it was innocent, nothing had happened. And I vowed to myself that nothing was going to happen.

"Stop right there!" I said, holding up my hand as I fumbled the keys in the lock. "Stop."

Jason didn't stop. He took another step forward, slowly getting closer.

"What?" he said, holding up his hands innocently. "What are you afraid I'm going to do?"

I looked around again. I saw Mrs. Hobson, an older woman who ran the bakery just down the street. She looked over at us, her brow furrowed. I had to stop this before Jason got too close.

But he was already too close. I could feel his heat even though the sun was warm. I put up a hand and he walked into it. My palm laid flat against his chest and I suddenly felt light-headed as I felt the muscle underneath the thin fabric.

“Are you afraid I'm going to kiss you right here?” Jason said in a low voice. “Or, is that what you want? To kiss me in front of all these people?”

“No,” I whimpered. I should have screamed for him to stop. But what would I say? Or, more importantly, what would Jason say? Would he tell everyone about how he'd eaten my pussy in my own kitchen and made me come all over his face? Or how I sucked him off in my car while I was giving him a ride home?

My face was hot, my body was hot, my pussy was hot. I couldn't do this. I couldn't let this young man pressure me into doing anything. And yet, I felt trapped in that parking lot between him, my car, and the busy street beyond.

“Why don't you invite me over?” Jason said. “Invite me over and we can talk about it. If anybody asks you were just giving me a ride because this old beater broke down.”

I looked at the truck. It was a plausible excuse. I could get him to our house or just take him home. I could just drive out to a country road and just leave him there. Whatever it took to get him off the street.

Somehow, however, I knew that if he got in that car with me, I would drive to my house. I would let him do things to me, in my home, maybe even in my marital bed.

My pussy was leaking into my panties. I was so sensitive down there that when I moved I couldn't help but moan. Jason snatched the keys from my hand and unlocked the car door.

“You're not getting in the car with me,” I said and grabbed the keys from his hand. “But I can't stop you from following me home.”

Jason grinned and huffed like an animal catching a juicy scent. I couldn't stand it anymore. I pushed away from him and slid into the driver's seat of the car. I didn't look to see if he was out of the way or not. I just started the car and pulled out of the parking spot, I hit the gas and shot out of the lot, ignoring the honking horns of the traffic behind me.

I drove to my house, my body shivering. I looked at the time. It was mid-afternoon. That meant school was still in session. Jason must be ditching, which meant Bobby was still at school for at least another two hours. Harold would be gone for another four. The house was empty. There was no one there to save me from me.

I hurried to the front door, knowing that Jason would be there soon. I'd practically given him an invitation, but I regretted those words as I slammed the door behind me and locked it.

I peeked out the front window, expecting at any moment to see Jason's truck pull into the driveway. Less than five minutes later I heard the rumble coming down the street before I saw the rambling pickup slow down in front of the house. He came to an almost complete stop before he changed his mind. The tires squealed on the pavement as he sped up and passed my house.

I turned around and sank back against the door, breathing heavily. What did I want to happen? Did I actually want him to follow me home?

The mother and wife inside of me screamed no. I'd only said that to get out of that parking lot. I never had any intention of letting him enter the house.

But another part of me, that dirty, lustful part, was hurt that he hadn't stopped. That he hadn't taken the chance. That he didn't want me as much as I thought that he did.

After sitting on the floor for a few minutes I realized how ridiculous I looked. I had a family that was everything to me. I didn't need Jason. I just wanted my normal life back.

So, I picked myself up off the floor and walked into the kitchen. The half-drunk bottle of wine was still on the counter. I poured myself a glass and sipped it, my chest relaxing for the first time in days. It had all been a huge mistake and that mistake was over now. Jason had not taken his chance and I was glad. As the wine warmed my body, I began to feel better. I would always regret what I'd done with Jason, but I could finally move past it.

That's when I heard the back door open.

"Hello, Mrs. Harris." Jason sauntered in from the back door, the spare key dangling on his finger. "It took some...creative questions for Bobby to tell me where the spare key was at."

He dropped the key on the counter with a clink of metal. I stood up and fumbled at the front door, but he was on me in an instant. There was nowhere to run. From Jason's hard body or my own twisted lust.

"Please, Jason," I begged. "Please not here. Not like this."

Jason was beyond caring. He had followed me home, practically broken into my house. I could tell by the hungry look in his eyes that he wasn't going to leave until he got what he wanted.

Had anyone ever wanted me so badly? Certainly, Harold had wanted me, but he had never wanted to possess me as Jason wanted to possess me. He never needed me so much that he would tear apart a life to take me.

Jason kissed me and I put everything into that kiss. All of the lust and desire I had kept locked away inside until Jason Carver had opened me up and exposed my need. We kissed like horny teenagers, tongues battling in each other's mouths. I lost the battle, letting Jason take my mouth as I leaned against the front door, beyond caring about anything but the taste of this beautiful man.

Jason was the one who finally broke the kiss. I moaned, searching for more, but he held me back.

"I'm going to fuck you." It wasn't a question and his words made my blood pulse in anticipation. "I'm to fuck you in your house."

I began to protest, but his hand gripped my neck until my words were nothing but whimpers.

"I'm going to fuck you in the house where your son sleeps," His lips were next to my ear. "I'm going to fuck you in the bed where you sleep with your husband."

I cried, the tears on my cheeks, but I did not say no. I nodded meekly. Jason pulled me forward and I expected him to kiss me again and was shocked when he picked me up. I laughed in amazement then threw my legs around his waist as he carried me up the stairs. He carried me effortlessly, something Harold could never do. We passed the pictures on the wall, the smiling happy faces of my family looking on. I buried my face in his shoulder, but I knew they were there. Silent witnesses to my betrayal.

He slowed down at the first room on the left, looked at the scrawled words on the blackboard that said 'Bobby's Room'. I moaned against his neck. Would he take me in there? Would he make me fuck him in my son's bed, on his pillow? Would he make Bobby sleep in dirty sheets? The thought was so wrong and yet the sheer, twisted dirtiness of it was hot too.

"Maybe later," Jason sneered and carried me the rest of the way down the hall.

I cried out as he kicked open my bedroom door. He carried me across the threshold like some sort of unholy bridegroom on his wedding day. He took me to the bed and dumped me unceremoniously on the mattress.

Next to the bed was another picture of me, Bobby, and Harold, all smiling. We had gone to the coast on an especially hot summer day and all of us looked tan and happy, the ocean glittering behind us in the late afternoon sun. It had been such a wonderful trip. A beautiful moment with my family.

And now, that happy family looked on as Jason undressed.

"Such a happy family," he sneered. I tore my eyes away from the picture and looked at him. His shirt was off, the hard muscles of his upper body glistening in the light. He reached down slowly and unbuttoned his jeans. Then, as my family looked on, he slid his pants down and revealed his hard, throbbing flesh.

He stepped forward and loomed above me on the bed. I had never seen such a beautiful cock. I'd never felt that cocks were beautiful, but that pulsing veiny muscle was the most gorgeous thing I'd seen in my life.

"Suck my cock, Mrs. Harris," Jason commanded and my mouth watered at the thought. "Suck my cock so I can fuck you on the bed you share with your husband."

I whimpered pitifully as his words stabbed my heart. I looked again at my family, feeling the deep well of shame threaten to drown me. But, they weren't enough. Those smiling faces, their happy love, wasn't what I needed.

I needed Jason. I needed that beautiful cock in my mouth, no matter the consequences.

I moved forward to grab his cock, but his hands gripped my wrists tightly.

"No," he said. "Get undressed."

I looked up at him shyly, suddenly embarrassed. I'd known I'd have to get naked, had always known it ever since I'd sucked his cock in the front seat of my car. But knowing it, and actually doing it were two different things.

I slid off my shirt and laid it on the bed. I looked into his hungry eyes as I unhooked my bra and let it fall to the bed.

It wasn't like when I was with Harold. I was embarrassed. Bobby had sucked on those breasts and made the nipples long and distended. My tits had never gotten back their former bounciness and hung heavily against my chest. I put up my hands to cover them, and Jason sneered down at me.

"Don't cover them up," he snarled. "I've been dreaming of those tits for weeks."

I flushed with pride. He'd been dreaming of me just as I'd been dreaming of him. The thought gave me enough confidence to lower my hands and let him see my body.

"So fucking beautiful," he muttered under his breath and I couldn't help but smile.

"Really?" I said, lifting my breasts up for a better view. "You really think so?"

"Fuck yes!" Jason said, then looked into my eyes. "Now the pants."

I lifted my ass and pushed my pants down along with my panties. I put them to the side next to my shirt and suddenly I was naked in front of another man for the first time in my life. Naked in front of the man who had hit my son, who had seduced me in my own kitchen, and who had cum in my mouth when I should have been home with my family.

"Come here," Jason ordered. He held out his hand and I scooted to the edge of the bed. He took my hand and turned me around on the bed with my back to him. He knelt down gripping my body with his strong hands kneading my tits. I closed my eyes and laid my head against his shoulder.

"Mr. Harris gets to play with these tits whenever he wants, doesn't he?" He murmured in my ear. "I'll bet he doesn't appreciate them as I do."

I said nothing, but he wasn't wrong. Harold's appreciation for my body had dimmed along with childbirth. I'm sure it happened to a lot of people, but I didn't realize until Jason worked my breasts and nipples just how much I missed having a man crave my flesh.

"Yeah," Jason said. "Yeah, I'll bet Mr. Harris doesn't even know what to do with a real woman like you."

"Stop," I said, unable to bear the insults to my husband. "Please, he loves me. He takes care of me."

"If he took care of you, you wouldn't be with me in his bed, bitch."

The word stung me like a slap to the face. I tried to pull away from him but he held and grabbed my throat, his thumb and forefinger turning my

chin to the side until he could kiss me. The kiss took away the insult and soon I was moaning into his mouth.

He held me there on the edge of the bed. I wondered why until he grabbed me by the shoulders and pushed me down on my back with my head hanging over the side. Suddenly, I was looking up at his thick, throbbing cock and a heavy set of balls swinging above my face.

I'd never seen a cock from this angle before. So close, the scent of him heavy in my nostrils. It was sexy, yet so submissive. I couldn't grab it the way I wanted to. I couldn't take it into my mouth. I had no control. Meanwhile, my mouth, breasts, and pussy were completely at his mercy.

And he took advantage of that. Oh, did he take advantage of that!

He lowered the tip of his cock to my lips and I kissed him, licking up the slit and tasting his precum. He was already wet for me and that made me even hotter.

I tried to take more of him into my mouth, but he pulled back teasing me with the thick, fat head of his cock. He rubbed it over my lips, along my nose, and rolled it across my cheek leaving a sticky trail of precum. I'd never been treated this way in my life and yet here I was, on my marital bed, letting this boy abuse my face with his beautiful flesh.

Finally, after teasing me until I was moaning in agony, he let me have his cock. He shoved it deep into my throat. Spit spilled out of my mouth and into my nose and eyes, but I didn't care about the mess anymore. I didn't care about the pain of his cock stretching my lips. He drove forward until his fat, sweaty balls squashed against my nose. I was full of him then, his thick, pulsing flesh in my mouth and the sticky, musky balls in my nose. He fucked my mouth like that, his flesh slapping wetly against my eyes and nose. All I could think about was his cock and balls.

God! If Harold and Bobby could see what a slut their mom was at that moment! The thought of it made me wet and I nearly came just from sucking his cock.

And then he did something I had never could have dreamed of, not even in my most dirty fantasies. He pulled his cock out of my mouth and rubbed the slimy flesh across my face. Then, he lifted his shaft and his balls and scooted forward. Suddenly, I was looking up at that spongy bit of flesh that separated the base of his cock from his asshole and the hard deep cleft between his perfect ass cheeks.

I knew what he was going to do just seconds before he lowered himself and rested his balls on my chin. My mouth kissed his perineum and my nose was shoved deep between his ass cheeks.

I was shocked by the dirtiness of it. Not just the scent of his asshole, but the sheer naughtiness of the act itself. I was nothing but his little sex toy, a hot, wet mouth and a pair of tits. Harold had never used me like that.

And yet, I couldn't help but feast on him. I sucked and licked his spongy flesh, working my way into his ass. I buried my face between his ass cheeks. I breathed his dirty, manly scent, filling my head with it. I worked my tongue and mouth until my face and his ass were wet and sticky with spit.

Jason bent over me, pressing his balls into my mouth and I slurped on them like they were candy. He worked his fingers into my pussy and I suddenly had an orgasm on my marital bed while I was eating the ass of the boy who had bullied my son. It was unbelievable, but it was happening, and my body rocked on the bed as Jason dug his ass into my face.

Then, I felt it. The hot, puckered ring of his asshole. Without thinking, I drove my face upwards and shoved my tongue into the tight sphincter. I probed him. I licked him. I suffocated myself between his hard, sticky cheeks.

I couldn't see the photo at the bedside, but I knew that the smiling, happy family in the picture was watching their mother eat a man's ass and loving it.

Finally, Jason let me breathe and I gasped, nose full of his scent. He pulled up by my shoulders, swung me around on the bed, and forced my legs open.

He fell on top of me, his mouth immediately on mine and I shared the taste of his ass with him. I was so completely lost in my lust that I barely noticed when his cock nudged against the swollen, throbbing opening to my cunt.

"No, wait!" I begged. "You need to use a condom!"

"I don't have one," he growled. "Not going to use one. Just need you."

"Please!" I moaned. "Please! Use one of Harold's!"

Jason laughed, smirking down at me.

"You really think one of his would fit?"

I winced at the insult to my husband's manhood, but it was true. Jason's cock was far too large for Harold's condoms. Even if he used one, it would

break inside me and it would all be over.

While I was fighting my desire, Jason was swabbing the head of his cock up and down the swollen lips of my sex. I couldn't hold back anymore. I'd felt like I'd been holding back my whole life.

"Please," I whimpered. "Just please don't come inside me."

He kissed me then, and as his tongue drove into my mouth, his cock thrust deep into my body. God! It hurt. No matter how wet I was, I was unprepared for how much thicker he was than my husband.

He pounded me hard into the mattress. The bed made hard, creaking noises as Jason took my body and made it his. Soon enough, my pussy stretched open for him, accepting him as my mouth had accepted him.

I threw my legs around him and pulled him in deeper. His hard body slapped against mine and I opened my mouth willingly, kissing him passionately as he fucked me into the mattress where my husband slept. I felt my orgasm building inside of me and I bit down hard on my hand to hold back my scream.

"Nobody's here!" Jason snarled down at me. "Scream, you little slut! I want you to hear how much you want me."

It had been so long since I could let myself go. Slowly, my hand slipped from my mouth and I screamed.

"Fuck me, Jason! Harder, you bastard! Faster!"

"Who's better?" Jason grunted. Sweat dripped off of his forehead and landed on my face. I tasted the salty drops, tasted his effort.

I knew what he wanted me to say, and I didn't want to say it, but I wanted to make him happy.

"You are!" I cried out to him. "You're the best Jason! The best I've ever had! So much better than Harold!"

"Better than Bobby?"

The question confused me. Bobby? My son? And then I realized what he meant. Did I like him better than my own son? Did I need him more?

At that moment, the answer was obvious.

"Yes! You're better than Bobby!" The words were ripped from my throat. "Better than Harold! Better than anyone!"

This was what Jason had longed to hear. He needed to be better and pounding me into my marital bed was proof. Proof that he was the better man, the better son, the alpha male he needed to be.

All those thoughts came later. The only thing I could think about at that moment was Jason pounding me into my bed. His hard body tensed and I knew he was close. I wrapped my legs around him, dug my nails into his back and pulled him even further inside of me. I pulled him as close and as deep as I could, deeper than any man I'd ever known. I felt closer to him than I did to my own husband and son.

I'd forgotten about the condom, so intent I was upon Jason's beautiful body. Another massive orgasm ripped through my body and I wasn't even aware of Jason forcing my legs apart, ripping his cock from my pussy and moving towards me. It wasn't until the first hot splashes of his cum hit my face that I knew he was having an orgasm. I turned to the hot spray, opened my mouth, and let his thick, sticky blast splash into my mouth across over my cheeks. I didn't care that his cum was in my hair, my husband's pillow. I only cared about Jason's satisfaction. My heart filled with pride as I listened to him grunt and growl above me, marking my face with his burning cum.

Finally, his cock was done spraying. My eyes were glued shut by the thick sticky mess. I was blinded by his cum, but I felt the fat head nudge my lips. Without being told, I opened my mouth and took him inside, sucking the last drops of bitter, salty jizz from his cock. I smiled as Jason used his fingers to scoop thick dollops of his cream from my face and into my mouth.

I swallowed it all.

Finally, I was able to open my eyes and I saw the look of complete adoration and happiness on Jason's face. I smiled as Jason rubbed his cock one last time across my sticky lips.

"Good girl, Mrs. Harris. That's a real good girl."

I sank back into the cum-soaked pillow, the happy family in that picture smiling and watching as I gave Jason's beautiful cock a loving kiss before I fell into a deep, contented sleep.

10

I woke up again to the smell of bacon. For a moment I was confused. Where was I? Was I at home? What day was it?

I looked around the room. It was hot and stuffy, but it was clean. Remarkably clean. Christmas lights were strung up along the walls and somehow created a cozy sense of warmth, a suggestion from one of Jason's old girlfriends.

It all came back to me now. It was Mother's Day. I was in Jason's bed. He had taken me the moment I got in, and he hadn't given me a chance to rest. My aching pussy was a reminder of the two times we had fucked before I had fallen into a blissful sleep.

I rolled over in Jason's bed, remembered the crazy daze I had been for the last few months. It had all happened so fast. After that first time, Jason and I fucked nearly every day. In my marital bed, in Bobby's bed, even in Harold's office. Every room of my house had been marked by Jason thick, heavy cock. I couldn't even eat dinner with my family without imagining Jason taking me there on the dining room table. And, when we couldn't meet at my home we would meet here, in his room, and fuck ourselves into oblivion.

I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't stop.

Jason walked in carrying a plate of food. I saw what it was and my mouth began to water immediately. Piled high on a large plate was a mound of tater tots. On top of the tots was melted cheese, thick sour cream and, to top it all off, greasy, glistening bits of bacon.

"I shouldn't eat that," I laughed as Jason sat down next to me.

"But I went to all that work," Jason said, grinning and I was reminded how young he was. "I even had to cook the bacon."

Jason lifted a dripping, cheesy tot towards my mouth, I opened my lips obediently. The first bite was heaven. Fried potato, salty bacon, and thick creamy cheese. I giggled as cheese dribbled out of my mouth and onto my chin. Jason bent forward and licked away the mess.

I'd been so good with my diet. Hell, I'd been so good with my life. The tater tots were bad for me, so bad. Just like Jason.

Jason picked up another tot, oozing with cheese. He lowered it to my mouth, teasing me. I took the delectable bite along with his fingers and

sucked the creamy cheese and salty bacon off his hand. He kept his fingers in my mouth, probing me. The snack was so much more tasty than what I'd had that morning and I couldn't help but compare this strong, beautiful man with my family.

Jason kissed me, sucking away the cheese, working slowly down my neck. Then back up to my ear. He nibbled on my earlobe, whispering hot words.

"Poor Bobby," he murmured as his hands roamed down my body and slid between my legs which were already wet. "His mommy isn't home for Mother's Day. Did he make you a card?"

"Stop it!" I said, more a moan than a command as his fingers opened my ripe pussy lips and slid deep inside me. "He...he made me breakfast."

"What a good son," Jason said and his fingers worked faster between my legs. He sucked my nipple into his mouth and bit on the sensitive skin as I moaned underneath him. "If he only knew what a bad mother he has."

I groaned in shame and Jason rolled over on top of me. He'd already come twice, once on my stomach and once in my mouth. I could still taste his cum along with the cheese and the bacon. Despite two orgasms, he was as hard as ever.

"I'm only bad," I hissed as I felt the tip of his cock bump my sensitive sex. "I'm only bad for you."

"All for me," Jason said and shoved his thick cock inside of me.

"Such a bad mother," Jason said. "You could be spending your day with your family, but you're fucking your son's friend. Do you know, I only hit him so I could get your attention?"

I moaned pitifully as his words penetrated my brain.

"No! No, you didn't!"

"Oh yes, I did. I've wanted you for so long, Mrs. Harris. So long. I knew Bobby would lead me right to you. And now here you are with my cock in your pussy and you can't help it. You love giving in to your son's bully. You love that I came after you."

I said nothing, only moaned as the heat built inside of me. It did turn me on to think of it. This beautiful man had singled me out, seduced me and manipulated my family until he finally got what he wanted. Me. He had me.

He hammered into me with his cock again and again. He was a hot, throbbing piston battering my soul. My whole body trembled as he fucked

me. He pushed one leg up until my knee was next to my ear, my foot waving helplessly in the air above his shoulder.

"I love you," Jason groaned. "I've loved you forever."

"No!" The declaration was too much to bear. My orgasm was so close, but I couldn't cum with that confession in my ears. I just couldn't.

"Yes! I saw you walking with your wimp son and your weak husband and I had to have you. You're mine now. I love you."

You're mine now. I love you. The words rang in my ears as my orgasm overtook me. I squirted again on Jason's cock, my whole body spasmed and I screamed and thrashed on the bed like I was dying. I was dying, at least that part of me that held on to the life before Jason had seduced me. Loving mother to Bobby. Faithful wife to Harold.

That part was dying and I screamed in pain. I screamed the words Jason wanted to hear.

"I love you! I love you, Jason!"

"More than your husband?"

"Yes!"

"More than your son?"

Tears streamed down my face as I thought of Bobby. All those times when I had comforted him, healed his wounds, took care of him when he was sick. I thought of his big, brown eyes looking at me with sorrow when he found out the truth.

"Yes! I love you more than my son! More than anything!"

"I'm going to come inside you." His words were hot in my ear. "I'm going to come inside you and make you a new mommy."

The idea hit me like a spike through the heart. What better way to show my love, my submission than to give him my womb. Not just in the moment, either, but for nine months. Nine months of carrying his child inside of me. Then, years of taking care of his child while my husband and son looked on.

How would I explain that?

I didn't care. All I cared about was the primal need to be seeded by a powerful male. The most powerful male in my life.

He grabbed my hair on both sides of my head and forced me to look at him as he continued to pound deep inside my body. He placed his forehead against mine and his eyes went out of focus and all I could see were gray pools and feel the heat of his breath on my lips.

"Yes," I whispered into his mouth. "Yes, I want your baby."

"Louder, Heather." Even in my excited state I realized that he had just used my name for the first time. "I want to hear you say it."

"Yes, Jason!" I managed a weak smile. "Yes, I want your baby."

We fucked like that. Forehead to forehead, mouth-to-mouth, noses squashed against each other. Jason's grunting became a growl and finally, a tortured cry as all of his muscles tensed. I slid my hands and lovingly rubbed his back as I wrapped my legs around his waist to pull him in as far as I could take him.

With a final raspy grunt, Jason came inside me. I couldn't feel it, but I knew he was filling me up. His young man's seed was flooding my womb. I had never been so turned on before, and I'm sure I was open to him, my body accepting everything that he gave me.

He continued to twitch and throb and thrust, pushing his come deeper inside of me. His face fell to one side and I heard him whimper as he came. I cooed softly to him, my lover, and brushed the hair on the back of his neck just like I used to do for Bobby when he was scared or sad. Jason sobbed in my arms and his cum trickled out of my pussy.

I held him there, as he shuddered in my arms, and felt closer to him than anyone else in my life. I felt the last sliver of guilt for my family slip through my stomach, but it disappeared a minute later when I heard Jason whisper softly to me.

"I love you, Heather."

I continued to rub his back and nuzzled his cheek.

"I love you too, Jason." I murmured to him. "I love you too."

11

I drove home an hour later. I would have stayed longer except I knew my family would start to worry and maybe even call the spa. Plus, Jason's mother was due home.

Jason kissed me by the car, his strong hands rubbing my ass, then sliding up to my belly.

"Happy Mother's Day," he said with a smirk, and this time I didn't want to hit him. All I wanted to do was stick my tongue back in his mouth.

The shame and the guilt came back as I pulled into the driveway. I'd left my family on Mother's Day to be with another man. Not only that, I had found something out about myself that I didn't know was possible. I would give up everything to be with Jason.

It made matters worse when I came in the front door and saw that the kitchen was clean. Not just clean, but sparkling. All the dishes were done and put away, the counters wiped down, and Harold was waiting for me in the kitchen, a frilly apron on over his button-down shirt and khaki shorts.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"It's another surprise," Bobby said from the dining room. I walked into the dining room as Harold smiled proudly. There, on the table, was a beautiful meal. Pot roast, mashed sweet potatoes in deference to my diet, and roasted asparagus. In the middle of the table was a beautiful bouquet of blue lilies. My favorite.

Tears came to my eyes. My boys mistook them for tears of joy and gave each other knowing nods.

I wiped my eyes and managed to smile.

"Thank you, boys," I said. "Thank you so much."

They descended on me then, hugging me, and I wondered if they could smell Jason on my body. I certainly could. Not to mention, I could feel his sticky seed dripping down my thighs as my husband and son squeezed me in a warm, group hug.

I don't know how I made it through dinner. I managed to smile in all the right places and lie convincingly about my time at the spa. All the while I ate the dry roast, munched on the asparagus, and thought of cheesy tater tots and Jason's tongue licking the cheese off my lips.

My poor boys. They were so proud of themselves and I felt their pride like a weight on my chest. They'd been cooking and cleaning all day while I had been spreading my legs for Jason. While Bobby had set the table and Harold arranged the flowers, Jason had shot his thick cum inside my unprotected womb. By the end of the meal, I was sitting in a sticky puddle of it as I listened to Harold and Bobby congratulate themselves on a job well done.

I couldn't take it anymore.

"Sorry, boys," I said, pushing my plate away. "It's just been a long day. So much excitement. I think I need to go up and rest."

"Sure, hon," Harold said, standing up and taking the dishes from in front of me. "Don't you worry about it. Bobby and I will clean up."

"That's right, Mom," Bobby said. "You go get some rest."

My son, my sensitive loving son, got up from his seat and hugged me. I stumbled up from the table, managed a smile, and almost ran upstairs to the bedroom.

I was in the bathroom when Harold came upstairs. He was still feeling pleased with himself and I could tell by the look on his face that he was confident.

"So, did you really enjoy your day?"

I was naked, ready to take a shower and wash the remnants of Jason from my body, but I could see the look in Howard's eye. Of course, it was Mother's Day. I'd supposedly spent the whole day in the spa relaxing, re-energizing. Of course I would want to make love to my husband. Shouldn't I?

Harold slid up behind me and ran his hands across the body that Jason had so easily taken. I closed my eyes, God, I was tired from having been fucked, really fucked, by Jason all day. I certainly did not have enough energy to screw Harold too.

Harold took my complacency as an invitation and put his hand down my ass and then between my legs. I pushed back against him, afraid that he might brush the sticky seed that Jason had left along my thighs.

"What's wrong?" Harold asked, looking at me in the mirror.

"Sorry, baby," I said. "I'm just really tired."

The look of disappointment on Harold's face filled me with shame. I looked at him in the mirror and took pity on the poor man. I certainly

couldn't leave my poor husband wanting after I had given Jason my body. He deserved something.

"Listen," I said smiling. "Why don't you join me in the shower and I'll give you a treat, okay?"

Harold's face brightened.

"Really? Great!"

I giggled at his eagerness and stepped into the shower. Once I had closed the curtain and started the shower, my body shivered uncontrollably. Harold had almost felt Jason's cum in my pussy.

Harold slid aside the curtain and stepped inside. I couldn't help but compare his pale, round dad bod to Jason's hard muscular frame. I did my best not to laugh as I handed him the soap.

"Do my back?" I said and wiggled my ass in front of him.

Harold needed no more encouragement. He took the bottle of lavender body wash from the side of the tub and lathered up his hands. I could feel the water washing away the remnants of Jason's seed and, as Harold worked lavender soap into my skin, he unwittingly washed the rest of Jason from my body.

I moaned in pleasure as my husband massaged my sore, overworked muscles. Muscles that Jason had stretched and pummeled all afternoon. My body throbbed at the thought and Harold's hand slipped between my legs. His soapy fingers brushed my pussy and I cried out.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "I thought I was supposed to be giving you a treat?"

"It's still Mother's Day," he grinned and slid to his knees on the shower floor.

"Harold, no!" I cried out in shock, but it was too late. Harold's fingers were inside me, working my pussy awkwardly from this angle. He pushed my leg upwards and I was forced to prop my foot on the side of the tub, giving him access to my used, swollen pussy.

And then his mouth was on me. I couldn't stop him as his tongue slithered between my lips and I knew that no matter how much I had cleaned, Jason was still there. The idea of it, of my husband eating a more powerful man's cum, made me tremble with pleasure. I scrabbled at the wet tile, holding myself up as I gave in to another orgasm.

Harold lapped at my pussy dutifully, cleaning it like a good husband. A good man. With his mouth, he took away the last evidence of my betrayal.

And, when he finally rose up to his feet, he was smiling with the intense pride of having made me cum.

He moved forward, his cock as hard as I'd ever seen it. I knew he wanted to put it inside me, but I stopped him.

"No, baby," I said, realizing the evil irony of my next words. "You don't have a condom."

Harold looked disappointed, but he nodded and I took the bottle of lavender soap and poured out a stream of bubbles into my hands. I lathered up my fingers as he watched, his eyes wide and needy. Finally, I put my soapy hands on his thin, pale cock and I jerked him off with quick, hard strokes.

"Fuck!" Harold said, his eyes rolling up into the back of his head. I laughed at how easy it was to please him. I worked his little cock in my hand and cupped his balls in my other, rubbing him and stroking him at the same time. His crotch was nothing but sweet, lavender-scented bubbles.

"That's it, baby," I said like he was a child. "Come for Mommy."

I'd never used that term before but it lit something inside of Harold and, with a twitch of his body, he squirted his cum across my hands. I continued to stroke him hard and fast while his body jerked and twitched. I watched as thin streams of jizz poured from his cock and down the drain.

When he finally stopped twitching, it was easy enough to run my fingers under the water and wash away the rest of his seed. Harold leaned against the tiles breathing heavily, a weak smile on his face.

"Thank you, baby," he said and I felt a prick of shame, but quickly smothered it.

"You're welcome sweetie," I said. "You look like you might fall down. Why don't you go lie down in bed and I'll be there in a little bit."

Harold nodded weakly and stumbled out of the shower. I leaned back in the hot spray and let the water soothe me. I ran my hand down my body and thought of Jason. My hand rested on my belly and I wondered if I was already pregnant. A little brother or sister for Bobby.

How would I explain that? How would I explain getting pregnant to my husband and son?

Well, accidents do happen with condoms every day. They aren't 100% effective after all.

The idea of Jason's baby in my belly made me warm. I leaned back against the slick tile and slid my hand down between my legs again. I began

working my pussy into another orgasm, thinking of Jason, his beautiful body and the wonderful gift he had given me.

As I reached yet another orgasm, one simple thought fluttered through my mind.

Best Mother's Day ever.

The End

The Evangelist's Wife

Prologue

"Let marriage be held in honor among all, and let the marriage bed be undefiled, for God will judge the sexually immoral and adulterous."

Howard Taunton Jr., my husband, raised his hands as if to embrace the crowd of one thousand donors and followers of The Righteous Road church attending the monthly prayer breakfast on family values. Admission was a thousand dollars a plate, but it was worth it to see my husband and, perhaps, meet him backstage. After all, as one of the most influential conservatives in the country, he had the ears of businessmen, congressmen, and even the president. Just a minute with him was worth the price of admission.

I watched Howard from the wings. As always, when he was in front of a crowd, he lit up from the inside. Some might call it God, and maybe it was. Whatever it was, it was magical to watch him hold a thousand people in the palm of his hand.

I never loved him more than in those moments.

I felt a presence shifting in the shadows off to my left. At first, I didn't pay any attention to it. During the couples' prayer breakfast, aides moved back and forth behind the scenes. Religion had become a big production, had always been ever since Howard's father Howard Taunton Sr., had begun Righteous Road Church.

In his day, everything had been television and cameras and lights. There was still that, but there was also Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and any other number of social media outlets. It was no surprise that people were moving around, making everything happen. Making my husband look good for his people.

However, something about this presence struck a spark inside me. I turned, and I saw him. The devil himself. Jay Malik.

He was immaculately dressed in a tailored gray suit, no doubt a suit my husband and I had bought and paid for.

I moved quickly from the wings and came to stand in front of him.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I hissed.

I looked around and saw a pretty aide giving Jay and me the eye. I gripped his arm and pulled him back into the shadows. I could hear the others walking and talking around me. I could hear Howard's voice echo throughout the hall.

"The need for strong families is more important than ever. Love each other, respect each other. It's the only way we can survive in these wicked, evil days."

"Always trying to get me alone, hm?" Jay said with a cocky smile on his face.

"We had a deal!" I spat, poking him in the chest. "We paid you off. You aren't supposed to be here!"

"I told you I didn't care about the money," he said and pushed me up against the wall, shoving me further into the shadows. "I couldn't stay away."

Before I could protest, he grabbed me tightly and pulled me into a deep kiss. I pushed against his chest, my thoughts screaming at me to stop.

No! I can't do this! Not again!

"And remember Corinthians Chapter 6, verse 18. 'Flee from sexual immorality. Every other sin a person commits is outside the body, but the sexually immoral person sins against his own body.'"

Howard's words echoed in my ears as I gave into the kiss. Already Jay was pulling me into him, the heat of his body making the pulse throb hot and wet between my thighs.

"Oh, God!" I moaned when he broke the kiss, and I didn't fight him when he gripped my shoulders. "I can't."

But, I didn't stop him as he pushed me to my knees. I had enough presence of mind to pull up the hem of my lily-white skirt to keep it from getting dirty.

Smiling, Jay opened his pants as the rush of blood drowned out Howard's voice. Finally, it sprang free from his pants, the thing I craved. The thing I still dreamed about.

"Do it!" Jay growled, holding his throbbing, thick flesh in his hand. His other hand slid into my hair, pulling me forward.

"Watch the hair, bastard!" I hissed, which only made Jay laugh and grip me tighter.

"Faith in family, my dear friends, is faith in God." Howard was preaching. "Remain faithful, and you will know Heaven."

Heaven. Howard's words echoed in my brain. But heaven? Heaven was Jay's cock throbbing against my lips, pushing forward as I moaned in anguish.

"God, yes!" Jay groaned blasphemously as he forced his beautiful flesh into my mouth. "I love it when you're on your knees!"

I moaned as his cock pulsed against my tongue. So big, just like I remembered, just like I dreamed about, and now he was here, giving me his flesh as Howard continued to talk about family, faith, and the love of God. I felt the shame fill my belly, but I'd gotten used to holding it down.

Then, all words were drowned out by the wet, slurping sounds of my mouth taking his cock. His hands dug against my scalp, making a mess of my mouth, my hair, my face. I hated it, yet loved his control. I savored the way he used me without any regard for my rank or position.

My pussy was wet, my mouth was wet, and my body was so sensitive I felt it when he tensed, the first taste of salty precum hitting my tongue. He was going to cum in my mouth while my husband preached about family just a few feet away. He was going to cum, and I was going to swallow, like a good little slut. I didn't care about the staff. I didn't care about Howard. All I wanted was Jay's cum.

Ok. Stop! Freeze frame! How in the holy hell did I get here?

I mean, look at me, on my knees in front of a man who is definitely NOT my husband. I'm supposed to be the pinnacle of fucking virtue!

What in the hell happened to me?

1

I suppose the story starts like every other story in the Bible. Temptation, sin, deceit.

Oh, and a pool boy.

Such a cliché, right? Like something out of an 80's porn flick. And yes, I've seen porn. I'm a preacher's wife, not a nun.

Howard and I were on vacation at a resort in Hawaii when I first met Jay. 'Vacation' was a loose term, of course. Howard still had speaking engagements, leaving me mostly alone during the day, but I didn't mind. I got to lounge by the pool in my Malia Mills two-piece, read the latest James Patterson, and drink Mai Tais. I'm sure most of our followers would be shocked by the luxury in which Howard and I lived. We had a multi-million dollar home, stayed at expensive resorts, and wore designer clothes. We may as well have been royalty.

I asked Howard about it in the early days when he first started working at his father's church, and I'll always remember what he said.

"God loves us, Jenny. And through that love, he's given us followers who want us to be safe and happy. We are simply enjoying their love."

The vacations were to rest and recuperate so we could keep doing God's work. I don't know if I believed all that, but lying in the warm, island sun, sipping the last of my Mai Tai, I certainly felt blessed.

I was sitting by the pool, enjoying the heat, when a shadow fell across me, blotting out the sun.

I lowered my sunglasses and looked up into a smiling, beautiful face. Young, but with a finely cut jawline that gave the impression of manliness and maturity. His eyes were a lovely shade of blue-green, not unlike the ocean that lapped at the island's shores. And, when he smiled, I felt a deep warmth inside my body that had nothing to do with the sun.

"You're new," I said, grinning. "Where's Sally?"

"She's off for the day, Mrs. Taunton," he said. "My name is Jay. I'll be taking care of you now."

It was an innocent statement. A bright young man being professional to an honored guest. Still, the hidden weight of those words made something throb in my chest.

"Can I get you another?"

"Sally's gone?" I said stupidly. The Mai Tai and the sun had gone to my head. "How long have I been here?"

"Well, I don't know," Jay grinned. "When did you get here?"

I stared at him, and my mouth dropped open. The servers here at the resort were trained to ensure that the customers were taken care of and treated with the respect that came with spending thousands of dollars. Jay's comment, while not exactly disrespectful, was certainly unexpected. He was teasing me.

And I liked it.

"I thought the staff here was supposed to know everything, Jay," I said, giving my tone some bite.

He might have backed down, but instead, he stood up to his full height, and looked around at the rest of the guests scattered about the pool.

"That's true," he said. "But I'm new here. I suppose I'll know everything by next week."

Then, he winked at me, and I couldn't help but smile back.

"It's about 2:30, Mrs. Taunton," he said. "If I had to guess by your..."

He looked down at my body, and his gaze slid slowly from my toes, up my legs, over my belly, and settled on my breasts. I felt like his hands were stroking me. They were strong hands, from what I could see.

"By your tan, I'd say you've been here for about two hours."

"Very good," I said and felt myself blush. I hoped my new tan covered up the redness in my cheeks. "Two and a half, but who's counting?"

"Certainly not me, Mrs. Taunton," Jay said. "So, I guess you need another Mai Tai."

"Oh, Jay," I said. "You read my mind."

Jay looked at me for a long moment. I was suddenly feeling very hot, and it had nothing to do with the sun.

"Not quite," he said. "But give me time, and I'll be able to read you like a book."

He stared down at me for a moment longer, and I began to feel uncomfortable. What exactly was happening? Was he flirting, or was he angling for a better tip?

"I'll be right back with your drink, Mrs. Taunton." He smiled. "Enjoy the rest of your book."

And that's how it all started.

2

I drank too many Mai Tais, and the sun affected me more than I thought it would. By the time I got to the end of my fourth drink, I was feeling woozy.

I attempted to get up from the lounge I was lying on and found the world spinning. For a moment, I thought I might vomit right there on the pool deck. I gripped the edge of my bed, trying to stop the world from swaying, when I felt Jay's presence beside me.

"Can I help you, Mrs. Taunton?"

"Jay?" I blinked up at him. The sun was shining over his shoulder, which darkened his features but outlined his silhouette with golden fire. To my drunken eyes, he looked glorious.

"No, I'm...I'm fine. Just give me a minute."

"You look like you've had a bit too much sun, Mrs. Taunton," Jay said. "Give me your hand, and I'll help you."

I made a weak attempt to wave away his hand, but he grabbed me anyway. His palm was strong and warm. His other hand slid under my arm, and he helped me to my feet. I stumbled, the world spun, and I fell into his arms.

I held on to him like a rock in a stormy sea. I could see faces turned towards us. I was used to people gawking at me as I made an entrance, but this was something entirely different. I felt embarrassment burning my cheeks.

"Don't worry about them," Jay said comfortingly. "Let's just get you to a cabana and let you lie down."

"Yes," I said groggily. "Lie down. That's a good idea, Jayby."

I realized what I had done to his name, and I giggled uncontrollably. Jay said nothing, just circled a strong arm around me, and helped me stumble to the line of cabanas that were lined up around the pool.

I felt immediate relief as we passed into the shade of the cabana. Jay lowered me to one of the couches, and I flopped back onto the cushion and flung an arm over my eyes. I didn't see him untie the curtains from the poles and draw them shut, but I could feel the darkness settle down around me like I'd entered a cave.

I assumed he left, but I should have known better. No self-respecting cabana boy would leave a customer if there were a chance of heatstroke or a

tip. Dimly, I was aware of Jay's body moving about the cabana, opening the refrigerator, then shutting it. Finally, the cushion next to me sank. I lifted my arm to see Jay opening a bottle of water.

Such strong hands. My husband Howard was a powerful man. A leading man in the country. But his power was in the organization that he ran and his belief in God.

Jay's strength was more terrestrial. More manly. He was power in raw physical form, and as he held the bottle of water out to me, our hands touched, and I felt the heat of that power pass between us.

I sat there dumbly as our hands bumped against each other. The heat and the alcohol fogged my brain, and I couldn't decide what to do next. All I knew was that I liked the feel of the young man's hand against mine.

Jay continued to hold the bottle out to me. He cocked an eyebrow as my fingertips ran across his knuckles and over his hand. Smiling at me, he reached out with his other hand, and gripped the back of my neck. Not hard, just enough to let me know that he had me. He raised the bottle to my lips, and with a slight pull on my hair, he tilted my head back and poured ice-cold water into my mouth.

The water tasted wonderful. It soothed my parched throat and cleared my senses. I was acutely aware of Jay's firm grip on my neck. It would have been so easy for him to push me back on the cushions, kiss me, ravish me. He could do whatever he wanted to me. How could I stop him?

I was confused by my feelings and the heat swelling up in my belly. My body knew what it wanted, even if my mind tried rebelling against my growing lust. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, rubbing my hot, wet thighs together to try and quell the feelings, only to feel an electric sting of need throb through my pussy.

I gasped and choked on the water. It spilled in cold rivulets down my cheeks and chin. Icy drops splashed between my breasts.

Jay pulled me forward. He patted me on the back as the last of the liquid left my airway.

"Suh..sorry," I murmured, feeling embarrassed by my complete lack of sexiness. Jay only chuckled.

"My fault," he said. With a warm hand gripping my neck underneath my chin, he stared into my eyes. He held me with his eyes as his thumb slid across my chin and wiped away droplets of my drool.

"Th...thanks," I said as his thumb stroked my chin then rubbed roughly across my lower lip. "I...I don't..."

He leaned forward, and I realized he was going to kiss me a second before his lips touched my mouth.

"Mmf," I mumbled against his lips. "Wha...Jay...I can't..."

Jay kissed away my protests, his tongue flicking along my lips, teasing my mouth open. His hands were both on me. One on the back of my neck and the other gripping my chin. He held me there, trapped by his grip as he nipped at my lips.

I didn't pull back. I didn't move. Instead, I let Jay kiss me, his hand pulling down my chin. My mouth opened instinctively, and suddenly his tongue was in my mouth and, for the first time since I had married Howard, I was kissing another man.

Stop! My mind screamed as I opened for him, my mouth beginning to respond to his hunger. The heat between my thighs was pulsing, and I was wet. It took Howard a lot of stroking and teasing to get me that wet, but all it took was Jay's mouth on mine to make my pussy weep with need.

"I knew you would taste good," Jay murmured as his hand slid from my chin and caressed my breast.

I tried to pull back, but the hand on the back of my neck held me still. I felt a shock of pleasure at being so thoroughly handled for the first time in my life. I was helpless, and I loved it.

"Good girl." Jay smiled at my submission.

His hand squeezed my breast, teasing it, my nipple hardening under my bikini top. Then, his hand moved on, sliding down my breast bone, over my stomach, and finding a home between my legs.

"Jay...we can't..." I moaned. Jay squeezed my neck and kissed me again.

He didn't need to tease me this time; my mouth opened readily. I sucked on his tongue, and, as my lips opened, so did my legs. My mind screamed at me to stop, but my body knew what it wanted. When Jay's fingers grazed the thin fabric of my bikini, I sighed in defeat.

His mouth left my lips, and he hissed hot words in my ear.

"That's it, girl." His voice forced my thoughts aside. "I knew you were hot. So righteous, so pure, but I knew what you wanted."

He pulled my bikini aside and slid his fingers inside me. I gasped in pleasure as he invaded my hot, wet flesh.

"Not so pure now, are you?"

Shame lit my cheeks on fire, but my body bucked uncontrollably on the couch. He was right. I was supposed to be pure, chaste, an example of the dutiful wife to thousands. Yet, here I was, another man's fingers inside me, digging deep and stroking places only my husband should be allowed to touch.

"Oh, God!" I moaned. Not a prayer, but a plea. "Oh, God!"

"That's right," Jay laughed and pushed me back on the couch. "Tell God how it feels, Mrs. Taunton!"

I tried to sit up, but he pushed me back with a firm hand on my chest.

"Stay," he ordered like I was some sort of dog and, God help me, I stayed.

He took his time, his fingers probing my pussy as he deftly untied my top. He murmured appreciatively as he let my breasts free. I tried to cover up, but he pushed deeper inside of me. I moaned, unable to stop him from pushing my hands away as I squirmed with pleasure.

Jay kissed my lips, then my breast. His mouth sucked on my pink nipple, making the flesh throb. I opened my mouth to speak but he pulled out of my pussy and shoved two fingers into my mouth. I tasted the salty lust on his fingers.

"That's it, Mrs. Taunton," he teased. He licked my belly. Then, his tongue scooped out my belly button. I sucked in my breath, and he chuckled against the skin, his laugh reverberating through my nerves. "Just enjoy it. You deserve it."

I did deserve it, didn't I? I had always been good, even before Howard and I got married. I wasn't a virgin when we met, but I also hadn't slept around. And, since we'd been married, I had tried to be the pinnacle of wifely perfection.

Didn't I deserve this pleasure?

My mind misted over with rationalizations as I continued to suck on Jay's fingers. He left trails of kisses down my belly until his lips came to rest on the heavy pad of my mons. He breathed in deeply, taking in my scent like an animal. I felt his hot breath caress my sensitive skin, and I let out a sob of desire.

Finally, he untied the Love Knot bottoms of my bikini and pulled the last bit of clothing free of my body. Suddenly, I was naked in front of another man who was not my husband.

"Oh, God!" I moaned again. "Jay! We shouldn't be doing this."

He let me protest this time as he pulled his shirt over his sculpted chest. My pleas dried up in my throat. God, he was beautiful, like a bronzed statue that had come to life. I was helpless before him, and I watched, breathing heavily as he peeled off his shorts and showed me the lovely monster that had been hidden beneath the cotton.

"Oh, my God!" This time, I meant it as a prayer. I needed God to give me strength because as I gazed at Jay's beautiful, devilish power, I knew I was going to fall.

The truth is, he could have taken me right there. He could have ripped my thighs apart and plunged his thick muscle inside of me. It would have hurt, but it would have felt so good. And that might have been that, right? A quick fuck? A quick mistake married people made all the time.

If we don't sin, who would God forgive?

But he didn't fuck me. Or, rather, he didn't fuck me right away. Jay had other plans for me.

He knelt before me on the carpet and gently pushed my thighs apart. I resisted only for a second, then my hips relaxed. I lay spread before him like a pagan sacrifice. He leaned forward, and his tongue flicked like a snake across my wet sex. Howard rarely did this for me, and I was in awe of this beautiful young man as he worshipped me. His licks got stronger, then the tip of his tongue slid up my slit and bumped against my swollen clit.

"Oh, yes!" I cried out and slid my hand down into his soft, black hair. I pulled him closer, wanting him deeper in my pussy. I wanted more.

I was swollen and wet, groaning as he worked his mouth on me, his tongue rolling around my clit until it was hard and full of blood. Then, he sank his fingers deep inside of me.

"Sweet Jesus!" My hips bucked off the couch, but he stayed with me, working my pussy with his mouth and hand. His fingers curled up inside of me, and I felt something so pleasurable it made my whole body spasm.

"What? What are you...?"

I tried to speak, but Jay sucked my clit into his mouth and lashed my bud with hard, fast strokes of his tongue. His jaw must have ached, but he continued to devour my pussy until I couldn't hold back anymore.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" I chanted the Lord's name as I twitched on the couch. He kept his hand in my pussy and put the other one over my

mouth. It was only then that I remembered there were people just outside the curtain. People who could hear me. Oh, God, what was I doing?

I screamed into his palm, all thought obliterated by my orgasm. My pussy squirted over his hand as he continued to finger me, punishing my pussy with wicked pleasure.

I came to a rest on the couch, delirious from my orgasm. Jay's body hovered over me.

"Did you enjoy that, Mrs. Taunton?" he said with a mocking smile.

"Please, don't call me that!" I moaned weakly. "Call me anything but that!"

"Sorry, Mrs. Taunton." Jay stood to his full height, stroking his beautiful cock. "I'm afraid it's a resort rule. No first names. We have to show the proper respect for our visitors."

"Respect?" I mumbled. What he had just done hadn't seemed all that respectful.

"Of course," he said and moved between my legs. I hissed as I felt the impossibly fat head of his cock rub against my tortured slit. "It's our job to treat all of our guests with the utmost respect and professionalism."

"Oh, God!" I moaned again. I'm sure the Almighty was getting tired of me using His name in vain.

"Now, I'll ask you again. Did you enjoy that, Mrs. Taunton?"

He pushed his cock inside me, just the head. I cried out in shock and pain as he stretched me open.

"Yes!" I cried. "Yes, I enjoyed it!"

"Very good, Mrs. Taunton," he grunted and slid another inch of his cock deep inside me. "Then you should really enjoy this!"

"Oh, fuck!" I hadn't cursed since college, but I couldn't help myself as Jay's flash split me open. He smiled painfully at me, grunting as my pussy clawed at him, pulling harshly on the sensitive skin of his cock as he tore me open.

It felt like he was laying waste to me, destroying me, hollowing me out. The orgasm he had given me helped. I was wet, and my pussy was burning with need, but it still hurt. Howard had never hurt this much.

Despite the pain, there was a pleasure in being stretched open. Taken. The pleasure of knowing there was more. More flesh, more blood, more bone.

He continued to work his cock inside of me until I could hold no more, and he withdrew, taking pity on me. It felt exquisite, the sensation of being pulled out of shape as my body fought to hold him. Then, I was slammed back into shape as he thrust back into me.

Suddenly, the pain stopped, and it was all pleasure. The juices in my pussy eased his passage, and my flesh opened up to him. I looked up into his eyes, and he stared at me with such intense concentration it made my heart stop. I was pleasing him as much as he was pleasing me. I was his, at that moment. Jay felt my body relax, and that's when he began to fuck me.

I don't remember much of it. Only the throbbing, pounding of his flesh as he punished my body and drove me into the couch. It was wonderful, the joy of being penetrated until it felt like he was embedded in my stomach. I screamed again, and he shoved his hand in my mouth, and I bit down on skin and bone. He growled in pain, smiled grimly, a vicious look of animal lust burning in his eyes. He didn't care. The pain was pleasure, and Jay was going to give me all the pleasure I could handle.

I must have come a second time. I only remember the bright flame of ecstasy exploding in my body, and then I was drifting away on the sensation of being fucked by a real man for the first time in my life. As I floated on this wave of lust, I felt Jay pull out of me. I felt so empty without him.

Then, he was above me, and I caught a quick glimpse of his thick cock, glistening with my juices, throbbing just inches from my face. Then, I felt the hot, thick streams of cum splash across my face. I'd never been cummed on before. It was so dirty, but God forgive me, I came again as Jay bathed my face in his hot, sticky seed.

"That's a good little slut," I heard him say as he rubbed the spongy head of his penis against my lips, coating the soft skin with his cum. "Such a good little slut."

So much for respect, I thought drunkenly, then giggled as Jay dripped the last drops of his offering onto my tongue. I was still giggling when I passed out.

3

I woke to the ghostly sounds of voices floating above me.

"...thank God you were here..."

"...pleasure, Mr. Taunton...could help..."

My eyes fluttered open, and I saw Howard's flushed face looking down at me.

"Jenny, baby? Are you OK?"

I nodded, then tried to sit up, but Howard held me down.

"Please sit back, Mrs. Taunton."

I looked past Howard's shoulder and saw Jay standing, unruffled and fully-clothed, behind my husband.

It all came back to me in a rush. Jay's body on me, inside me, making me cum again and again. I could still feel him in my pussy, an incredible ache, the echo of the pleasure he had given me.

I felt my face for any signs of cum and found my skin clean and dry. My bathing suit had been replaced as well, a hotel towel draped over my shivering body. It appeared that Jay had washed and dressed me while I was unconscious. All of that before calling my husband.

"Well, I'll say it again," Howard said, standing up. "Thank God you were here."

Howard held out a rolled-up wad of bills. Jay looked down for a moment and shook his head.

"No, really Mr. Taunton, it was my pleasure." Jay looked down at me with a ghost of a smirk on his face. I frowned.

Howard put his arm around the young man's shoulders and spoke softly to him so I couldn't hear. I sat up slowly, saw the bottle of water Jay had opened for me. I grabbed the bottle and took a drink, watching as Jay nodded and finally took the money my husband pressed into his hand. I felt ashamed as I realized that Howard had just paid Jay for the pleasure of fucking his wife.

After Jay had left, Howard turned back to me. The concern on his face faded as he saw me sitting up, drinking water.

"Drinking?" he asked, shaking his head. "That much and in this heat?"

"What did Jay tell you?" I asked, fear knotting my stomach.

"He wouldn't tell me anything!" Howard suddenly yelled. "He's discreet, I'll give him that. Just told me you fainted. I took a look at the bill. Of course, you fainted, you had four Mai Tais!"

And I'd just been fucked within an inch of my life, I thought. I hoped the redness in my cheeks could be mistaken for embarrassment and not shame.

Howard sighed and sat down beside me, putting a heavy hand on my knee.

"You have to be more careful."

"I know," I said, touched by his concern.

That warm feeling was quickly doused by his next words.

"We have to be careful," he said. "People look up to us. We have to set an example for others."

Howard got up from the couch. He straightened his shirt and smiled benevolently down at me.

"It's ok, though," he said. "That pool boy, what was his name? Jack?"

"Jay," I said softly.

"That's right, Jay," Howard said, snapping his fingers. "Good kid that one. Kept a clear head."

I nodded and took a drink of water.

"You know," he said, looking down at me. "You should thank him for taking care of you."

I choked on my water.

"Thank him?" I spluttered, remembering Jay fucking me hard into the couch. "You want me to thank him?"

"Sure," Howard said. "It's the right thing to do. Charitable even."

"Well, he's gone now," I said, flopping back on the cushions. "I guess I missed my chance."

Howard smiled a mischievous grin.

"Oh, don't you worry about that," Howard grinned. "You'll have plenty of time to thank him at dinner."

"What?" I sat up suddenly. "Dinner?"

4

"It's all about who you know."

Howard was leaning forward, speaking earnestly to Jay about his favorite topic.

He waved his drink, a forty-year-old whiskey, neat. Another gift from the faithful, as was the Cuban cigar was a gift from an ambassador at the UN. It was lit, something not allowed in the main dining room, but here, in the VIP lounge, a lot of things were accepted that the regular guests were denied.

"Connections," Howard said, the cherry end of his cigar waving dangerously close to Jay's face. To his credit, Jay smiled winningly despite the puffs of smoke drifting about his head. "That's what it's all about."

Howard placed a hand on Jay's shoulder, his cheeks red with drink, the smile on his face mischievous.

"I mean, right now, in this dining room, is one of the most powerful people in Florida. Can you guess who it is?"

I looked around the dining room. Not to find the person my husband was referring to, but to avoid looking at Jay.

The... incident in the cabana seemed unreal. The mixture of alcohol and sun gave everything the fog of a waking dream. However, nothing could take away the feeling of having Jay's mouth on me, his thick cock inside me. I was hyper-aware of his presence as he sat next to me at the table as Howard pontificated on the importance of connections. All this talk brought back the connection I had made with Jay that afternoon.

Jay seemed pleased to be at the table with us. And why wouldn't he? It wasn't very often you got to have the undivided attention of one of the most powerful conservative leaders in the nation. Still, as I glanced at him in the corner of my eyes, I could see the indulgent smile, the polite nod as he listened to the older man, my husband, preaching.

Of course, Howard enjoyed schooling young men in the fine art of politicking. He didn't notice Jay's slightly mocking smile or my discomfort at being so close to the man when taking me that very afternoon.

"I don't know," Jay said.

Jay pointed to a well-known actor, not from Florida, but besides us, the man was the only person in the room that was well-known. Howard

chuckled patronizingly at the young man.

"Nope," he said and pointed his cigar at a small, meek gentleman sitting at the table with an entourage of beautiful young women. This man was bald and wore thick glasses, and out of everyone in the dining room, he was the least likely to be powerful.

"State senator, Irving Wallace," Howard said. "Irving's going to help us get the next district judge appointed. That's where it's at, Jay. That's where we can make real change, at the state level. People don't trust the federal government anymore. They trust in God and their state legislatures. That tiny little man over there is going to do more for God's cause than any president sitting in the White House."

Jay perked up at this and looked discreetly over at the small man. The beautiful women laughed, but the senator sat stone-faced and still.

"Doesn't look very happy," Jay said.

"Course not," Howard said, laughing. "He's with his family."

Howard winked at me as if this was some sort of inside joke between us. Then, he put his whiskey and cigar down and stood up.

"You know, that's a good point Jay, maybe I should go rescue him."

I reached out and grabbed Howard's hand, suddenly nervous.

"Must you? It's our vacation."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," Howard said and patted me on the hand.

"Only be a few minutes. Besides, you have Jay here to keep you company."

As he walked away, I glanced at Jay and saw the mocking smile on his face. Having Jay keep me company was exactly what I was worried about.

"So, you never said it," Jay said and picked up his drink. While Howard had been knocking back the expensive liquor, Jay had opted to sip.

"Said what?" I asked. I pushed my linguine nervously around my plate. I loved the resorts linguine and always chose it over many of the local fish items on the menu. But, as I stirred the noodles on my plate, the thick, creamy sauce reminded me of what this man...this boy had done to me earlier. I wondered if I'd ever order it again without thinking of Jay.

"You never said thank you." Jay smiled. He had chosen the Mahi Mahi, and he raised a fork of the fish to his mouth.

"Thank you?" I said. "What are you talking about?"

"For helping you today," he said and chewed the fish slowly, savoring the meat, then took a sip of the expensive white wine our waiter had suggested. "Your husband promised me a thank you."

I stared at him, my mouth open in shock.

"A thank you? For what you did to me?" I said.

I heard Howard's laughter from the senator's table. The young girls were laughing, and even the senator had lightened up. Howard looked at me and winked.

I leaned towards Jay and kept my voice low.

"You took advantage of me," I hissed. "You're lucky I don't tell Howard."

Jay gave me a smirk and picked up his wine.

"Tell him what?" he said. "That I made his wife scream so loud people thought she was having a spiritual awakening?"

"I...didn't..." I spluttered. Christ! Had people heard me? If so, had they realized what was going on?

"Relax," Jay chuckled. He was enjoying this. "Nobody heard much. And if they did, they just thought it was the heat and the drink."

I looked at him. I didn't know what to say. I hated him a little for the way he enjoyed holding me over the fire, but that anger only made the memories of what happened in the tent burn hotter. My face was hot. God! My whole body was hot just thinking about it.

"Well," I said, finally, mustering some of my strength. "It was a mistake. It won't happen again."

"Of course not," Jay said and took another bite of fish. He enjoyed the expensive wine, the expensive food. The expensive wife.

Was that what all this about? Enjoying the things we could offer him? The idea of it made me feel cheap.

"I still didn't hear a thank you," Jay said and wiped his mouth with the linen napkin.

I opened my mouth to speak, to tell this arrogant asshole to go to hell. I wanted to say all those things, but I knew there were others in the restaurant, including my husband, who could hear me.

I was forced to lean forward again as if I was having an intimate word with this beautiful young man. This was precisely what Jay wanted.

"Listen, you bastard!" I said in a low voice. "If you think for one sec—"

"So, how are you two doing?"

Howard's booming voice cut through my impassioned speech, and I sat up straight. I smiled, hoping Howard couldn't read the anger and embarrassment on my face.

"Just fine, Howard," Jay said. "Jenny was just telling me thank you."
Howard beamed down upon us like a benevolent father.

"Wonderful!" He sat down and picked up his whiskey. "Wonderful!"

I said nothing as Howard raised his glass. His face was beaming from drink and no doubt his conversation with the senator.

"I propose a toast," Howard said. "To making connections!"

Jay raised his glass of white, and I was forced to do the same.

"To making connections!" Jay and I said together. Jay took another sip of his wine.

"This wine is exquisite, Howard," Jay said but looked at me over the rim of the glass.

"Exquisite," Howard said as if tasting the word. "I like that. Exquisite."

Howard set down his glass and placed a warm hand on mine. Jay looked at us and smiled knowingly.

I said nothing and drank more wine.

5

Howard was drunk by the time we got back to our room. Not just on alcohol, either. Connecting with power, even a state senator, always made him giddy as a schoolboy

And, when Howard got giddy, he got handsy.

"What are you doing?" I asked. I was removing my necklace. I looked in the mirror at Howard's flushed face. I could tell right away what he wanted, and my stomach tightened.

"You looked so beautiful tonight," he murmured and kissed my neck. His beard tickled my cheek, reminding me of Jay's smooth cheeks.

"Everyone thought so at dinner."

"Really?" I scoffed. "You think so?"

"I know so," Howard said and turned me around in my seat. "Jay couldn't keep his eyes off you."

Howard enjoyed having a younger, beautiful wife. I had long since gotten used to the idea that part of Howard's pride was wrapped up in the fact that he could attract a younger woman like me. And I *was* attracted to him. He was handsome, in a ruddy, rugged way, and he had that voice, that power that commanded others. That was sexy. So, it didn't surprise me that he had noticed Jay's eyes on me at dinner. It also didn't surprise me that it turned him on.

The difference this time was when he mentioned Jay's name, all I could remember was the younger man's smell and the feeling of his hard body against mine. My God, the way he had kissed! The way he had teased and licked my pussy. Maybe it was the drink, maybe it was the heat, but it had been the best sex of my life. And now, as my husband's hands slid down my shoulders and pushed my slip up and over my breasts so he could look at me, all I could think of was Jay. The situation was arousing, surreal, and shameful.

"I don't want to talk about Jay," I said. I was hoping that would put an end to the dirty memories.

Howard gripped my neck and shoulders and looked down at me with fatherly concern.

"Why not?" he said. "He's a fine young man. Did he say something to you?"

"No!" I said quickly, my cheeks beginning to burn. "No. I just don't want to talk about him right now."

I turned towards him on my stool and slid my hands up Howard's thighs. He had filled out since I had met him. Instead of the firm muscle of youth I had experienced that afternoon, I felt the soft padding of a well-fed man. It wasn't a turn off exactly, in fact, I usually loved Howard's body. However, in contrast to what I had experienced that afternoon in that cabana, it made Howard's fleshy softness seem weak and flabby.

Damn it! I told myself. *Get out of my head, Jay!*

I tried to shake off the feeling as my fingers passed over Howard's flank and worked their way down between his legs. He was hard, I could feel him throbbing inside his pants.

"You liked him, though, didn't you?" Howard asked, unwilling to let the subject go.

"Mmhm," I murmured, unbuckled his belt, and pulled his pants open. I reached inside and felt his cock. Despite my husband being bigger than Jay, his cock was smaller. I didn't have a good gauge to judge by, I had not been with that many men, but with Howard's size, his cock suddenly seemed small.

Howard finally stopped talking as I stroked his cock, his powerful voice giving way to heavy grunts of hot air. He swayed on the balls of his feet as I worked him into full hardness.

"Did you have a good talk with the senator?" I asked and kissed his hairy belly.

"Yes," Howard moaned, his cock twitching in my hands. It may sound like awful pillow talk, but reminding Howard of his power turned us both on.

"Yes, " Howard wheezed. "He was very..."

"Very?" I smiled and licked the tip of Howard's cock and remembered the taste of Jay's cum on my lips. I pushed the memory to the back of my mind and gave his sensitive flesh a playful nip. Howard yelped, and I giggled. "Very?"

"Amenable," Howard grunted just before I took his cock in my mouth.

My husband dug his hands into my hair, and I sucked eagerly on him, tasting his full length, trying to drive the memory of Jay from my brain. It worked, up to a point. I was getting aroused by Howard's excitement. Yet, I

couldn't help but think what Jay's cock might taste like. Would he taste different? Better?

Howard moaned and rocked back on his heels, pulling my head away from his cock. He was drooling with pre-come, and I realized I had been so wrapped up in thoughts of Jay, I had nearly made my husband cum in my mouth.

"Stop," he whimpered, the command in his voice was gone. It sounded more like a plea.

"Not yet."

I nodded, smiled, and stood up, letting my slip fall to the floor. Howard backed up to watch as I removed my panties so he could see me fully naked. Howard grabbed me, but I stopped him.

"I need to put in my diaphragm, baby," I murmured.

"Do it," he grunted. "Hurry."

I grabbed the little bag from my suitcase and went into the bathroom, leaving my husband shucking his penis furiously to keep himself hard. I shut the door. Howard didn't like to see me put in the diaphragm, so I spared him the show.

I squeezed out the spermicide into the little cup, then slid the rubbery piece into my vagina. I was still hot and slippery, but I felt some of my lust fade, as it always did. Still, Howard had two college-age children from his first marriage, and he didn't want anymore, so I did what I had to do.

Howard's wife had passed away from cancer two years before we met when I was working as an assistant in the church offices. I still remembered the record-breaking donations we received during poor Vicki's illness. Prayers for her to heal, followed by checks. Twenty, fifty, a thousand dollars all sent in by the faithful, most of them older people on fixed incomes. It didn't matter. They wanted a miracle.

Nothing had worked, of course, but Howard's grief had been so palpable on stage, people had sent in offerings for Vicki's soul even after we were married. Some of that money had paid for a beautiful, private wedding in Martha's Vineyard.

As I stood up straight, I looked at my face in the mirror. That's when I remembered. I didn't have a diaphragm that afternoon. Jay had fucked me unprotected for the first time in fifteen years. I slid my hand down my body, feeling my pussy which still ached from Jay's thick cock.

Had I really had bareback sex with a complete stranger this afternoon? Were a few mai tais and some heat enough to turn me into a wanton whore?

There was more to it than that. I knew there was. It was Jay himself, his sexiness, his power. That extreme confidence backed up by an almost otherworldly beauty. It was enough to make me believe in the devil.

"Jenny?" Howard's voice was labored as the poor man waited for me in the other room. "Come on, Jenny!"

I looked in the mirror again and cocked a shoulder in a sexy pose, giving myself my most sultry smile. I had to get Jay out of my head. For Howard. For myself.

I came out of the bathroom, and Howard was on me like an angry bear. He was out of control, his thick hands pawing at me, my ass, and breasts with little finesse. His eagerness usually made me chuckle. Knowing that my body pleased him always made me happy.

But that night, I wanted it slow. I wanted gentle teasing followed by a rough, hard fucking. I wanted Howard to drive Jay from my head with his love and his lust.

"Slow down," I begged, but Howard was already pushing me to the bed, planting sloppy, wet kisses on my lips and cheek. Then, he fell on top of me with his full weight and knocked the wind out of me. He stabbed frantically at me with his cock, trying to find my wet pussy.

I was wet. Wet from sitting next to Jay all night. Wet from remembering his body on mine that afternoon. Jay had stretched me out and even though the younger man had given me a vicious pounding, I felt no pain when Howard entered me.

I gripped Howard's back and felt the hair there. So different from Jay's firm, smooth flesh. I needed to stop thinking of him but I couldn't as Howard's ass rolled and bounced on top of me. I tried to slow down with my hips and my thighs, but he was too big and too lost in his lust. Within minutes he was grunting in my ear and I knew he was going to cum.

I moaned like I was enjoying it. I tried to remember the sounds I made that afternoon with Jay but couldn't. Those sounds had been primal and demonic. Still, I knew how to fake an orgasm, and I fucked my body upwards in a weak parody of the climax Jay had given me only hours before.

"That's it, baby,!" I moaned. "Oh, yes, baby! That's so good!"

Spurred on by my words, Howard pounded into me even harder. His whole body was sweating profusely and his fair skin was red as a beet. Finally, he grunted, his neck straightened, and his body went rigid.

"Yeah, I'm gonna give it to you! Gonna give it to you right now!" he huffed, his powerful voice descending into animal grunts of pleasure. He slammed his heavy body into me one last time. I felt him quiver on top of me as he came, his warm seed filling up my pussy.

Howard collapsed on top of me, and I couldn't breathe. I'd never noticed how heavy he was after sex. Still, I laid there, letting him huff out the last of his orgasm in my ear.

"So good," he whispered. "So good."

Finally, he rolled over, and his limp cock slid wetly from my sex. I turned my head and looked at my husband's large, red body lying next to me. I loved him, I really did, but at that moment I wasn't attracted to him.

"Whew!" he sighed. "That was so good!"

He looked down at his slick red skin.

"Wow! I'm all sweaty." He turned to me and propped his head on one hand. "Join me in the bath?"

I smiled and patted him on the cheek.

"Why don't you go start the shower, okay? I'll be right in."

Howard grinned like a child, rolled off the bed, and shuffled to the bathroom. I watched his buttocks jiggle as he walked.

Maybe he needs to go on a diet? I thought.

Or maybe I need to fucking forget about Jay? A bitchy voice answered, screaming in my head.

That was easier said than done. Howard shut the door leaving only a crack open, and I heard the shower go on. When I was sure he was in the shower, I slid my hand between my legs. Howard's sticky seed dripped out of me. My diaphragm was still in place and would need to stay in until morning.

My mind drifted as the feeling of Howard on top of me changed to the dreamlike memories of Jay. His hard, throbbing flesh cock inside of me, his perfect body slamming into mine. I thought of my inability to stop him.

No, not inability. The will. That is what he took from me. My will. I let it slip away as I played with myself. I used my husband's spent seed as a lubricant and teased my swollen clit as I thought of Jay above me, his perfect face smiling. I hated it but loved it too. It made the lust inside of me

boil over into orgasm. At the last minute, I put my hand over my mouth so Howard couldn't hear my cries over the shower.

I laid on the bed panting and listened to Howard humming happily in the shower, confident in his ability to satisfy his wife. Shame filled my body, and I suddenly felt tired. I thought about feigning sleep but decided that a good wife would get up and join her husband, tired or not.

So, after my breathing had stilled, and my body was calm, I crawled out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom, my pussy still throbbing from the orgasm I had been forced to give myself.

Howard smiled at me when I opened the door, pulled back the shower door, and held up the soap.

"Do my back?" He asked.

"Sure, baby," I said and stepped into the shower behind my husband.

"Whatever you want."

6

I woke up late the next morning, my body still aching warmly from the sex the day before. It felt like a dream. Sex with Jay, my time with Howard, and the shower afterward all blended into a foggy stew of memories.

I felt the other side of the bed and found Howard's side empty. I sat up, looking around the room, and saw no sign of my husband. However, at the foot of the bed was a silver room service cart. From the covered dishes came the wonderful smell of warm food.

I scooted to the end of the bed, naked as the day I was born. I lifted the lid on a platter, and the delectable smell of bacon hit my nose. I heard my stomach growl, and I immediately began to dig into the food. Since no one was around to watch, I shoved scrambled eggs and bacon onto a piece of bread, folded it in half, and ate it like a sandwich. I washed it down with strong black coffee, ignoring the cream and sugar on the cart.

The coffee cleared my mind and the events of the previous day came back to me. I felt the now-familiar sting of shame at what I had done, and yet, in the cool light of day, I felt less like a monster.

I had strayed, that was true, but I had drunk too much, and the sun had baked my brain. My experience with Jay wasn't that extraordinary, I told myself, and I took another bite of my sandwich and chased it with coffee. Jay was just a man, like any other man, no better or worse than my husband. Yesterday had been a fall from grace, nothing more.

Just then, Howard came in the door. I had a mouthful of egg bread and bacon jammed into my mouth and I lifted my hand to my lips to hold it there. Howard smiled down at me on the bed, and that's when I noticed his phone was in his ear, and he was talking to someone.

"No, Senator, that's just fine," he was saying in his jovial, everyday joe voice. "I completely understand. I'd love to meet you on the golf course."

Howard cocked an eyebrow at me as I choked a wad of eggs, bacon, and bread down my throat. I chased the food with another swig of black coffee. Howard's eyes roamed over my body, his face red, and I lifted the sheet to cover my nakedness so he could finish his call without my body distracting him.

"No, Jenny will be fine," Howard said and winked at me. "No, no need for your family to watch out for her. She'll find something to do today."

I sighed as I realized what Howard was saying. Golf Course. Senator. That meant he was going to be busy today. I shouldn't have been surprised. Our vacations were often working vacations, especially when there were connections to be made. Still, I felt the need to keep Howard close, as if his presence could give me the strength to resist whatever demons had crept up on me the day before.

"That sounds good, senator," Howard said. "I'll see you soon."

He set the phone down on the dresser and stepped up to the cart. He picked up a piece of bacon, broke it in two, and shoved one half into his mouth.

"You just wake up?" he asked. "You must have been tired after last night."

I managed to smile. Oh, I was tired all right, more than he knew. More than he would ever know.

"Yes," I said, and this time took a small bite of my toast, aware of Howard watching me eat. It wasn't that I couldn't eat like a pig in front of him, it's just that I didn't want him to see me like that.

Really.

Howard nodded, pleased with himself. Obviously, he thought it was his prowess that had caused my fatigue.

"So," I said. "Golf with the senator, huh?"

"Yep," he said. "Sorry I didn't tell you last night. Things kind of got... distracting."

I blushed as he looked down at me.

"I guess so," I said and took another bite of toast. "I guess that means another day by the pool, huh?"

"After yesterday?" Howard asked and laughed. "I wouldn't dream of leaving you alone again. I've got something special planned for you today."

I sat up, letting the sheet drop. Howard looked at me and licked his dry lips. I could see that he wanted me again, and I would let him take me, if for no other reason than to wash away the memories of what I had done yesterday.

"Oh?" I said, grinning. "And just what is on the agenda for today?"

"Mmmm." Howard murmured and took a step towards me. He placed warm hands on my shoulders and bent down and gave me a chaste kiss. "I wish I had the time for that. Unfortunately, tee time with the senator is in a half an hour."

I made a show of pouting and left the sheet pooled about my waist as I took a sip of coffee. I knew the effect my body had on my husband. Most of the time, I could use that to my advantage. However, when it came to power politics, I was always a distant second.

"You'd better get dressed," Howard said. "Your escort is going to be arriving soon."

"My escort?" I said and got up from the bed. "What do you mean, my escort?"

There was a light knock at the door, and I froze in panic.

"Well, looks like he's early! I like that!" Howard laughed and slapped me on my naked bottom. "You'd better go get a robe on."

"Howard, what is going on?" I asked, but he was already walking to the door. I hurried to the bathroom and shut the door.

I could hear voices talking through the door. Howard's bluff, jovial voice, and a softer, deeper voice that I recognized.

No, no, no, I thought to myself as I grabbed one of the hotel's fluffy, cotton robes and threw it around my naked body. *No*.

"Jenny!" Howard called from the room. "Come on out and see who came to visit!"

I opened the door slowly and stepped out into the room wearing nothing but the hotel robe. My stomach fluttered as I saw Jay standing beside Howard, smiling at me.

"Honey," Howard said, gesturing towards the young man. "You remember Jay, don't you?"

7

I closed my robe tightly around my body. I could not believe Jay was in our room. He stood there, beside my husband, as if nothing had happened.

"Howard?" I asked, my mind whirling with confusion. "What's going on?"

"Jay's going to escort you around the island today!" Howard said, slapping Jay jovially on the shoulder. "He came up with the idea last night after I told him I needed to meet with the senator. He's been here for a few years, he knows all the best places on the island."

"I know all the best places on the island!" I snapped. "I've been here before, you know."

Howard waved away my objections.

"Yes, but that's tourist stuff. Jay here has assured me he knows all of the secret places, places the tourists aren't allowed to go."

"Places even senators aren't allowed to go," Jay chimed in, and I saw the glint in his eye as Howard's chest puffed up like a rooster.

"That's right!" Howard waved a finger in the air. "Not even senators are going to get to see the parts of the islands you'll get to see."

"But..." I searched for the right words. "What about our vacation?"

It was weak, I knew that. Our vacations were as much about Howard's work as they were about spending time with me. I just couldn't think of any other way to make this stop.

Howard patted Jay on the shoulder again, reassuring him that everything was fine with a wink and a nod. The gesture infuriated me, but I couldn't say anything, not in front of Jay.

Howard stepped forward and put an arm around my shoulders. He pulled me to the side of the room.

"Look, honey," he whispered. "I need to do this. The senator is so close to voting our way on the abortion law. Plus, he is very influential with the governor. You know I can't just ignore it."

My anger faded into petulance.

"I know," I said. "I just wanted to spend some time together."

Howard gave me a warm and loving smile. I felt worse than ever. What I needed was his protection from Jay and my primal urges.

Not that it mattered to Howard, not when God's cause could be furthered here on Earth.

And, if God's cause did well, we did well too.

"I know, honey," Howard sighed and kissed me on the cheek. "I'll be back by dinner."

He stood up, his voice once again brash and loud voice doing the room.

"And, in the meantime, Jay will make sure you have a wonderful time!"

Jay's face remained impassive, a polite smile on his lips. God! If Howard only knew what kind of time this slick, young bastard had shown me the day before.

"That I will, sir." Jay nodded as Howard walked into the door. "I will do my best."

"I know you will, young man," Howard laughed. "I know you will. Now, if you could just wait for Mrs. Taunton in the lobby?"

"Of course, sir." Jay nodded again, and I watched as Howard surreptitiously slipped some bills in the young man's hand. It horrified me. Not only was Jay going to escort me around the island, but he was also getting paid for the privilege!

"I'll see you tonight, sweetheart," Howard said and kissed me on the head. "Have fun."

I watched, speechless, as Howard left the room and shut the door behind him. I thought about leaving Jay in the lobby or calling down and just telling the person at the desk to send him home. If I did that, however, I knew that Jay would call Howard, and Howard would call me. Then, I'd have to come up with some excuse for staying in my room.

I could plead illness, but that meant Howard might come back from his meeting and, even though he would do it, he would resent me taking him away from the senator. It would embarrass him in front of the people he hoped to impress. That was the worst kind of insult to a man like Howard.

I thought about all of this as I dressed. Why was I so worried? I mean, couldn't I, a happily married woman, keep my lust controlled around some pool boy? Hadn't I fought off multiple men in high school and college? Over the last ten years of our marriage, I had never once wanted to stray. So, why couldn't I go out on this beautiful island, accompanied by a handsome young man who, by the way, was paid to do what I told him to do, and enjoy my vacation?

Was my will so weak I couldn't fend off the advances of a young bastard like Jay Malik?

I looked in the mirror and brushed my long black hair until it shone. I smiled at myself as I imagined being escorted around the island with Jay as my ornament, *my* trophy. Pride swelled in my chest, but I pushed it back down.

Pride goeth before the fall.

"God help me," I pleaded to the woman in the mirror. "God help me."

It took me half an hour to get dressed. For the life of me, I could not decide what to wear when you're on vacation with a man who is not your husband but has already fucked you within an inch of your life. I'm sure my stylist, Marge, would have had the same problem.

So, I was on my own. My bathing suit was dirty, so I had to unpack my second favorite suit, a red two-piece. I didn't know where we were going, so I covered myself with a yellow sundress. I liked the way the bikini showed just a bit under the thin fabric. A sense of sexuality, but not showing off. I patted the hem into place and took a deep breath, looking myself in the mirror one last time.

"You are a minister's wife," I told myself. "You are not the woman you were yesterday. Forget her."

Saying it made me feel stronger. I nodded to myself and opened the door. It was only as I was leaving that I remembered my diaphragm.

"Fuck," I mumbled.

It was now safe to take it out, and I needed to as it was never a good idea to keep it in past the following morning.

Still, I had to undress, remove my diaphragm, wash it, then redress. Finally, I was ready to go downstairs when the room phone rang.

"Yes?" I said impatiently.

"It's Jay," Jay's silky voice filtered through the phone and slid into my ear. "Are you okay, Mrs. Taunton?"

God damn it! Just the sound of his voice made me shiver. I took a deep breath to calm myself.

"I'm fine, Jay," I said icily. "Your job is to wait for me, correct?"

"Yes, Mrs. Taunton," Jay said, and I could hear the laughter in his voice.

"Then you can fucking wait!" I slammed the phone down in the cradle.

I thought of the clean diaphragm sitting on the sink in the bathroom. Would it hurt to put it back in?

What the fuck are you thinking? I said to myself. *Of course, you don't need it! Get a hold of yourself.*

"God help me," I said again as I picked up my beach bag. "God, help me."

8

Jay was looking quite comfortable in his tight, white hotel shorts, and form-fitting polo. He was leaning against a pink pillar, his arms folded, looking around as if he owned the whole hotel.

When he saw me crossing the lobby, he stood up nonchalantly, a smug smile on his face. God, he looked good! His tan skin appeared absolutely delicious next to the white fabric of his shorts. Howard burned like a lobster in the sun, but Jay had skin with a golden hue that made him tan until he looked like a bronze god. I felt pale by comparison, but as I came up to him, I realized our bodies looked good together, and I was once again reminded of the previous day. I didn't remember the details, just a jumble of muscle, tongues, and his wonderful cock deep inside me.

"Hello, Mrs. Taunton," he said, interrupting my reverie. "Are you ready for your special day?"

There was a hint of sarcastic sycophancy in his voice I did not like.

"Stop it!" I said. "That shit works on Howard, but not on me. Got it?"

Jay raised his hands in surrender.

"Understood," his smile disappeared, and an icy mask of professionalism slipped over his features. "I completely understand. This way please, Mrs. Taunton."

I didn't know if I liked the professional Jay any more than the slightly sarcastic, smug Jay, but at least I had the upper hand. I raised my head and stalked past him, only realizing a moment later that he was probably checking out my ass.

Goddammit! I cursed and stepped out into the warm, pacific sun. He now had me blaspheming my faith.

I walked up to a black Mercedes that was parked next to the curb and waited for Jay to open the door.

"Not that one," Jay said as he walked past me down the sidewalk.

I looked at my car for a moment until an older lady cleared her throat behind me. I turned, and she looked at me with large eyes behind thick glasses.

"Excuse me!" she hissed. "You are in the way!"

I stepped out of her path and watched with uncertainty as the driver got out of the car, walked to the door, and helped the older lady into the back

seat. I looked down the street and saw Jay, still walking away from me.

"Wait!" I called, hopping behind him in my Bottega Veneta sandals. I slipped them off and jogged on the hot pavement, finally catching Jay as he disappeared around the corner.

"Wait!" I called out again, turned the corner, and grabbed his arm. "Where the hell are you going?"

"We're here," he said and held out his hands.

In front of us was a tired, crappy blue Chevy pickup. The rusty hulk seemed to be held together by good wishes and duct tape. On the side was a faded decal of the Hawaiian sunset, the words Islands Best Tours peeling off the weathered blue hide.

"This is Manu," Jay said, and an old Hawaiian man appeared at the side of the truck.

Manu was short, much shorter than I was, and he had such deep wrinkles on his face they looked like they went all the way to the bone. Although he appeared incredibly old, his eyes were a bright, shiny green. When he smiled, his wrinkles sunk deep into his cheeks.

"Inside, Miss?" he asked and opened the door.

I looked at the messy, tattered interior of the truck, then up at Jay.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

Jay grinned.

"Mr. Taunton said to show you the island. Manu knows the island better than anyone else."

He moved closer to me, making his presence felt in my personal space. I refused to step back in front of Manu.

"Come on," Jay said softly. "Don't you want to see something no one else gets to see?"

The words were loaded with meaning. Butterflies attacked my belly, and my skin tingled. Did he mean what I thought he meant or was he talking about sightseeing? I hadn't been this flustered by a boy since high school. Once again, I thought about going back to the hotel, burying myself under the covers, and watching TV all day. At least then I'd be safe.

But then, I'd have to explain it all to Howard. Worse, Jay would have won. I didn't know what kind of game the bastard was playing, but going back to the hotel would be admitting defeat.

And I was not going to let him win.

"Fine!" I snapped and climbed into the dirty cab of the pickup. "This better be worth it."

"Oh, it will miss," Manu said as Jay climbed in after me. "It will."

9

The truck had a slightly musty smell as I was crammed between Manu's small wiry body and Jay's firm, muscular form. I moved my feet, delicately kicking at the fast-food wrappers on the floor of the cab. Manu pulled away from the curb, and I noticed a small hula dancer bobble-head stuck to the cracked and dusty dashboard, dancing spastically as the truck bounced into traffic.

I was uncomfortably close to Jay; his hard body pressed next to mine. It felt like his heat was invading me, reminding me again of his warmth and the things he had done to me. I tried to lean away from him but only bumped into Manu, who smiled up at me with a toothless grin.

"Not too far, Miss," he chuckled, and I sighed.

Once I got tired of looking at the cab's dreary interior and felt the heat of Jay's presence recede, I actually looked out the dirty windshield. I suddenly realized that I hadn't ever ridden in the front seat of a car while visiting the islands. Howard always arranged a driver for me. Sitting on the leather seats with no discomfort, I usually took the time to check my phone or watch a movie. It had been a long time since I'd actually looked at the view.

Now, as the truck bounced out of the low hills, the green expanse of the island spread out before me. There was the ocean, bright blue and crystalline, sparkling in the bright sun like a watery blanket of jewels. The sky was blue, but a more vibrant blue than I ever saw back home. The contrast of the lush green trees, the white beach, and that bluest of blues took my breath away. It was like I was seeing the beauty of the island for the first time.

Jay shifted in his seat, leaned across me, and put his hand on my bare thigh. He squeezed slightly, and I came back to myself, sitting in the small, smelly cab, the object of my lust looking at me. I was about ready to slap his hand away when I realized he was not focused on me.

"You see that?" he asked me, pointing out the window past Manu.

It took me a moment to see what he was pointing at, but as my eyes scanned the green and the blue, I saw it, sticking up out of the foliage like a sharp, black blade. It was a half-circle of volcanic rock, taller than the surrounding trees, carving out space among the wilderness. I could see just

a hint of the white sand and blue water before the truck descended and the formation disappeared into the trees.

"That's where we're going," Jay said.

"Right, right," Manu said, nodding as if Jay were talking to him. "Very sacred place. No tourists."

"Sacred?" I asked, looking at Jay.

"Yep," Jay shrugged, "That's what he calls it."

"Is this a...religious thing?" I asked.

"No," Jay laughed. "It's not that kind of sacred. It's just what he calls it. Don't worry. You're going to love it!"

Jay kept his hand on my leg, and I felt the heat build between my thighs. There was something possessive in that hand, and I felt the anger push back against my desire. I continued to smile at him, plucked his hand from my burning leg, and dropped it into his lap.

We stared at each other for a moment, still smiling. Finally, Jay leaned back against the door, his chin on one hand, and looked at me with an amused smile on his face.

I grunted and nodded, pleased with myself. I looked out the window and ignored Jay as he continued to stare at me.

We drove for another fifteen minutes, curving around the hills and slowly getting closer to the ocean. I kept expecting the lava rock formation to appear again, but it didn't. I began to wonder how long it would take to reach the spot when Manu pulled off the paved road and onto a path that was two brown ruts beaten into the thick green vegetation.

The truck bounced even harder now, and the vibration sent unwanted shivers through my already hot crotch. I clamped my thighs shut, but it did little to stem the throbbing heat. I peeked out of the corner of my eyes to see if Jay was still staring. Thankfully, he was not aware of my condition. Instead, he was looking out the window at the ocean.

"There's the boat," he said and pointed again.

"Boat?" I asked.

Attached to the beach was a dilapidated dock. Tied to the dock was a long, low boat with a tattered camouflage cover. Tires hung from the side as bumpers, and it was painted the same blue as the truck. Painted on the side was the same faded sunset and the words: Islands Best Tours.

If this is the Island's Best Tour, I'd hate to see the worst, I thought, as the truck came to a stop on the sand.

"This way, Miss," Manu said as he slid out of the truck. Jay got out on his side and extended his hand to me, but I ignored it, clutched my bag in front of me, and stepped out onto the sandy ground.

Jay walked down the hill after Manu, and I stood staring at the crappy little boat. Jay stopped halfway to the dock and turned back.

"You coming?"

"Yeah," I muttered under my breath. "Yeah, I guess I am."

10

The boat was beaten up, but it floated. Again, I ignored Jay's hand and stepped into the boat. I immediately stumbled as the boat rocked in the tide and fell into Jay's arms.

"I'm fine, thanks," I said, pushing against Jay's hard chest.

"Whatever you say, Mrs. Taunton," Jay grinned and lifted me to my feet.

I straightened my dress and looked around the boat. It wasn't as messy as the truck and at least had a place to stand that was relatively clean.

"Hold on, Miss," Manu said and started up the motor. The boat's back end coughed up a puff of black smoke, and the small boat pulled away from the dock.

The trip was shorter than expected. Almost immediately, Jay got my attention and pointed. I looked out at the crystal blue waters and saw a pod of dolphins frolicking among the waves. I laughed in delight and forgot for a moment about Jay, or Howard, or what had happened the day before. I just allowed myself the pleasure of the salt breeze on my face and the sound of dolphins playing in the waves.

It wasn't long before Manu turned back towards the shore. That's when I saw the black lava rock shell sticking up among the trees, its ragged edges receding as they neared the water. Manu maneuvered the boat towards the shore, and I thought we might hit the rocks when I saw the narrow opening among the trees.

Manu maneuvered the boat expertly into the opening, and suddenly the sun was blocked out by a tunnel of large ferns and palms that rose on either side. I gazed in wonder as the sunlight filtered down through the canopy, creating shafts of beautiful morning light that struck the waves and created glowing ripples on the dark leaves.

All three of us remained silent as we passed through the tunnel. I could see why this place was called sacred. It felt like a cathedral, but instead of carved marble or pillars, it was a monument constructed entirely of nature.

The boat suddenly broke out of the shelter of the trees into the blinding sunlight. I raised a hand over my eyes, shielding them from the harsh light.

"My God!" I gasped as the vision before became clear. "It's beautiful!"

"Yes," Jay said softly. "Yes, it is."

Before us was a small stretch of pristine white sand surrounded by a screen of green, leafy trees. The trees climbed up a small hill until they hit the steep line of the volcanic rock. What looked black from the road was a dark, rusty red, and it rose like a jagged curtain, hiding us from the rest of the world. It was a perfect hideaway.

"I've wanted to bring you here since yesterday," Jay said softly, his voice just loud enough to hear over the boat. "I knew you would appreciate it."

"Really?" I said, and my heart danced in my chest.

"Believe it," he said, and something in his voice made me believe him even though I didn't want to.

"Sure," I said sarcastically. "And how many other girls have you taken here?"

I was joking, but I also wanted the answer. He'd only known me a day. How could I mean anything to him but a quick conquest by the pool?

"No one," he said, and again, I believed him. Still, I shook my head.

"Manu?" I asked as the old man cut the engine to the boat.

"Yes, Miss?"

"How many girls has Jay brought here?"

I imagined the setup. Jay paid Manu to bring his conquests out to this remote spot to woo them, kidnapping them one by one, and spiriting them away to this 'sacred' spot.

"No one, Miss," Manu said seriously. "You are the first."

"Now, do you believe me?" Jay said and hopped off the boat onto the sand. This time, when he held out his hand, I took it. I put my other hand on his strong shoulder and stepped onto the sand.

"I'm starting to," I said, and he held me for a moment in his arms as I looked up at him. "It doesn't change anything."

"Of course not," Mrs. Taunton," Jay grinned and let me go. "I just thought you should know."

"Sure, Jay," I said and walked up the beach. "Sure."

I took off my shoes as Manu and Jay unloaded the boat. The water was a magnificent blue and so clear you could see the sand and rocks under the surface. Even the sand felt good. The fine crystalline grains rubbing sensually between my toes.

It was a magnificent place.

Jay walked up to me and set down the basket.

"There's something else I want you to see."

"Oh?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. "You heard what I just said, right? Just because you're being cute doesn't change the fact that I'm married."

"You think I'm cute?" Jay grinned.

"Don't try to distract me. You know what I mean."

"I do," he said. "I do. And that's not what I wanted to show you."

He held out his hand again, and I looked at it for a moment. He had brought me out here, and for what? To make amends? To earn his pay?

I was beginning to wonder if I'd misjudged him after all. Maybe he was just trying to show me a special time. For Howard and a good tip. I honestly didn't know, but I did want to see what else he had to show me.

Holding his hand couldn't hurt, right?

So, I took his strong hand, and we strolled across the sand like lovers. That image was not lost on me as I looked back at Manu, who was puttering around on the beach.

"What about Manu?" I asked.

"He'll set up everything, don't worry," Jay said. "Come on."

He led me up a small hill of sand, then into the trees. We stopped at a water channel running from the mouth of a cave and cutting through the sand.

"This is the real secret," Jay said, and I watched as he removed his shirt.

I tried to protest, but my voice caught in my throat as I looked at his firm upper body rippling with muscle. He looked so much more powerful and potent than Howard.

"What...what are you doing?" I stuttered.

"Going in. Don't worry, it's not too deep, and the water is pretty warm."

Jay slid off his shoes, and the next thing I knew, he was slipping into the cool blue water.

"I can't," I said. Already I could feel my heart speed up and the hot pulse of my blood in my veins.

"This is the only way in," Jay said. "Come on, you know you want to see it."

Again it felt like his words had a double meaning. Still, he had brought me to a beautiful spot, and I did want to see what other wonders were hidden inside the cave. Besides, I was hot, and the water looked cool.

Jay's body looked even better, but I tried to ignore it. Finally, I set down my bag and slid the sundress over my body, revealing my small two-piece.

Jay watched me hungrily. It was funny, I wouldn't think twice about wearing the suit to the pool, but with Jay looking at me like that, I felt naked.

To hide my embarrassment, and my body, I slid into the water. The shock of it made me gasp, but it felt good. The ocean cooled the fire between my thighs, and I sighed as I floated on the quiet waves. I could have stayed there all day.

But, like Jay said, there was so much more to see.

I followed him into the cave, once again passing from sunlight into darkness. I could barely see Jay swimming a few feet ahead of me towards a dim light ahead of us.

We swam around a large ledge of rock, and I stopped swimming as I looked at the spectacular sight before me.

A shaft of sunlight was shining through a hole in the ceiling of the cave, cutting brilliantly through the gloom. A waterfall cascaded through the hole, the droplets catching the gleaming sun and spilling out like diamonds on the wind.

The water hit a shelf of rock, and warm droplets splashed my cheeks. I stared in wonder at Jay.

"The water's from an underground hot spring." He pointed to the steam rising from the surface as the hot water mixer with the cold water and evaporated. "It's the only place on the island that does it. That's why it's sacred. They used to come here, to bathe and worship."

"I thought you said it wasn't religious?" I asked, letting more of the warm spray splash my face.

"It's not," he said, edging closer to me. "It's not a church. It's just special. Holy. And no one comes here anymore."

"Except you," I said, and there he was, inches from me sitting on the rocky shelf, his body glistening above me in the warm splash of sunlit water.

"And a few others," he said. "But mostly just me."

I tried to rise out of the water, but my foot slipped on the rock, and I fell backward. Jay followed me in, submerging his body fully, his strong arms and legs reaching for me under the surface.

"Just stop!" I said and splashed playfully. "You promised."

"I didn't promise anything," he said and pushed towards me, his fingers grazing my naked stomach. "I said, I understood."

He grabbed me before I could swim away. I pushed against the wet muscles of his chest, but already he was pulling me back to the shelf of rock, back to the sun, and the warm water. Jay reached up and dug his fingers into my wet hair. He tilted back my head until my face was under the warm spray.

Jay's teeth nipped at my neck, and I let out a tortured moan. The warm water splashed into my mouth and nose as Jay untied the top of my bikini. I raised my hands to stop him, but the younger man latched on to my breast and sucked the hot, hard nipple into his mouth.

"Why?" I moaned. "Why can't I stop?"

"Because," Jay mumbled against my breast. "Because you want this, Jenny. You know you do."

It was the first time he had said my name, and the vibrations of it made me quiver. Jenny, not Mrs. Taunton. Not the evangelist's wife. Jenny.

Just Jenny.

In that moment of weakness, I felt it, the shift of my mind as the world fell away, replaced by Jay's luscious body and the warm water falling down my back. God, it felt so good to let go!

Jay saw my surrender and took full advantage of it. His shorts were off, somehow, and he pulled the string on my bikini bottoms. What an inconsequential barrier, what a sham of protection, like the walls I had put up around my lust. In the end, like the thin fabric, the walls were pushed aside.

Then there was only his cock. His glorious, hot flesh cutting through the water sliding deep into my body. I cried in pleasure and bit his wet shoulder. I tasted the salt of the ocean on his skin as he drove into me, split me open, and filled me with his blessed heat.

I had an orgasm right there, on that shelf of rock, under the warm water. The heat of my juices flowed between my legs and over his cock. He chuckled, surprised that I had come so easily, then kissed me. I kissed him back hungrily, wanting his tongue inside of me too.

I clung to his wet muscles like he was a rock in a storm, letting him thrust deep inside of me. I needed his cock inside me. I needed him to punish my shameful pussy, and he did, stabbing into my helpless flesh over and over until I came again.

I screamed, and my voice ricocheted off the cavern walls and came back to me, louder than ever, filling my ears with the sounds of my lust.

Jay grew tired and lifted me out of the water. He turned and sat on the rock. Suddenly, I was on top of him, sliding his cock even deeper into my fevered pussy. I knew what he wanted, what he needed me to do, and I gripped his shoulders, planted my feet on the slippery rocks beneath us, and I rode him hard and fast.

His cock stabbed even deeper inside of me, stopped only by my own body's limits as I felt him in my belly, throbbing inside of me, becoming one with my burning flesh.

Jay watched as I rode him, watched as I came on his cock. When I grew tired, he helped me, gripping my ass cheeks in his strong hands and lifting me, then pulling me down on top of him. I came again, and this time, I saw his face tense. He was going to come and, looking at his beautiful face, I wanted nothing more than to make this young lion, this young god come. I had never felt that insistent, primal need before, and I drove myself down on his cock in a desperate burst of energy. The water splashed and rolled around us; our combined cries echoed off the walls.

I had him. I was going to make him come. He was mine.

I wish I could say I remembered my diaphragm, but I didn't. I remembered nothing, thought of nothing, except making Jay come. I wanted it, needed it, it was my whole reason for being.

And, when he did, I came again. I ground my ass down into the water, splashing furiously as I dropped down on him so hard it hurt. I felt his heat throb inside of me, then suddenly I felt his hot, thick lust bubbling inside of me. I continued to roll and bounce on top of him, riding out the last tremors of my orgasm as he filled me up with his seed.

"Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh, my God!" I sobbed.

Jay laughed and hugged me tightly. I laid against his wet, warm body. He brushed my hair back from my face. Warm water splashed all around us, surrounded us in a glittering curtain of sunlit droplets.

"It's all right, Jenny," Jay whispered.

I wasn't crying out of shame, I was crying out of pleasure. But, it was more than that, too. I was also crying because of how unfair it was that I had been denied this joy, this ecstasy, all of my life. It transcended sex. It was a connection between our bodies and souls.

I'd never felt the presence of God more than I did at that moment.

I didn't dare to say it, however, and even if I did, I wouldn't have. Even thinking it felt like blasphemy.

Instead, after my tears had subsided, I said the only thing I could say.
"So good. So good."

11

After that, there was no more reluctance. Jay had broken through the barriers inside of me and transported me to a place beyond my life, my worries, and my husband.

We spent the day on the beach. Manu made himself scarce, and it was just me and Jay, like Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. I had tasted the forbidden fruit, and I wanted more. I explored every inch of Jay's fabulous body with my hands, my mouth, my tongue. I can still feel him throbbing against my tongue as I sucked him, can still hear the telltale signs as he tensed in anticipation of his orgasm. Watching as the beautiful young man gave in to his lust, was one of the most fulfilling moments of my life. Had Howard ever lost control like that? I'm sure he had, but I had never felt the pride of making a man cum as I did with Jay. He was a man who deserved to cum, and I wanted him to cum inside of me in every way possible.

I realized I could get pregnant, but the magic of the spot, and the primal needs that Jay had unlocked, forced all my concerns aside. Jay came inside me three times, and I felt every orgasm shatter me like a fragile, stained glass window.

Every time he came inside of me, he would use his hands to make me orgasm again. He needed me to be the last one to receive pleasure, leaving his mark deep inside my womb. Finally, we collapsed onto the thick blanket, panting, and sweating under the hot island sun.

To say the day was magic would be an understatement. It was a revelation. I never knew my body could do the things that Jay could make it do. It was a soul-shattering spiritual awakening.

But, like all powerful moments and born again revelations, the feeling had to end. The sun moved across the sky and began to descend behind the volcanic rock, and our perfect little spot became cold.

Jay saw me shiver and began to pack up. I didn't fight it. I knew the moment had to end, but I felt an emptiness open in the pit of my stomach. Back to the real world. Back to my husband and with it, the realization of just how big a sin I had committed. I'd let another man defile me and fill me with his seed. I could be getting pregnant at this moment.

The idea of it filled me with revulsion, but at the same time, I felt excitement burning in my chest. I could have a baby, Jay's baby. It was a

powerful, primal feeling that rose like a tidal wave. Is this how women felt when they talked about accidents? Getting caught up in the moment and letting the man take that most precious part of your body? I'd always judged such women as weak. If your faith was strong, you could hold out until you were married. At the very least, use protection to avoid getting pregnant.

Yet, here I was, standing on that sandy beach, another man's cum boiling inside of me and leaking out around the edges of my bikini. Still, I felt good. Complete.

"Hey," Jay said when he saw the frown on my face. "You okay? Too much wine?"

"No," I said, looking up at him. His smile was no longer smug, but comforting. "Just, you know..."

Jay drew me into a hug and kissed the top of my head. It was hard to believe that he was so much younger than me. He seemed to know just what to do.

"It will be fine," he murmured and stroked my hair. "You just had fun. Everybody deserves to have fun."

I said nothing and, when he took my hand to lead me back to the boat, I let him. Just as we were about to step on the deck, I looked back at the cave at the cove. The sun had moved past the rocks, leaving the spot shrouded in gloom. I felt that shadow touch my heart.

"I'm never coming back here again, am I?" I said.

"Never say never," Jay said and helped me into the boat. "Never say never."

12

The sense of sadness and shame deepened as we emerged from the trees and out into the ocean. The sun was moving slowly towards the horizon, casting a reddish-orange light over the water. The dolphins were gone.

The wind had a chill, and despite how it looked to Manu, I let Jay hold me against his warm body and protect me from the cold. Something had passed between us in that cave. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I felt that it had been more than sex. Unlike Jay, I was inexperienced in the ways of sex. A few encounters in college and then marriage had left me wholly unprepared for the feelings I had after being fucked, really fucked, for the first time in my life.

So, perhaps I was confusing lust for love, I don't know. But I was smitten with Jay, and by the time we reached the dock, those feelings had grown even stronger.

Which made the shame I felt even worse. Sex in the cabana, that wild, hot sex, had been one thing. Even though I felt guilty, I could push it to the back of my mind, even move on. I could chalk it up to a mistake and beg forgiveness from God and maybe my husband.

But, what had happened in the cave was different, and it drove home the simple truth. I had cheated on my husband, physically and emotionally. It was a sin with a capital 'S'.

The magic of the day faded by the time Manu pulled up in front of the hotel. Jay helped me out. I gripped his hand tightly and looked up into his blue-green eyes. He smiled, and I returned the smile caught in that moment of bittersweet happiness as I entered the real world.

"There they are!"

I flinched, and Jay squeezed my hand to steady me. Then, he let go as we both turned and saw Howard come stomping out of the hotel, stalking towards us like a red-faced lion.

He wasn't angry. His face was flushed with drink and what I had come to recognize as triumphant elation.

"I've been waiting in the bar for nearly an hour," Howard said and pumped Jay's hand in a manly gesture before pulling me towards him, kissing the top of my head. "I tried calling."

So lost in this magic of the cove and Jay's body, I hadn't needed to look at my phone. I certainly hadn't been thinking of Howard as Jay's cock had been pounding me to orgasm on the sandy beach.

"Suh...sorry," I stammered, sure that Howard could see the guilt on my face. "I..."

"It's my fault, Mr. Taunton," Jay said smoothly. "I took Mrs. Taunton to a part of the island with no cell service. I'm afraid we lost track of time."

"Yeah?" Howard raised his bushy eyebrows at Jay. "Really?"

He looked at Jay, then at me. Oh, my God! Was that suspicion in his eyes?

"That's great!" Howard let out an excited whoop and slapped Jay on the shoulder. "I'm so glad you got her away from all this."

Howard motioned to the luxurious hotel, the employees dressed in crisp white helping people from their luxury cars as they were taken to their expensive rooms.

"I, on the other hand, was forced to talk to a boring senator all day," He said the words with a weary sigh, but I could tell he was excited.

"That bad huh?" I asked.

Howard groaned, then his mouth broke into a boyish grin.

"No, it went great," Howard winked at me then, as if he was an afterthought, he looked over his shoulder at Jay.

"Get her bag, will you Jay?"

"Of course, Mr. Taunton."

I looked back, and although Jay was smiling, it was neither kind nor cold. Just professional.

"That's a good lad," Howard said, laughing, and I took a last look at Jay before Howard pulled me into the hotel and back to my real life.

13

"I had him in the palm of my hands!"

Howard was just gesticulating wildly as we made it back to the room. I nodded but remained silent. Normally, I enjoyed my husband's success. His success was my success, after all, and to see him wield his considerable influence was always a bit of a turn-on.

But, I couldn't get Jay out of my head. Now there was real power, a power that Howard could never comprehend. My husband, despite his size, had never been the biggest or the strongest animal in the land. Now, this young buck had moved in and seduced his wife. He'd become diminished in my eyes, and he didn't even know it.

Dinner had been a desultory affair for me. I'd been forced to listen to Howard talk about his conversations with the Senator, blow by blow, word by word. I acted interested as Howard described how he let the Senator win at golf. My God! What men did to make themselves feel strong!

The whole time Howard talked, I was thinking of Jay. His hard body, his cool confidence. Jay didn't have to feel strong. He was strong. I had felt his strength with every push of his cock inside me. I had felt it as I clung to his wet muscles in that tiny cave, the warm water splashing around us, enclosed in the heat of his flesh. God, I had loved it! Every pulsing, pounding minute of it.

And when I took a bite of my salad, I remembered sucking and licking his cock back into life so he could fuck me again.

"So, I said to him, 'Senator, now is the time, I'll get you the votes if you get me my law.'"

"Wow," I said, putting as much enthusiasm into my voice as I could.

I pulled my dress over my head, feeling the events of the last few days pushing down on my body and my mind. Dressed only in my bra and panties, I considered a long bubble bath and a good night's sleep when I felt Howard's large paws on my ass.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I asked.

"I've been thinking about you all day," he murmured against my neck. His large, clumsy hands traveled up my back to my breasts, where he squeezed too hard. After Jay, Howard had the finesse of an eighteen-year-old virgin.

Plus, I knew what he said was a lie. He hadn't been thinking of me all day. He'd been thinking of his power, his agenda. The victory he had scored with the Senator was making him excited, not me.

"I'm sorry, baby," I moaned, feigning pleasure at his crushing grip on my breasts. "I'm just so tired."

I peeled his hands away from my breasts, and he reluctantly dropped them to his side

"Nothing?" he pouted. "But I'm so horny."

The petulant sound of his voice irritated me. Couldn't he tell I was tired?

Of course not. He thought I'd been sightseeing all day. He had no idea I'd been fucked ten ways from Sunday by a powerful young stud. The same powerful young stud he had hired to show me a good time. I was pretty sure that wasn't the time Howard had planned, but it had happened, and I couldn't make it go away.

"Come here," I sighed, more like a mother than a wife. "I'll take care of you."

Howard grinned like a little boy. I'd developed other ways to make him happy for those times when I was tired or when Howard refused to have sex with me on 'that time of the month'.

Howard sat on the bed, and I sank to my knees, tired and groggy, but determined to get him off. After all, I'd had multiple orgasms today, didn't my husband deserve one? Plus, I really needed that bath.

"Is this what you want, baby?" I murmured as sexy as I could and pulled Howard's pants down over his wide hips.

"Yes," Howard huffed. "God yes!"

I pushed his pants down around his ankles, and his red, hard cock spring free. He was hard, and I couldn't help compare his size to Jay's. Howard was a bit smaller, but it was the redness of it compared to Jay's golden, throbbing flesh that made me pause. Howard's cock was serviceable, functional.

Jay's was a work of art.

I imagined worshipping Jay's gorgeous shaft as I stroked Howard's cock hard and fast, my husband grunting and huffing like an animal on the bed.

"Put your mouth on it!" he growled. "Please."

Still thinking of Jay's cock in my mouth, I opened my lips and took Howard up to his balls. The need I felt for my husband was not the

overwhelming hunger I felt for Jay. I needed Howard to cum, to be happy and content. I needed him to get off so I could sleep and dream of Jay.

"Oh, yes! That's it, baby!" Howard cried as I sucked harder, humming on his cock until he was at the edge. That's it! I'm cumming, Jenny!"

Howard forced my head down on his cock, gagging me painfully. I held him there, eager for him to cum. Finally, he let loose a torrent of bitter, salty seed. I held it in my mouth. Howard didn't like to get messy, so I made sure there was no leak around his twitching shaft.

Finally, his cock slid from my mouth. I let him go and watched his limp, red cock twitch against his thigh.

"God, baby!" he exclaimed. "That was so hot!"

I didn't answer. Couldn't answer as his salty lust was still on my tongue. I swallowed his seed, the bitter aftertaste leaving echoes of him in my mouth.

"I'm glad you liked it, honey," I said. I made no move to kiss him. Howard did not like to kiss after I sucked him off. "I'm going to take a bath, all right?"

Howard waved his hand weakly. He was almost half asleep, still dressed in his shirt, his pants down around his ankles. He looked funny, lying there, and I almost laughed.

"All right, baby," I said.

I left him laying half-naked on the bed, feeling like I deserved my bath more than ever.

14

Howard slept in late the next morning and, instead of going to the dining room, we ordered breakfast in.

It was good, being close to him after what had happened with Jay. I needed to be reminded that I was Jenny Taunton, the wife of Howard Taunton Jr., leader of one of the most powerful religious organizations in the country.

That's what I was thinking as I sipped coffee, watched Howard read through some papers. They looked like real estate documents, some sort of development the Righteous Road was planning on purchasing. If the folks down in Tennessee knew how much of the state we owned, they would have had a collective heart attack.

It had been Howard, my husband, who had seen real estate expansion as another way to further the cause of God and the church. Funneling money from parishioners, he built a college, bought interests in hotels, even owned a NASCAR racing team, all in the name of God. If you had the money, you could influence politicians and even get a president elected. It was heady, powerful stuff, and as I watched my husband calmly surveying his empire on paper, I felt a surge of safety and comfort. He was my rock in this dirty world, not Jay. Jay might be sexy and good in bed, but Howard? Howard had power.

Still, I waited with trepidation for the phone call, the one that would take Howard away from his me and back to the dirty, mundane world of mammon and greed. The call that would leave me alone with what I'd done and, possibly, leave me open to temptation. If he left, would he call Jay? Would I be able to stop him?

Would I even want to?

Normally, it wouldn't bother me, but this time, contemplating my buttered English muffin, I realized how powerless I was. Not to Jay's machinations. I could deal with those simply by avoiding him. No, I was powerless to the whims of my husband and his true calling. The realization turned the butter to acid on my tongue, and I finally couldn't hold back the question any longer.

"So, Howie?" I said sweetly, using the pet name I always used when I wanted something. "Are you...are you meeting with the senator today?"

Howard looked at me over his papers, a glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

"I don't know," he said, but I could see his grin. "He hasn't called. Do you think I need to see him?"

He was teasing me, and I liked it, so I played along.

"Well, I wouldn't know about all that boring stuff," I waved my muffin in the air, dismissing the Senator and all his minions. "But I thought it might be nice if you spend some time with me. I think I've earned it, don't you?"

Howard grinned as I reminded him of the blowjob. The irony was not lost on me that the only reason I'd given Howard the blowjob was to avoid having sex with him. But, Howard didn't know that. To him, such a dirty, lustful act was a treat that I dished out reluctantly. If he only knew how hungrily I had devoured Jay's cock, I think he might have had a heart attack.

But he didn't know. He set aside his papers and gave me his full attention.

"I suppose that can be arranged," he said, scratching his chin as if he was mulling the idea over. "I have another surprise for you."

I felt a pit open up in my stomach. If that surprise had anything to do with Jay, I didn't know what I would do.

"The Senator's not using his very nice, very expensive yacht today," Howard said. "He said if I wanted it, I could have it."

My muscles relaxed, and the pit closed in my stomach. A yacht. From the Senator. Of course.

"That sounds... divine," I said, and I got up from my seat, came around to Howard's side of the table, and jumped into his lap. Howard laughed, and I kissed him, feeling just a hint of the spark I'd felt when we were dating.

"If you get me a yacht, you can expect more treats," I whispered in his ear.

Howard looked at me with unmistakable hunger.

"I'll call the Senator," he said, and I kissed him again, letting my lips linger this time to show him I meant it.

"You do that, baby," I said. "I'll go get ready."

Howard held me for a moment, unwilling to let this opportunity pass. I slipped from his arms, wiggling my ass against his crotch as I did so.

"Plenty of that for the boat," I giggled when he tried to grab me.

I was surprised at how easy it was to deny my husband when, just a day before, I'd been helpless in Jay's arms. Of course, I'd had practice denying

Howard over the years, using my body to control him. It was the only source of power I had over him, and I knew how to wield it.

Howard, unlike Jay, didn't fight me. Instead, he let me slip from his grasp, and I scurried away, wagging my bottom at him.

"Better call the Senator," I said. "I'm *really* looking forward to the yacht."

Howard laughed out loud and was still chuckling as he picked up his phone to call the illustrious Senator from Florida.

15

I showered and combed my hair until it was gleaming. Then, I pulled it back in a ponytail. My hands lingered on my breasts and slipped down between my legs, testing my sensitivity. I was still excited at the thought of Jay. It was wrong, but I rubbed my pussy and squeezed my breasts, thinking of the pool boy.

I yelped slightly when I heard him knock at the door, my face red with lust and shame.

"Just a minute!" I called, straightened my dress, and patted down my hair. God, I needed this day with my husband. I needed Howard to help me forget about Jay.

My hopes were dashed, however, when I came out of the bathroom and saw the sad expression on Howard's face. I knew as soon as I saw it, what was going to happen.

"The Senator needs you," I said, unable to hide the disappointment in my voice.

"I'm sorry," Howard said and drew me into his big arms. "He needs to talk to me about a few things. It shouldn't take more than a couple of hours."

A couple of hours. Damn it! A couple of hours could make all the difference between salvation and damnation!

I took a deep breath. I was a big girl, wasn't I? I could control my urges, no matter how strong they might be. I had God on my side.

Besides, I didn't need to see Jay. I could just stay in my room and not answer the door. I'd watch television and eat chocolate. I'd hideaway, like a fairy tale princess in her tower. At least that way, I wouldn't have to face the sexy, young cabana boy.

"I understand," I said.

Howard's hands slid down my back and cupped my ass.

"I've still got a few minutes," he said grinning. "You know, if you want to..."

Did he think I was going to give him a blowjob or have sex with him when he was abandoning me? I could see the desire I had sparked glimmering in his eyes. He did, he clearly did.

I kept a cool smile on my face, even though I was angry. I slid forward, putting a firm hand on his cock, which was stiffening under his shorts.

"Oh, baby," I murmured and kissed his chin. "I was going to save the treats for the yacht. I guess you'll just have to hurry it up with the Senator before I get bored. The sooner you get back, the sooner you'll get your treat.

Instead of making him angry, it only turned Howard on. He wanted me just as much as I wanted Jay. Probably more. He'd do anything to have me. Anything except cancel his chance to spend time with the Senator. I guess the thought of gaining influence was more exciting than spending the day with me, having sex on a boat.

"I guess I'd better get going then, shouldn't I?" he asked.

"I guess so," I smiled and gave his crotch a friendly pat.

That was all the enticement Howard needed. He gave me a quick kiss on the head.

"You are so sexy!" he said, then went to the bathroom to clean up before his meeting.

I sank onto the bed, listening to Howard humming tunelessly in the shower. I felt all my confidence slip away. A whole day alone, with my memories of Jay.

What was I going to do?

16

Hide. That was the only answer.

I kissed Howard goodbye and gave him a little extra pout, so at least he would feel guilty for abandoning me for that old bastard. I didn't know if the Senator was a bastard, but most politicians are, and this was the third day in a row he had stolen my husband from me. I was beginning to dislike the Senator more than most politicians, and that was saying something. Love thy neighbor as thyself, but God damn it, that was hard when you needed your husband around to protect you from yourself.

So, I stayed up in the hotel room all morning. The hotel had the most exquisite ice cream bonbons. Chocolate and salted caramel dipped in fudge. They tasted wonderfully sinful as I zoned out in front of the television, flipping through channel after channel, looking for something to watch.

After two hours of this, I began to get angry. At myself, at Howard, at Jay. Damn it! I was on vacation. Why should I be the one who had to hide up here in my hotel room, trying to avoid a man while my husband got to hobnob with a big wig? It didn't seem fair, and by the time I had worked through my fifth plate of bonbons, I was bored. I needed some excitement. So, I decided to go back to the pool.

Just the thought of it sent chills up my spine. Jay was at the pool, I was sure of it. He'd taken the day off with me yesterday, he had to be on today. The memories were enough to make my stomach churn and my body sweat. I took a deep breath. Just because I saw him didn't mean I had to fuck him. The pool would be a good place to watch him without putting my soul in danger. I just needed to avoid the cabanas.

I dressed up for the pool. I got out my black Malik Malia and slid it on, pulling a filmy robe over the top that showed the length of my thighs and strong calves. I applied my lipstick carefully and fixed my hair. Finally, I headed down to the pool, my loins girded against any attacks from the cabana boy. My heart was racing, but more from the excitement of going into battle rather than lust. I was ready for him this time. I would persevere.

17

All the way to the pool, I'd had a fantasy of Jay coming up to me with a smug smile and asking me if I would like a Mai Tai. I would make a point of thinking about it, then calmly tell him I wanted another server. His smile would slip into a frown, but he would nod.

"Of course, Mrs. Taunton," he would say and walk away. I would spend the rest of the time pointedly ignoring him and reading my book.

Imagine my disappointment when I got to the pool and realized Jay wasn't there. I took a deep breath, and let the relief drive the disappointment away.

My fantasy ruined, I took a seat close to my usual spot. I was just getting settled when Sarah, a perky blonde with short hair appeared at my side.

"Hello, Mrs. Taunton," she said in a bright, cheery voice. "So good to see you again!"

Her cheery attitude usually lightened my mood, but today it grated on my already frayed nerves.

"Hello," I said, forcing a smile on my face.

I looked around the pool as if taking in the scene.

"Is...is Jay here today?" I said as casually as I could.

Sarah gave me a false pout and shook her head.

"No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Taunton," she said sadly. "I'm afraid Jay's off today."

"Oh, well," I said, shrugging as if it meant nothing. "I was just wondering."

"Can I get you anything?"

A pool boy I can torture to death? I thought as I smiled.

"Just a Mai Tai dear," I said. "And keep them coming."

I was well into my second drink when Jay showed up. I didn't notice at first, I was just starting to get into my book when I heard a high, girlish giggle bounce people across the pool deck. It was enough of a distraction that I looked up and saw Jay standing there in his official hotel whites, a young woman hanging off his arm.

Sarah was walking by at that time, balancing a tray of empty glasses on one hand.

"I thought you said it was his day off?" I snapped, and Sarah stopped.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Taunton, Sarah said. "I missed that."

"Jay," I said and pointed a finger at the young man.

"Oh!" Sarah said, confused. "I guess he must have got called in. Would you like me to call him over?"

"Of course not, dear," I said smoothly. "You've been wonderful. Just come back soon so I can get another drink."

"Thank you, Mrs. Taunton," Sarah said. "Right away."

Sarah scurried off towards the bar, which left me with an unobstructed view of the pool. Jay had peeled the young woman off his arm. She was gorgeous. Long-legged, tan, her designer two-piece barely able to contain her ample curves. And, I noticed, she was at least ten years younger than I was.

Jay turned and our eyes met. He gave me a sly grin.

"Damn it!" I dropped my eyes to my book, my cheeks burning, feeling like an eighth-grader checking out one of the high school boys.

Stupid. Ignore, ignore, ignore.

That had been the plan and was still the plan.

I expected him to saunter over to me, to say hello, and insinuate himself into my day. Instead, he stayed on the other side of the pool with the gaggle of giggling girls. I found myself peeking over the top of my book to watch him.

The young girl has slid from his arm and joined the rest of her friends. I wondered who she was. A girlfriend? A quick fuck?

My mind drifted back to the cabana and the smooth way in which Jay had taken control. It spoke not only of a knowledge of women but also practice. Practice seducing them with his charm and confidence. I had known I wasn't the only one, but after the cove, I felt I was special.

Seeing Jay flirt with that younger, hotter girl hurt my pride. I had been a challenge, that was all. The married woman of a powerful man.

I was a conquest, and I had been conquered.

The realization that Jay didn't want me hit me like a punch in my stomach. Like so many people in my life, he only wanted Jenny Taunton, wife of Howard Taunton Jr., pure and chaste and shiny. Even Howard saw me as an object. A prize to bring out and show off to others, and fuck from time to time. He couldn't even be bothered to spend time with me on my goddamn vacation.

My thoughts turned dark. I unwisely downed another Mai Tai. I couldn't stay here with Jay across the pool, ignoring me, just like Howard had ignored me.

I got up and collected my things. My body was hot, but my anger was hotter. I decided to go back to the room, maybe drink some more and pass out before Howard came home.

I'd had it with the men in my life. I just wanted to be left alone.

"Leaving, Mrs. Taunton?" Sarah's high voice piped from behind me.

"Of course, I'm leaving," I snapped, flipping my bag over my shoulder, nearly smacking the pert, young girl on her pert, young nose. "What's it look like I'm doing?"

"I...I'm sorry, Mrs Taunton," Sarah stammered. "I just—"

"I know what you want," I spat and reached in my bag and pulled out a few bills. "A goddamn tip. Here."

I threw the money at her, and it looked like she might cry. I felt a pang of sympathy for her, but I couldn't let that intrude on my anger.

I walked away from her, leaving the poor girl to pick up the money like a common whore instead of the very good, very professional person she was.

But, I was a good person too, wasn't I? So why did I feel like the one who was a whore?

Because I had been. My husband had paid a young man to pay attention to me. And Jay had done just that, in the most delicious, dirty way possible. So, what did that make me?

I felt ashamed and stupid. All my thoughts of ignoring Jay and teasing him had backfired, and now all I felt was dirty and sullied by the whole experience. I needed more alcohol and a warm bath. I would be fine, I told myself, just fine. I'd drink until I couldn't think about anything else, but the drink and I'd put this whole sordid mess behind me.

I pushed the elevator button, determined to forget everything. With this new plan in place, I began to calm down. I'd apologize to Sarah, put in a good word for her with the manager, whatever it took. She didn't deserve my anger. I was feeling better as the door opened and entered the safe, small space of the elevator.

The door was sliding shut when Jay suddenly appeared and slipped sideways through the gap. The doors snicked shut and, just like that, Jay and I were alone in the elevator.

"What are you doing?" I cried and reached forward to push the button to get out. Jay stopped me.

"I heard you were looking for me," he smiled, threw his arm around me, and pulled me into a kiss.

This is not at all how the plan was supposed to work. I was supposed to be teasing him, making him want me. I definitely wasn't supposed to have his tongue in my mouth. But, I fell into the kiss easily, as if we were old lovers, and my plans to make him jealous were crushed.

"Stop," I moaned and pushed away from him. "Just stop."

Wonder of wonders, he did stop, smiling down at me as the elevator climbed to my floor. I had only a few seconds.

"I can't do this," I said. "I can't cheat on Howard anymore, and I certainly can't do this with you."

"Why not?" Jay said, trying to pull me close. "Why can't you just let yourself have fun?"

"Fun?" I hissed. "Is that all I am to you? Just some fun?"

The elevator opened before he could answer and I pushed past him into the hall. Thankfully, the floor was empty because Jay followed me to my door. As I tried to open it with the card key, Jay stopped me again, his strong hand keeping me from swiping the plastic into the lock.

"Jay, stop!" I said. "Go back to your little floozies at the pool."

"Is that what you think?" he said in my ear, his voice low and hot.

"They're my floozies. That I sleep with every guest at the hotel?"

I tried to push forward to open the door to escape his heat, but he held me tight. His hard body pressed against my back, and I felt his cock, hard and throbbing, against my buttock.

Damn it! I can not do this! I thought. *Not again!*

I tried to push back, but it only ground his hot, hard muscles into my back.

"Isn't that what I am?" I spit. "Just another conquest?"

"Aww, Jenny?" Jay smiled. "Did those little girls make you jealous?"

I opened the door and slipped inside. Jay moved his body into the gap and kept me from shutting it. He grinned down at me, and suddenly I realized what had happened. Jay had been playing the same game I had been, only better. And it had worked. My body wanted him now more than ever, and, as we stood there in the doorway, the elevator door pinged loudly, signaling someone was about to get out.

Jay took the moment to act. He grabbed the door, swung it open, and pushed me into the room. With a kick of his foot, he slammed the door shut, just as the elevator opened.

We waited in silence. Jay held my body securely in his arms, my hands on the thick muscles of his chest. We listened as the voices passed the door, then drifted down the hall. It was exciting and scary, and we were both turned on.

"I knew you were jealous," Jay said as his hand slipped down my body. "I knew it. You do want me."

"I can't. Not anymore," I whispered to him, but my resistance was already fading. "I'm married. I love Howard."

"I know," he said, and his nose grazed my cheek. He sniffed, taking in my musky scent. "But you need me, don't you?"

"Yes," I murmured without hesitation. "I do need you. But it's wrong."

"Just because you say it's wrong," Jay said, his lips sucking the flesh on my neck. "Doesn't make it wrong."

"Oh, God!" I moaned, and Jay pulled me into the room.

I sat down on the edge of the bed I shared with my husband, helpless. All of my carefully crafted defenses crumbled as I watched Jay pull off his clothes, revealing his beautiful body and long, thick cock. He stood before me and waited for me to touch him.

"Go ahead, Mrs. Taunton," he said. "You can touch me. You know you want to."

I did. God, I so wanted to touch him. His voice penetrated my fevered brain. I felt myself give like the flick of a switch being thrown inside my brain. I scooted forward on the bed, reached out a hand, and grabbed his pumping flesh, remembering how good it felt to have him inside of me.

"Put it in your mouth," Jay ordered. "Show me how much you want me, Mrs. Taunton."

My married name on his lips made me moan, but I did what he wanted. I opened my mouth and slid my lips over the head, licking the salty slit. The bitter taste of his pre-cum hit me like a bolt, firing all of my senses at once. I abandoned all pretense and ran my tongue over the throbbing length of his shaft.

"Look at me, Mrs. Taunton," he commanded. My eyes snapped upwards. "Good girl. Keep your eyes on me, Jenny. I want you to know it's me you're sucking and not your husband."

Just like Jay had worshiped me in the cabana, I worshiped every inch of his cock, rubbing my lips over it, slathering it with a love I had never shown my husband. It made sense, this flesh, this man, had given me so much pleasure. He deserved my worship.

"The balls too, baby," Jay grunted. "Lick my balls."

I lifted his heavy shaft, held it against his stomach, and pushed my face into the fat sac between his legs. He was salty down there, and the pubic hair on his balls tickled my nostrils. I buried my nose in his flesh, rooting between his legs like an animal until my face was covered with spit and drool.

Finally, after long minutes of worship, Jay pulled back from me, holding the tip of his cock against my lips. I didn't need to be told what to do. I looked up at him, locked my eyes onto his, and opened my mouth to take his offering.

Jay was not soft or loving. He was a vengeful god, and he wanted my mouth. He shoved his cock deep, gagging me with it. I gurgled, but did my best to take him. I'd never been gagged before, and more drool bubbled out of my mouth. I felt like a whore as Jay gripped my hair and used my mouth for his pleasure.

He was punishing me. Punishing me for my resistance. Punishing me because I still loved my husband.

I took it all, letting my lover use me. My mouth, my body was no longer my husband's. It belonged to Jay.

Finally, Jay pulled his cock from my mouth and laid the burning length across my face. He rolled it over my cheeks and nose covering my face in spit and pre-cum.

"Do you want me, Jenny?" he asked.

When I looked at his face, I saw his eyes were full of a hunger that matched my own. I nodded.

"Say it."

"I need you, baby," I moaned and gave the head of his cock a wet, opened-mouth kiss of devotion. "I need you."

"That's good," he said. "So good. Because I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked. I'm going to make you mine. Do you understand?"

Make me his? What did that mean? Leave Howard and become Jay's woman? It didn't matter, of course. At that moment, I wanted him more than

anything.

I paused for only a moment then laid back on the bed, spreading my legs for my pagan God.

"Yes, baby," I whimpered. "Please make me yours."

Jay took little time in pulling off my clothes. The worship was over. It was time, time to get what I wanted. No Howard, no guilt, just pure pleasure in the form of Jay's beautiful flesh.

He fell upon me, ravishing my mouth and breasts with nips of his teeth and suckling kisses. I moaned, my hips lifting upwards, rubbing my sensitive sex against him. Finally, unable to hold back any longer, I reached down between us and grabbed his pulsing cock in my hand. I slipped the fat head into my pussy, and with a savage thrust, Jay was inside me.

My mind exploded into a million pieces. The pain and pleasure of his thrust forced all thoughts away from my brain. I wrapped my arms and legs around my lover as he pumped deep inside of me, filling me up with his throbbing flesh.

I came almost immediately, the tension I had felt building inside of me all day relieved in a burst of hot, wet juices.

"Yes, Jay! Yes!" I screamed, unable to hold back my need. "Fuck me! Make me yours, baby! Make me yours!"

Jay growled, pounding into me, making unintelligible animal sounds. He wanted me just as much as I wanted him, and now that he had me he was going to take me.

He pulled me up to a sitting position, and I came to rest in his lap. He was kissing me, and I dug my nails into his shoulders, riding his cock, whimpering into his mouth. He held me securely in his strong arms, and I fell back, my hands planted on the bed, grinding my hips into his body feverishly as another orgasm burst through me.

It was too much. Too much, too soon. I fell back, but he caught me, shifting underneath me, so I ended up on top of him, lying on his hard body and kissing hungrily as my orgasm continued to throb through me.

"That's good, Jenny," he murmured. My name was music in his mouth. "That's so good."

"Yes," I whispered. "Good."

After I'd rested, I found that Jay was still blessedly hard. I pushed myself up on top of him, sliding myself down on his manhood until it filled me.

"You like that, Jenny?" Jay asked, shifting his hips to push himself in even further. "You like my cock?"

"Yes, baby!" I moaned and rolled my hips, grinding my pussy into his pubic bone. Shivers of pleasure ran through my legs and belly.

"Then show me, Jenny. Ride that cock! Show me how much you like it."

I did, I started slowly so I could get used to his long shaft, careful not to hammer too deep. Then, when I got my rhythm I began to hump him harder and faster. Jay reciprocated, each bounce of my hips met by his thrusts until we were moving in unison, pushing each other towards mutual pleasure.

My third orgasm was building now. I closed my eyes, abandoning myself to my lust. Jay hissed in pain as I dug my nails into his chest. I didn't care. I was only focused on my pleasure, and I hammered my body on top of him, harder and harder until I couldn't hold back the flood.

"I'm going to cum, baby!" I cried. "I'm going to cum!"

"Do it, slut," Jay said, and the words hit me deep in my heart. "Do it! Make yourself cum on my cock!"

"Yes! Yes! I'm cumming! I'm cum—"

"Jenny? What the hell are you doing?"

18

My eyes flew open at the sound of Howard's voice, but it was too late. My body was already crashing over the edge, and all I could do was scream.

"Howard! No, no!"

And then my body gave in to the orgasm, convulsing on top of Jay's body, the best of lust making everything else in the room disappear.

I fell on top of Jay, crying, and panting.

Slowly, I became aware of Howard's presence in the doorway, watching us in shock.

I felt a weird out-of-body experience overtaking me. The world tilted on its axis, then snapped back and I realized I hadn't moved. I'd stayed on top of Jay, quivering out the last of my mind shattering orgasm and making no attempt to comfort my husband,

As I came back to the world, the humiliation and shame settled over me like a wet blanket. I tried to move, but Jay held me tight and forced me to stay on top of him with his cock still fully sheathed in my body.

"Jay, please!" I moaned. "Let me go."

"No," Jay said, and with a heave, he rolled me over until he was on top of me. I pushed against his chest, but he held me down with one, firm hand. "You're mine now, and I'm not through with you yet."

I twisted my head to look at my husband. He stood a few feet away, unable to move. Jay laughed.

"You want to get a better look, Howie?" he asked, and I cringed as he used the diminutive of my husband's name. To my shock, Howard said nothing.

Jay pulled out of me, and I groaned as my pussy clamped on his retreating flesh. Then, he rolled me over onto my belly and pulled me up on all fours until I could see the tortured expression on Howard's face.

"Come on in and sit down Howie," Jay commanded, sliding his cock into me. Despite my shame, I gasped as he filled me up. "Sit down. I was just about to finish."

"No!" I moaned, but Jay gripped my hips and pulled me back onto his cock. I couldn't hold back my cry of pleasure as I felt him plunged deep inside of me.

"You like that, don't you, Jenny?"

I said nothing. I put my head down, letting my hair fall on my face so Howard couldn't see my shame. Jay, however, had other ideas. He took a fistful of my hair and pulled my head up so I could look at my husband.

Howard had moved from the door to a chair, looking at me with tears in his eyes. My heart broke for him, but that did not quell the burning lust inside my belly.

"Why?" he asked his voice wet with tears.

"I'm so sorry," I moaned, but Jay took that moment to thrust deep into my pussy, rocking my body forward on the bed. With one hand, he slapped my ass, and with the other, he held my head up by the hair so my husband could see the pleasure on my face.

"You shouldn't have left her alone, Howie," Jay sneered and began to fuck me hard and fast. My words were lost as my body gave in to the punishing pleasure of his thrusts.

"Don't hold back!" Jay growled in my ear as he hammered into me. "He likes it. Look at him."

I looked at my husband. The pain and the pleasure on his face matched my own. Jay took his hand off my head and grabbed my hips, pounding me into oblivion in front of my helpless husband. Yet, Howard didn't move. He just watched us, crying softly. Then, I saw him reach down between his legs and rub himself through his pants.

No! He was excited by my sin! It was too much, and I came again, screaming out my pain and lust. I fell forward on the bed, gnashing at the sheets with my teeth, trying in vain to stop my screams.

"Do you like it?"

Howard's voice was so choked with pain and desire I barely recognized it. I moved my head to look at him through the tangle of my hair.

"What?"

"Do you like it?"

I couldn't believe what he was asking, and he was still rubbing his crotch. His face was red, the same red he got when he was excited.

"Oh, God!" The shame was too much. I sank to the bed and buried my face in the sheets. "No!"

Jay gently brushed my hair out of my face and then gathered it into a tight ponytail. I was flat on the bed now, but Jay was still inside of me, the hard muscles of his stomach pressing down on my ass. He pulled on my hair and forced me to look at Howard.

"Tell him," Jay ordered. "Tell him the truth."

"No!" I tried to shake my head free, but Jay held me firm. Then, he smacked my ass hard. "Ow!"

"Tell him," he ordered again, and I mewled in pain. "Tell him the goddamn truth!"

I didn't want to, but Jay wanted it and, looking into Howard's eyes I could tell he wanted it too. Finally, I let out a wet, shaky sob.

"Yes," I moaned "Yes, I like it!"

"Better than me?" Howard murmured.

Jay thrust hard inside of me, still holding my hair. His body slammed against my ass and drove me into the bed. I couldn't breathe as he continued to thrust, pummeling me, smacking me, punishing me with his long, hard cock.

He stopped, and I groaned with pleasure despite my husband's pain and humiliation, I was close to cumming again. So close. I wanted the feelings to go away, but they wouldn't. Jay felt too damn good.

"Tell him, Jenny," Jay ordered again. "Tell him what he wants to hear."

I couldn't hold back anymore. In a flash of brilliant pain, Jay slapped me, and my whole world came crashing down. All I could think of was how good it was, how so goddamn good it felt to just let go.

"Yes!" I screamed. "God forgive me, Howard! He's better than you!"

Howard slumped, defeated and his eyes fell to his lap. I'd broken our sacred vows as well as ripped Howard's pride to shreds, all with one simple sentence.

I wanted to go to him, to comfort him, but Jay wasn't done with me yet. He yanked my hair and rode me into the mattress. My pleasure no longer mattered to him. It was all about his needs now. He had set out to take me, and he had done it. He had destroyed me and my husband, and now he was going to get every last bit of pleasure from his victory.

Being so close to the edge, I came again. Howard flinched in his seat as I screamed and only looked up when he heard Jay's voice.

"I'm going to cum, Jenny," he growled. "I'm going to cum inside of you."

"No," Howard said hoarsely, pushing forward in his chair. "No, don't do that."

He might as well have been trying to stop a train. Jay was too far gone to hear, let alone comprehend his actions. I had a brief flash of my

diaphragm, washed and ready on the side of the sink, as useless as Howard's voice.

Impossibly, I came again, a small, tremulous orgasm compared to the earthquake that I experienced earlier, Jay cried out, and I felt his cock expand inside of me. His hot seed filled me up and spilled out around his invading cock. He continued to pound me into the bed, pinning me down with his cock to accept his full load. Finally, he rolled off of me, leaving me breathless and cold.

All three of us stayed where we were, the only sound in the room was our heavy breathing. We might have stayed there forever, trapped in that one, silent moment, if Howard had not broken the spell.

"Get out," he said.

For a moment, I thought he was talking to me, then Jay moved on the bed beside me.

"Are you sure, Mr. Taunton?" Jay said sarcastically. "I mean, the night's still young."

"I SAID, GET OUT!"

Harold shouted with the force of a priest casting out the devil. I flinched, but Jay sat still in the face of my husband's anger. I waited, holding my breath as Jay looked first at Howard, then at me. He cocked an eyebrow at me as if asking me if he should go. I couldn't look at his handsome face anymore. I shook my head.

Jay smiled, calmly slid off the bed, and slipped on his clothes. Finally, he picked up his phone, which I had not noticed was on the bedside table next to us. He smiled at me one last time, then walked past Howard.

"If I can be of any further service, Mr. and Mrs. Taunton, please let me know." Jay slipped from the room silently, leaving Howard and me alone.

I rolled off the bed and looked at Howard. He was still sitting in the chair; his fists curled into balls. I crawled to him, wet and dripping with another man's cum.

"I'm so sorry," I said, but Howard refused to look at me. Teardrops dripped from his nose. I touched his leg, and he didn't move, so I slid my hands up his thighs.

I saw the bulge in his pants and the wet spot on his trousers. His face red, and he was breathing heavily. He was still turned on, and instinctively I unbuckled his belt. He put his hands up to stop me.

"Let me do this," I said. "Please."

Howard's hands fell limply to his sides. I opened his belt and slid his pants down. He lifted his buttocks to help, and his angry, red cock sprang free. He was hard and dripping, but he hadn't come yet. Out of pity and sadness, I reached forward and held his cock, trying to soothe his fevered skin.

"You...you liked that?" I whispered, my fingers stroking him lightly.

Howard looked away, unable to admit the truth, but I could see the proof in my hands. Proof that he liked it. Proof that he needed release.

I stroked him harder, and he leaned back in his chair. I heard him huffing as he got close to orgasm. Cum drooled from the head of his penis.

"It's okay," I murmured and stroked him harder, faster.

Howard whimpered softly and suddenly tensed, his heavy buttocks lifting off the seat. He forced his limp cock into my hand. Then, he yelled, a sound of pain and ecstasy. Suddenly, his cock squirted its lust all over my fingers. I held him firmly in my hand, fascinated by the throbbing flesh as my husband gave way to his desire just as I had given in to Jay. He continued to grunt and moan for a few moments, writhing on the chair as his cock dribbled out the last drops of cum.

He came to rest on the seat, finally pulling my hand away from him.

I sat back on my heels as he stood above me, his cock shrinking as his lust subsided. He looked down at me with a mixture of sadness and anger on his flushed face.

"I'm so sorry," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Stop saying you're sorry," he grunted. "I don't want to hear it."

He left me kneeling on the carpet, still sticky from him and Jay's cum. He stalked to the bathroom and slammed the door shut. A moment later, I heard the lock click on the door and the shower started. I crawled into bed, exhausted and ashamed. By the time Howard came out of the bathroom, I had fallen into a fitful, dreamless sleep.

19

I woke up the next morning to an empty bed. I wondered, with a pit in my stomach, if Howard had left, gone back to our home in Tennessee, and begun the proceedings for a divorce. I wouldn't have blamed him. I had betrayed him horribly, worse than any betrayal a woman could inflict upon a man.

I sat up in bed, holding back tears, wondering what would become of me when I heard the door open. Howard came into the bedroom dressed in a pair of swimming trunks and a button-down short-sleeved shirt. He looked at me, sitting in the bed, and smiled.

"Breakfast is on its way," he said, then walked into the other room.

I said, stunned. My body was still sticky with the sweat and cum from the night before. Otherwise, I would have thought it was all a dream, a very bad dream.

I got up out of bed and snuck to the bathroom. By the time I had showered and wrapped myself in a bathrobe, the food had arrived.

Howard was eating calmly at the table, reading through the paper as if last night had never happened. I was confused, walking stiffly to the table. When he didn't speak, I sat down. My hands were shaking, so I grabbed a bagel and began to tear into small, bite-sized pieces.

"So," Howard said without looking up from his paper. "I thought we'd spend the day together."

Those were not the words I expected to hear. Spend the day together? After what I had done? I didn't know how to respond, so I picked up a piece of bagel and chewed the dry bread in my mouth.

Howard snapped the papers closed. I flinched, expecting him to shout. Instead, he calmly placed the paper to the side and picked up his coffee.

"What do you think?" he said.

The bagel had stolen all the spit from my mouth, and I couldn't speak, even if I had known what to say. Howard didn't look mad or mournful. In fact, he looked rather smug as he sipped his coffee and leaned back in his chair.

I fumbled with the glass of orange juice and sipped the liquid, allowing it to wash the chewed bits of bagel down my throat.

"That sounds....wonderful," I said in a weak voice. "I...I'd like that."

"Good!" Howard said in his usual jovial voice. "Then it's settled. I thought we'd go down to the pool after breakfast."

The pool? Where Jay worked? What kind of game was Howard playing? I didn't have the right to ask, not after what I had done. I had sinned. It was only in his and God's power to forgive me. I should have been grateful. Howard would have expected it. And I was grateful, but also scared. There was no way that Howard was as happy or as settled as he looked. Looking at his smug, smiling face, I knew.

This wasn't over yet.

We finished breakfast in silence, as Howard went back to his pages and I managed to choke down a bagel with orange juice. Then, I got dressed in my black Malia Mills. I threw on the filmy pool robe and checked my hair and makeup in the mirror. It wasn't for Jay's benefit that I had to look perfect. This time, it was for my husband. I needed to be Mrs. Howard Taunton Jr. the faithful wife who was enjoying a vacation with her powerful, devout husband. It was a show for the people, but it was also a show to prove that Howard and I were still together.

Howard met me at the bathroom door and looked me up and down. He smiled appreciatively, and I let out an inner sigh of relief. He took my hand in his, and together we left the hotel room.

The pool was busy, and heads turned as Howard, and I walked the deck. Everyone knew who I was, but Howard was the famous one. He was the man who got his face on TV and took pictures with the president. Walking beside him, I was at best an ornament, like a flashy watch or necklace. At worst, I was invisible in his very large shadow.

"Mr. and Mrs. Taunton," Sarah's piping voice cut through my reverie. "How nice to see you!"

I noticed a false ring in her voice and looked at the perky blonde's face. She was smiling, but something in her eyes flashed at me and made me think that the perkiness was an act today, a mask she had put on as easily I had put on my lipstick.

"Hello," Howard said. "Sarah, isn't it?"

"Yes sir," Sarah said, but her eyes flashed daggers. Howard didn't notice. "I can't believe you remember me."

Howard laughed so that the gathered spectators could see how happy he was.

"I'm old, Sarah," he said and tapped his temple. "But God has preserved what's up here."

Sarah laughed, then glared at me. Yes, definitely anger in her eyes.

"This way, sir," she said, and we walked across the pool deck. "Usual seat, as requested."

"Why thank you kindly, young lady," Howard said, pushing his Southern dialect hard. He only did that when he was trying to convince people how relatable he was. "I sure do appreciate it."

Sarah smiled but didn't flush as most women did under Howard's influence.

"Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"It's too early for Mai Tais, don't you think, sweetie?" Howard smiled at me, and I sensed the silent jab at my drinking habits. So, he knew what I'd been drinking the last few days. That meant he had been keeping close tabs on my bar bill. That was surprising. Howard usually didn't bother with what I did on my own time. Of course, I usually didn't fuck other men when I wasn't with him, so there was that.

"You're right, dear," I said in my most humble voice.

"How about mimosas, Sarah?" Howard said. "At least give us a little vitamin C while we drink."

Sarah laughed dutifully. She was working extra hard to maintain her perkiness.

"Of course, sir," she said. "Right away."

Howard turned towards me as I stood there, wondering just what he would do next. He gestured at the pool.

"Well," he said. "What are you waiting for? Go enjoy the sun."

I looked at him, and he stared back. I wanted to bring up what had happened, needed to talk about it, but it was obvious he wanted to pretend everything was fine. Was that my punishment? To live with my sin for the rest of my life with no hope for forgiveness? It was better than I deserved, but it felt horrible to have it hanging over my head like a sword ready to swoop down and cut through my neck.

I nodded finally and settled myself by the pool, wondering what else Harold had in store for me. Despite the brilliant Hawaiian sunshine, I felt cold.

20

The mimosa did nothing to calm my nerves. Howard read the newspaper in maddening silence while I surreptitiously scanned the crowd, looking for Jay among the other servers. He wasn't there.

After an hour of sitting on eggshells, Howard moved from the shade and sat down beside me.

"How's the book?" he asked, his eyes closed and a wide grin on his face as he baked in the sun.

I looked at the book in my hands. I hadn't managed to read a word of it.

"It's fine," I said. "You know. James Patterson."

Howard nodded as if he understood even though I'd never seen him read anything other than the newspaper, quarterly reports, and, sometimes, the bible.

"He's not here, you know," Howard said.

I froze. There was no need to guess who he was talking about.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Jay," he said. "He's not here."

Howard opened his eyes and winked at me.

"He won't be here ever again."

My stomach curdled like spoiled milk.

"Howard, what did you do?" I asked him in a low voice.

"I did what I had to do," he hissed. "I had him fired this morning."

"You what?"

"Fired," Howard said and sat back with a self-satisfied smile on his face. "For harassment and stealing."

"Oh my God!" I gasped.

"Don't you dare use His name!" Howard growled.

"But he didn't harass me," I said. "And he certainly didn't steal anything!"

"Didn't he?" Howard murmured, gestured at my feet, then at my whole body, indicating exactly what Jay had taken.

"Howard," I started, but he was beyond listening. He put his hands behind his head and sighed contentedly.

Jay was gone. There was nothing I could do about that. Plus, there was another thought nagging at my mind. Had he harassed me? He had certainly

taken advantage of me in my weakened state, but I had wanted it. Jay had led me into temptation, but I had followed eagerly. Considering the list of punishments I could endure for adultery, I'd gotten off easy. I felt bad for Jay, but what could I do? We had both made our choices and we were both going to pay for them.

I stared at Howard, wondering at the man I had married. He must still be angry, but he had handled it in a way, a powerful, rich man handles things. He'd used his power to get Jay fired. He hadn't used his fists, but he had flexed his muscle nonetheless.

I didn't know if that disgusted me or turned me on.

"You need more sunscreen," I said finally, reaching into my bag and pulling out the small tube. "Sit up, baby and I'll do you back."

Howard looked at me for a moment, frowned down at the small tube, and nodded. He sat up and I scooted closer, squirting a glob of white lotion onto his back.

"I'm sorry," I whispered as I rubbed in the sunscreen.

"I know," he said, and he let me touch him and take care of him, just like a good wife should.

21

We spent the next few hours by the pool. The sun and mimosas finally worked their magic and I felt calm. I thought of Jay, but I was able to control my thoughts, rationalize them, and push them to the back of my mind. I was with Howard. What had happened was a mistake, a horrible sin, but it was something we could get through together. It wouldn't be easy.

I took comfort from Howard's presence. He was still upset, and it might take a long time for him to forgive me, but he still loved me. I was sure of that, otherwise, he would have left. He would have consulted his lawyers and not lay with me by the pool. It was only a matter of time, and things would settle down.

Finally, when we were both suitably drunk and baked by the sun, we gathered up our things and went up to our room to shower and get ready for lunch. I felt hungry for the first time all day and I craved a good mahi mahi steak. I hoped we could get a reservation at my favorite restaurant. I was looking it up on my phone as Howard showered. I saw a text from an unidentified number.

Do not delete, Jenny.

I felt a cold shiver run up my back. Without thinking, I clicked on the notification and my messaging app popped up.

This is Jay. If you delete this I send it to the news outlets.

Attached to the message was a video. My breath caught in my throat.

"Oh, no!" I murmured and thumbed the play button.

"Yes! " I heard my voice crying out as I watched Jay's body slammed me to the bed. "Yes, Jay! I like it!"

I was on my stomach, Jay's body hammering into me. I realized the video was from Jay's phone, the one he had set on the side table.

Jay was fucking me and holding my head up so I could look at something off-camera.

"Do you like it?" I heard Howard's say.

I wanted to shut off the video, but I couldn't look away as Jay slapped my ass.

"Tell him, Jenny!" Jay spat, fucking me hard and fast. "Tell your husband what he wants to hear!"

"Yes! I like it! I cry. I like it!"

"Better than me?"

I could barely hear Howard's voice, but it was there on the video.

"Tell him!" I heard Jay say again. "Tell him!"

"Yes! Yes, he's better than you."

And then I had an orgasm. It was obvious to anyone watching that I wanted this, that the man wasn't my husband, but my husband was in the same room. Anyone watching could see my sin and Howard's humiliation.

Finally, Jay finished, and Howard ordered him to get out. As if to ensure there could be no confusion about who was in the room, the camera moved, and there was a flash of Howard's angry, tearful face on the screen. There was also something else in that look. The unmistakable look of lust.

All of it was there on the video, and Jay had it. He had everything in the palm of his hand.

The phone fell numbly through my fingers as Howard came out of the bathroom a towel wrapped around his waist.

"I think we should eat at Rodeo's tonight." Howard was saying then stopped when he saw the stricken look on my face. "Jenny? What is it?"

I pointed at the phone on the floor like it was a snake. Howard bent over and picked up the phone. His face went pale as he hit the button.

"Yes! Yes! He's better than you!" I screamed on the speakers as I began to sob on the bed.

"Goddammit!" Howard screamed and threw the phone against the wall. I flinched as it smashed into pieces of plastic and glass against the plaster.

Howard stood his chest heaving, the sound of his breath the only sound in the room.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed informing him of an incoming text. We looked at each other.

We both knew who the text was from.

"I'm sorry."

"No," he said and held up his hand. He looked through the messages but didn't push the play button. Then, he punched the screen and held the phone up to his ear.

"Listen, you son of a whore!" Howard yelled, then stopped as whoever was speaking on the other end said something I couldn't hear.

"You've got to be kidding!" Howard said, his face going even paler as he sat down in the chair, and I could see he was visibly shaking. I'd never seen him look so weak.

He laid down the phone on the table, staring at the floor, taking deep breaths.

"He wants money," Howard said, finally. "A lot of money."

"What?" I said, but I knew what Howard he meant. Blackmail, pure and simple.

There was enough on the tape to make Howard a pariah among our followers and a laughing stock with his powerful, D.C. friends. If the video leaked, it would ruin him, ruin us. No amount of God's forgiveness would be enough to keep the hounds off our backs. Because as many supporters as we had among conservatives, we had just as many enemies that would like nothing more than to tear Howard down and all of his work with it.

And it was all my fault.

"What—" I stopped, taking in deep breaths. "What are we going to do?"

"We?" Howard looked at me angrily. "We aren't going to do anything. *I'm* going to call Charlie and see if *I* can stop this thing. That's what *I'm* going to do."

Charlie Blackwater, Howard's lawyer but also the head of a large network of private detectives. If Righteous Road had a problem, there was no one to call but Charlie. He was a fixer. Just hearing his name made me quiver.

We stayed sequestered in our hotel room for the next three hours. Room service brought us dinner, but neither of us was hungry. Howard vacillated from calm reassurance to apoplectic rage as the calls came in.

"No!" he shouted. "No! No! NO!"

He didn't throw the phone against the wall, but he wanted to. He needed the link to the outside world, and I realized that all of his power was in that phone. The web of connections he had forged over the years all lay in that little rectangle of circuits and plastic.

But, what happened when those same connections failed you? What happened when, for all your vaunted power, there was nothing to do but accept the horrible truth.

Even you could be made to feel powerless.

Finally, towards nightfall I watched Howard give in. Like a boxer he weaved and staggered across the hotel floor and sank into a chair. He had the same look he'd had the night before when Jay had taken me in front of him.

Howard was defeated.

"We have to pay him," Howard said, finally. "There's no choice. Charlie says if that video gets out, we'll lose more than the money. We could lose everything."

"Everything?" My heart dropped. A mistake. One mistake and we could lose everything. I'd never felt so ashamed or hopeless. "How... how much does he want?"

"A million dollars."

My mouth dropped open. A million dollars? Did we even have that kind of money? And if we did, would we even be able to get the video?

"How do we know he'll delete the video?"

Howard's shoulders slumped even lower.

"We don't," he said. "But, when we get his phone Charlie says we ought to be able to tell if the video has been sent anywhere or if any copies were made. It's not perfect, but there's nothing else we can do."

Howard lowered his face into his hands. I got out of bed and walked to him. He flinched when I rested my hands on his shoulders, then relaxed as I rubbed them.

"I know you don't want to hear it, but I'm so sorry," I said. "I don't know what came over me."

Howard sighed and patted my hand.

"It's my fault," he said faintly, and I could tell he was crying again. "I...I made a mistake leaving you alone. You...you're a beautiful woman, Jenny. I should have known this...something like this might happen."

"No, baby!" I felt even worse. Just because I was pretty and just because Howard worked hard growing his business, didn't mean it was okay for me to sin.

I dropped to my knees in front of him, like I had last night, but this time I grabbed his hands and held them in his lap.

"It's not your fault, sweetheart," I said. "I should have resisted. I should have stopped him. I just... I just..."

Howard held my face in his hands and tilted my head until I looked at him.

"You just couldn't help yourself," Howard said, and I nodded, tears in my eyes.

Howard smiled and let go of me.

"He wants you to deliver the money."

"What...what did you say?"

"What could I say? That bastard wants you to deliver the money, Jenny. You're the only one he trusts."

"Oh, God! I can't!"

Howard took my hands.

"You have to, honey," he said. "If he sees anyone else, he'll send the video."

I sat there, unable to speak. I gripped Howard's hands tightly, not wanting to let go. Finally, I nodded.

"All right. I understand." I said.

"You have to resist him, Jenny," Howard pleaded. "That man is evil. No matter what he says, what he does, you have to resist him."

"I will, Howard," I said, and I kissed his hands. "I swear, I will."

"Pray with me?" Howard said, his eyes wet and round. "Pray with me to avoid temptation?"

"Of course, baby," I said, and I dipped my head. Howard placed a large, firm hand on the crown of my head and spoke in a faint and fervent voice.

"Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one."

22

Manu was waiting for me three blocks away from the hotel. I was carrying two duffle bags with one million dollars packed inside. I was surprised at how little a million dollars weighed.

I didn't know how Howard managed to get the money so quickly. I assumed he'd gotten it from the same place politicians and our beloved president got their money to pay people to be quiet.

Through their lawyers.

Despite the circumstances, I couldn't help but smile as Manu got out of his beat-up blue pickup and tottered around to the side.

"Hello, Miss," he said, smiling his wrinkled smile, and I smiled back.

"Manu," I said, and he nodded as if I'd complimented him. He took the bags from me and put them in the back of the pickup.

So that was it? A quick exchange of money in a back alley? I'd have thought that Jay would at least be here to see me one last time. I guess I was just a payday to him.

I began to turn away when Manu opened the truck's passenger side and motioned for me to get in.

"Miss?" he asked.

"What?" I asked. "You got the money."

"Yes, Miss," Manu said. "But, to get the phone, you must come with me."

The phone. I had forgotten about the phone with the damning video. I still didn't know what good it would do, the video was probably backed up in a dozen places by now, but that was the deal. I could do nothing and, truth be told, I didn't want this to be over. Not yet. I wanted to see Jay one last time.

So, I got in the truck. It was just as dirty and broken down as it was the first time I'd ridden in it. I reached out and touched the bobble-head hula dancer and smiled, remembering that perfect, perfect day. As the truck rumbled into life, I suddenly realized where we were going. The only place only Manu, Jay, and I knew about. A place we could be truly alone.

The boat ride to the sacred waters was colder this time. The sun had decided to hide behind some clouds, not something that happened often in

paradise. No dolphins were frolicking in the waves. The water was dark, rolling Manu's boat back and forth in the water.

I stayed at the bow, shivering as I scanned the coastline for the hidden entrance. Even though I'd been there before, I still couldn't see it until Manu deftly maneuvered the junker towards the trees.

The water became smooth as glass, and the wind subsided as Manu brought the boat into the shelter of the cove. He cut the motor, and we came to a stop on the sandy beach. The cove looked as marvelous as the first day I'd seen it, despite the rain hitting the tops of the red blade of rock obscuring the peak with a fine mist. It was even quieter, more remote as if we had passed through a portal into another world.

The sun broke through the clouds, and I watched, my heart in my throat as Jay Malik walked down the beach towards me. The sun broke through the mist and lit his firm frame like fire.

"God, help me!" I murmured to myself. "God, help me to be strong."

Jay walked out of the light, and I saw his face. I expected a triumphant smirk. Instead, I saw only intense sadness.

"Hello, Jenny," he said.

"Hello, Jay," I said bitterly. "I'd say it's good to see you..."

Jay held out his hands, palms up.

"You know, I never wanted it to be this way."

"Oh, really?" I said. "And how did you want it to be?"

I gestured to the peaceful cove, the fluttering palms, and the crystal, blue waters.

"Is that all this place was?" I asked. "Just some scheme to get money out of us?"

Jay stared hard into my eyes and stepped forward. I tried to back up, slipped in the sand, and suddenly his arms were around me, cradling me. He gripped my chin in his hand and lifted my eyes to his face. I tried to fight, but he held me tight.

"You think that's what this was?" he asked. "Is that who you think I am?"

"I don't know who you are," I said. "All I know is you fucked me, and now you want money."

Jay suddenly let go of me. Despite my anger, the look of pure disgust on his face made me want to weep.

He walked away from me, his head bent low. I could see the tension in his back and shoulders as he held in his anger.

"It wasn't my idea," he said softly.

"What?" I said and found myself stepping forward.

"It wasn't my idea," he turned to me, the sadness back in his eyes. "The first time, in the cabana, that was my idea. I wanted you from the first moment I saw you."

My heart beat faster, but I willed my body to relax. This was just the kind of temptation Howard had warned me about.

"I don't believe you," I said.

"Believe it," he said. "I wanted you, Jenny. Just you. But then, when your husband found out..."

"What?" I snapped. "What did you say?"

"What? He didn't tell you?" Jay said with a rueful smile. "Of course he didn't tell you. He didn't want you to know that thinking about you fucking me got him hard."

"No," I gasped. "Howard....no..."

But, I remembered the lust on Howard's face in the hotel room as Jay took me. Sadness and anger, yes, but also lust. The memory of his hard cock in my hands, exploding after just a few strokes of my fingers. He had been turned on.

"Why do you think he invited me to dinner? Or had me escort you around the island?" Jay asked. "He wanted us to be together."

"No!" I moaned, unable to believe my husband was capable of such deceit.

"Oh, he never said the words, but he paid me a thousand dollars and told me to 'show you a good time,'" Jay scoffed. "I should have known something was up when he called and told me you'd be alone last night. I thought it was all a game, a bit of fun."

He stepped to me and grabbed my arms. I was numb and couldn't move.

"And I wanted you, Jenny. I did. I wanted to taste you, to touch you..."

He pulled me in close.

"I wanted to be inside you."

I felt the heat in my body respond to him. Other things began to click into place. Howard being gone and forcing me to be in Jay's company. Had it been a test of my fidelity? Or was he excited by the thought of me with Jay?

"Then, why?" I said, looking at the boat where the bags of money lay nestled inside the small cargo hold. "Why all this?"

"Isn't it obvious, Jenny?" Jay said. "Your husband couldn't take it. He set it all up, but in the end, he couldn't take how much you wanted me."

He pulled me closer to him, and I pushed uselessly against his chest.

"After he saw us together, he had me fired. Not only that, he had me blackballed from every hotel on the island. This is my home, Jenny. I've lived here all my life, and he destroyed it with a phone call."

His hands tightened on my arms, and I gasped in pain.

"Jay, stop!" I whimpered. "You're hurting me."

He let me go. I hugged myself, rubbing my bruised arms.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm just so angry. I never thought it would come to this. I made the video because I didn't trust your husband. And now I know I was right."

I couldn't believe it. Could Howard throw a life away so callously? I thought back to how Howard treated the staff. He tipped well, but no more than anyone else. Howard didn't care about the staff. I realized, until Jay, I hadn't cared about them either. They were just there to serve me.

I didn't think that losing a job, especially a job I considered menial labor like Jay's, was that significant, and neither did Howard. It was so easy, I suddenly realized. It was so easy to ruin a life.

"I didn't know," I said softly. "I'm sorry."

Jay scowled at me, but then his face softened.

"Well, you don't need to apologize," he said. "I've got the money."

"Sure," I said, suddenly feeling cold. So, that was it. A transaction, as simple as buying a pair of shoes. An exchange of money for services rendered.

So why did it feel like a hole had been torn through my heart?

I knew why. I had betrayed my husband, searching for something new, something exciting. In turn, my husband had betrayed me, selling me off to this young man. Out of all three of us, Jay's intentions had been the purest. Honest.

Jay had wanted me.

"Will Manu take me back now?" I said, finally.

Jay looked at me for a long time, then nodded to Manu. Manu nodded, rummaged in the cargo hold, and grabbed the bags. He threw the bags on to the sand.

"You're free to go," he said and motioned towards the boat.

As I walked to the boat, I felt Jay watching me. Manu held out a gnarled hand to help me. His eyes were kind and I felt the tears begin to prick the corners of my eyes.

"I never wanted the money," Jay said from the beach. "All I wanted was you."

I stopped and looked up at Manu, who frowned back at me, like a wise, old Hawaiian deity who had risen from the rock to help me.

But, instead of helping, he drew back, gave me a long, unreadable look, then shrugged.

I turned, and Jay was there. His eyes told me everything.

"It was never meant to be like this," he said. "I never meant for any of this to happen."

The words trailed off as he continued towards me, but I knew what he was thinking. If we'd never been caught, or if Howard had been truthful about his desires, none of this would have happened. We might even be together right now.

Suddenly it all became clear. We were together right now, alone, in paradise.

"No, we can't," I said, but Jay pulled me into his strong arms, fighting past my lips and slipping his tongue deep into my mouth. I moaned and pushed against him, but my mouth responded. We were locked into a deep, soulful kiss. This could be the last time I ever felt Jay's mouth on mine, and I wanted it. Despite my marriage, despite my shame, I wanted it.

Manu pulled back into the shadows as Jay lifted me and pulled me towards the ocean. We fell, our limbs tangled together in the water. It was cold, but Jay was hot as we tore at each other's wet clothes.

I didn't have a bathing suit on, I never thought I'd be in the water, but it didn't matter anymore. All I needed was Jay inside of me.

"I want you," I moaned. "I need you."

"I know," Jay growled in my ear. "I know."

My knees grew weak as Jay pulled me into the ocean. The water lifted me into his arms as he freed me from my clothes. He gripped my ass in his hands and sank me onto his cock.

"God!" I moaned as his flesh speared deep into my body. "It's so good!"

"You're goddamn right," he grunted in my ear. "And it's all for you."

Together we rode the waves, my body rising, then crashing down on his thick cock. I screamed as I came, and the birds burst from the trees as we

upset paradise with our lust. Their burst of wings matched the turmoil in my body as I crashed against Jay's wet skin. No matter how much I loved Howard, nothing, nothing compared to the pleasure of riding Jay's body while the water churned and roiled around us.

I came again, and this time Jay held nothing back. One strong arm held my back above the waves, the other clamped on my ass, his cock thrusting deeper and deeper. He cried out as he came, claiming my womb with his hot, swirling seed.

We rocked together in the surf, clinging to one another, our mouths locked in desperate hunger. I felt the warmth of Jay's cum drip from my pussy and float around us, making the water warmer.

Shivering and exhausted, Jay carried me to the beach and laid me down on the sand. I ran my fingers through his thick, black hair.

"My God," I whispered to him, but it wasn't a prayer.

It was a thank you.

Epilogue

When I got back to the hotel, Howard was waiting for me at the entrance. He said nothing, just searched my face. Whether he was looking for signs of betrayal or something else, I didn't know. I stared back at him unblinking, and he was satisfied enough to hug me and lead me into the hotel, a protective arm draped over my shoulders.

I took a long, hot shower, trying to wash the sweat and cum off my body. I may have washed the smell of the man off of me, but I could not erase the feeling of Jay inside me.

Even after two months, I still felt Jay's presence. Jay would always be inside of me. Especially now that I'd missed my period, now that I was sure that Jay had made me pregnant.

That's why I didn't fight him when he made me drop to my knees and take his cock in my mouth. And that's why I didn't fight him when he dug his fingers into my hair and forced me off his cock, the pre-cum dripping from the tip as he held himself on the edge of orgasm.

"I want your pussy," he murmured and threw me up against a stack of spare tables.

That's when I heard Howard's voice from the stage.

"Now, before Jenny comes up and leads us in a song, I want to leave you with this passage from Romans chapter twelve verse ten. 'Be devoted to one another in love. Honor one another above yourselves.'"

"Sounds like Howie's wrapping up," Jay hissed in my ear. "We'd better hurry."

I moaned as he hiked my pure white dress over my buttocks, then tore at my panties.

"Don't!" I cried, but he clamped a hand over my mouth and ripped the flimsy fabric from my ass.

Then, with one quick thrust, he was inside me.

"That's what I wanted," he cooed in my ear. "That's what I've been dreaming about."

I wanted to tell him I felt the same, that every time I was with Howard, I thought of him. Every time I touched myself, I thought of his mouth on my pussy, or his flesh throbbing inside of me.

But, with his hand over my mouth, all I could do was scream into his fingers as my cunt splashed hot juices around his cock. His cum followed soon after, spraying my already fertilized womb with even more of his virile seed.

Jay kept his hand over my mouth until he was sure I was done, then pulled my dress down over my ass.

"I love you," he whispered in my ear, then he was gone, leaving me in the wings, dripping cum down my thighs.

I tried to wipe myself clean with my torn panties, but I was still leaking as I stumbled out of the dark, doing my best to pat my hair into some semblance of order.

"Mrs. Taunton!" A harried-looking aide with a headset and a clipboard ran over to me. "There you are!"

I looked down at the young girl, then heard my cue come from Howard onstage.

"Now, I'd like to ask my beautiful wife, Jenny, to lead us all in a hymn."

I came out on stage to a round of applause and took Howard's hand. My husband beamed down at me, then kissed me, the cabana boy's cum trickling down my inner thigh.

We raised our hands to more applause, and I smiled and waved to the crowd.

That's when I saw Jay, standing silently in the crowd, staring at me with a knowing smile on his face. I waved to him, but he didn't wave back.

It didn't matter. I knew I'd be seeing him again soon. After all, I was carrying his child. I also knew I would keep sinning with him, and there was nothing Howard could do about it.

Oh well, I thought and gave my husband another kiss on the cheek as he handed me the microphone. *God will forgive.*

The End

The Butterfly Effect

Todd

"Hey, baby! How was practice?" I said as Megan came into the front door of our apartment.

It was a tiny one-bedroom, with a small living room and kitchenette. It wasn't much, but it was cheap and close to campus, which was perfect for our first place together.

"Fine, babe," Megan said wearily, swiping a long strand of dark hair out of her eyes. "Hard, but it felt good to run again."

She walked into the kitchenette, and I handed her a green smoothie. It had kale and protein powder, plus electrolyte-infused water with a hefty dollop of honey. Altogether, it was the perfect drink to rebuild tired muscles and keep hydrated. I'd created it specifically for Megan.

Megan leaned over the counter and gulped the smoothie. I watched her throat work as she swallowed the liquid, and my mouth went dry like it usually did when I was close to her. Then, she pressed the cool, sweating glass to her chest just above the swell of her large breasts. She closed her eyes and sighed happily.

"That's wonderful!" she murmured.

I felt a warm glow in my chest. We'd been together since high school, but I never got tired of pleasing her. Plus, it gave me the chance to look at my gorgeous Megan in her running clothes.

They weren't meant to be sexy, but with Megan's body, it didn't matter. Years of running had given her perfectly toned muscles and a healthy glow to her skin. The running shorts were just that, short, and they showed off her round, firm bottom that I wanted to touch anytime I could get away with it. The maroon shirt she wore was loose but could not hide her large, full breasts, even though she tried to hold them back with a sports bra. Megan was the only one I knew that didn't like her breasts. She claimed they made it harder to run, but since she was on scholarship for cross country, it didn't seem to hurt her performance.

I couldn't hold back. I leaned forward and kissed her long neck, drawing in a whiff of her sweaty scent.

"Todd, stop!" she moaned. "I'm all sweaty!"

"I like it when you're sweaty," I said, trailing kisses along the nape of her neck and down her shoulder. "You smell great."

"Eww!" Megan said and elbowed me in the ribs. I laughed and stepped back, admiring her firm, round ass in her short shorts. Just for a minute, I lost control of myself.

My hand swung down and smacked the ass that had been made firm by years of running. It was an instinct, a primal need to possess, and I could not hold back.

It was a mistake.

Megan rounded on me, her pale blue eyes burning with anger. Her brows were furrowed, and her plump, pink lips had hardened into a firm, grim frown.

"What the hell are you doing?" she yelled, and I backed up another pace. "You know I hate it when you do that!"

"I'm sorry," I raised my hands in supplication. "I just couldn't help myself."

"Well, try harder!" she hissed and brushed past me. "I'm not a piece of meat, Todd!"

"Meg, stop," I reached out and took her by the wrist. She could have pulled away from me, and I would have let her, but instead, she stopped and took a deep breath.

I slid my arms around her waist, careful not to touch her breasts, and laced my fingers over her stomach.

"I'm sorry," I said again. "I know you don't like that. I just got carried away."

She let me hold her, which told me she wasn't really mad. She had reacted out of instinct. Megan had blossomed young and had had to fight off the advances of hungry men for years. She hated being treated like a sexual object, and I didn't blame her.

"I know," she said, leaning her sweaty body against me. The smell of her musk and the warmth of her body made the blood pulse in my veins. "I'm just tired."

She turned to me and gave me a tender kiss on the mouth.

"You know, I love you because you see the real me, right?"

"I know." She'd said it before. We had known each other since grade school, and I could look past the gorgeous body and the beautiful blue eyes and see the real her, the girl I had grown up with. That made her feel safe with me. With me, she was safe. She didn't have to be pretty.

With me, she could just be Megan.

"Listen," she murmured to me, kissing me again. "They'll be plenty of time for all of this after the party."

"Party?"

"Yes, you remember. The men's cross country team invited the girls' team to the Alpha Sigma party."

"Of course they did," I said, remembering that tonight was the first big party of the year.

"Do we have to go?" I whined, and Megan chuckled.

"Yes, we have to go," she laughed.

"But I hate those frat guys! They're just a bunch of rich kids that got in on their daddy's money."

"You know that's not true," Megan said. "Besides, I've been training so hard I need a night out."

I looked into her eyes, and she smiled at me and, just like the first time she had smiled at me in sixth grade, my heart melted into a puddle.

"Fine," I said. "I'll go."

"Good," Megan leaned forward and kissed my cheek, then bit my ear lobe. I shivered at the intimate nip. "If you're a good boy, I'll make it worth your while when we get home."

She put her tongue in my ear. I let out a growl and turned to grab her, but she danced away from me and ducked into the bathroom.

"Can I join you?" I called. "I can wash your back!"

"No!" she giggled. "We both know it won't stop there. Now go get ready!"

She slammed the door, and I thought about going in anyway but stopped myself. No reason to push it. We had all night, and I had the promise of a reward. I wasn't going to mess that up.

Megan

I smiled at myself in the mirror and waited for Todd to try the door. It was a fifty-fifty shot that he would continue to try and coax his way into the shower and my pussy. I grinned when I heard the floorboard creak, and Todd walked away.

Such a good boy, I thought triumphantly. I have trained you well.

It's not that I didn't want sex. Todd hugging me had been enough to make my thighs wet, a sensation that had nothing to do with practice. However, when he had smacked my ass, the heat had cooled.

I hated being treated like that. After all, I wasn't one of those bimbos who just let a guy smack their ass, then fuck them for the privilege.

What was he thinking? I thought as I quickly showered. *He knows I don't like that kind of thing.*

But, as I toweled off in front of the mirror, I looked at myself, really looked at myself. I was beautiful, at least that is what people had been telling me my whole life and, for one unguarded moment, I could see what they saw.

My long, dark hair hung in wet strands over my tan shoulders. My eyes were a pale blue, like winter smoke my mother had told me once, and I had plump, pouty lips that didn't need lipstick or gloss to be inviting.

And it didn't stop there. I turned, examining my tight—
and spankable, don't forget spankable

bottom. Years of exercise had made my ass firm and round, and I drew looks from men wherever I went, even if I was wearing baggy jeans or sweats.

Finally, I turned to the mirror and examined my heavy breasts. They were plump and round, bigger than a grapefruit, yet smaller than a cantaloupe, and tipped with large, pink nipples. They were too big for Todd's hands to hold, but that didn't stop him from lavishing his attention on them every time we had sex. I didn't mind that when we were alone together. Most other times, I hated them. They made running painful, and other than strapping the things to my ribs, there was no way to hide them.

For years I'd had to endure the long, lingering looks of boys, then as I blossomed into a woman, older men would gaze at me too. Not just creeps on the street either. High school teachers and my girlfriend's fathers would

openly stare at me. It made keeping friends hard. I'd never tried to compete in beauty contests with other girls, but a lot of them couldn't help but feel threatened by me.

Which made college so great. I was just one of the thousands of pretty girls at Westerly, and I had found some good friends. Not only that, I had Todd, my best friend since grade school, by my side. Life couldn't get any better.

I put on my favorite skirt, the one with butterflies fluttering across the black fabric. I'd loved butterflies ever since Todd had taken me to the zoo's butterfly habitat on our first date. They were so beautiful and fragile. As Todd held my hand, a spectacular iridescent blue butterfly landed on our fingers. It was the first time I knew I truly loved him.

I grinned as I twirled in front of the mirror. When I moved that way, the skirt showed just enough of my firm thighs, but not too much ass, even when I bent over.

The top was harder to choose. Finally, I decided on a white, off-the-shoulder blouse that showed off my tanned shoulders and neck but hung loosely over my breasts. Anyone could see that I had a good body, but I wasn't flaunting it. The only one I wanted to be thinking about my body was in the next room, and he already knew what I looked like under my clothes. Todd liked my cute outfits. It made him feel like he knew a secret, a secret that I would be more than happy to show him after the party.

I came out of the bathroom, and Todd was waiting at the kitchenette. He'd cleaned up nicely, wearing a pair of khaki shorts and a red polo shirt I'd gotten him for his birthday. He'd made a valiant attempt at taming his sandy curls, but I thought he looked cute when his hair was mussed, so when I walked over to him, I ruffled his hair.

"Stop!" he laughed and pushed my hand away. Then, he took a step back and looked me up and down. "Wow! You look great!"

He always said that, but it was still good to hear. I sidled up close and hugged him.

"Aw, thanks, baby!" I said and kissed him just long enough to mess his hair up again.

"Stop it!" he laughed again, and I danced away from him, only to let him grab me from behind and kiss my neck. "I spent a long time trying to get it right."

"I know," I giggled. "But I like it messy!"

"Really?" he asked as if this was the first time I'd ever said it.

"Yes, baby," I murmured and kissed him for real, slipping my tongue between his lips and running the tip over the roof of his mouth. "You know I do."

Todd moaned.

"Are you sure we have to go?"

It would have been so easy to say no and just stay home with my boyfriend and enjoy each other's bodies. But, after the heat of passion had worn off, we would end up watching Netflix and ordering pizza.

I wanted to do something different, which involved more than the tiny little apartment we lived in. I wanted to dance and mingle with my friends.

"Yes, baby," I said and nuzzled Todd's cheek. "I need a night out. Besides..."

I rocked my firm ass backward, bumping Todd's crotch, and was rewarded with a lustful groan.

"... you don't get your reward if you don't take me out."

That was all the argument Todd needed. I knew that after a few drinks and some dancing, Todd would be even more excited to get me back home. Todd always got turned on when we went out dancing, his desire building as he watched me saw other guys appreciate what he had. It made him want me even more.

Besides, a little delayed gratification was good for the soul.

Megan

"Oh my! Don't you two look so cute!"

As we came out of our apartment, Mrs. Wasserman, the little old lady who lived down the hall, stood there holding her calico cat Bitsy in her arms. Bitsy was roughly the size of a Schnauzer and had the nasty temperament of a rabid Rottweiler, but the old lady doted on him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Wasserman," Todd said and reached forward to scratch Bitsy's ears. The old cat growled menacingly but didn't bite, which was saying something. "How are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm fine, dear," the old lady said.

"How's the sink in the bathroom?" Todd asked. "Still working OK?"

Todd was something of a handyman. He could build a computer or fix a sink with equal energy and skill. When we had moved in, he had negotiated a deal with Harry, the building owner, to act as a building manager, groundskeeper, and handyman. Whatever Harry needed doing, Todd got it done. It meant he was basically on call 24/7, but it was worth it for the free rent.

"Oh, it's fine, dear," Mrs. Wasserman said. "But, I may need you to come and look at the window in the bedroom again. The thing still sticks, and I just can't get it open. The air gets so stale in that room."

I looked at the monster of a cat and gave Todd a knowing smile.

I'll bet it does, especially when Bitsy decides to let loose a bomb-sized load.

Mrs. Wasserman often had problems with her apartment. I suspected it was just an excuse for my boyfriend to visit her so she could trap him for hours, feed him dry brownies, and talk to him. Todd, God love him, didn't seem to mind.

"So, where are you two headed off too?" the old lady asked.

"A party," I said and hugged Todd. "He's finally taking me out."

"Oh my!" Mrs. Wasserman laughed. "It's been so long since I've been to a party!" She leaned in close and said in a conspiratorial whisper. "Is there going to be booze?"

Todd's mouth hung open, and Mrs. Wasserman and I both laughed. This little, old grandma knew her stuff.

"Why, yes, ma'am," I chuckled. "I do believe there will be booze."

"Well, good," Mrs. Wasserman gave us a knowing wink. "It's not a party without booze."

She looked us up and down and smiled.

"You two look so good together," she said with such conviction that I hugged Todd closer, a feeling of warmth flooding my heart.

"Thank you," Todd said. "I think so too."

Mrs. Wasserman waved a gnarled old hand at us. Bitsy hissed at the sudden movement.

"Now, you two kids get going. You don't want to stand around talking to an old lady."

Mrs. Wasserman shuffled back to her apartment, then turned, giving us both a kindly smile.

"Be careful out there, kids," she said. "Don't get into too much trouble."

"We'll try not to," I said, and Todd and I walked down the hall hand in hand, the old lady watching us the whole way. We were almost to the stairs when I heard Mrs. Wasserman's voice float down the hall.

"I don't believe that at all, do you, Bitsy?" she chuckled. "I don't believe that at all."

Todd

It was a beautiful night. The sun was sinking into purples and blues behind the trees, and even though it had cooled off slightly, it was still warm.

Hand in hand, Megan and I walked along our street. We'd been lucky to get a place on this side of town. It was mostly older residents, like Mrs. Wasserman, who lived on fixed incomes. It was quiet, yet still close enough to the small Westerly campus to walk to class. It was perfect.

However, as we left our street and neared Fraternity Hill, the booming bass's sound began to reverberate through the warm night. I could feel Megan swaying to the music, her warm, tight body exciting me. She loved to dance, it was one of the few times she let her hair down, and I loved to watch her move to the throbbing beat of the music. I had only acted reluctant to go to the party to tease her. Well, that and I didn't like to spend much time on Fraternity Hill.

Fraternity Hill was a tree-lined street that sloped slightly downward and ended at a small creek. Across the creek, the lights of Westerly Campus glowed and flickered through the screen of trees. The trees acted as both a reminder to the fraternities that the college was close and provided an effective barrier to hide its students' overindulgence. As long as the houses weren't too loud and the underage drinking and pot smoking did not overflow into the surrounding neighborhoods, the fraternities could operate with autonomy.

The Hill itself wasn't why I didn't like fraternities. However, it was the guys and girls who belonged to them. Megan and I had gone to high school with the wealthy and privileged kids, and those same kids were the ones whose parents paid for college and ended up in the same fraternity or sorority as their mommies or daddies. It was a never-ending cycle and not one that produced the most productive members of society.

Megan had done fine in high school, unlike me. She was pretty. Hell, she was gorgeous, and she went to state in track and cross country. Girls wanted to be her friend, and the guys, rich and poor, wanted to fuck her.

None more so than Dylan Harte.

I saw him the moment we entered the Alpha Sigma house. I tried to sneak the opposite way through the mass of sweaty, drunken bodies, but it

was too late. He had spotted us. I groaned inwardly as I saw the tall, dark blonde make his way towards us through the crowd.

Dylan was one of those rich, beautiful people in high school that assembled at the top of the social food chain. He was good-looking, popular, and, as if that wasn't bad enough, he'd had it out for me for as long as I had known him.

He never missed an opportunity to put down my clothes, parents, and grades even though I had achieved a full scholarship to Westerly while Dylan had squeaked by with a D average and his daddy's money. No matter how much I stayed out of his way, he always seemed to find me, and I knew a lot of that had to do with my gorgeous girlfriend.

"Hey, beautiful! You still going out with this loser?" he said as he stood in front of Megan, stopping us from joining the party.

He gave my girlfriend a smirk and eyed me sideways to see my reaction, daring me to do something.

I felt the same thrill of fear I always did. In seventh grade, Dylan had punched me in the stomach|. Then, when I was on my hands and knees, he'd stomped on my hand, breaking two of my fingers.

He'd claimed it was an accident, but when that pathetic excuse failed to sway the principal, Dylan's father showed up at the school. Mathers Harte was a wealthy, very well connected real estate developer, and when he threatened to sue, the school dropped any disciplinary action. Even my parents backed down after receiving a call from one of Mathers Harte's lawyers.

"Can't you just avoid him?" I remember my father saying, the same look of fear in his eyes I saw every time I looked in the mirror.

That was easier said than done. Dylan had it out for me, and he had his eye on Megan.

Ever since high school, Dylan had had a thing for Megan. I had known Megan since the sixth grade, and our love had developed from that deep connection.

No matter how good-looking or how rich, Dylan had never stood a chance with my Megan. That, however, had never stopped him from trying.

Dylan reached out to touch Megan on the arm, and she stood still as if in shock. Fear still clawing at my stomach, I took a step forward to confront Dylan. I didn't want to, but I couldn't very well let him insult me in front of Megan.

However, before I could say anything, Megan slapped Dylan's hand away and took a step towards him.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" she cried, her pale eyes growing as cold as cracked ice. "Why do you always have to be such a dick?"

Dylan took a step back under her gaze, and I felt a surge of pride for my girlfriend. Heads turned at the sound of Megan's voice, and Dylan glanced nervously at the crowd. He raised his hands and finally managed to flash his cocky grin.

"C'mon, Megan! You know I was just joking!"

"Yeah, well, I'm tired of your jokes! I'm trying to have one night out with my *boyfriend*!" My heart skipped a beat as she emphasized the last word. "One night out, and I don't need you to come along and fuck that up!"

The crowd around us oohed at Megan's words.

"Listen, I'm sorry, OK?" Dylan said, backing off another step as the crowd turned against him. "I just wanted to say 'hi'!"

"Fine!" Megan nearly screamed. "Then fucking say 'hi' and fuck off!"

Another ooh from the crowd, and this time, Dylan was actively retreating. I couldn't believe it. I'd never seen Megan stand up to Dylan like that.

"All right, all right," Dylan said. "I get it. I'm leaving."

Dylan receded into the crowd like a whipped puppy. However, just before he disappeared, he looked over his shoulder and gave me a cruel smile. He might look defeated, but a few harsh words were not enough to stop someone like Dylan Harte.

I trembled, trying to shake off my fear. Megan was not shaking at all. She stood there, strong and beautiful, watching Dylan as he disappeared into the crowd. My heart swelled with warmth.

I'd never been more in love.

Megan

Fucking Dylan, I thought as he disappeared into the crowd with one final smirk in my direction. *What the fuck is wrong with him?*

The nerve of that asshole to be so brazen in front of Todd! He had known us almost as long as we knew each other, so he knew I would turn him down, just like I'd always done. Still, as the crowd parted for his tall, broad body, I couldn't help but feel just a spark of electricity run through me. Dylan Harte could have any girl he wanted, and I'd be lying if I said that his attention over the years didn't excite me just a little.

I suppressed a shiver as I watched him walk through the crowd like a hungry wolf stalking his prey. Several girls looked his way as he moved through the dancers, even the girls dancing with other boys. Dylan just had that kind of presence.

I'd heard the rumors about Dylan's hard body and sexual prowess since high school. He never dated anyone more than a couple of weeks, and not one of his ex-girlfriends complained. If anything, they became even more enamored with the tall, dark blonde after he broke up with them. Several girls had made fools of themselves for Dylan Harte, and I was no fool.

I turned to Todd, and his face was glowing with pride. He was proud of me for standing up to his bully, but he was also proud of himself. He had a strong, beautiful girlfriend, and he wasn't afraid to admit it to anyone.

"You... you were wonderful," he said, and my heart filled with warmth.

"I know," I giggled and hugged him. Todd tilted my head upwards and gazed into my eyes.

"I mean it," he said. "I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

I laughed. It would have been corny if I hadn't known that Todd meant every word.

"I know that, too," I said, and to stop any more protestations of love in the middle of a drunken frat party, I kissed him. "Now, how about you buy this girl a drink?"

Todd grinned, and I pulled him towards the keg someone had set up along one wall. We each paid for our cup and drank, watching the other dancers. Finally, the heavy bass of the dance music and the alcohol began to work their magic, and I pulled Todd to the dance floor.

He wasn't much of a dancer, but I didn't care. I just liked to have him close to me. Todd was a nice set of eyes, arms, and hands. I could show off for him and, when I did, it got me excited. I was dimly aware of the same hungry gazes from other men, some of them with girlfriends of their own, but with the alcohol warming my blood and my boyfriend next to me, I didn't have to worry about the looks. I could be free, like a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis into the blazing sun.

Taking advantage of that heat, I ran my hands over Todd's body, not caring anymore about what other people thought. Todd tried to pull back, but I held him close, grinding against his thigh.

"Baby," he said to me. "People are watching."

"I know," I said, giddy with the excitement of finally letting loose. "I don't care. Not tonight."

We moved together to the throbbing bass, and I felt the beat deep between my legs. Rubbing against Todd's thigh only made me hotter.

Just as I felt the heat build between my thighs, I heard Todd's phone ring. I moaned as he stepped back to look at the screen.

"It's Harry," he said. "I'm sorry, I have to call him back."

I pouted, but there was nothing I could do. Free rent meant Todd had to return the landlord's call, no matter the time of day or night.

"OK, honey," I sighed.

My worst fears were confirmed when Todd came back a few minutes later. His shoulders were slumped, and he had a sad look on his face.

"Sorry, babe," he said. "Mrs. Wasserman was out walking Bitsy and got locked out of her apartment. I need to run back home and let her in."

"What?" I said, irritated. "Really? She got locked out again?"

Todd shrugged.

"I know," he said. "But, she's getting older, and she's starting to forget things."

"OK," I said sadly. "Go do your job, but hurry back."

I kissed him with just a little tongue, and he murmured in appreciation.

"I will," he said firmly. "I will."

I watched Todd disappear through the crowd, feeling just a twinge of sadness. Our first night out, and he had to leave. That wasn't fair.

I felt hands slide around my waist, and I jumped, turning around to find Kaylee, my best friend, sliding up at me.

Tonight Kaylee was sporting the '90s Britney Spears look, complete with blonde pigtails and a sexy schoolgirl outfit. She was shorter, but she had a nice curvy body that the boys liked, and Kaylee liked to show off.

"Where's Todd going?" Kaylee asked indignantly.

"Old Mrs. Wasserman got locked out again," I said, and Kaylee rolled her eyes.

"You know, Todd is such an old man anyway. Those two would be great together," Kaylee said.

I laughed. Todd did act like a responsible old man sometimes.

"Stop it!" I said. "It's not like it's his fault. Plus, we get free rent."

"I know," Kaylee said, raising her hands. "And you've loved him since high school. I've heard it all before."

Kaylee slid in closer and hugged me around the waist.

"You know," Kaylee said. "There's a lot of guys out there. Seems a shame you've limited yourself to only one."

I laughed. This was an old joke between us.

"Yeah, well," I said with a grin and hugged her back. "Not all of us can be a little sluts like you."

"Hey!" Kaylee laughed and gave me a playful slap on the shoulder. "I resemble that remark!"

I laughed again and felt a little better. I danced with Kaylee for a while, but it wasn't the same without Todd. The electric feeling of being around all these people in different stages of sexual excitement penetrated me, but it wasn't enough. I suddenly wished I'd gone home with Todd. I'm sure it wouldn't have taken long to help Mrs. Wasserman, and then we could have been alone together, and I could have worked out my frustrations on Todd's willing body.

I became lost to the music, lost to the frustration of the lust between my legs. I didn't even realize Dylan was back until I felt a significant presence behind me. Strong hands gripped my waist and pulled me back into a hard body. I thought it was Todd, already back from the apartment, and I rubbed my ass into his crotch, only to bump up against something much larger than my boyfriend.

I turned, but Dylan held me tight, rolling his hips into me, making my ass and my pussy burn as his hard bulge pressed against my butt cheeks. I moaned. The song and the electricity charging my nerve endings made me move faster and harder. I felt a wicked thrill as I twerked my ass against my

boyfriend's bully. I liked the thought of leaving the bastard high and dry on the dance floor.

Only, it didn't work out that way. Dylan pulled back on my shoulders, making my back arch. He took my arm and draped it over his thick neck. Suddenly, I was clinging to him as he continued to grind into me.

People turned their heads towards us, watching as we twerked and humped on the dance floor. Dylan smelled so good, sweaty, and musky, his scent exactly what I expected a strong, powerful man to smell like. His large hands traveled from my hips up to my ribs, stopping just short of my heavy breasts, and suddenly, I wanted him to grab them in front of everyone. I didn't care. And as the music reached its crescendo, I felt the throbbing beat deep in my pussy. The electric shivers of pleasure turned into sparks of pure bliss, and suddenly I was moaning, grinding backward against Dylan's crotch, the small but powerful orgasm making my thighs quiver.

Then, Dylan did the unthinkable. He caught my chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilted in my head, and kissed me.

The crowd erupted in lascivious hooting and laughter. My mind suddenly came back to me as I felt Dylan's tongue caress my inner mouth. I pushed away from him and stepped back, struggling to breathe.

The song had ended, and there was silence as I looked around at the shocked and leering faces. I saw Kaylee's wide eyes watching me from across the room, a small smile curling her lips. I remembered her earlier words.

There's a lot of guys out there. Seems a shame you've limited yourself to only one.

But I wasn't Kaylee. I was Megan, of Megan and Todd. Oh, God! Most of the people here knew I was with Todd! What would they think of me?

What would Todd think?

I didn't know what to do. I was inflamed and ashamed all at once. I ripped myself from Dylan's arms and turned on him, pushing two hands into his hard chest. I was rewarded with a puff of air as he took a step backward.

"What's the matter?" he said with a smirk.

"How dare you!" I said as all eyes watched us.

"Come on!" Dylan said and reached forward to grab me again. "You liked that. You know you did."

He was bending forward to kiss me again. I couldn't let that happen! I pushed against his firm body, and, with as much power as I could muster, I smacked him across the cheek.

The crowd let out a collective gasp. Dylan slowly turned his cold blue eyes back to me. Those eyes scared me and excited me.

"Just... just stay away from me," I stuttered. "Just stay away!"

I turned and pushed my way through the crowd. Some of the couples were laughing, some were shocked, but I didn't care. I needed to get out of there. Now.

But I was drunk, and I couldn't find the front door in the mass of party-goers. I got myself turned around and headed down a narrow hallway, hoping I was heading towards the back door.

Too late, I noticed I was alone. Doors on either side were closed, and I could hear muffled cries and moans from behind the dark wood. Couples, drunk, high, or just plain horny, had found themselves dark places to continue their mating dance.

I could still hear the music, but it could have been miles away for all I cared. All I wanted was to get home to Todd, but I needed to find my way out. I turned to go back the way I had come and looked up to see Dylan blocking the hall.

"Please, Dylan," I begged. "Please just let me go."

"I will," Dylan said but didn't move. "Just answer one question for me."

He stepped closer, his body looming over me. God, he was so beautiful! Taller and broader than Todd with dark blonde hair and blue eyes you could drown in. Maybe it was the alcohol or the small climax I'd had on the dance floor, but as he moved in, I didn't feel scared. Instead, I was excited, the blood pumping from my racing heart to every part of my body.

"What... what question?" Suddenly my throat was parched and the words caught in my tongue.

Dylan reached out and ran a finger down my cheek. My whole body trembled at the light touch.

"Why are you always hiding?"

"Hiding? I'm not hiding?"

Dylan looked down at my body. My breasts were partially hidden under my loose blouse and my frilly butterfly skirt. Then, his blue eyes locked onto mine.

"Yes, you do," he said. "I saw what happened on that dance floor. You can be like that all the time! Instead, you're always acting like you're not beautiful. Hiding behind your little boyfriend."

"No, that's not—"

I tried to speak, but Dylan gripped my face with strong hands and pulled me forward into a hard, deep kiss. This time I didn't pull back when his tongue slid between my lips and caressed the roof of my mouth. My tongue responded, and we stood there in the hall hungry, sucking at each other's mouths.

"I can't..." I moaned in between kisses. "Please... Todd..."

"Fuck Todd!" Dylan growled, and I felt a hot, shameful thrill as he dismissed my boyfriend with just two words.

He pushed me up against the wall and slid his strong hands under my blouse, lifting it over my breasts. I let out a gasp as he ripped down my bra and exposed my round, full breasts.

"Not hiding, my ass!" Dylan growled, and I moaned as he took a hot, hard nipple into his mouth. Waves of pleasure coursed through my breasts as Dylan's strong hands molded the heavy flesh, feasting on the tits that had, up until now, only been touched by one man.

I quivered on my toes, trying in vain to resist the pleasure of Dylan's hungry mouth when he slid his hands down my back and cupped my ass. Then, with one quick movement, he lifted me off my feet.

I cried out in shock. He was strong, so much stronger than Todd! He threw me up against the wall, still kissing me, using the force of his body to pin me against the wall. He let go with one arm, and my leg dropped. I stood on one foot as Dylan dug furiously under my skirt and found the thin strap of my wet panties. I groaned as I felt his rough fingers scrape along my hip and grip the cotton strap.

"Oh!" I cried out as Dylan ripped my panties off my body with a yank.

Then, he lifted me higher. I wrapped my legs around him and hung to his thick neck. We were in the hallway. Anyone could walk by at any minute and see us. But, as I felt something huge and rubbery bump against my swollen pussy lips, the thoughts of anyone seeing us fled my mind.

"It's too big!" I said as Dylan lowered me slowly onto the immense head of his cock. "Too big."

"Just relax," Dylan murmured. "You'll love it, you little slut."

The word 'slut' burned into my brain. I had never wanted to be a slut, much less be called one by this bastard. But as I was lowered on his huge cock, a cock that was not my boyfriend's, I felt like one.

All shame and humiliation were then burned away by Dylan's thick, throbbing flesh stretching me open. God! He was so much bigger than Todd! Bigger than anything I'd ever imagined. I bit his shoulder and cried in pain as he tore me open. And he just kept going, driving upward until I was fully impaled on his pulsing, burning flesh.

"So big!" I moaned in his ear. "Too big!"

"Shh!" Dylan murmured. "It'll be fine. Just relax and let it go."

His words soothed me, and despite the pain, my pussy relaxed around his cock. The world came back to me as my body accepted him, allowing him to fill every inch of my pussy with warmth.

The music was still pumping. The chattering voices of the crowd drifted on the rhythmic beats. The party was still going on, blithely ignorant that my world was ending. I was becoming something, something I never wanted to be, but it was already too late. When Dylan began to pound me into the wall, my body gave up the fight as the fire burned through my belly and chest.

"Fuck!" Dylan grunted as he fucked his hot, hard cock into me, sending blissful sensations running through every nerve ending. "I've wanted this for so long!"

My body responded to his words. Now he had me, and as I spread open for him, I began to feel pleasure, unlike anything I'd ever experienced. He was pumping hard and fast, his throbbing cock blending into the pounding bass of the music from the dance floor. I lost all sense of myself as I was forced to new heights of pleasure on his cock until my bliss burst within me, and I screamed as I came, shuddering violently against his body.

"That's it, slut," he said. "Good girl. Now it's my turn."

I came down from my orgasm long enough to realize what he was saying. He was going to cum! Even though I was on the pill, I never let Todd cum inside me. He always used a condom.

"Don't," I panted against Dylan's thick neck. "Not inside."

"Don't... worry," Dylan grunted, his breath coming in hot blasts as he neared orgasm. "I... wasn't... going... to..."

Suddenly, he pulled out of me and let go of my body. My legs, numb from the hard pounding, buckled beneath me, and I fell to my knees in front

of the powerful man. I was dimly aware of him stroking his cock, the beautiful long length of it glistening with my juices as Dylan stroked with a robust and steady beat. God, it was so big! How could I have taken such a massive thing in my pussy!

Then, I realized what he was about to do. He was going to cum on my face! I'd never let Todd do that. The one time he had asked, I had told him no. I didn't like the mess and certainly didn't like the idea of being treated like a slut.

But I wasn't that Megan anymore. The orgasm that Dylan had given me had weakened everything I thought about myself. If he could make me feel this good with his cock, didn't he deserve his reward?

Dylan grunted, and I felt another slight twinge in my pussy. He was going to do it! He was going to cum on my face!

A moment later, sticky ropes blasted from the end of his cock, splashing across my cheeks and chin. A stinging drop hit my eye, and I closed it as even more of Dylan's milky jizz hit my face. I'd never seen so much cum before, and it coated me from chin to hairline, dripping down my face in hot, gooey streaks.

"I've always wanted to see you with my cum on your face," Dylan smiled down at me, rubbing the fat head of his cock across my lips. "What would little Todd think of you now?"

I moaned with Dylan's hot cum burning my face as thoughts of Todd ran through my brain.

What did I just do?

I wanted to cry, but Dylan was helping me to my feet. I reached up to touch my face.

"Don't," Dylan said. "You look beautiful."

I moaned again as Dylan took my hand and led me down that hall away from the party. Where was he taking me? Back to his room to fuck me all night, like some kind of caveman claiming his prize? In my current state, could I even resist him?

He didn't take me to his room. Instead, he took me to a tiny bathroom at the back of the house.

"I'll wait out here," he said. "To make sure no one comes in."

I only nodded wearily and went into the bathroom. I looked into the mirror, amazed at the splatters of white, frothy cum on my face. I felt an empty feeling in my stomach as I realized that for the first time, I let a boy

treat me like a complete slut, and I couldn't even say that I regretted it. The sex had been so good, that I could still feel the echoes of Dylan's cock pulsing in my pussy.

I cleaned myself up as well as I could, trying in vain to erase the evidence of Dylan's lust. I was just about ready to leave the room when I felt my phone buzz in the pocket of my skirt.

It was Todd texting me. And it wasn't the first text either. There were four others. Todd had made it back to the party. My boyfriend had been looking for me as I had been getting fucked silly by his bully. The empty pit widened in my heart, and I bit back the tears.

I left the bathroom and, to my surprise, Dylan was still standing guard. Despite my feelings for the bastard, I felt just a tiny flicker of warmth at his thoughtfulness.

"Little Todd is looking for you, huh?" Dylan said, nodding at my phone, and any warmth I felt for him was quickly snuffed out.

I put the phone in my pocket and stalked past Dylan. I needed to get back to the party and my boyfriend.

"Give Todd a big kiss for me!" Dylan called after me, and I felt the sting of shame stab deep into my heart.

Todd

When I got back to the party, Megan was nowhere in sight. Worse, I got a lot of looks from drunk kids with nasty smiles. Usually, without Megan by my side, I never really received a lot of attention, and I was uncomfortable with the knowing looks I was getting as I searched for her.

I finally found Kaylee talking to a tall, lanky frat guy named Rod or Chad or something. Kaylee was drunk and leaning heavily against the guy, fiddling with his shirt with one and twirling her blonde hair with the other.

"Kaylee?" I said. "Have you seen Megan?"

Kaylee turned her head and grinned.

"Todd!" she said and gave me a drunken hug, much to Rod or Chad's consternation. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, you know," I said. "Helping little old ladies. Saving cats. The usual."

Kaylee laughed like it was the best joke in the world and hung onto me with her tight, petite body.

Rod or Chad or whoever stepped forward, pulling Kaylee possessively away from me.

"Who's this, babe?" he asked.

"Oh, Chad," she giggled.

"Rod." the guy said.

"Whatever. This is Todd. Megan's boyfriend."

"Really?" Rod said with a chuckle. "That's unfortunate—"

Kaylee elbowed him in the ribs, cutting him off.

"What did he mean?"

"Don't worry about him," Kaylee pulled me away from Rod, suddenly a lot less drunk than she seemed. "He's a meathead. Listen, Megan went to the bathroom. She should be back any minute."

I looked over Kaylee's shoulder. Rod was grinning after us, leering at Kaylee, but also giving me that same knowing smile I'd recognized when I entered the party.

"You sure everything's OK?" I asked.

"Of course," Kaylee laughed and gave me a pat on the back. "Now, get out of here. You're cramping my style."

I gave Rod the grinner one last look.

"You sure you're OK with him?"

"Who, Rod?" Kaylee laughed. "Sweetie, I'm going to eat him alive."

Kaylee let out a high-pitched drunken giggle, left my side, then practically fell into Rod's arms.

"So, Chad," she chuckled, tickling his chin with one finger. "Where were we?"

"I'm Rod," Rod said.

"Whatever," Kaylee said and gave me a wink before turning her full attention back to her prey.

I finally found Megan amid the crowd. She wasn't dancing, and I came up behind her and placed my hand on her shoulder.

She jumped and turned around, pushing away from me.

"Megan?" I said. "Are you OK?"

Her eyes were bleary as if she was drunk or dazed, or both.

"Todd?" she said, finally recognizing me. "Oh, Todd!"

She threw herself into my arms and planted an intense kiss on my lips. Her taste was different, salty and swampy. I assumed it was from the strong drink and, as she kissed me in the middle of the crowd, I ignored the taste and kissed her back.

"You OK?" I asked again when she finally let me breathe.

"I am now," she grinned.

Her clothes were wrinkled, her hair was a mess, and she was glistening with sweat. I smelled a strong musk rising from her skin, a scent I always associated with sex.

"You're sweating, sweetie," I said

"I know," she said. "I've been dancing and drinking."

I realized that Megan must be drunk and I pulled her into a protective hug. She hugged me back tightly.

"I just want to go home," she moaned. "Please, Todd, just take me home."

"Sure, baby," I said. I'd never seen her this vulnerable, and I felt the sudden urge to protect her. "Just hold onto me."

As I guided her to the door, I saw Dylan standing off to the side. We locked eyes, and he gave me a cruel grin that made me shiver. Then, he nodded and raised a cup of beer in a mocking salute.

The fact that Dylan was at the party increased my need to get Megan out of there. Neither of us was in the condition to deal with my bully's

bullshit.

Finally, we broke through the crowd and emerged into the cool, clear night.

The mugginess had lifted, and a breeze cut through the air. Megan shivered at my side.

"Baby, you sweated so much," I said and wished I had a jacket to put over my girlfriend's shoulders, but all I could do was hold her closer. "You must have been dancing hard."

"Mmm..." Megan murmured and slid a hand under my shirt. "Dancing... hard..."

She slid her icy fingers up my chest and rubbed my nipple. That surprised me. I assumed that she would be too tired and too drunk for sex, but by the time we got to the front door, Megan pushed her cold hands down the front of my pants.

"Megan, stop!" I said, laughing as I tried to unlock the door.

"Why?" she said in a too-loud drunk voice and began to grope me, kissing and biting my neck as she found my cock. "Come on! You know you want to."

Of course, I wanted to, I'd been thinking about it all night, and even though her hands were cold, my cock was hot. I looked over my shoulder to make sure that Mrs. Wasserman hadn't come out of her room.

"What are you doing?" Megan said petulantly. "Kaylee's right. You really are an old man. Maybe I should just let you move in with Old Wasserman."

"Jesus, Megan!" I hissed. "Get in here!"

I opened the door and pulled Megan inside. She pushed me hard against the wall, my head thumping painfully against the plaster.

"Ow!" I cried and reached for the door, but Megan was already kicking it shut with a loud slam that echoed through the apartment.

"Now," Megan said and pulled her blouse up over her head, revealing her bra covering her beautiful, round breasts. "You're all mine."

"Megan," I moaned as she pinned me to the wall with her firm but supple flesh. "Are you sure?"

I felt crazy for asking, but I'd never seen my girlfriend this excited or this aggressive.

"Why?" she growled and nipped my chin with her teeth. "Don't you want me, Toddy?"

I knew she was drunk, but I wasn't going to ask again.

"Yes," I said. "Fuck yes, I do!"

"Then kiss me, baby!" she moaned. "Kiss me!"

I gripped her face in my hands and pulled her into a deep kiss. Her taste was still different, but as she ran her tongue along the roof of my mouth, I forgot all about her taste. Her hands pulled at the front of my jeans, and she stroked my cock with a dry hand. I thought, for just a moment, she might drop to her knees and suck my cock. She never did that, claiming it was disgusting and only sluts would humiliate themselves like that, so I never pushed. But she was so turned on and so drunk, I thought I might get lucky.

Instead, Megan pulled on my dry shaft. There was some pain, but as her fingers warmed, so did my blood and the pain dissolved into pleasure.

Finally, I reached up and grabbed her breasts, massaging them through her bra. She moaned with pleasure, a sound that went straight to my groin. I reached around to undo her bra, but she wiggled in my arms.

"Take me to bed, Toddy," she murmured. "Please, I want to do it in our bed."

"Sure, baby," I said, and she smiled up at me. I kissed her again, grabbed her hand, and led her to the bedroom, my half-open pants rubbing against my inflamed flesh.

When we got to the bedroom, Megan pulled me to the bed. As I lay down, she slid off her bra and revealed her large, firm breasts. I gulped, my heart beating faster as I took in her naked flesh, taut stomach muscles, and the flare of her hips.

She knelt on the bed, her skirt still on, and pulled off my pants. Her hand gripped my cock, looking at it intently, watching as the head flared with each stroke of her hand. It had been a long time since she had scrutinized my flesh, but it felt good to feel her hand on me.

I rolled on the bed, slid my hand up her thigh, and she grinned down at me, licking her lips. I moved my fingers upward, expecting to find the thin cotton barrier for panties. Instead, I touched her wet pussy lips. Megan moaned as I grazed her sensitive, naked sex.

"You're not wearing panties?" I asked.

She looked at me, her brow furrowed with concentration as she thought about it. Then she smiled and gave a little hiccup.

"No, baby," she giggled. "I went to the party without them."

"Really?" I asked, and my cock twitched in her hand. "You didn't wear panties the whole night?"

She shook her head, and I couldn't believe it. My Megan, straight-laced, proper Megan, had gone to a party with just her skirt and no panties. The idea of her dancing in front of all those people with only the fabric of her skirt covering her most private parts turned me on.

"Does that get you going?" she asked, but she could see the hunger in my eyes. I kissed her again, sliding my hand against her wet pussy. I was surprised by the wetness. It usually took a lot more foreplay to get her this excited.

She nearly tore off my shirt, her nails scratching the skin of my back as she pulled it up over the top of my head. I pulled her down to the bed, and she shimmied out of her skirt, and both of us were completely naked.

I grabbed her breasts in my hands, marveling at the way the soft, round flesh filled my hands to overflowing. I lifted the heavy globes to my lips, swirled my tongue around her large, pink nipple, then sucked the nub into my mouth. Megan moaned and dug her hands into my hair. After lavishing her nipples with attention, I pushed my face between her breasts, rubbing my lips and cheeks against her skin, and listened to her heartbeat in my ears.

Finally, I worked my way down her body, kissing the round undersides of each breast, trailing kisses over the firm muscles of her stomach and into her belly button. I stopped at her pubic bone just inches from her pussy.

There was a rank, animal scent steaming from her hot sex. Something about it made me feel nauseous and yet incredibly turned on, the smell penetrating the primal part of my brain. I dipped my head and tasted Megan's pussy. Her juices were thicker and saltier than usual, but I lapped them up eagerly, realizing that Megan's lust must have affected her taste and smell.

Maybe this is what Megan should always taste like, I thought as I lapped at her pussy, slipping my tongue into the folds and following the groove up to her swollen clit.

"Yes, baby!" Megan moaned and pulled my head forward, burying my face in her juices. "Just like that!"

I reached up and grabbed her heavy breasts and pinched her sensitive nipples. I bore down on her pussy at the same time, enjoying the thrashing of her body as I brought her to the edge of orgasm. I felt her body tense, the

tell-tale sign she was about to cum, and I focused on her tight clit and hard nipples. Suddenly, her hips lifted off the bed, and my beautiful Megan screamed out her release as I tasted new, fresh juices spilling out over my tongue.

"Come here!" Megan said as the last waves of her orgasm faded. She reached down and pulled my hair and slid up her body into another kiss.

My cock was throbbing and dripping with need. Megan reached down between us, stroking me hard and fast.

"I need you inside me," she moaned. "I need you inside me right now!"

That was easier said than done. Even though Megan was on the pill, she liked to use condoms to be extra safe. Plus, I suspected she didn't like the idea of cleaning up my spent seed. I didn't mind. Someday, when we decided to have children, she would let my bare cock inside of her. Until then, I needed that condom!

I lunged to the side of the bed and ripped open the bedside table, nearly knocking our prom picture onto the floor. I caught it in one hand and placed it back on the surface, the image of two kids in love smiling at me, then I pulled a small foil package out of the drawer.

"Hurry, baby!" Megan moaned. "I need you."

I bit back my reply as I tore open the package and slid the cold, slimy condom over my cock. Finally, I scooted between Megan's legs, and she opened eagerly for me.

"Yes!" she cried out as I slid my cock into her. "This is what I needed!"

I was shocked to find Megan's pussy was drenched, and she was loose, so loose that I couldn't even feel the walls of her pussy until her muscles clamped down on my shaft. I didn't have much time to think about it because Megan locked her legs around my waist and pulled me into her warm, wet sex.

"Fuck me, baby!" she hissed. "Fuck me hard!"

I'd never heard her talk like that, not in all our years together. She must be extremely drunk to let all of her inhibitions go. For a moment, I felt bad taking advantage of her, but I couldn't help but enjoy the feel of her wrapped around my cock.

I pumped eagerly inside of her as she thrashed and moaned underneath me. Her eyes were closed, and she was humping against me, matching each of my thrusts with her grinding hips.

"Harder!" she cried. "Fuck me harder, Todd!"

I'd never fucked Megan as hard as I fucked her that night. I pounded insensibly at her pussy, thrusting as deep as I could go. My girlfriend was lost to the sensations, her eyes were clamped shut, and her cries echoed off the walls. I bet poor Mrs. Wasserman could hear us from the next apartment.

I was breathing heavy, and my sweat dripped onto Megan's breasts as I thrust, trying my best to give her what she needed. However, under those conditions, there was no way I could last very long, and within minutes, the pressure in my balls reached its limit. Megan felt me tense, and she bucked even harder, trying in vain to finish before I let go.

Megan moaned in frustration as the dam burst, and I squirted hot cum into the condom, the throbbing blasts making my body twitch and jerk. I groaned as the final tremors ran through me, leaving me weak.

I fell on top of Megan, my head resting on her soft breasts. I felt her heartbeat slow down as she relaxed, her gentle hand stroking my hair.

"Sorry," I murmured. "I couldn't hold back."

"It's OK, baby," she said. "It was good. Really good."

I felt a bit better. I'm pretty sure she hadn't had an orgasm from my sex, but I had managed to get her off with my mouth. I considered that a win.

I lifted my head and smiled at her.

"You were really excited," I said. "I've never seen you that excited before."

"Sure you have!" she laughed. "I'm always excited when I'm with you."

"Not that excited," I said.

Megan wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me.

"I guess I just really needed tonight," she said. "Thank you for being with me."

"Of course," I said. "Where else would I be?"

She was silent for a moment as if thinking about it, then she smiled.

"I love you, Todd," she said. "I really do."

"I love you too, baby," I said and kissed her again.

We lay together for a while after that, enjoying each other's presence. Finally, I slid out of bed, carefully holding the full condom on my cock until I made it to the bathroom. After I had deposited my spent seed in the trash and cleaned myself up, I went back to bed, only to find Megan sleeping peacefully, a cute little smile on her face.

I wonder what she's dreaming about? I thought as I slid into the bed next to her and cradled her warm body in my arms. *I hope it's me.*

Megan

"Megan, what is with you today?"

I looked wearily at Kaylee as she came around the counter, her blonde ponytail bouncing. She set a tray of empty coffee cups in the sink.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"You gave Kyle the wrong coffee. You know he only takes oat milk."

I looked down the counter. Kyle was Kyle Mathis, a tall teaching assistant who looked like a professor complete with wire-rimmed glasses, a suede jacket with patches on the elbows, and a quickly retreating hairline. He came into the Hot Bean Coffeehouse every day and ordered a Chai Latte with oat milk, although the girls knew he came into flirt with the servers. We indulged him. He was harmless, and he tipped well.

"I'm sorry, K," I said. "I'll get him sorted."

"No need," Kaylee said, grinned, fluttered her lashes, and flashed her green eyes at me. "I know how to handle ol' Kyle."

We looked down the counter, and Kaylee gave Kyle a cute little finger wave. Kyle raised his cup to Kaylee and gave her a wide, gap-toothed smile.

"I get half your tip," she said.

"Deal," I agreed. "I don't even know what you had to do to make that right."

Kaylee shrugged.

"Just gave him my number," she said. "It's not like I have to fuck him or anything."

"Well, no," I smiled. "For that, you'd take the whole tip."

"You're goddamned right," she grinned, then nudged me with her elbow.

"So, what's going on with you?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'm just distracted."

"Sure," Kaylee said, grinning. "Does this have anything to do with you grinding on Dylan the other night?"

"What? No!" I said, but I could feel my cheeks burning.

"Sure," Kaylee said with a wink. "If you ever want to tell me what's going on, I'm here for you."

She gave me another nudge, then moved down the counter to help the next customer.

The truth was, I couldn't forget the way Dylan had so easily manhandled me at the party. It all seemed like some sexy dream, being lifted and fucked against the wall by a stronger man. I'd never felt so ashamed or fulfilled in my life.

Sex with Todd, while sweet and loving, didn't compare with Dylan's rough pounding or his thick, long cock. I'd barely gotten away with my lies to Todd, and when we'd had sex that night, I had barely felt him. My pussy had felt so stretched and abused I'd refused sex with Todd the last two days, making do with heavy petting and a handjob to keep him satisfied.

What with lying to Todd and dreaming of sex with Dylan, it was no wonder I was distracted.

The best thing to do, I realized, was to stay as far away from Dylan as possible. Not only was he sexy, but he was dangerous.

"Well, speak of the devil," Kaylee chuckled.

I looked at the door and saw the very person I had just been thinking about enter the Bean. If anything, he looked more glorious in the light of day, and I couldn't gaze at his chiseled jaw or the dark blonde hair without remembering his lips on mine, his hands lifting my ass, and his cock deep inside of me. My cheeks burned, and I and I looked away but not before his blue eyes locked on mine and he gave me one of his smug smiles. I suddenly became very interested in cleaning.

Then, I heard a high, girlish giggle, and I looked up from the gleaming metal espresso machine. Next to Dylan was a beautiful blonde in a tight-knit sweater and short skirt. Her breasts were big, as big as mine, and her legs were tan and shapely under her short, tight skirt. I took some satisfaction that she was shorter than I was by at least a couple of inches. But, she was pretty, and I felt a hint of jealousy in my belly as Dylan led her to a booth.

"So, you want me to take this one or..." Kaylee grinned.

"Shut up," I hissed under my breath. By then, it was too late. Dylan was already making his way towards me.

"Hey, Megan," Dylan said.

"Hi," I said, trying not to look at the gorgeous blonde sitting in his booth. "What can I get for you?"

"Is that how it's going to be?" Dylan asked. "All business?"

"This is a coffee shop, Dylan," I said coldly. "What more do you want?"

Dylan grinned that infuriating, handsome grin at me, and I looked away from his eyes to the order pad.

"I can think of a few things," Dylan murmured.

I looked past him at the blonde who was now watching us from the booth, her eyes flashing daggers at me.

"Oh, I think you have plenty of people lined up to give you those things," I said.

"Yeah," Dylan shrugged. "But they're not you."

"Look," I said. "What do you want, Dylan? I'm busy."

"All right," Dylan said. "Just a coffee black with cream and sugar. And a mocha frappe with whipped cream."

"Let me guess who's getting the frappe," I grinned, glancing at the blonde who was now irritated that our conversation had gone on so long.

"Oh yeah, Abby does have a sweet tooth," Dylan said and leaned forward so only I could hear him. "And I can be very sweet."

My cheeks grew hot as Dylan stood up straight and gave me a knowing smile. He glanced at Kaylee and nodded, then walked back to his table. I watched him sit down, and Abby reached across the table and gripped his hand possessively. Then, in front of everyone, she leaned over him and kissed him. When their lips parted, she looked at me and smiled cruelly.

I shouldn't have felt jealousy. I shouldn't have been angry. I knew who Dylan was, but seeing him sitting there in my coffee shop kissing another girl after he'd so recently been inside my pussy made me want to scream. I'd done things with him, things I'd never done with my boyfriend, and here he was as if none of it had happened. As if I was just another notch on his belt like the sweet-toothed Abby.

"I'm taking a break," I said and threw down my apron on the counter. Kaylee said nothing, just picked my apron up and watched me walk through the swinging doors into the small back room where we kept the boxes of coffee, sugar, and other things we needed to make the Hot Bean run.

I sat down on an empty milk crate and breathed deep, the normally calm scent of roasted coffee only inflaming my nerves. My hands were shaking as I tried to get the memories of Dylan out of my mind.

I don't know how long I sat in the back, leaving Kaylee to fend for herself. Finally, however, the door swung open, and Kelly looked at me and gave me a sympathetic smile.

"He's gone," she said. "Now come on. I have, like, ten orders to fill."

"OK," I said and stood up, but before I went through the door, Kaylee gave me a quick hug. "I'm sorry."

"It's OK," Kaylee said. "It's not like I wouldn't take a bite out of that ass if I had a chance."

I laughed.

"Are you talking about Dylan or the blonde?"

"You bitch!" Kaylee laughed and gave me a push through the doors.

I went up to the counter, and before I could wait on the first customer, I heard Kaylee murmur from behind me.

"Actually, I wouldn't mind a bit of both."

We worked hard for another hour until the last few customers filed out, and Kaylee and I set about closing up. Kaylee locked the door and pulled the shades on the windows. I cleaned the tables and swept the floor, doing the bulk of the work to make up for leaving Kaylee by herself earlier.

Cleaning was mindless work, and I was finally able to stop thinking about Todd and Dylan while I swept and mopped the floor.

Kaylee was quiet. She knew something was going on with Dylan and me, but she had the decency not to say anything.

Finally, the tables were clean, the floor was mopped, and all the trash cans were changed, and the bags ready to be taken out to the dumpster.

"You, OK?" Kaylee asked as we shut off the lights and gathered the full trash bags by the back door.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm fine."

I opened the back door, and we stepped out into another warm night.

"Do you want to go back to my place and talk about it?" Kaylee asked. "I've got some peach schnapps."

I gave her a tired smile.

"No, I appreciate it," I said. "I think schnapps is the last thing I need right now."

"OK, well," Kaylee said. "If you ever need to talk..."

"Thanks, K," I said.

The back door opened up onto a dimly lit alley. The dumpster was fairly close to the door, but we still had to drag the heavy bags to the bin. As Kaylee raised the lid, a familiar voice spoke from behind us.

"Can I help you, ladies?"

Kaylee jumped, but I didn't move. I recognized the voice, and my heart stopped.

I turned and saw Dylan standing in the alleyway, the street lamp shining from behind him, lighting the strong curve of his jaw and his tall, broad body.

"Jesus, Dylan!" Kaylee cried. "You scared the shit out of me!"

Dylan chuckled and stepped into the light. Dammit! Even in the dark alley lit only by the flickering bulbs of the street lights, he looked good.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he said, but his smile told us that is exactly what he meant to do.

He was speaking to Kaylee, but he was looking at me. My heart skipped a beat as I looked into his beautiful, blue eyes.

"I wasn't scared," I said and turned away from him, dragging both bags to the dumpster. "And we don't need your help."

I lifted one of the heavy bags halfway up the dumpster as Kaylee stood there looking first at Dylan, then at me.

"Help me," I hissed.

Kaylee blinked, then grabbed the other side of the bag, and we hauled it into the dumpster. We repeated the process with the other trash bag as Dylan leaned against the light pole and grinned at us.

"Girl power, yay!" Kaylee said unenthusiastically as she wiped her hands on the front of her skirt.

I turned away from the dumpster and walked past Dylan, trying to ignore his grin.

"Megan," he said. "Can we talk?"

"I have to close up and get home, Dylan." Then, I added. "To my boyfriend."

"I know," Dylan's gaze on my back made me nervous as the keys to the store shook in my hand.

"Dylan, why don't you give her a break," Kaylee said and flicked her ponytail in a messy attempt at seduction. "Come home with me. I've got schnapps!"

"Thanks," Dylan said, his eyes still on me. "I just came by to talk to Megan."

"What would we have to talk about?"

Dylan glanced at Kaylee, then grinned and spread his hands in supplication.

He didn't need to say anything. I knew what he wanted. My whole body was singing with the thought of his hands on me, his body pressed against mine, his big cock...

No, I said to myself. *That's not going to happen.*

Still, I needed to nip this whole fiasco in the bud. I couldn't keep walking on eggshells with Todd while trying to dodge Dylan's knowing smiles. I needed to end this, whatever this was, and get home to Todd and back to my old life.

"Fine," I said, finally. "We can talk. Just talk."

Dylan spread his hands even further apart.

"That's all I wanted," he said, trying not to sound smug and failing.

Kaylee came up to me and looked into my eyes, her brow furrowed.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "I could stay, and, you know... chaperone or something."

I looked at Dylan, his deep, blue eyes hidden in shadows. I knew he was staring at me, undressing me in his mind. I shivered as I thought of what he could do to me, then shook off the feeling.

I can do this, I said to myself. *I can deal with Dylan Fucking Harte.*

"I'm fine," I said. "You go home. Dylan and I are going to talk."

Kaylee frowned skeptically, but she saw my determination, nodded, and gave me a quick hug.

"Be careful," she whispered in my ear. "And call me."

"I will," I said softly, and Kaylee let go of me, blew Dylan a kiss, and walked away into the night.

I shivered again, then shook off my burgeoning fear and excitement. I needed to end this. Right now.

I opened the door to the Hot Bean and stood to one side. Dylan continued to lean against the light pole with a triumphant grin on his face.

"So, are you coming or not?" I snapped and walked back into the dark shop. After a moment, Dylan pushed himself off the pole and followed me into the darkness.

Todd

I got home from class at four o'clock. I knew Megan had to work till seven, so I did some homework and then played Xbox while waiting for my girlfriend to get home.

It was half-past seven when I finally looked at the clock and wondered where Megan was. I wasn't worried. When she closed with Kaylee, they would often go back to Kaylee's place and do homework or drink a little bit. Still, it was a little odd that she hadn't called, so I sent her a quick text.

Where are you?

It took her so long to answer that I was about ready to call when my phone pinged. I looked down and smiled.

I'm just over at Kaylee's. Sorry it took me so long to get back to you. We're talking. See you soon.

I smiled at the phone, then sent her another message.

I can't wait. Love you.

Another long pause, and then,

Love you, too. 🥰

I grinned, feeling the warmth of my love for Megan fill my chest.

Megan had been working so hard lately, what with school, cross country, and her job at the Hot Bean. The night out at the party had been good for her, and I could still feel the excitement of that night reverberate through my body. She had been so wild and free. She'd even gone out without panties! That wasn't like her at all.

And the sex? I had never seen her like that. I still got hard, thinking of Megan begging me to fuck her harder and faster. And I had fucked as hard as I could. So hard, in fact, she said she was still feeling the effects of our lovemaking two days later. That had never happened before.

So, I decided it would be nice if I did something special for her, for just the two of us. It had been a while since I cooked anything that wasn't frozen in a box, so I decided to cook us a real, homemade meal.

So, thinking of my sweet Megan, I wandered into the small kitchen and set about making dinner.

Megan

I set down my phone, feeling guilty. Dylan and I stood in the front of the shop. The place was dark and gloomy, the shades on the windows and door closing us off from the street. We were alone for the first time, and I was already regretting my decision to bring Dylan inside.

"Is that your little boyfriend?" Dylan asked.

"Just stop it!" I said, remembering the thrill I had felt when Dylan belittled Todd while fucking me against the wall at the party. The memory made me feel even more shame, and I felt my anger rising to match it. "He's not little, and you know it."

"Sure, sure," Dylan said and came around the table. I moved, keeping the table between us.

Even this far away, I could smell his intoxicating, masculine scent. It was sexy and powerful, so much different than Todd's odor. Why did he have to smell so good?

"What did you want to talk about?" I asked.

"Oh, I think you know," Dylan said. He moved around the table again, and I backed away. Dylan grinned like a hungry wolf. "Are you going to keep running away from me?"

"I'm not running!" I snapped. "I... I just think it's safe to have some distance between us."

"Safe?" Dylan said. "For who? You or me?"

I ignored the question, and Dylan flashed me his damn, beautiful smile.

"Fine. If you're not running, just stay there," he said and moved slowly around the table. I suppressed the urge to run. I stood as rigid and tried not to tremble in front of him.

He loomed before me, his heat and his scent caressing me. My thighs were wet, and I had to force myself not to rub them together and try to stop the illicit thrill running through my loins.

"What do you want?" I asked, a frustrated sob catching in the back of my throat.

"I just want to apologize," he said and lifted his hand to stroke my cheek.

I took a step back, and his hand stopped in mid-air. His smile slipped, but his gaze softened as he saw my weakness.

"What... what do you want to apologize for?" I asked.

"For Abby," he said. "I didn't realize her presence would affect you so much."

"It... it didn't," I lied, and his grin grew wider.

"Sure," he said. "Well, I'm sorry anyway."

"Why don't you apologize for the other night?" I said. "For taking advantage of me."

"What?" he chuckled. "Took advantage of you? You were the one grinding against my cock on the dance floor. If anyone was taking advantage of someone, it was you."

"What? I didn't... that's not what happened!"

My mind whirled as the scattered memories of the events of the party came back to me. I had teased him on the dance floor. I'd even had an orgasm from humping him in front of all those people. Then, when he had me pinned to the wall in that hallway, had I ever said no? I had just given in, given into his strength and power. Sure, I was drunk, but that was no excuse. I'd still done it, and now here I was with the same bastard, and I was getting turned on again.

"If I wanted to take advantage of you," Dylan said, stepped forward, and pulled me into his arms. One firm hand wrapped around my neck and held me frozen, inches from his face. "If I wanted to take advantage of you, it would look more like this."

He pulled me into a kiss. I pushed against his hard chest, but with no real strength. His tongue forced its way into my mouth, and for a moment, we battled against each other before I finally gave in, and I hungrily sucked on his tongue.

My legs trembled, and the lust that I had been suppressing for two days trickled down my legs.

Oh, Todd! A small voice whimpered inside my mind. *Oh, Todd, I'm so sorry!*

With an angry growl, Dylan spun me around and pushed me down over the table. I tried to protest, but my words were cut off as he pulled up the hem of my skirt and smacked my ass hard.

"Ow!" I cried as the heat of the impact burst through my buttock. He smacked me again and again.

I couldn't speak. All I could do was cry out in pain as the shame flooded my heart. I would never let Todd treat me like this. I would never let any

man treat me like this. Yet, despite my shame, the first waves of pain subsided to be replaced by the pleasure building between my legs until my lust gushed out of my sex and soaked through my panties.

Dylan bent over me, his hard body pinning me to the table.

"How's that feel, you little slut?" Dylan hissed in my ear. "Do you want me to stop taking advantage of you?"

"I... I..." I wanted to say no. I should have said no, but I was reeling from the pain and the intense pleasure, and I could not conjure up the words to deny him.

Dylan made full use of my hesitation and ripped off panties, revealing my firm, round ass. I felt rather than saw him unbutton his pants just before he slid his thick, meaty flesh between my butt cheeks. His cock throbbed with hot blood and thick cum, pulsing with the need to enter and fill me with his blessed heat.

"Do you want me to stop, slut?" he asked again, rubbing the fat head of his cock against my drenched pussy. "Tell me to stop, and you can go home to your little boyfriend."

Dylan ground his cock into my ass. He yanked my blouse down over my breasts with a rough hand, taking the bra with it. My heavy tits came free, and he gripped them in his strong fingers, kneading my ample flesh. Even his hands were bigger than Todd's, and his rough touch sent fire shooting through my crotch.

"Why?" I moaned. "Why me?"

Dylan leaned forward, laying his heavy body against my back.

"Always wanted you," he grunted in my ear. "Always you."

Oh, God! What girl didn't want to hear those words and, even if it was a lie, I didn't care. I wanted him to want me. I'd spent my whole life fighting this kind of treatment. It's why I was with Todd. He was safe and comfortable.

Dylan wasn't any of those things. He was dangerous, exciting, and at that moment, irresistible.

I stood up and let Dylan remove my shirt. I couldn't resist the pull of his manhood, and I ground my ass against him, delighting in his growl of pleasure. He was so hard in all the right places.

Dylan spent no more time with the niceties. He massaged and pulled at my breasts, murmuring hot words into my ear.

"You're so gorgeous," he said, and I melted against him.

I was tired of repressing the feelings that frightened me. I was tired of pushing away the pleasure my body craved.

I was too tired to fight anymore.

Dylan squeezed my breasts together then twisted the nipples, sending more electricity shooting through my body. I reached up and ran my hand through his dark blonde hair, unsure whether I wanted to pull him in or push him away.

"Oh, God!" I moaned again. "Oh my God!"

Dylan pushed me back down to the table. I looked back and watched as Dylan pulled off his shirt, revealing his hard, cut body. At the party, I hadn't had the time to see his body, and as I gazed upon his firm pectorals and ripped abs, my mouth went dry. I wasn't the only one who'd been hiding.

"Oh, God!" I cried again, and Dylan laughed.

"I didn't know you were religious!"

"Shut up, you asshole!"

Dylan continued to smile as I watched, mesmerized, as he swabbed his thick flesh against my pussy. I still couldn't see the long, thick meat that I wanted so badly, but I knew it was there. I could feel it probing at the swollen lips of my sex.

"Why don't you take it out?" Dylan said.

"No," I panted. "I can't."

"I don't want to be accused of taking advantage of you," he sneered.

"So, if you want it, you put it in your slutty, little pussy!"

I groaned pitifully, but I couldn't stop myself. I reached behind me and grabbed his thick, throbbing flesh in my hand. I wanted it inside me. I wanted it to give me the pain and the pleasure I had felt before.

I needed it.

His fleshy meat jumped in my hand, ready to pierce me. It was so big! Todd's cock was a toy compared to Dylan's brutal weapon. I felt the same shame I'd felt at the party, comparing my boyfriend to Dylan, but I couldn't help it. Todd was the only person I could compare it to, and, next to Dylan's, Todd was just so small.

"Stick it in, slut," Dylan growled. "Show me how much you want it."

"I'm not a slut," I moaned even as I was bent over a table in a coffee shop, stroking the thick cock of a man who was not my boyfriend.

"Sure," Dylan chuckled and pulled his cock away from me and slapped the thick length of it against my ass cheek. "Whatever you fucking say."

I moaned in shame, but when he slid the cock back into my hand, I didn't let go. There was only one way to banish the guilt. Dylan needed to fuck me. This bastard, my boyfriend's bully, needed to fuck me hard until I couldn't feel anything anymore.

So, I swabbed his fat cock over the entrance to my pussy, and, just like the slut he had called me, I guided his cock into my cheating pussy.

"That's a good little slut!" Dylan growled. "That's my good girl."

He grabbed my hips with his strong hands, and in one, savage thrust, he stabbed deep into my wet pussy.

I screamed in pain and pleasure as he stretched me open with his burning cock, claiming my quivering flesh again. His thrust hit me deeply, but he pulled back before it became too much, as if he knew my limits better than I did. Then, he withdrew and punched into me again and again, making the table shake under the weight of our bodies. My breasts bounced back and forth, and my pussy spread wide open for Dylan's beautiful cock.

I had never been fucked with such power, and it wasn't long before I felt an orgasm, a big one, building inside of me. My cries dissolved into screams as every muscle tensed, waiting for the powerful explosion.

"That's it," Dylan grunted. "Cum for me slut! Do it!"

He smacked my ass once, twice, three times as he thrust as deep as he could go. My pussy burst under his power, and suddenly, my body was flailing on the tabletop, writhing uncontrollably as Dylan's cock forced me to cum. I shook and screamed on the table, every nerve in my body exploding with the release.

Finally, my convulsions subsided to tiny twitches and jerks as the last of my orgasm leaked out onto Dylan's thick cock. I looked around the coffee shop, my eyes bleary with tears of joy. I would never again be able to work at the Hot Bean without remembering this wonderful moment, of cumming on Dylan's gorgeous flesh and screaming out my lust for him.

"Yes!" Dylan growled and sped up his thrusts. "I'm going to cum too!"

Another orgasm was building even as he pulled out, leaving my pussy gaping and cold. Dylan grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled me off the table. I fell to my knees, kneeling in front of him again, like a slave before her master.

"I'm going to mark your face again, slut!" Dylan grunted at me. "I'm going to send you home with my cum in your mouth!"

I moaned pitifully. I shoved my fingers into my aching pussy, watching as Dylan stroked his glistening meat inches from my face. I knew what he was going to do, but I didn't care. This is what he wanted and, after the orgasm, he had just given me, he deserved it.

And, after being such a slut for him, I deserved it too.

"Yes!" Dylan howled, and thick ropes of his jizz shot out of his cock and splashed across my face. I fingered my clit, and as the second hot stripe of cum painted me from chin to hairline, I came again, twitching on the floor as Dylan covered my face with his lust.

When Dylan had stopped cumming, he nudged his flesh against my lips, and, without being told, I lovingly sucked the last drops of cum out of his cock, enjoying the salty taste of his desire on my tongue.

"That's a good little slut," Dylan said tenderly and tilted my face upward so he could admire his handiwork. "You look so beautiful with my cum on your face."

I moaned and tried to look at the floor, but he held me in place.

"Smile for me, slut," he said. Smile and show me how much you like it."

The shame of his request hit me hard, but I had already gone so far. There was no reason to fight anymore.

I smiled through the thick, frothy coating of jizz, and Dylan chuckled.

"That's my good slut," he said and let my chin go. I looked down at the floor as he stood over me. "Now, go home to your sweet, little boyfriend and tell him you love him with my cum on your lips."

I groaned but said nothing as Dylan gathered up his clothes. Before he left, he lifted my face again, scooping a thick dollop of his cum from my cheek and pushing it between my lips. I sucked on his hard thumb, swallowing his salty, dense cum.

"I'll be seeing you real soon, Megan," he said. "Very soon."

I knew what that meant. Dylan was going to come for me again and again. He was going to keep showing up and tempting me to cheat on Todd. He was going to keep fucking me like the slut I'd never wanted to be.

He was going to ruin my comfortable life.

And I didn't tell him no.

Todd

Megan got home late. She gave me a quick kiss, and I picked up a hint of the same swampy smell on her breath I'd noticed the night of the party. Her hair was messed up, too like she'd been dancing or just came from a run.

"Rough night?" I asked, brushing a sweaty strand of dark hair from her forehead.

Megan gave me a weary smile.

"No," she said. "Just crazy. I just need a shower in bed."

"How about a bath?" I asked. "Then, we can have dinner."

I motioned to the counter and showed her what I had made.

"You made tacos?"

"Yep," I grinned, rather pleased with myself. "I thought since you've been working so hard that I'd make you some dinner."

Megan looked up at me, and I could see the beginning of tears in her eyes.

"Hey," I said and gave her a big hug. "Hey, what's the matter?"

"It's nothing," she sniffed and wiped a tear from her eye. "It's just you're so good to me."

I felt pride and love warm my chest.

"Well, I love you," I said as if that was obvious. "Besides, you're good to me too."

"I don't know about that," Megan said and used the palm of her hands to push the tears away from her cheeks.

"What are you talking about?" I said. "You take care of me in lots of ways."

She nodded and hugged me a little tighter.

"I'm so sorry, baby," Megan said. "I'm just not that hungry right now. Maybe drinking with Kaylee wasn't such a good idea."

"Well," I said. "Drinking with Kaylee is probably never a good idea."

Megan laughed and leaned her head against my chest, and we stood there in the middle of our small apartment, hugging each other.

"How about this?" I said. "How about I go run you a bath?"

"Oh my God!" she sighed. "That would be heavenly."

"Good," I said and kissed the top of her head. She was sweaty, and I got a whiff of her musky, sex scent. But that was silly. Megan was just sweaty

from work and too much alcohol with her best friend. "You go get ready, and all run your bath."

Megan went into the bedroom, and I went to the bath. I ran the water, not too hot, and added Megan's favorite bath salts, the kind she used after tough practices to take away her aches and pains. It smelled of menthol and lavender when she came into the bathroom, wearing only a fluffy, white robe she had stolen on a class trip our senior year in high school.

"You look great," I said and brushed her sweaty dark hair over her ear and out of her face.

"Shut up," she said, but she grinned. There were red streaks on her cheeks where she had rubbed away the tears. "You're too good to me."

"Never," I said and kissed her sweet me tenderly. Again, I noticed the salty, swampy taste of her mouth.

"Were you guys drinking tequila?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Well, I can taste the salt on your lips. You taste like you did after the party."

"Oh! Really?" she said, frowning. "That damn Kaylee! She knows just what to say to get me to do bad things."

"Oh yeah?" I grinned. "What kind of bad things?"

Megan slapped me lightly on the chest.

"Stop!" she said. "You know what I mean! I meant drinking when I'm in the middle of training!"

"Oh, OK," I said, acting disappointed.

"What did you think I meant?" Megan said.

"Nothing," I shrugged. "I just thought maybe you and Kaylee..."

"You wish!" She laughed again. "You can barely handle me, let alone two of us."

"Hey!" I said, a little hurt by her joke. I pulled Megan to me and ran my hands over the soft, fluffy terry cloth, enjoying the firmness of her curves underneath. "I think I handle you just fine."

She giggled and leaned into me. I gave her another kiss, this one deeper than the first. The swampy taste had dissolved, and I tasted my sweet Megan underneath. My body responded to her lips and tongue, and I rubbed my crotch against her hip so she could feel my need.

Instead of responding, she pulled back from me, breaking the kiss with a frown.

"I'm sorry, Todd," she said. "I'm just too tired for that tonight."

I laughed it off, trying to preserve a shred of my pride.

"I know," I said. "I just can't resist you in this lovely robe."

Megan looked down at herself, then we both laughed. I walked to the door then turned.

Megan was sliding the robe off over her beautiful body. I took a moment to appreciate her beautiful, round breasts and the firm buttocks I longed to run my hands over. I almost went back to cop a quick feel of her gorgeous body but stopped myself. She was tired and would not welcome me touching her, even if it was to get just a quick feel of her flesh beneath my fingers.

We've got plenty of time for that, I thought to myself as I closed the door. *Plenty of time.*

The problem was, we didn't have sex at all for the next two weeks. Megan told me that her coach had insisted on extra training time and, between that, school and her job at the Hot Bean, Megan rarely had time for me. The closest I had gotten to her pussy was a hot petting session. She had jerked me off while I fingered her sopping pussy. Later, when I was washing up, I noticed that same animal odor I had noticed the night of the party. So, she was turned on, just not enough to overcome her weariness.

What was worse, Megan began to wear more and more revealing clothes. Short, tight skirts that molded to her firm ass and showed off her long, toned legs. Her shirts began to get tighter and lower cut, showing off more of her heavy breasts and brown skin. She even purchased a pair of heels, something she had always sworn she would never do. When I asked her about the clothes, she said she got better tips when dressed like this.

"Besides," she had said with a crooked smile. "Don't you like it?"

I had to admit, I did like the new clothes. The clothes accentuated every curve, revealing just enough to allow me to imagine her young, tight body underneath. And, if I noticed, I'm sure other guys were noticing too, which drove me crazy.

However, the most frustrating part of the whole experience was that even though Megan was dressing more sexy, she never wanted sex. We'd had dry spells before, but never this long, and I was getting frustrated as

Megan kept wearing clothes that made me want to touch her, but she was always too tired to let me.

The two weeks came to an end in the most shocking way. Megan came home late one night after work. I assumed she had gone out with Kaylee, and she had, but this time she had come home with something extra.

"What do you think?"

We were in our bedroom, and Megan slid off her tight skirt. She was wearing a revealing set of panties I had never seen before. They did very little to cover her round buttocks. But, my attention had been diverted from the underwear as my eyes focused on a spot a few inches higher.

Megan had gotten a tattoo across the small of her back. It was a butterfly, hints of pink showing through the dark lines. Artful, curly lines extended from the wings, filling the space. It was well done, but I couldn't get the name of the tattoo placement out of my head.

"A tramp stamp?" I asked.

Megan looked over her shoulder at me.

"Oh, Todd! No one calls them that anymore! This is me. A butterfly. Remember our first date?"

How could I forget? I had been so nervous. Megan and I had been friends forever, but we were on the cusp of something more profound, and I wanted to take her to a nice place without putting any pressure on us to kiss or anything. I didn't want to damage our friendship.

The butterfly house at the zoo was the perfect place. The minute we walked into that world of fluttering, colorful creatures, our anxieties melted away. Megan had clasped my hand and watched as the butterflies flittered here and there, colorful floating confetti that never hit the ground. When a bright, blue butterfly had landed on our hands, we took it as a sign that we were doing the right thing. I kissed Megan for the first time that night.

"Yes, I remember," I said. "But, why didn't you say anything?"

"I wanted it to be a surprise!" Megan said, wiggling her ass, so the butterfly bobbed and weaved on her back. "Surprised?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you like it?" she asked and pushed her ass back into my crotch, twerking against my cock.

"Yuh... yes," I said, and I meant it. Something about being marked in that place made Megan even sexier.

She bumped my ass again, and two weeks of pent-up lust took over. I grabbed her wiggling hips and pulled her back against my crotch, grinding my cock into her tight ass.

"Ooh!" she cooed. "Looks like someone is horny!"

"It's been two weeks!" I grunted as she slammed back into me, sending an intense throb of pleasure swelling through my cock. "What did you expect?"

"Awww!" Megan pouted at me over her shoulder. "Have I neglected poor, little Toddy?"

Her mocking words inflamed me, which was the point. Instead of dancing away like she normally did, she continued to bump my cock with her ass. I growled in frustration and smacked her ass, and, to my surprise, she didn't get mad.

"Ooh, Toddy's mad!" she giggled. "Is that all you're going to do, baby? Spank me? Or do you want to show me just how much you want me?"

"Fuck!" I didn't know where this teasing Megan had come from, but I was seized by a primal need to take her.

I yanked down my pants as Megan taunted me with her ass. I only got my jeans halfway down. I grabbed her panties and ripped them down over her ass as Megan mewled in mock pain. I shuffled forward, wanting nothing more than to stick my cock into her pussy.

"Don't forget the condom, baby!" Megan chuckled. "We don't want any of your little cummies to get free."

I had no idea where all of this 'little' talk had come from, but the enraged heat in my cock made it hard to think. I shuffled clumsily to the bedside table as Megan laughed at me, my hard cock flopping painfully. Finally, I got the condom out, slid the slimy rubber over my throbbing penis, then shuffled back behind my laughing girlfriend.

"Stop laughing!" I growled, and without any warning, I shoved my cock deep inside of her.

She was hot and wet as I entered her. She was much looser, and my cock practically floated in the stew of her hot juices.

"That's it, Toddy," she grinned over her shoulder. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck me!"

I wanted more than anything to wipe that grin off her face, and I thrust as hard as I could, but instead of Megan's regular moans, she laughed, hammering her ass painfully backward, meeting me thrust for thrust.

"Do it, Toddy!" she laughed. "Show me what you got!"

I slammed into her with all of my strength. Still, she smiled, but I finally began to hear some moans mixed with the laughter as I fucked her. The butterfly on her back glistened with fresh ink and sweat. Its wings seemed to beat and move as I fucked her, taunting me with its presence.

Why had she gotten that tattoo? I thought as I tried to hammer even deeper into Megan's heat. *Who did you get that tattoo for?*

The thought was painful, and it made me even angrier. It was crazy. Megan was here, in front of me, letting me slam into her ass as I watched the butterfly dance. Megan was mine.

With that primal thought in my mind, I grunted, and my cock spasmed inside its rubber prison, and I shot my hot cum into the tip. I groaned, letting my flesh throb and expand, then recede as two weeks of pent-up lust left my body.

Exhausted, I fell against Megan's back, my head resting between her shoulder blades.

"So," she chuckled. "I guess you like it."

"Yes," I said, spent and happy now that my lust had been sated. "Yes, I guess I do."

"Good," she said. "Because I have another surprise I want to tell you about."

I lifted myself off of her, my heart thumping in my chest. She rolled over and opened her arms, beckoning me to her with a wiggle of her fingers. I relented and laid down beside her. She rested my head on the pillow of her breasts, running soft fingers through my hair.

"Do you like my breasts?" she asked.

I couldn't help it. I kissed her nipple, and she shivered.

"Of course," I said. "I love everything about you."

She chuckled.

"I know, but what if they were bigger?"

"Bigger?" I asked and raised my head to look into her eyes. "What are you talking about?"

"I want to get a boob job," she said. "I want bigger breasts."

"What?" I said and sat up next to her. "Why would you want bigger breasts? I thought you hated how big your breasts are. Don't they already make it hard to run?"

I couldn't imagine my beautiful Megan with bigger breasts. Her breasts were already big, bigger than I could handle, and now she wanted to get bigger ones? Anything bigger, and she would look like a porn star instead of a college student.

"I've been thinking about quitting cross country," she said, and at least she had the decency to look ashamed. She turned her head, so she didn't have to look at me.

"What?" I said again, realizing I kept saying that word. "But... but running is your life!"

"I know," she said, and she sat up, draping a warm arm over my shoulder. "But what if it's not what I want anymore?"

"And you'd rather have big tits?" I asked. "That's what you want? To look like some kind of... some kind of..."

"What, Todd?" she said, her pale eyes growing cold. "What would I look like?"

I was afraid of that look in her eyes, but my anger pushed away my fear.

"Like a slut," I said. "Like a porn star. Is that what you want?"

Megan moved away from me and crossed her arms over her chest, a hurt look on her face.

"That's what you think? That I'll look like a slut?"

I immediately felt sorry for my words. This was something Megan had been thinking about for a while, I could tell, and all I was doing was insulting her. I reached out to touch her, but she turned away from me.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's just... it's a lot to take in. The clothes, the tattoo, and now this. You're changing so fast."

"I thought... I thought you'd like it," she said. "I thought you'd be happy."

"I am happy," I said. "But, I've always been happy with you, Megs. I never needed you to be any different."

"And what about what I want?" she said and looked at me with wet, wide eyes on the verge of angry tears. "What about me?"

"This is really what you want?"

"Yes," she said. "It's what I want."

I thought about it, trying to imagine my perfect Megan even more voluptuous. I couldn't help but feel a primal urge to see her with bigger breasts. Still, I couldn't help but wonder if there was more to her decision than what she had told me. The clothes, the tattoo, the breasts. It all seemed

so sudden. Megan had gone from not wanting to be seen to suddenly needing to be noticed.

It made me wonder if the changes were really for her or someone else.

I couldn't very well accuse her of anything, not in her sensitive state. All I could do was tell her what I knew she wanted to hear.

"OK," I said, finally. "If this is truly what you want, then I support you."

She smiled and blinked away her nervous tears.

"Really?" she said. "You mean it?"

"Of course I mean it," I said. "I love you, Megan."

Megan gave out a yelp of glee and threw her arms around me, hugging me close.

"Oh, Todd, thank you!" she cried. "It means so much to me! I'm so happy!"

I held my girlfriend, stroking her long dark hair, but I couldn't stop the fear from entering my mind.

Why is she changing? I thought. *And just who is she changing for?*

The good thing about Megan's surgery was that she was home for four weeks. She quit the cross country team and took a leave from the Hot Bean.

The first few days, she was very sore. After the sutures were removed, she felt a little better but still stayed in bed. I brought her tea and Advil when she needed it, but mostly just spent time with her, watching Netflix or talking. It was like having the old Megan back, except for the changes in her body.

I had to admit to myself; they were beautiful. The work had been well done, and when the incisions healed, the scars were barely noticeable. Megan kept her breasts hidden under a sports bra for most of the day, but at night she would take them out, the heavy round breasts had grown from cantaloupes to enormous melons. I watched, my mouth dry as Megan took great care to rub in the lotion the doctor had given her to reduce the scarring. Every time I looked at her, it was like seeing a new person in our bed, a highly sexualized version of my Megan, and the animal inside me responded to it.

The problem was I couldn't touch them. The doctor had advised her to go easy, and Megan had been very insistent that I was not to touch her until

the doctor signed off on us having sex. I had begun sneaking off while Megan slept and masturbating in the bathroom, squirting out my lust in the toilet and flushing it so that Megan wouldn't know. In those moments, despite the frustration of having to jerk off, I couldn't help but imagine Megan's new breasts and her tattoo wiggling in front of me as I fucked her. In my darkest moments, I even imagined her naked, being touched by someone else. It was a horrible feeling, but I couldn't get the thoughts out of my head. I'd imagine Megan crying out as she rode someone's cock, her huge breasts bouncing like a porn star, and I would squirt my load into the toilet.

I couldn't ignore the nagging suspicion that there was another reason that had prompted Megan's sudden change. I couldn't ask Megan, of course. She would just get angry. Besides, if she was cheating on me, would she even tell me the truth? I hated to think that way, but I couldn't help it. I needed to know for sure.

There was only one person I could ask. One person who knew Megan as well as I did.

I needed to talk to Kaylee.

Todd

I picked a time when I knew Megan was resting and Kaylee would be at the coffee shop. It was a week before winter break, and all of the leaves had fallen off the trees, and the icy fingers of winter had settled in around Westerly College. The cold air bit at my exposed skin.

When I entered the Hot Bean, the heat surrounded me, pulling me into its warm embrace. I saw Kaylee, her blonde pigtails bouncing behind the counter.

"Hey," I said when it was my turn to order.

"Hey, Todd," Kaylee said brightly. "How's Megan?"

"She's doing better," I said and took a deep breath, suddenly nervous. How exactly did you ask your girlfriend's best friend if she was cheating on you? "I uh... I came to talk to you."

"Oh, really?" Kaylee asked. "What did you want to talk about?"

"Megan," I said.

"Really?" she asked. "What about Megan?"

"It's... it's kind of private." I looked over my shoulder at the line forming behind me. "Look, can you take a break? Just for a minute."

Kaylee paused, and I had the feeling she could read my mind. For a long moment, I feared she would refuse to talk with me. She certainly wasn't smiling anymore.

"Buy something," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"Buy something," she said. "Buy something, and I'll bring it to your table."

"Oh... OK. Umm..." I looked at the chalkboard behind Kaylee. No matter how many times Megan had tried to get me to drink it, I had never acquired the taste for coffee. Instead, I got my caffeine from sugary energy drinks.

So, I scanned the board until I found something I recognized.

"Hot chocolate," I said.

"Really?" Kaylee said skeptically.

"Yeah," I said. "A small one."

"Do you want whipped cream with that?" Kaylee asked with a derisive tone.

"Of course," I said smiling, realizing something I'd never known about Kaylee. She was a coffee snob. "Extra whipped cream, please."

"Fine," she said and, still looking at me, she yelled. "Pete, I need one baby chocolate with extra whip!"

"Wait, what?" I asked. "Baby chocolate?"

"Yeah," Kaylee said with just a hint of a smile. "Only kids get small hot chocolates, Todd. So, baby chocolate."

My face grew hot as I heard first Pete, then a girl behind me snicker. Kaylee gave me a challenging look, daring me to argue.

"OK, go away now," she said with a dismissive shooing gesture of her hands. "I have customers waiting."

I sat at my table for over half an hour. I was beginning to wonder if Kaylee had forgotten about me when she finally left the front counter and walked over to me, holding a porcelain cup with a large helping of whipped cream peeking over the top.

She set the cup in front of me and stood beside the table.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" she asked.

"Kaylee, come on," I said.

"Fine," Kaylee said and sat down across from me. "What did you want to talk about?"

I had tried to prepare something to say while I sat there but now, looking at Kelly's bored face, I couldn't remember a single word.

"Have you... have you noticed anything about Megan lately?"

What, you mean besides the boob job?" Kaylee asked.

"I think you know what I mean," I said. "She's been acting differently. The tattoo, dressing differently, she's just not..."

I struggled to search for the words, and Kaylee wasn't making it any easier. She just sat there looking at me, her face a complete blank.

"She's just not Megan," I said.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Kaylee said. "She's still the same Megan. Of course, now she's a lot more fun."

"Fun?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I said," Kaylee said. "She's more fun. She hangs out more. She dresses better, she's having fun, Todd."

"Is she..." I struggled with the question I really wanted to ask. I shouldn't be doing this, but I couldn't stand the tension anymore. "Is she having *fun* with someone else?"

"What are you trying to say, Todd?" Kaylee said with an icy tone.

"Nothing!" I protested. "I don't..."

"Listen, Todd," Kaylee said. "Megan's her own woman. She can have a life without you around."

"No, I know," I said. "It's just... it's just..."

"Todd," Kaylee snapped. "Megan is finally enjoying herself. That's what college is for, so you can explore who you want to be. So what if Megan's changing? No one should have their lives planned out before they even get here!"

"I know!"

"No, I don't think you do!" Kaylee said, and she leaned forward, her finger pointed at me. "Look, I understand. Megan's going through some things right now, but she's happy! Do you want to stand in the way of that?"

"No," I said. "No, I don't. I just... I just feel like she's slipping away."

"I know," Kaylee said. "But, unless you want to push her away, you'll just have to relax and enjoy it! Plus, you need to stop going behind her back to ask her friend if she's fucking someone else."

"Oh, God!" I said. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"Men never mean what they say they mean," Kaylee said, standing up from the table. "But they do it anyway, don't they?"

Kaylee looked down at me, and I found no comfort in her smiling face.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" she asked.

"No, Kaylee," I said, feeling miserable. "No."

"Good," she said, then bent down and spoke softly. "You better leave me a nice fucking tip, Todd."

I waited until Kelly left, then I rose from the table and got out my wallet. I left her a twenty-dollar bill to buy her silence and walked out into the cold, cold day.

The bitter winter stung even more as I walked home. I didn't feel any better, but Kaylee did have a point. Didn't Megan have a right to explore while she was at college? I mean, wasn't that kind of the point? Was I standing in her way?

Todd

"What do you mean you're not going home with me for Christmas?"

Megan waited until the day before we were supposed to leave for winter break to tell me. Her breasts had fully healed, but we still hadn't had sex, although she had been hinting that it was finally time. I had been looking forward to getting her away from school, from Kaylee, and enjoying her new body and sexuality before classes started up again. Finally, she gave me the bad news.

She was staying at Westerly over winter break.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just not ready to show my new body to everyone. Plus, I want to catch some extra shifts at the Hot Bean to pay for these beauties."

She lifted her new breasts, taunting me with them. She was fully healed, just in time for break, and now I wouldn't get to truly enjoy her for three more weeks.

"But, honey," I said. "We had a plan. Our families are expecting us."

"I know," Megan smiled sadly. "I called my mom and told her what I was doing. She wasn't happy, but she was *supportive*."

I heard the emphasis on the final word. Supportive. If I fought with her, I wouldn't be supporting my girlfriend. It was a trap I had fallen into before.

"Well, maybe I should just stay with you for vacation then," I said.

"Oh, Todd!" she sighed and patted me on the chest. "I know that's not what you want. You want to go home and spend time with your family."

She wasn't wrong. I needed the break, from school, from worrying about Megan, from everything. I also needed to see my family again. Still, I couldn't escape the feeling that Megan would no longer be here when I got back.

"Are we... are we OK?" I asked, my chest tight with worry.

"What are you talking about?" Megan smiled. "Of course, we're all right. I would think by now we could spend three weeks apart, don't you?"

"Sure," I said, not convinced. "I guess."

Megan kissed me softly on the lips. She slid her warm body against me, letting me feel her soft flesh and the firm muscles underneath.

"And," she said softly in my ear. "Since we're not going to see each other for a while, why don't you stop worrying and take me to bed."

I groaned as she gripped my crotch firmly and rubbed me through my pants. She kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth. I slid my hands over the small of her back, wondering if I could feel the butterfly tattoo marking her skin. Then, I stopped wondering as Megan pressed her new, enormous breasts against my chest. I couldn't even hug her as close as I used to, the heavy flesh separating us. That didn't stop my cock from throbbing at the thought of touching her new body.

"Come on." she stopped rubbing me, took my hand, and led me to the bedroom. "I want you to look at my body one last time before you leave."

One, last time

The words echoed in my brain as she took my hand and led me to the bedroom. She pushed me down on the bed, and I watched as she lifted her t-shirt over her head, revealing her sports bra. My mouth went dry as she peeled the tight, gray fabric off her breasts, and then they fell free. They were huge and round, and her dark pink areolas had stretched to the size of half dollars. Her nipples seemed even larger now, though not as long, I could tell they were hard and puckered as she bent over me, swinging her heavy flesh inches from my face.

"You like my new tits, don't you, Todd?" she murmured.

I nodded, unable to speak. It didn't seem real, this beautiful goddess hovering over me, her fat breasts nudging my nose.

"Good!" she moaned. "Go ahead, little boy! Suck on them."

I didn't know if I liked being called a boy, but I could not resist. I opened my mouth and sucked in one of her large, pink nipples. She moaned in pleasure, gripping my hair in her hands and pulling me in between her breasts. I felt the large globes on either side of my face, enclosing me in her warm flesh. She pushed harder, smothering me with her tits and grinding her thigh against my crotch.

Finally, she let me go, and I fell back on the pillow gasping for air. She laughed.

"Are they too much for you to handle?" she pouted.

"No," I lied. "They're great."

"Mmm!" she moaned and slid down my body until she got to the button of my jeans. "I knew you would like them."

She unbuttoned my pants and tugged them down below my hips. My cock sprang free stiff and throbbing. She giggled as she gripped it with their hand.

"I love your little cock," she said. "It's so cute."

"Little?" I said, trying to sit up. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I was just kidding," she giggled and pushed me back to the pillows. "Now, just lie back and enjoy it."

I was about to protest when Megan drooled out a stream of hot, wet spit onto my cock. She stroked me hard and fast until my shaft was slick in her hand. Then, with a mischievous grin on her face, she slid my cock between her warm, fat tits.

"Oh my god!" I gasped, and any worries I had were forced away by the feel of Megan's soft breasts wrapped around my throbbing flesh.

"That's right!" she murmured as she pushed her breasts together and began to fuck my shaft inside her fleshy crevice. "You like that, baby? You like the feel of my tits on your cock?"

"Yes!" I moaned. I couldn't help it. My hips bounced off the bed, trying to fuck her tits as she pumped her flesh up and down on my shaft.

"Look at your cock, baby!" she said. "You can't even see it!"

It was true. My cock had utterly disappeared between her tits. But, I could still feel the warm, wet pleasure. I moaned. It had been weeks since we'd had sex, and all I had done was masturbate. This sensation was better than anything I could have imagined, and I knew I couldn't hold out for long.

"Megan!" I begged. "Please, I can't hold it!"

"Oh, poor Toddy!" she whined. "Are you going to cum already?"

"Yes!" I cried. "Yes, I'm going to cum!"

"It's OK, baby," she said, and she began to pump even faster. "I want you to cum on my tits. You want that, right? You want to cum on your girlfriend's big, fat titties?"

"I... I..." I wanted to be inside of her, but I couldn't hold back my orgasm. At the last moment, Megan stopped moving, and my hips bucked on their own, fucking my shaft against her hot flesh. "Yes!"

"That's it, Toddy!" she cried. "Fuck those tits and make yourself cum. Show me how much you like them, baby!"

I humped upwards with all my strength as my girlfriend laughed at my eagerness. The lust burst up from my balls, and I convulsed on the bed as my cum bubbled up out of my cock and spilled over the top of Megan's tits. She let go of me, and even more streams spurted out of my throbbing penis and splashed over my stomach and onto my chest. Splatters of my hot lust

even hit my chin as my hips bucked uncontrollably on the bed. Finally, my body came to rest as my cock dribbled out the last of my jizz into my belly button.

"Wow!" Megan laughed, running a finger through the cum on my belly. "You really liked that, didn't you?"

"Yes," I murmured. "I did."

"Good," she said, and she laid down beside me, pulling my head onto her chest, letting me sink into the sweaty, ample flesh.

My thoughts and worries melted away as Megan stroked my hair, and I drifted towards sleep. No matter how much she had changed over the last two months, deep down, she was still my sweet and loving Megan. Nothing could ever take that away from me.

Megan

Todd left for home the next day. I kissed him at the door, and he walked down the hall, giving me one last look over his shoulder before he went down the stairs. I crossed to the window and looked out, watching him catch the Lyft that would take him to the airport.

I waited a long time until I was sure that Todd was gone and not coming back anytime soon. I placed my forehead against the cool windowpane. I was already warm, my body sweating in anticipation for what was to come.

I looked at the clock. I had a lot to do and not much time to do it.

First, I went to the bedroom and grabbed a small paper bag I had buried underneath some clothes in the back of the closet. I took the bag into the bathroom. I undressed and sat down on the toilet, the bag beside me. I'd already trimmed my hair with a small pair of scissors, cutting as close as I could to the skin as I dared. Todd hadn't even noticed. Todd hadn't noticed many things, including the fact that I had been fucking Dylan for weeks. I quit the cross country team over a month earlier to spend more time with my lover. He was voracious and insistent. He wanted me at his beck and call, and even though I felt guilty lying to Todd, I could not say no to Todd's bully.

I used exfoliating soap to wash my pussy. After I was clean, I squirted shaving cream on my hand and rubbed it over my sex. I took out a razor and carefully shaved the dark thatch of hair until my skin was bare and pink. Finally, I took lotion from the side of the tub, and I rubbed it over my pussy, spending more time than I needed to on my lips and swollen clit. I moaned as I thought of Dylan's hands on my body, his thick flesh pulsing inside of me. I wanted so badly to touch myself, to work out the frustration caused by not having my lover's cock inside of me for four long weeks.

But, I didn't have the time to relieve the pressure. He would be there soon.

I opened up the bag that Dylan had given me. Just like the tattoo, Dylan had paid for an expensive set of lingerie picked out for this occasion. The first night he would see the woman I had become. The first night he would take me to the bed I shared with Todd.

My stomach burned with the guilt of my betrayal, but Dylan had insisted, and when he had forced me to my knees and shoved his cock into

my mouth, I had given in. That was the first time he had cum in my mouth and, after I showed him his thick load on my tongue, I swallowed his lust. With his salty jizz still on my lips, I had said yes to everything.

I was afraid of the power he had over me, but I was also excited. I had never let myself enjoy sex. Most of that was because Todd was so reserved and respectful. Dylan had no reservations, and I found myself helpless when I was with him. But, amid that helplessness, something else was happening. I was becoming free. I was proud of my body for the first time in my life. I didn't mind the stares of the men watching me because I knew I now had a man, a real man, waiting for me, and he was hotter and sexier than anyone I had ever met. That made me feel hot and sexy, too, and I never wanted to lose that feeling.

So, I dressed in the lingerie my lover had bought, lingerie I would never have worn for Todd. The bra was black lace and strapless, a tight ribbon of fabric that fastened in the front and pushed my heavy tits upward creating two, delectable mounds of tan flesh that spilled out over the top. My panties were sheer in front, a tiny triangle of black lace covering my shaved pussy. In the back, the G-string disappeared between my round buttocks, leaving the firm, round cheeks exposed.

I turned around to look at my ass in the mirror, and I saw the beautiful, pink butterfly frozen in flight just a few inches above the black string of my panties. A shiver ran through me as I remembered the pain of the tattoo being imprinted on my skin. I'd told myself at the time that the butterfly represented me, of becoming somebody different. A new Megan that was not afraid of who she was or what she looked like. That's what I told myself, but the truth was even more straightforward.

I got the tattoo because Dylan told me to.

It took me a long time to admit that to myself, but over the weeks of Dylan's cock pounding me from behind, his strong hands smacking my ass and rubbing the skin that I had marked for him, I knew. I'd done it for him. And Dylan knew it too.

Poor Todd, I thought. He doesn't even know who he's living with anymore.

I wiped away a tear of regret. I couldn't go back now, even if I wanted to. You can't put a butterfly back into the chrysalis. It either flies, or it dies.

And I wasn't going to die.

Sat on the toilet seat, trembling with anticipation. Now that I was ready, I didn't know what to do. I thought about touching myself again, relieving the pressure that had been building up since my surgery.

That's when I heard a knock on the door.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself not to run like a giddy school girl to the door. Instead, I walked on unsteady legs and placed my hand on the knob. I didn't bother to put a robe over my body or look through the peephole to see who it was. I knew who it was.

I opened the door, and my breath caught in my throat when I saw Dylan standing there, grinning down at me.

"Little Todd here?" he asked.

I stifled a giggle. For weeks I had fought the illicit thrill I got when Dylan made fun of Todd. It wasn't fair to my boyfriend. After all, it wasn't Todd's fault he was smaller and weaker than Dylan. It was just nature. And yet, the more the insults turned Dylan on, the more it excited me.

"Stop!" I laughed. "He left for break."

"Good."

Dylan scooped me up in his strong arms and slammed the door behind him. Cradled in his firm, manly grip, he carried me into the bedroom. I was dripping as he lay me down on the bed I shared with Todd.

He grinned down at me as he admired the changes to my body that he had wrought. He bent over me and grabbed my huge breasts. I was surprised how sensitive they were, and my body immediately responded to his rough touch. I moaned and writhed on the bed, sparks of electricity firing between my legs. My juices dripped out of my pussy and leaked out onto the sheets.

"You are perfect," Dylan growled as he unhooked my bra and unleashed my new, enormous breasts. Even his large hands couldn't hold back the large, fleshy globes. "You are my perfect, little slut."

I'm mewled in shame at the words, but I did not protest. Instead, I gazed into his blue eyes as he dipped his head and took one of my large, pink nipples into his mouth.

"Yes!" I cried as first he sucked, then bit my nipples, working the heavy flash of my tits in his hands. I had waited weeks for him, constantly nervous about whether he would like the changes.

But, now I knew that the changes gave him pleasure. I was happy I could please him. I needed to please him. I needed him to worship my new

body, the new body he had given me.

"I want to fuck those tits!" he grunted.

"Well," I said, pushing the heavy globes together until they were squashed between my hands. "You did pay for them. It's only right you get the fuck them!"

Dylan growled again, and I felt a deep throb in my belly as the sound touched something deep and primal inside me. He grabbed me by the hair, turned me around until I was lying on my back with my head hanging off the side of the bed. I watched his upside-down body as he undressed, revealing the firm, hard form I had dreamed about. Finally, he pushed his pants down over his hips and revealed his thick, veiny cock. The cock that had given me so much pleasure over the past few weeks. The cock that had driven me further and further away from the love of my life.

"You want this cock, slut?" Dylan asked, and he slapped the thick, meaty flesh against my cheek.

"Yes!" I moaned. "Yes! I want it!"

"Good girl!" Dylan said. "It's so good to see you stop fighting."

It was true. For so long, I had fought all the sensations in my body. But, in the end, I couldn't deny what I was. I was a slut for Dylan's cock. Once I realized that everything else ceased to matter.

Dylan moved forward and slid the fat head of his cock between my lips. I'd become used to his size, and I opened my mouth, readily accepting his pulsing meat. In this position, he was able to fuck my entire throat like it was a pussy, the thick head of his cock stretching the rigid cartilage of my neck, making my throat bulge with his throbbing flesh. My senses were filled with the pulsing of his hot blood and the musky smell of his heavy balls as they rolled across my nose and forehead. The animal scent of his lust clouded my brain until all I could think about was his cock thrusting deep inside of me over and over again.

Spit spilled out of my mouth and dripped onto my cheeks and into my eyes, but I didn't care. All I cared about was making Dylan happy. When Dylan was happy I was happy.

Dylan groaned as he pulled his cock from my mouth. He slapped it wetly against my cheeks and lips, rubbing the sloppy shaft over my face, drowning me in my spit.

Then, he pushed his heavy cock between my tits, guiding my hands to either side so that I could push them together and create a fleshy crevice for

him to fuck. I moaned with pleasure, nuzzling his fat balls as Dylan fucked my soft tits. I never knew being used like this could turn me on, yet I was wetter than ever before as Dylan abused my mouth, my tits, my whole body.

He alternated between my breasts and my mouth, barely giving me time to breathe as first he fucked my tits, then my throat, then my tits again. I was filled with the pleasure of worshipping his flesh, the lust making my pussy weep for him. I wanted him to touch me down there, or touch myself, but my hands were too busy holding my breasts together so he can fuck them hard and fast.

Finally, when he couldn't take it anymore he pulled away from me, leaving my breasts and face covered with spit and pre-cum. He grabbed me by the hair again and I yelled as he pulled me to my feet and kissed me deep and hard.

"You are so fucking gorgeous!" he murmured in between kisses and I felt the warmth in his words, something I had never heard before. Could he... could he love me? Had he loved me all along and I just didn't know it?

If it was true he didn't say it, but I saw the emotion reflected in his eyes a moment before he bent me over the bed and ripped off my panties.

In this position, he could see the butterfly I had tattooed on my back for him. He ran his hand across the ink then gripped my hips roughly, and pulled me back onto his thick, hard cock.

I was more than ready for him. My body had changed shape inside and out. My pussy opened, greedily accepting his throbbing meat as if it was a piece of my body that I had been missing all along.

"Fuck!" I cried. "God, how I missed your cock!"

"Of course you did, slut!" Dylan grunted as he pumped my cunt hard and fast.

The firm muscles of his belly slapped against my round ass. He added his hand to the smacks, the pain and the shame only bringing more pleasure as he fucked me over the bed I shared with Todd.

He bent over me, gripping my hair and pulling my head up.

"Look at that!" he hissed in my ear. "Look at that loser!"

I opened my eyes and I found myself staring at the picture of Todd and me at prom. A very different Megan smiled at me with the love of her life by her side as his bully fucked me on his bed.

"Say it!" he commanded and smacked my ass again. "Todd's a loser! Say it!"

He smacked me again and again, driving his cock deep inside me, breaking through the shame and guilt, leaving only lust.

"Todd's a loser!" I moaned, gazing at poor Todd's smiling face. "Todd's a loser!"

The words touched off a powerful orgasm as Dylan, spurred on by my admission, hammered me into the bed. I screamed into Todd's pillow and my pussy exploded on Dylan's cock, dripping hot juices onto the sheets.

"That's right!" Dylan growled and pulled me up by my hair, bent me backward like a bow, and drove his tongue into my mouth. He tongue-fucked my mouth as I twitched on his cock like a landed fish.

"That's, my good, little slut!" Dylan grunted. "Now, tell me you're mine!"

"I'm yours!" I cried, my mind completely broken. "I'm yours!"

"Good girl." Dylan stroked my cheek. "That's such a good little slut!"

He pushed me back over the bed, fucking me hard and fast. I barely had time to recover from my first orgasm when I came again, screaming on his beautiful cock.

"You're going to break up with him, aren't you?" Dylan asked as he thrust hard through my orgasm. "You're going to break up with that little loser aren't you?"

I moaned in pain. This was the moment Dylan had been waiting for all along. To drive a wedge between Todd and me, to break my love with his lust and steal me away from the one person who had loved me all my life.

I twisted in pain and agony and ecstasy on the bed as Dylan smacked my ass and fucked me, waiting for his answer.

"Yes!" I screamed, my throat raw with pleasure. "I'll break up with him! I'll do it for you!"

Dylan pulled out of me and dragged my quivering body off the bed. I fell onto my knees in front of him as he stroked his glistening cock, the smell of my pussy juices rising off the hot flesh.

"Why?" he asked. "Why? Would you do that?"

I gripped his cock in both hands and stroked him, pumping his engorged flesh inches from my lips.

"Because I love being your little slut! I love your cock!" The words left my mouth before I could think. Everything I'd promised myself I would

never become, I had become. I had been transformed by Dylan's body and his power. There was nothing left to do but admit it.

"I LOVE YOU!"

I screamed and my words touched off the orgasm in Dylan's balls. My eyes never left his face as his lids closed and he let out a guttural howl of pleasure. I laughed in delight as the first jet of cum spurted across my cheek. More hot streams of his thick, white seed followed, coating my cheeks and chin with his lust. Then, when the last, ropy white stream of cum blasted from the end of his cock, I took his twitching flesh in my mouth and lovingly sucked out the last drops of his cum.

Finally, Dylan's flesh stopped pumping salty seed into my mouth. I let him go, his hard cock softening against my lips.

He reached out and tilted my chin up to him, my face shining with his lust and my love for him. He smiled. It was warm and soft, not at all like the cruel smile I was used to.

"Good girl," Dylan said softly. "That's my good, little slut."

Todd

Megan and I spoke on the phone every night, but she was always tired and out of breath. When I asked her why she told me she had been exercising. Now that she wasn't in cross country, she still wanted to stay in shape. She was also working a lot of shifts at the Hot Bean to pay for the surgery. So, our conversations were short.

While it had been nice to be home for the holidays, I had missed Megan and as the Lyft dropped me off in front of our apartment building, I was glad I was home.

Home. It was odd, but all my life I had thought of my parent's house as home. But, our little apartment tucked into this tiny neighborhood next to campus had become my true home.

I hauled my suitcase up the steps and unlocked the door, excited to see Megan when I heard a voice behind me.

"Don't tell me you kids are moving out!"

"What?" I turned and saw Mrs. Wasserman standing in the hall outside her door. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I saw Megan moving stuff out the other day," she said. "I was hoping that it was just a vacation, but it was a lot of clothes."

Tightness seized my chest as I tried to make sense of what Mrs. Wasserman was saying.

"Are you sure it was Megan?" I asked.

"Of course I'm sure, Todd!" she laughed. "I'm not that old."

"No," I said. "No, you're not. And no, we aren't moving."

"Good," she said, coming a bit closer. "By the way, I didn't like that other boy she was with. "He seemed entirely too friendly."

Other boy? I thought. *What other boy?*

"I'm sure it was nothing, Mrs. Wasserman," I said and finally got the door unlocked. "Maybe Megan was just doing some cleaning."

"Maybe," Mrs. Wasserman said. "But it didn't look like cleaning to me."

I said nothing, but when I closed the door behind me and looked around the apartment, I knew Mrs. Wasserman was right.

All of Megan's things were gone. All of her clothes and running shoes. Her phone and laptop, even the blue glass butterfly I had gotten her for our

second anniversary. Everything that was Megan's, all the evidence of our life together, was gone.

I walked into the bedroom. The bed was a mess, the sheets and pillows tangled together. There was a faint musty smell in the room. Sweat and musk. The scent of sex.

"No," I said to myself and I pulled out my phone to call Megan when I noticed that I had a new text from her. I brought up the text and the only thing in it was a link.

Trembling, I tapped the link. The browser popped open and I was shocked to see that it was a link to a popular website. I had surfed the site a few times and knew that it had a lot of amateur porn.

I let out a small moan when the video loaded and Megan, my lovely Megan came onto the screen. She was sitting on our bed, dressed in nothing but the skimpiest black lingerie I had ever seen.

"Hi, Todd!" she grinned and waved. "I'm sure you're wondering what is going on and I thought... well we thought, it would be easier to show you."

A large figure walked into the frame and stood next to Megan. He was wearing only boxer shorts and it took me a moment to recognize who it was. Then, he spoke.

"Hey, Loser," Dylan said and smirked down at the camera. "Welcome home."

He slid his hands over Megan's breasts and she moaned as he massaged her tits.

"Mmm, that feels so good, baby!" Megan cooed and I felt her words hammer into my gut as she used my pet name to address my bully. "He feels so good, Todd."

"That's right, slut!" Dylan said and Megan moaned, but she did not correct him. "Tell him who you belong to."

She looked at the camera, frowning slightly.

"I belong to Dylan, baby," she said. "I belong to Dylan now."

"No," I moaned.

"Show him why you're mine, slut," Dylan said as if he had heard me.

Megan nodded. She reached up and I stopped breathing as she pulled down Dylan's boxers. The biggest, meatiest cock I had ever seen sprang free and hit Megan on the cheek. She laughed and closed her eyes as Dylan grabbed the veiny shaft and slapped my beautiful girlfriend with it.

It couldn't be happening, but there they were on the same bed I was sitting on. Dylan slapped Megan on the cheeks, nose, and mouth until she couldn't stand it anymore and she caught his thick cock in her hands. I stared in shock as she shoved the fat head into her mouth. She had never given me a blowjob, not in all the years we had been together, yet here she was, sucking eagerly on my enemy's cock. Not only that, she knew what she was doing, never breaking eye contact as she choked on Dylan's massive meat. Dylan moaned in pleasure, obviously enjoying himself as Megan's throat bulged and I realized that she had taken him into her windpipe.

"Fuck, yes!" Dylan growled. "I'll bet you didn't know your pretty little girlfriend could suck cock like this, did you, loser?"

He held Megan on his cock, cruelly suffocating her on his throbbing flesh. Finally, he let her go and his cock emerged all at once as Megan coughed up a huge glob of spit. Dylan rolled his dripping cock across my beloved's face and she smiled through the thick drool.

"You like that cock, don't you slut?" Dylan said.

"Yes!" Megan moaned and sucked the ropes of spit back into her mouth as she bobbed her lips up and down on Dylan's wet flesh. "I love it!"

"Tell your boyfriend," Dylan said and he gripped her head in his strong hands and pointed her face at the camera. "Zoom in, Kaylee."

My heart stopped as the camera zoomed in on Megan's dripping face. Kaylee was there, in our bedroom, holding the camera while Dylan destroyed my life. The humiliation was too great and I felt the tears drip down my cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Todd," Megan said through the thick streams of drool covering her face. "But I love his cock."

I moaned as Dylan pulled Megan up by her hair and stood behind her. It was then that I noticed that she had another tattoo on her lower belly, just above the sheer fabric covering her wet sex.

It was two butterflies this time, one on either side, flying towards each other. Curly wings extended to a spot just above her pubic bone, creating a heart that pointed to my girlfriend's shaved pussy. Inside the heart was a name. His name.

Dylan.

"Do you like my new tattoo?" she said, running her fingers over Dylan's name. "It was only right that I get a new one since Dylan paid for the first

one."

Dylan smirked into the camera.

"That's right, slut," Dylan growled. "That's what you are now, right? My slut."

"Yes, baby!" Megan mewled and Dylan kissed her. I watched their tongues battle lovingly in their mouths, remembering how good Megan tasted before she had been corrupted by my bully.

Dylan pulled her to the bed and lifted her legs. My heart sank as Dylan released her tits from her bra, then slid off her panties. Kaylee moved the camera to ensure that I didn't miss any of the action. With a harsh thrust, Dylan stabbed his powerful cock inside my girlfriend's bald pussy and I suddenly remembered how loose and wet Megan had been the last time we had sex. That's why she had been so loose. She had been ruined by Dylan's huge cock.

The tears poured out of my eyes as my bully pounded Megan hard and fast into our bed. Her huge breasts bounced back and forth with each powerful stab, the lover's movements making the bed shake and creak more than I could have imagined. On the bedside table, the prom picture with our smiling faces shook and wobbled, until it finally fell off the bed. There was a small crash of breaking glass, but it was overpowered a moment later by Megan's screams.

I rolled over on the bed. My cock was hard in my pants, but I ignored it. Instead, I looked at the floor and saw the picture, the frame shattered, and Megan smiling up at me through the broken glass.

"Oh fuck! I'm cumming, baby! Your little slut is going to cum on that big fucking cock!"

I turned back to the phone and watched in horror as Dylan pounded Megan into submission. I had never heard her scream like that and, when she came on my bully's thick meat, she thrashed and clawed at the bed like she was possessed.

Finally, she stopped thrashing and wrapped her legs around my bully's body. She pulled him tight against her and rewarded him with a deep, soul-sucking kiss.

"You are so fucking good!" Megan cooed. "So good!"

"Better than Todd?"

Megan seemed to remember the camera and rolled her head to the side, grinned wickedly at me, then turned her face back to Dylan.

"So much better than Todd!" she giggled. "I should have been fucking you this whole time. Why did I wait so long?"

"Because you were in lo-ove!" Dylan said in a mocking falsetto. "You were in love with your boyfriend!"

"Stop it!" Megan said, but Dylan kissed her again, forcing any more protests down Megan's throat. My heart broke a little more as Dylan began to pound my girlfriend hard, each cry of her voice sending painful stabs into my chest.

It was having the exact opposite effect on my cock. Seeing my once proud girlfriend acting like a slut only made me horny. Before I could stop, I opened my pants to relieve the pressure on my cock. My flesh was weeping and I tried to resist, but as my girlfriend kissed another man on the screen, my hand dropped to my shaft and I began to stroke.

"I did love you, Todd!" Megan cried and looked at the camera. "I did. If only you could have been stronger, better. Bigger!"

"A real man?" Dylan asked and he reached down, thumbing Megan's clit as he pumped, working her into another orgasm.

"Yuh... yuh..." Megan tried to speak to the camera, but the combination of Dylan's cock and his fingers were driving her over the edge.

"Say it!" Dylan said. He stopped his hand and grabbed Megan's legs and bent her in half, squashing her enormous new breasts against her chest. With long, powerful thrusts he drove his massive shaft deep into Megan's body, driving my once loving girlfriend into our bed.

"YES!" Megan screamed. "YES, I NEED A REAL MAN! I NEED YOU!"

I fell back on our soiled bed, my orgasm ripping through me. I dropped the phone beside me and my small cock squirted out thin streams of cum onto my belly.

As I came, Dylan straddled Megan and slapped his thick cock between her tits. He needed no moisture, Megan's juices had already lubricated his shaft and he fucked her fleshy globes while Megan pushed them together, making a tight passage for her lover to abuse. With each stroke, the fat head of Dylan's cock smashed against her lips. She opened her mouth, moaning as the engorged flesh popped in and out while Dylan enjoyed her tongue and tits at the same time.

"I'm going to cum, slut!" Dylan growled. "I'm going to mark that pretty face!"

"Yes, baby!" Megan moaned. "Do it, baby! I love your cum!"

I groaned as I realized what Dylan was about to do. Never in all of our years of being together had Megan ever let me cum on her face. It was so taboo, so wrong.

I couldn't look away.

Dylan gave one more loud grunt, then he lifted himself and pointed the head of his cock and at Megan's pink lips. I was shocked as a long rope of cum splattered across her left eye, pasting it closed. More splashes landed in her hair, lips, and cheeks. Thick, white seed, thicker than the thin streams that were drying on my belly dripped down her cheeks.

Even Dylan's cum was better than mine.

When the final blast of cum had been released, Dylan nudged my girlfriend's lips open with his fat cock. Megan mewled in pleasure and opened her mouth, murmuring as she sucked on his flesh. When he pulled his cock out she smiled, frothy white cum and spit bubbled out over the pink lips I had once kissed.

I now understood her rank smell and the salty taste in her mouth. I understood all the late nights, the tattoo, and the boob job.

She'd been fucking my bully and I'd been tasting his cum and smelling his musk on her ever since the party.

I felt nauseous, the lunch rising from my belly to the back of my throat. I fought against the urge to vomit because I didn't want to miss any of the action.

The camera moved and I knew that it was now Dylan holding it above my girlfriend, giving me a close-up of his fat cock lying like a snake across her tits and her face plastered with his cum.

"Do you have a message for Todd?" Dylan asked. I sat up on the bed.

A message? What more could they do to me?

Megan laughed, cum spilling out of her mouth. She scooped the thick dollop of white cream from her eye and sucked it off her fingers. Then she looked at the camera, at me, her pale, blue smoke eyes sparkling with cruel glee.

"Yes, I do." She smiled at the camera. "Todd?"

My beautiful Megan, her face painted with my bully's cum, giggled as she looked at me.

"I'm breaking up with you."

Dylan and Megan laughed at the cruel joke. They laughed at my pain. And then the video ended, frozen on Megan's laughing, cum-covered face.

I fell back onto the bed, the sheets soiled with my Megan's juices and my bully's cum. My world was over. For a long time, I couldn't move, couldn't think. Finally, I turned over on the bed. There was something from the video that I needed to see.

I looked down between the wall and the bed and I found it. I picked it up carefully, the frame shattered into a thousand pieces of glass. I held our prom photo in my hands for a long time. The smiles of the happy couple in that picture mocked my pain.

The Megan on that video was not my Megan. All along she had been a butterfly waiting in her chrysalis. She had been waiting for a man like Dylan to set her free.

My Megan had become a beautiful butterfly, spread her slutty wings, and now she was gone.

Epilogue

Megan moved in with Dylan off-campus. As if that wasn't bad enough, the Todd breakup video went viral and the two minor celebrities began to host parties and kept posting new videos.

I couldn't stay in the apartment. Everything reminded me of Megan's betrayal. Especially when Dylan sent me more pictures of them fucking on the couch, or Megan bent over the kitchen counter, Todd's thick cock deep inside of her. They had fucked everywhere and every place I looked made me sick to my stomach.

I couldn't walk by the Hot Bean without remembering that Kaylee had been the one filming Megan's betrayal. Everyone who knew Megan and me as a couple had seen the video and I was forced to endure the smirks and whispers of my so-called friends. Eventually, they all left me, choosing to attend parties at Todd and Megan's house instead of spending time with a loser like me.

I finally decided I need a fresh start. At the end of an agonizing semester, I left Westerly College and transferred to Bricksburg, a tiny private college in northern Iowa. It was small and in the middle of nowhere, but nobody knew me there and that is precisely what I needed. To be in a place where I wasn't constantly thinking of the pain Dylan and Megan had caused me.

So, I was surprised when I got an email message from Megan about two weeks after I arrived at Bricksburg. There was no message, only a link to a video.

I should have deleted it right then and there, but I didn't. Instead, as if my hand was controlled by some outside force, I clicked on it.

The video opened on Megan, my beautiful Megan, smiling at me. She was dressed in skimpy red lingerie barely concealing her huge, round breasts. Her body had changed so much, but she was still so gorgeous.

I couldn't breathe. All the pain I had felt when I had found out she had betrayed me came back, punching me in the guts harder than Dylan ever had. The shame and the pain made her even more desirable.

"Hi, Todd," Megan giggled into the camera. "Dylan and I heard you'd left school and, so you're not lonely in your new place, we thought we'd make a new video for you."

She motioned off camera and Dylan walked into the room naked, his thick cock swinging like a python between his legs.

"Hey, loser," Dylan said with his usual, cruel smirk. "Thought you could run, huh?"

I should have shut off the video, but I couldn't. Instead, my hand floated down to my crotch as Megan grinned at the camera.

"No matter where you go, Todd," she said. "As long as you watch these videos, I'll always be there."

She looked lovingly up at my bully.

"We both will," she smiled and lifted Dylan's massive shaft. "So just watch as Dylan fucks your girl over and over again and know this..."

She kissed the tip of his cock, then looked directly at the camera. Directly into my soul.

"You will never have me again."

I moaned, tears rolling down my cheeks, but my pants were already opened and, as my beautiful Megan opened up her lips and sucked down Dylan's manly flesh, I began to stroke.

End

Working Late

1

"Ashley, can you come in here, please?"

Ashley sighed as she picked up her pen and a small notebook she kept by her computer. She looked at the picture on her desk, reminding herself why she had taken this job in the first place. In the picture, she and Greg, her husband, stood smiling happily on their honeymoon in Hawaii. It had been a wonderful time, and it was surprising to think that it had only been six months ago.

She pushed herself out of her seat and entered Morton's office. Malachi Morton, the head of Morton Investments, sat at his large oak desk, clicking impatiently at the computer screen.

"Yes, Mr. Morton?" She said hesitantly.

Morton looked up at her with hooded eyes. He was an older, balding man with just a few wisps of gray hair at his temples. His face was round with thick lips and a wide neck sitting on top of a round body. He always wore a suit that never entirely covered up the bulge of his round belly.

"Ashley, come here please," Morton said.

Ashley moved forward slowly. She could feel Morton's greedy eyes sliding over her heavy breasts. Ashley had tried to wear more conservative clothing, but the size of breasts and her round, shapely bottom were hard to conceal even in the most unflattering business suits.

Despite the armor of her clothes, she felt naked under Martin's hungry stare as she came to the side of the desk.

Morton turned the computer towards her, sliding the keyboard and mouse in front so she could have access.

"I can't get into the Robinson spreadsheet," Morton said, hitting the keyboard angrily. "Can you access it from here?"

"Yes, Mr. Morton," she said. "Would you like the password again?"

"No, just enter it in here, please," Morton said, stabbing a fat finger at the keyboard.

Morton rolled his chair back a few inches to allow her access to the computer. Ashley bent over to type in the password. Morton said nothing, but she could hear his breathing become heavier and faster. She tried to ignore the way his gaze slid from her hair, down her body, and along the

ample curve of her breasts. They stopped there, then crept slowly down over her round buttocks and firm calves.

Ashley's cheeks burned. Morton had been this way from the very first moment they met during her interview. Her boss could not keep his eyes off of her body. She had known when she'd gotten the job that at least part of the reason was for her looks.

Morton looking at her wasn't the problem. She was used to men looking at her. She'd been using her looks in one way or another all of her life. The problem was the way he looked at her. Hungry and lustful. He had never made an overt move or comment, but just his looks were enough to make her feel violated.

She would have quit if she could. But, even with Greg working long hours at the law office, they needed the money. Once Greg got promoted, then maybe she could quit, and they could start on that family they had talked about.

For now, she would have to endure Morton's hungry looks.

Distracted, Ashley mistyped the password and had to start all over again, making the moment last far longer than she wanted it to. Finally, she stood up and turned. Morton slowly scanned her body until his heavy-lidded eyes settled on her face. Ashley suppressed a shiver.

"Did you... Did you need anything else, Mr. Morton?"

Morton's thick lips curled into a smile. Ashley half expected him to lick his lips as he looked at her, but he managed to contain himself.

"No, thank you, Ashley," Morton said.

Ashley nodded silently and walked to the door of the office. Morton's voice stopped her.

"How's your husband? Gilbert is it?"

Ashley stopped and turned.

"No, Mr. Morton," she said. "It's Greg."

"Right!" Morton said, snapping his fingers. "Greg. How is Greg doing?"

Ashley had to swallow a disgusted sigh. She knew well and good that Morton was not interested in Greg. He just wanted to prolong her torment.

"He's fine, Mr. Morton," she said. "He's working hard interning at Brown and Kilbourne."

"He's been taking his sweet time getting a position there," Morton said. "When's he going to make that happen?"

"In a couple of months," Ashley said.

"Wonderful," Morton said and placed his fleshy chin on his hand, smiling at her. "You know, I could always use a good lawyer. If he ever gets tired of Brown and Kilgurn, you let me know."

Ashley nodded, again. There was no way that she was telling Greg about a position at Morton Investments. She didn't want to be tied to Morton any longer than she had to be. As soon as Greg got promoted, she was out of here.

"That's very nice of you, sir," Ashley said and forced a smile. "I'll be sure and let him know."

"You do that," Morton said, then looked down at his computer. "You can go."

Ashley's face burned at the offhand dismissal. She hurried to the door but glanced back at her boss. His eyes had lifted from the screen, and he was looking at her ass. He gave her a wink, and Ashley hurried out into the lobby, finally shutting the door on Morton's hungry, lustful stare.

2

Ashley was still trembling as she drove home from the office. She hated to admit it, but Morton's unwanted attention affected her more than it should. It wasn't just disgust, although there was a healthy portion of that roiling around her belly. There was also a heat that started in her cheeks and spread quickly through her breasts and thighs.

Stop it!

Ashley gripped the wheel tightly in her hands and forced the feathery touches of lust down deep inside of her body. By the time she pulled into the garage, she'd managed to push the feelings aside.

Is it any wonder why that bastard's attention turns you on? Her mind thought traitorously as she turned off the car. It had been nearly a month since she and Greg had had sex. What with her job and his hours at the law office, their sex life had dwindled to nothing. Morton's looks, however uninviting, still made Ashley feel sexy. It was stupid and disgusting, but it wasn't a surprise to her.

The feelings returned in the shower. As she slid her hands across her body, she tried to think of Greg, but that bastard Morton intruded upon her thoughts. She could still feel his gaze as the warm spray of the shower cascaded over her skin. She lifted her full breasts and played with the large pink nipples, sending shivers of pleasure down her spine and through her crotch. Lathered up with soap, she washed her breasts, then her belly working the lather into the fine golden hair covering her sex. She touched her pussy lightly, teasing it. The pleasure inside her sex flared, and she thought about rubbing one out right there in the shower. But, having an orgasm to the thought of her overweight boss was just too much.

She needed to get her mind off that bastard. She turned the water to cold, and the water drove away from her lust, at least for the moment. She stepped out of the shower and briskly dried herself off with a fluffy, yellow towel. She looked at herself in the mirror, smiled.

She was beautiful. She'd always known it ever since she'd been a little girl. As she'd grown into adulthood, she'd become used to the looks of men like Morton. She learned how to use those looks to her advantage and received pleasure from the attention. It had been the only way she'd been able to survive once her breasts had grown and her ass had rounded out.

So, why couldn't she get Greg's attention? Sure he was tired, but shouldn't her beauty override that exhaustion? Wasn't she pretty enough or sexy enough to turn her husband's head the way she turned Morton's?

With those thoughts churning inside of her brain, Ashley decided to take control. If Greg wasn't going to come to her, she was going to come to him. And, maybe just maybe, by focusing on her husband, she could drive the annoying thoughts of Morton from her mind.

First things first, she needed a good meal. She dressed in a tight sundress. It was light blue, Greg's favorite color, and the neckline plunged between her breasts. The hem rode up to her thigh, and when she bent over, you could see the bottom swell of her buttocks. This dress had never failed to drive Greg crazy.

Next came dinner. Since she had started working at Morton's, they'd been eating out more and more. It had been at least a month since Ashley had made a fine, home-cooked meal.

Ashley had never considered herself a cook. However, she had learned some of Greg's favorite foods when they were dating. Originally from the Midwest, Greg preferred comfort food over gourmet dishes. That was perfect for Ashley.

She didn't have time for a roast, but they did have steak. She thawed the steak out in the microwave, then left it marinating on the counter in Worcestershire sauce and some spices. She prepared a simple salad with what they had left in the refrigerator. That done, she turned her attention to the potatoes.

The potatoes were sprouting, but she carefully cut out the brown shoots, scrubbed them, then cut them into wedges. Heating some oil over the stove she fried the wedges until they were crisp and brown. Finally, she set them aside on a paper towel and a plate to drain and went back to the steak.

The steaks were halfway cooked under the broiler when Greg finally stumbled into the kitchen.

"Oh my god!" Greg said as he hugged Ashley from behind, and kissed her neck. "That smells great!"

"I'm glad," Ashley said. "We didn't have a whole lot of food in the pantry, but I did my best."

Greg opened the oven and looked at the steaks sizzling under the blue flame.

"No, honey, it's great," Greg said and plucked one of the cooling potato wedges from the plate. "It's perfect."

"Why don't you sit down and rest?" Ashley said, and Greg didn't argue. He plopped down into one of the chairs at the table and Ashley poured him a glass of wine.

"What's the occasion?" Greg asked.

"Can't I make dinner for my husband without it having to be an occasion?" She said, feeling a little defensive. "It's not like I've never cooked for you before."

"I know, I know," Greg said, laughing and taking a sip of his red wine. "It's just been a while. We've both been so busy."

"I know, baby," Ashley said.

She opened up the oven and flipped the steaks over with a pair of tongs. Then, she let the oven shut, sat down across from her husband, and poured herself a glass of wine.

"How was your day?" she asked.

"Good," Greg said and took another set of wine. "Palmer called me into his office and told me I was doing a good job."

"That's great, honey!" Ashley said, smiling. "Did he mention anything about a promotion?"

"As a matter of fact, he did," Greg said.

"Well?" Ashley leaned forward. "Tell me."

"It looks like Klaus in Corporate is up for retirement. That means there should be an opening."

"That's great!" Ashley said and clinked her wine glass against Greg's. "That's just what you wanted!"

"Yes," Greg said. "Everything seems to be working out now. Just a little while longer, and I'll be back to some normal hours and better pay."

Ashley felt her chest grow tight with excitement. Normal hours. That meant...

"And I'll be able to quit Morton's," she said, tasting the words on her lips. "And we can start a family."

"That's the plan," Greg said and reached his hand across the table.

Ashley gripped his warm hand and held it tight. The wedding ring he had slipped on her finger just a few months ago glittered in the kitchen light.

It was all going according to plan. Just one more month and she would be able to see the last of Malachi Morton and begin her new life with Greg.

"We should celebrate," she grinned and refilled his wine glass. "Don't you think?"

Greg looked at her, and she saw a small spark of lust in his eyes. She could do something with that. If she could just fan that lust into something real, she could drive thoughts of Morton from her mind.

She ran a thumb across the top of Greg's hand. Her husband's smile grew wider and hungrier. She gave him her best teasing grin.

"We'd better eat first," she said. "We want to build up our strength."

"That sounds like a good idea," Greg said with a wink. "A very good idea."

3

Dinner was wonderful. The steaks were a perfect medium-rare, and the potato wedges were crisp. Ashley watched as Greg relaxed, drinking another glass of wine before finally finishing the meal and pushing back from the table.

The added frisson of electricity calmed her unwanted tremors for Morton. When Greg rose from the table, Ashley felt the familiar stirrings of lust between her thighs that had nothing to do with her boss.

Greg started to take their plates from the table, but Ashley reached out a hand and stopped him.

"Leave them," she said, looking up at her husband lovingly. "I'll clean them later."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

Ashley did not want to let this moment slip by. She practically jumped to her feet and smashed her lips against Greg's. She flicked her tongue across his lips until he opened his mouth, and then she was inside of him, tasting him.

She stopped kissing Greg and giggled as she looked at his confused expression. It had been a long time since she had taken the initiative, probably not since their honeymoon.

"Wow!" he said.

Ashley giggled again and wiped a smear of lipstick from his lips.

"Come on," she said. "I need you. Now."

They stumbled into the bedroom. It was all Ashley could do not to tear Greg's clothes off as he removed his jacket and shirt, then, finally, his pants. She looked at his cock. It should have been hard, but it was only at half-mast. She reached forward to stroke it, disappointed that it wasn't already ready to enter her.

She slid off her dress, revealing her lacy red bra and panties that barely contained her luscious curves. She hadn't worn this underwear since her honeymoon, and Greg's eyes widened as he took in his wife's stunning beauty.

"Wow!" he murmured again as Ashley pulled him towards the bed.

Perhaps it was the three glasses of wine. Perhaps it was exhaustion. Whatever it was, it kept Greg from getting hard. Her poor husband thrashed

ineffectually between her legs. She reached down between them, stroking his cock, willing it to get hard enough to enter her. She was wet, so wet from the frustration that had built inside of her throughout the day. She didn't need any foreplay.

She just needed to be fucked.

Finally, Greg got some sense of hardness from his cock, and he desperately tried to shove it deep inside of her. She moaned as he opened her up, and he thrust urgently, trying in vain to keep his cock hard as he flopped up and down on top of her.

He was sweating profusely, trying so hard to make her happy. Her heart went out to him. She lifted her hands to his neck and stroked the hairs on the back of his neck. The loving gesture only made him pump that much harder until finally, his limp cock slipped from her needy pussy and rubbed uselessly up her wet slit.

"Fuck!" Greg sobbed and fell forward on top of her, resting his head on Ashley's ample breasts. She stroked his hair, feeling more frustrated than ever. "I'm sorry."

She didn't want to hear it, but at the same time, she couldn't help but feel pity for him. He was working so hard to provide a good life for both of them. She didn't have the right to be angry.

That didn't matter, however, because the frustration continued to churn inside her belly even as she continued to stroke her husband's hair.

"It's okay, honey," she said.

Greg lifted himself heavily on his elbows and looked down at her.

"I'm sorry," he said again. "Maybe we can try again this weekend."

Ashley was forced to smile and nodded, keeping the tears from her eyes. She didn't want Greg to feel any worse than he already did.

"It's okay, baby," she said. "It's going to be okay."

Greg rolled off of her and slid naked under the covers. He kissed her on the cheek.

"Thank you, sweetheart," he whispered in her ear. "I love you. Good night."

He turned over, leaving Ashley hot, wet, and frustrated. She took a deep breath forcing all of her pent-up emotions down into her belly.

"I love you too," she said finally. "Good night."

Greg was already asleep.

4

Ashley went to work the next day, tired and frustrated. The lack of sex the night before made the thought of Morton's looks all the more exciting and unwanted. She vowed to herself to keep as far away from her boss as possible.

Unfortunately, the problem with working as Morton's assistant meant she could never keep her distance from him for very long. A couple of hours after she'd gotten to work, Morton emerged from his office and came to stand by her desk.

He enjoyed this position, looking down at her so he could peek through the top of her blouse. She realized that she had unbuttoned the top couple of buttons because of the heat in the office. She wondered if Morton had turned up the heat himself for that very reason.

She felt his breathing and saw a quick flick of his tongue across his lips. She realized that he must see the white lace of her bra, and she moved slightly. She looked up at him, staring into his eyes, but that only seemed to excite him more.

She scooted her chair back, trying to make it look natural instead of fleeing from his presence. Morton saw it for what it was and grinned with his thick lips, again wetting them with his tongue. She could feel the heat of his body, and even though she was disgusted by his hungry look, she couldn't help but feel sensations of pleasure coursing through her.

"How are you doing today, Ashley?" Morton asked, leaning on her desk.

"I... I'm fine, Mr. Morton," Ashley said. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

"No," Morton said and took the opportunity to scoot his wide bottom onto the corner of her desk and sit down. Ashley was aware of the bulge in his pants just inches from her face. She caught herself staring.

What the hell? His crotch is huge! He must stuff it with something!

Her face grew red as the thoughts slithered through her brain. She forced herself to look up at Morton even though his eyes were worse than the bulge between his legs.

"Actually, Ashley," Morton said, shifting his weight on her desk. "I do need your help with something."

Ashley's throat tightened. There was an underlying meaning to those words. For the first time since she worked at Morton's Investments, she was scared. Scared of what Morton might do. But also scared of her own conflicting emotions.

Morton waited for her to say something. She didn't want to ask, but there was nothing she could do.

"Wh...what would you like me to do?" Ashley said hesitantly, her cheeks burning at the submissive question.

"I need a file," Morton said, standing up from her desk. "The Jenkins file from '85? Can you go down to the Archives and get that for me, please?"

Ashley let out a soft sigh of relief. A file, a file was all he wanted. She found herself smiling, and Morton grinned back.

"That's a good girl, he said, and her smile slipped as she cringed inwardly at his patronizing tone. Still, she was relieved that he hadn't crossed that line, the line that would mean she'd have to quit.

Just two more months, she said to herself. *Just two more months*.

"Right away, Mr. Morton," she said and even managed a polite smile.

"Good girl, Ashley," Morton said and placed a fat hand on her shoulder. "That's a good girl."

Ashley suppressed a shudder as Morton shuffled back to his office and the door clicked shut behind him.

Ashley closed her eyes and sighed.

Just two more months, she thought desperately—*just, two more months*.

5

The Archives was a euphemistic name for the basement underneath Morton Investments. Most items had become digital, but because of taxes and sheer laziness, the paper files had been consigned to the dark, dank place known as The Archives.

Ashley never really liked going down to the archives, but she was so eager to get away from Morton's presence she nearly skipped down the stairs. Why did his desperate flirting bother her so much? His half-baked attempts at getting under her skin weren't even the worst form of harassment she had ever experienced.

She chalked it up to her problems with Greg. If their sex life had been more fulfilling, Morton's looks and innuendo would mean nothing. As it stood, her boss's attention only reminded her of how frustrated she was at home.

As Ashley got to the bottom of the stairwell, it became darker. The entrance to the archives was lit only by a single bare bulb.

She cracked open the door and searched for the light switch. It flickered on and the fluorescent lights buzzed and snapped into life. The light fixtures, probably as old as many of the files, hummed and flickered menacingly as Ashley stepped into the room. She took a breath, coughed at the scent of mildew and old paper, and walked through the stacks, looking for the nearly forty-year-old files.

What the hell does he want with the Jenkins file? Ashley thought to herself but shrugged the thought away. Whatever kept her away from Morton was good enough for her.

Finally, she found the right date and read the weathered, mildewed labels. Peering up into the dark, she found the correct box just out of reach. She cursed to herself and was just about to find a stool or chair when she heard the door open and then shut.

"Hello?" she called out into the darkness. "Who's there?"

No answer. She listened for footsteps but heard nothing. She felt a sliver of fear, then forced it back down. It was silly. Whoever was down here worked in the office, they probably just hadn't heard her.

She was just about to call out again when she felt a presence to her left. She turned and gasped as Morton stepped out into the flickering light.

"Ashley," he said. The blue fluorescent light flickered as he passed under it. "I thought you might need some help."

Her heart was beating fast in her chest.

"I don't need any help. I just need a stool."

"I'm sorry," Morton said and slid his bulk past her into the aisle. She shuddered when she felt his belly brush against her. "I should have known the file would be on one of the top shells. Honestly, I can't remember what's back here most of the time."

"Is that why you really came down here?" Ashley asked before she could stop herself.

"Why, of course," Morton said innocently. "Why else would I come down here?"

"I...I..."

She tried to speak, but Morton pushed forward. His fat, strong hand pushed up against her breasts, squeezing hard. She moaned in pain, and her mouth opened involuntarily. Morton took the opportunity to press his thick lips against her mouth and sucked her tongue into a wet, sloppy kiss.

For just a moment, Ashley forgot herself. The harsh grip on her breasts was painful yet sent electric spikes of pleasure down her spine. His rubbery tongue slipped across the top of her mouth and over her teeth. It should have been disgusting, but a spark of heat flared between her thighs, and she couldn't help but moan in submission.

Then, quite suddenly, she came back to herself. She pushed Morton's fat bulk up against the stacks. Before she could think, her hand flashed up and landed with a crack against his cheek.

Morton came back to himself as well. He shook his head and looked down at her, the hungry expression in his eyes replaced by fear.

"I... I'm sorry!" he said. "I don't know what came over me!"

"Get off of me!" Ashley hissed, even though Morton had backed up two paces. "You stay away from me, you piece of shit!"

"Oh, God!" Morton said and tried to step forward to comfort her. "I'm sorry!"

"Don't you dare touch me!" Ashley said. "If you touch me again, I'm contacting a lawyer. And I will sue you for every goddamn penny you have!"

Morton stepped back and bumped against the shelves. Files fell and papers floated down around him. He held up his hands to show that he

meant no harm. Ashley continued to look at him, breathing heavily, her body hot and angry. Morton searched for words but could find none. Finally, after a few moments, he lowered his arms and slumped his shoulders in defeat. He left her there in the flickering darkness, retreating like a dog with a tail between his legs.

After he left, Ashley slumped against the shelves, still panting with anger and unrequited lust. She took deep breaths of the dusty, mildewy air and finally managed to force enough oxygen into her body to calm down. Finally, she stood up and straightened her blouse and skirt. She looked up at the box just out of a reach and sighed.

Going to need a stool, she thought calmly to herself, and she went in search of a stool to get the file.

After all, she still had a job to do, and she was determined to do it.

6

After the incident in the Archives, Ashley was determined to distance herself from Morton. For the next two days, she managed to stay out of his line of sight. She repeated the mantra over and over inside her head.

Two more months. Two more months.

For Morton's part, he kept to himself, sequestering himself in his office like a bear hibernating for winter. He only poked his head out when it was necessary. After a few days of this, Ashley began to relax. It seemed her threat had done the job, and she felt like she could get through the next two months, then be done with Morton forever.

The plan worked and would have kept working if it hadn't been for her phone.

She still couldn't believe she had forgotten it at work. Normally, she kept her phone, keys, and anything of importance in her purse. But Greg had called her just before leaving the office. She had dug her phone out of her purse and answered it. Then, she must have set it down and left it on her desk.

So, she'd had to turn around in the car and go back to work. The place was dark and eerie at night. Without the everyday bustle of brokers and other employees moving about the office, it was quiet as a tomb.

She walked through the hall lobby and made her way to her desk, but strange sounds stopped her. It took her a moment to realize it was heavy, labored breathing. Slowly, she peeked around the desk to see who else was in the office at this time.

It was Morton. He was sitting at Ashley's desk, leaning back in her office chair, his eyes looking intently at his phone. She had to suppress a cry of surprise when she realized he had his pants open, and he was stroking himself.

She was just a few feet away, and from this angle, she could see his thick, meaty cock. Her mouth dropped open, and she involuntarily touched her bottom lip with her finger. It was so big! At least twice as big as Greg and twice as thick. Morton's hand was pumping the glistening length of it as he stared at his phone.

She thought he was looking at porn, but when he shifted, she saw he was looking at pictures. Pictures of her. Where had he got pictures of her?

Suddenly, she realized the format. He was looking at Facebook. And as he scrolled through the pictures, she saw her and Greg smiling and laughing.

She felt disgusted and outraged. But she was transfixed by the sight of his huge cock as he pumped it up and down, the head just inches away from her and Greg's smiling faces. A dark, primal lust rose between her legs and she imagined that big thick flesh in her hands. In her mouth. In her pussy.

What would that feel like? She thought to herself.

Her hand dropped slowly to her breast, her other hand sliding down her hip. Morton was pumping furiously now, scrolling through pictures of their wedding. Then, he stopped at a photo of her on the beach in Hawaii. She was lying back in the sun, the blue eaves of the ocean behind her. She was smiling at the camera, at Greg, but she knew Morton was imagining her smiling at him.

Her nipples were hard, and her pulse throbbed between her thighs. Morton groaned and jammed his fat hand down on his fat cock. Ashley covered her mouth with her hand as his cock erupted in thick jets of cum. An enormous amount of cum! The heavy jizz splashed onto his hand, his shirt, and splattered her desk. Thick, sticky ropes of it splashed across the small screen in his hand, landing directly on her face.

Ashley moaned, unable to stop the involuntary pleasure that bloomed in her belly. Morton sat up in her chair, his head whipping around as Ashley was just able to pop back around the corner. She held her breath, the heat leeching away between her thighs. She waited for Morton to get up to waddle over to her and find her hiding.

She heard the chair creak as he got up. She waited to hear his footsteps. Instead, there was nothing. She breathed slowly then peeked around the corner. Morton was cleaning himself up with a wet wipe. Then, he cleaned her desk.

How many times? She thought. *How many times have I worked with his dried cum on my chair?*

As she thought the words, Morton ducked back into his office and came back with a spray bottle and a towel. He fastidiously cleaned every inch of her chair, her desk, and the floor. Finally, the evidence of his lust gone, Morton went back into his office and shut the door.

Ashley didn't have time to think. She shot out from around the corner, grabbed her phone off the desk, and ran to the door. She didn't care if

Morton heard her. She didn't care about any of it. Mixed emotions of lust and disgust rose within her, powering her legs until she hit the door and escaped into the night.

After she got back to the car, she realized Morton's cleanup job had not been complete. She dropped her phone on the seat and looked at her hand, seeing the thick, white glob sticking to her palm. She felt the disgust rise in her belly, but she also felt something hot.

Without thinking, she brought her hand close to her face smelling Morton's thick seed. Even his cum was thicker than Greg's. Her tongue flicked out, and she almost tasted it.

"Oh! Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she cried and wiped the sticky residue onto her skirt. That only made it worse, and the bile burned her throat. She fought to keep down her lunch while searching through the glove compartment for any sort of wipe. When she couldn't find any, she sat back in the car and took a deep breath. She had to get home. If she could get home, she could clean herself up and, hopefully, forget all this had happened.

But, even as she started the car, feeling Morton's sticky cum on her fingers, she felt that heat, that shameful heat, between her thighs and remembered the sight of Morton's thick, powerful cock in his hands. Ashley tried to get the image out of her head.

She needed Greg, but Greg wasn't here, and he wasn't at home. He was at work and, even if she went home, he wouldn't be there.

She picked up her phone, still sticky with that bastard's cum, and opened up the home screen. She clicked on Facebook and scrolled through the pictures.

She tried to focus on Greg's face as she slid her hand down between her legs. She was wet, wet from watching Morton stroke his long, thick cock. She moaned as she touched herself, trying desperately to imagine Greg, but all she could think about was how it didn't measure up to Morton's beautiful flesh.

"Oh, God!" she cried in desperation, and then she fell into her fantasy. She imagined Morton inside of her stretching her and filling her with his thick flesh. Would it hurt? She was sure it would, but she didn't care. She placed her phone on the dash, lifted her hand to her face, and smelled Morton's thick seed on her fingers. She reached out her tongue and licked at the sticky residue. Salty and swampy, but not bad.

Shame filled her as she licked his cum from her fingers. The disgust didn't stop the overwhelming pleasure of her orgasm. She bucked on the seat of her car, cumming against her fingers. Hot, warm juices spilled into her panties and made the seat slick.

Spent, she came back to herself and dropped her hand into her lap. She felt sick to her stomach, both from what she had done and from the intense pleasure she had gotten from her climax.

"Oh God!" she moaned again, gripping the steering wheel tightly.
"What am I going to do?"

7

The question was still echoing through her mind as she lay by Greg that night. As she had expected, he had been exhausted when he got home. He'd barely made it through dinner and a show on Netflix before he fell asleep.

Ashley was glad she had taken matters into her own hands and gotten off in the car.

If I waited for Greg, she thought. I'd never have an orgasm.

The thoughts were treacherous and ugly, but she didn't feel shameful. Greg was trying his best. It seemed, however, his best just wasn't good enough.

And that brought her mind back to Morton and the orgasm she'd had in the car. It felt like cheating, thinking of another man while masturbating, but was it any worse than thinking of a faceless stud like she used to do in college? After all, if Greg couldn't please her, why shouldn't she fantasize a little bit about her boss? It wasn't like anything was going to happen.

She felt a sharp thrill of pleasure as she imagined Morton's hungry looks. She realized as she touched her sensitive breasts that she liked the looks. She liked the idea of Morton looking at her, stroking his cock, and cumming to her body, even as she had cum to the memory of his thick pole.

What harm could it do?

She smiled to herself and snuggled down next to Greg. Despite feeling excited, she quickly fell asleep, a plan taking shape in her mind.

The next morning it was clear what she had to do. She let Greg sleep and went into the bathroom. She brushed her hair until it was gleaming and falling in a golden curtain over her shoulders. Then, she put on her lacy black bra and matching panties.

She looked through the closet and finally picked out a tight skirt, something that she had stopped wearing when she started working for Morton. She topped it off with a white blouse.

Ashley looked at herself in the mirror. In the right light, she could see the black bra under the white blouse, highlighting the large round curve of breasts. She unbuttoned one button, then, after a moment's thought, she undid another button, then smiled wickedly in the mirror.

He won't know what hit him, she said to herself.

Greg was still asleep when she left, so she didn't have to explain the reason for her outfit. The excitement built inside of her as she imagined Morton's reaction.

It wasn't that easy. Morton was still maintaining his distance after the episode in the Archives. He stayed sequestered in his office while Ashley sat at her desk, remembering Morton in her chair, stroking his large cock. She looked for any signs of his cum still streaking her desk, but everything was clean and in place.

She felt a small jab of guilt as she looked at the picture of her and Greg on her desk. She reached out to touch it, then pulled back her hand, picked up a stack of mail, and went to Morton's office.

"Mr. Morton?" she asked, knocking lightly on the door.

"Yes!" Morton said, his voice husky from behind the door.

Ashley opened the door and entered the office.

"I have some mail for you, sir," she said politely.

Morton looked at her, and Ashley waited, her head bowed as he looked at her body. She felt that familiar feeling of being naked, but this time instead of making her angry or ashamed, she felt the heat rise in her belly.

"Okay?" Morton said, confused. Usually, he would come by her desk to pick up the mail. Ashley walked slowly forward, letting Morton get a good look at her. Then, instead of just setting the mail on his desk, she bent over and gave Morton a generous view of her breasts.

She had to hold back a laugh as she saw Morton's Adam's apple bob up and down as he gulped. His tongue flicked lizard-like across his lips. She bit back her revulsion and focused on the heat that his lust aroused inside of her. Finally, she stood up.

"Would you like anything else, Mr. Morton?" she said.

Morton sat in his chair, stunned, his mouth hanging open. For a moment, she thought he might have had a stroke. Finally, he shook his head like a dog shaking off water.

"No, Ashley," he said softly. "No, that's fine."

"Thank you, sir," she said as if he had done her a favor, then walked slowly out of the office and let the door swing shut behind her.

She sat back down at her desk, but the heat was too much. She'd gone too far, she was sure of it. What if he came on to her again? She felt another surge of lust between her legs then and had to clamp her thighs shut to suppress the heat. She thought of his hands on her in the file room, his thick

cock as he stroked it in her chair. Flushed, she got up from the desk and hurried to the bathroom.

Secured inside a stall in the bathroom, Ashley sat down. She hiked her skirt up over her hips and dug her fingers between her legs. Hot, wet juices flooded her pussy.

There was no time for teasing or finesse. Instead, she shoved her fingers deep inside of her using the palm of her hand to rub across her clit. She covered her mouth with her other hand and moaned against her palm as she continued to frig her pussy. In moments, her orgasm washed over her, and her juices spilled out around her fingers and onto the toilet.

She sat on the lid for a few moments, breathing heavily. Her body was sated, for the moment, but she could still feel the deep need within her. She wiped her fingers off with a paper towel and dabbed herself dry, pulling her panties up over her bottom.

She checked her face in the mirror, smiling at herself.

Oh yes, she thought. This was going to be fun.

8

And it was, for a while. For the next few days, Ashley led Morton on a cat and mouse game. She would bend over in front of him, showing him her large breasts cupped inside her bra. Or, she would turn to him in her chair, leaving her legs open and giving him just the glimpse of her panties.

Morton could barely work, and Ashley felt intense excitement at the thought of Morton jerking himself off in his office while she sat only a few feet away. The heat inside of her would build until she was forced to hurry to the bathroom and take the pressure off her lust.

For the first time, she was happy to come to work. She got a thrill thinking of new ways to torture the poor, hapless Morton.

Unfortunately, teasing soon began to lose its luster. The orgasms she gave herself in the bathroom, or next to Greg when he was sleeping at night, were not enough. She began to think about Morton's cock more and more and how much she'd like to see it again.

One night, two weeks later, she called Greg and told him that she had to stay late for work. She went out to her car and drove around for an hour, feeling the thrill of doing something naughty, something bad. She should just drive home and see her husband. Cook him dinner and watch a movie, safe in her love for him. But, she'd already gone this far, and she couldn't stop.

Besides, she told herself, it's not like you're actually going to do anything.

She was just going to watch, listen, and look while Morton jerked off. It was still wrong, but it was a transgression that didn't feel that bad. Like watching porn when your husband was at home. It was wrong, but it wasn't cheating.

The office was dark when she entered. She walked softly down the hall and peeked around the corner.

Just as she had expected, Morton was at her desk, one hand holding up his phone, scrolling through pictures while the other stroked his thick cock. Ashley bit back a moan and dropped her hand between her legs.

The dim light lit up the wet flesh of Morton's cock. Thick, pearly drops of precum spilled out of the slit and dripped down over his fingers. Morton used the pre-cum as lubrication and stroked harder.

Ashley couldn't stop herself. She slid her hand into her skirt, her fingers digging under her panties. Then, she worked her clit back and forth in time to Morton's frantic stroking.

Remarkably, she reached her limit before the older man. She saw his fat bottom humping up from her chair, and she knew he was close, and the expectation of his thick load spraying out of his cock made her cum. She moaned, dropping her purse on the floor with a resounding thump.

Morton shot up in the chair, trying frantically to cover himself with the tail of his shirt. Unfortunately, he was much too fat, and the tail couldn't cover up that beautiful, long shaft of flesh sticking up between his legs.

Ashley pulled her hand from her skirt, her cheeks burning. They stared at each other for a long moment, then Morton lay back in his chair, grinning as he grabbed his cock and stroked it for her.

He said nothing, just continued to stroke his cock up and down. The thick drops oozed down the side of his shaft. Ashley licked her lips, remembering the taste of his cum

She couldn't do this. Fantasizing was one thing, but this? This was something else. She needed to get out of this room, needed to get away from Morton and that thick monster in his hand.

But she couldn't move.

Morton said nothing, possibly afraid of frightening her as he had down in the Archives. Instead, he closed his eyes to slits and stroked his cock up and down in a slow, hypnotizing motion.

Ashley stood there, watching him work himself up into a frenzy for her. She felt thrilled seeing a man need her so much he was willing to masturbate for her. Greg had never done that.

She might have stayed like that, forever, if Greg hadn't chosen that moment to call.

She jumped when the phone rang. She reached down, picked up her purse, and rummaged inside, trying to find the phone.

Morton was already getting up from his chair, and was coming towards her. She turned to move away from him, still searching for the phone inside of her bag, and he caught her arm and pushed her up against the wall.

He pulled her skirt up over her ass. His heavy bulk forced her up against the wall. He ground his pelvis into her, and she felt his thick, wet meat slide between her buttocks.

This wasn't happening, this couldn't be happening.

But it was. Morton grabbed her bag from her, dug his fat hand inside, and pulled out her phone. He swiped up, accepting the call, and held it up to her ear as he rubbed his thick pole between the heavy cheeks of her ass.

"Huh...hello?" She said into the phone, trying not to sound out of breath.

"Hey, Ashley," Greg said. "I'm home."

Ashley was confused. Why would Greg be home? He should have been at work for at least two more hours. She was unable to think as Morton continued to slide his meat between her buttocks and breathing heavily in her ear.

"Yeah," she managed to say. "I got stuck at work. Wuh... why are you home so early?"

Morton reached around and was grabbing her breasts, his thick hands smashing them together and rolling them in his palms. She bit her bottom lip to keep from moaning. With his fat cock rubbing against her ass and his hands molding her breasts into a new shape, she couldn't stop the thrill of pleasure from coursing through her.

"I got some good news," he said. "I got the promotion."

"Oh!" Ashley cried out as Morton bit her neck. "Oh my!"

"I know, right?" he said excitedly. "Palmer took me aside tonight and told me."

"That's...that's..." she mumbled. Morton was busily opening her blouse and pulling the fabric down over her shoulders. With a rough yank, he pulled down her bra and exposed her heavy breasts.

As Ashley searched for words, he pushed forward with his pelvis and, with a strong hand on her neck, he pulled her head back until she was bent like a bow.

"That's so good!" she said, and it wasn't because of the promotion. It was Morton's fingers pinching her nipples and his thick cock sliding against her ass.

It didn't matter. Nothing mattered right now except Morton's hands on her breasts and his massive cock just waiting to be inside of her.

"Are you okay?" Greg asked, worried. "You sound like you're out of breath."

"Yeah," she said breathlessly. Morton continued to lick and bite her neck, rubbing her tits and sliding his cock up and down against her. She rubbed her ass against his cock, moving in time with his rhythm. "I...I just had to bring up some from the Archives. They were heavy."

"You should have Morton help you."

She turned her head and looked up at Morton. He grinned at her, and she couldn't help it. She felt a naughty thrill spark inside her belly.

"He is helping," she said. "He's doing most of the heavy lifting himself."

Morton grinned lasciviously, and she heard a low growl in his throat. Her own body responded to the primal sound. She almost yelled into the phone as Morton lifted her body and forced her to stumble across the room.

Morton bent her over the desk and suddenly she was looking at the picture of her honeymoon. Greg was on the phone, but he was also smiling at her from the photo. And Morton was behind her, swabbing the spongy, fat head of his cock against the swollen slit of her pussy.

"So, when are you coming home?" Greg asked.

Ashley looked back at Morton as he worked his cock up her slit, rubbing it across her clit. She wiggled her ass backward and tried to impale herself on Morton's thick pole.

"I...I'm not sure," she said. "I'm not sure how much longer Morton will need me."

Hearing his name on her lips was all the invitation Morton needed. He reached down, gripped his cock, and thrust it deep inside her pussy. Ashley covered her mouth and stared at the picture of Greg smiling as Morton's huge cock split her open.

She held back the cry of pain as he laid waste to her pussy. So fucking big! So much bigger than Greg! Bigger than anyone she'd ever been with. She didn't think she could take it, and just when she was about ready to cry out for him to stop, her pussy suddenly relaxed around Morton's thick pole. She was already wet from her previous orgasm, and when her muscles accepted him, a tremendous wave of pleasure washed over her.

"Oh!" she moaned. She had dropped her hand and quickly covered her mouth.

"I'm sorry, what?" Greg asked.

"Nothing, baby," Ashley said as Morton slid his cock out, then thrust back inside of her. "Nothing, just I'm so happy for you."

"Thank you, baby," Greg said as Morton thrust deep inside of her again and again. Her desk rocked, and the picture of her and Greg trembled in front of her. "Thank you so much for supporting me and working at that stupid job."

"Of course, baby!" Ashley said. "I... I'd do anything for you. You know that."

Morton took that moment to grip her hips, pull her back and slam deep into her pussy. The desk shook, and the picture fell forward on the desk, hiding Greg's face. She held the phone to her chest to muffle the sounds as Morton fucked her hard and fast.

It felt so good to be taken hard by a real cock, by a real man. She moaned and tried to hold back her cries of pleasure so her husband couldn't hear. She reached back and placed a hand on Morton's fat, sweating belly and tried to slow down his frenzied fucking.

Morton calmed his furious thrusts, and Ashley got back on the phone. Her thoughts were a tumultuous storm of shame and lust. Here she was, on the edge of orgasm, while Greg was on the phone! However, the very fact that he *was* on the phone, talking in her ear, made the pleasure all the more intense. She let it build, Morton again picking up the pace until she couldn't hold back any longer.

"Honey, I have to let you go for a little bit," she said, interrupting Greg's account of his promotion. "I'll call you back."

"That's okay. I'll stay on the line," Greg said. "I don't want to stop talking to you yet."

So sweet. Just like Greg. Ashley didn't know what to say. She should stop this right now, but she loved the feel of Morton's cock deep inside of her. She needed to come on that thick flesh. She'd been dreaming about it, masturbating to it. Now she had it, and she didn't want to let it go.

"Okay, baby," She managed to say. "I'm going to put you on hold."

She managed to hit the hold button just as Morton pushed her down onto the desk and began to pound her into the wood.

"Such a sweet husband!" he growled, slamming into her. "He doesn't even know what kind of slut he has for a wife, does he?"

"No!" Ashley cried. "Don't say that! I love him!"

"Sure you do!" Morton grunted and hammered into her even harder, her humiliation fueling his passion. "Show me how much you love him. Cum on my cock, you little slut!"

Morton fell on top of her, his heavy, wet body smashing her against the desk. He was still pounding into her, making the wood creak.

Ashley screamed as her body gave in to her orgasm. She jerked and thrashed on top of the desk. The desk shook, and her and Greg's picture fell

crashing to the floor.

She didn't have time to worry about the picture as another orgasm crashed over her. Her pussy squirted hot juices that filled her pussy and dripped down her thighs. Morton didn't let up. He placed a strong hand on her back and pushed her flat on the desk, his hips thrusting viciously against her. Ashley could barely move, so wiped out by her two orgasms. All she felt was the intense pleasure of being fulfilled for the first time in her young life.

"I'm going to cum, Ashley!" Morton grunted, finally. "I'm going to cum!"

Still reeling from her orgasm, Ashley didn't understand the words at first. Then, suddenly, the reality came crashing down on her.

Morton wasn't wearing a condom. He was going to cum inside of her!

"Please! Don't!" she cried. "Don't come inside me! You'll get me pregnant!"

She didn't think Morton had heard her. He gripped her hips hard slammed into her, and the wet smack of his belly against her ass filled the room. The feel of his cock penetrating her so deeply made her moan again with lust. She put her forehead on the desk.

He's going to cum inside me! she thought. *He's going to cum inside of me, and I can't even stop him!*

At that moment, she didn't even care. He was going to cum inside her, something she'd never even let Greg do. They always had sex with a condom because she did not like how the pill made her feel. And now she was going to let her boss take her pussy in a way her husband never had.

Then, just as she thought Morton was about to unleash his thick load inside of her, he grabbed her shoulders and pulled her roughly to her feet. He turned her around, and she was surprised when he kissed her.

The kiss was deep and passionate, and she returned it with equal hunger. Morton took her hand and guided her to his slick cock.

Then, he pushed her to her knees. Ashley didn't fight it as she was forced to kneel in front of her boss, the fat head of his cock just inches from her lips. Morton picked up the phone and hit the mute button, then handed it to Ashley.

"Are you okay?" Greg asked, worried.

"I'm fine," she murmured, mesmerized by the thick flesh in front of her. She looked up into Morton's face, and he grinned wickedly down at her.

"Mr. Morton just needed me to do something."

"Well, tell him to let you go home," Greg said.

"Oh...okay," Ashley said, barely listening. She reached out and stroked the wet shaft. A drop of precum dripped from the slit. She leaned forward, her husband in one ear, as she licked the drip from the end of Morton's cock. He tasted swampy and salty, but the act gave her a wicked thrill.

Morton moaned, and Ashley found herself responding to his need and jerked his fat cock harder and harder.

"I love you," Greg said.

Ashley bit her bottom lip to suppress the shame she felt. Despite the pain, it didn't stop her from stroking Morton's beautiful cock.

"I love you too, baby," she said, looking Morton directly in his eyes. Her boss groaned loudly. Ashley quickly put the phone against her chest. At that moment, the words of love still lingering on her lips, Morton unleashed a torrent of hot cum across her face. Thick, ropy streams of his jizz splashed over her nose, forehead, and into her open mouth. She shut her eyes as cum spurted into it, gumming her eyelid shut.

Ashley moaned with pleasure, then remembered the phone in her hand. She raised it to her sticky lips.

"I've got to go, baby," she said quickly. "Be home soon."

She hung up the phone without listening for Greg's response, then set it aside as Morton quivered like jelly above her.

"Fuck! That was so hot."

Ashley giggled helplessly. Morton looked down at her, his forehead shiny with sweat. His whole body was sweaty, and he had a musky odor of man that filled Ashley's senses. Without thinking, she moved forward and put his thick cock into her mouth and sucked every last drop of cum onto her tongue and down her throat.

"Fuck! You are such a bad, fucking wife!" Morton laughed.

She groaned. She truly was a bad wife. She thought of Greg sitting at home, the dead phone in his hands, while she knelt in front of her boss, his hot cum all over her face. The shame was a hot poker in her heart, but the thrill of what she had just done drowned out the pain.

She had just had the best sex of her life, and nothing, nothing, was ever going to change that.

9

Morton was a gentleman, even after his orgasm had subsided. He used his wipes to clean her face, even scooping the thick glob of cum out of her eye so she could open it again. Then, he helped her up and kissed her again.

The few times that she had let Greg cum in her mouth, he had no interest in kissing her until she had brushed her teeth.

It didn't seem to bother Morton as he stuck his thick tongue in her mouth. Ashley kissed him back eagerly, rewarding him for giving her so much pleasure.

"That was so good," Morton said. "So very good."

Ashley didn't know whether to say thank you. Instead, she just nodded and smiled as her boss beamed down at her like a happy child.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it was."

Morton raised a hand and brushed back her blonde hair from her forehead.

"Do me a favor?"

"What is it?" Ashley asked, warily. Hadn't she done everything he'd wanted?

"Give Greg a big kiss for me when you get home," Morton grinned.

Ashley couldn't help herself; she let out a giddy laugh. Morton laughed with her and gave her another sticky tongue kiss.

"Yes, sir," she said, feeling the same thrill she had felt when she had been talking to Greg while Morton fucked her. "I will."

"Good girl," he said, but instead of feeling shameful, she felt happy. She *had* been a good girl.

Greg was waiting for her at home. He hadn't cooked, but he had taken time to order food from their favorite Greek restaurant down the street. When she walked into the dining room she saw plates set up with gyro meat, fluffy pita bread, and hummus with a thick pool of olive oil sitting in the middle. Her stomach rumbled from hunger and from the thick deposit of Morton's cum she had swallowed.

Greg gave her a warm smile as she walked through the door, and she smiled back, feeling the familiar stab of guilt. Then, she remembered what Morton had said, and she put her arms around her husband and gave him a very deep, very passionate kiss.

Greg was surprised, but he quickly reciprocated, his tongue slipping into her mouth. If he noticed the taste of Morton still on her tongue, he didn't say anything.

"Wow!" he said. "You're happy."

"I'm just excited for you, baby," Ashley said insincerely. She was proud of her husband, but she had also gotten an enormous thrill when Greg kissed her. The same naughty thrill she'd gotten from fucking her boss. It was so wrong, yet it made her feel so good. "I'm just so proud of you."

"Thank you, baby," Greg said and led her to the table. "Let's eat, and I'll tell you about it."

Ashley found it hard to focus on Greg's words as she dipped the pita bread into the hummus, the thick paste reminding her of Morton's cum. She could still taste him all through dinner. The guilt settled on her heart. This was the moment she had been waiting for, and all she could think about was Morton's thick cock and the way he had fucked her.

So, when Greg eyed her after the second glass of wine, the gleam of lust apparent in his eyes, she jumped at the chance. Perhaps, making love to Greg could banish the thoughts of Morton from her mind.

Ashley stood up, making the decision quickly before she could change her mind. She bent over Greg and gave him a long, lingering kiss.

"I think it's time to celebrate," she said.

She walked slowly to the bedroom as Greg followed like an eager puppy. She began to feel the familiar tingle that she'd felt with Morton. Not the all-consuming lust she'd felt with her boss, but it would do.

Greg was excited, to say the least. He could barely control himself as he ripped off his clothes. Ashley giggled as she watched him struggle to pull off his pants.

When Greg's cock sprang free, she couldn't help but compare him to Morton. Morton's cock was fleshy, thick, and long. Greg's was short and thin and pale. His cock bobbed up and down like a small, white bird, and when he stroked it for her, trying to excite her by his hardness, she had to place a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.

Stop it! She shouted to herself. *This is your husband. Stop laughing at him!*

This thought sobered her up, and she slid her hand down between her legs. She was still sticky and wet from Morton, and she used the memory of her boss to tease her clit into life. Meanwhile, Greg reached into the side

table and pulled out a condom, sheathing his pale cock with the thin layer of latex.

Then, Greg fell on top of her and covered her mouth with wet, sloppy kisses. His cock probed clumsily at her entrance. She moved her hand down, calmed his jerky movements, and slid his cock into her pussy.

So small! She never realized how small and thin Greg was until she had experienced a real cock. Morton's cock. She was loose after being stretched by her thick boss. Greg was so excited he didn't even notice. His ass bounced on top of her, humping her with a frenzy she hadn't seen before.

She tried to slow him down with her hips to no avail. She tilted her pelvis, angling her pussy upward to get enough friction so she could feel pleasure. She knew right away; it wasn't going to happen. Greg was too excited, too wrapped up in his lust. And he was too small. He couldn't fill her up the way Morton had, and she was afraid she might never be able to experience pleasure with her husband again.

She pushed down those thoughts and instead focused on giving Greg his orgasm. She sped up her hips murmuring in his ear.

"That's it, baby!" she hissed in his ear. "That's it, fuck me good!"

Greg responded to her words and humped her even harder. She suppressed the tears of frustration. She could feel nothing. Still, she could make her husband happy, and, truth be told, she just wanted to get this over with.

She bucked harder upward, meeting Greg's frenzied thrusts with quick jerks of her hips. She began to moan, like she enjoyed it, like she was fucking Morton and feeling that lovely feeling of being filled to the brim with pumping flesh. Greg was panting hard as she continued to fake her orgasm, working herself up into a frenzy until finally, she was screaming.

"Yes! Just like that, baby! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

She cried out and jerked on the bed like she was in the throes of a powerful climax. Her cries were all Greg needed. His manhood soothed by her pleasure, he pumped once, twice, then groaned as he shot his load into his condom.

She held his quivering body against her as he groaned in her ear and emptied the last drops of seed into the protective tip of the condom. She stroked the back of his neck, blowing gently on his forehead to cool his sweaty brow.

After a while, he leaned up on his elbows and looked down at her, his face full of love.

"You were really excited, huh?" He said. "I've never heard you so excited before."

Ashley forced a smile on her face. Perhaps she had overacted a little bit, but Greg was none the wiser.

"It's just been a long time," she said. "I missed you."

Greg kissed her happily, then holding the condom on his cock, he pulled out of her. She saw the thin rubber was filled with Greg's wasted seed. Greg grabbed a tissue from the side of the bed, pulled the condom off, and threw his spent lust into the trash.

"You want anything to drink?" he asked. Greg was always very solicitous after sex.

"Just water," she said.

"Sure," Greg said and kissed her forehead. "I love you, Ashley."

"I love you, too," Ashley said, the guilt piercing her heart.

Greg padded naked to the kitchen and Ashley rolled over in bed, feeling tired and frustrated. Sex with her husband hadn't been enough, and she wondered if Morton had truly ruined her.

Maybe Morton had ruined her. At the moment, she didn't care. All she knew was that she was looking forward to going back to work for the first time.

10

Greg was surprised when Ashley had to work late every night for the next two weeks. He couldn't understand why she still worked at Morton's when his new promotion had started.

Ashley told him until they actually decided to start a family, she could continue working there and they could save the extra money. Greg agreed, but he was still disappointed when Ashley came home exhausted from work and unable to have sex.

Of course, the real reason Ashley was exhausted was that Morton was constantly fucking her. After hours, in his office, bent over dusty files in the Archives, or on top of her desk while she looked at the picture of her and Greg on their honeymoon. Morton would hammer into her and make her cum again and again while she looked at the happy face of the woman in the picture. She didn't even know who that person was anymore.

How could she have thought she had been fulfilled?

And every time Morton fucked her, he would pull her to her knees and unleash a torrent of hot cum on her face. She had become used to the smell of his seed and the swampy taste of him filling her mouth. And every night, she would kiss her husband with the taste of Morton still on her tongue. It gave her a thrill when Greg kissed her with her boss's cum on her lips.

It wasn't that she didn't love Greg. She did. She loved that he loved her more than anything, and even though she was too tired for sex, he still adored and needed her. And she needed him. In her heart, she knew that Morton wasn't a good man, but he could fulfill her sexually. Greg, on the other hand, could fulfill her emotionally.

Still, Ashley knew it couldn't go on. Eventually, she would have to quit her job and begin her life with Greg. And that meant leaving Morton for good.

So, she waited until the night of her first anniversary. Greg had booked a reservation at their favorite restaurant, and they were both very excited to go out.

It was the perfect time to tell Morton.

Ashley waited at her desk, feeling a sense of loss as the rest of the office filed out the door. Finally, when she was sure everybody had left, she got up and walked into Morton's office.

Morton beamed up at her when she walked into the room. He immediately pushed away from the desk.

"Ashley! I've been waiting for this all day!"

"I need to talk to you," Ashley said.

They had hardly ever talked during the last few weeks. Sure, they had discussed the business, and there were her cries and verbal ejaculations when she was being fucked. But they never actually *talked*.

Morton frowned.

"Sounds serious," he said.

"Greg's asking a lot of questions about why I'm still working here."

"I thought he liked the money," Morton said. "Do you want more money?"

Ashley was confused. Was he really offering to pay her more to stay?

"No, I mean, yes, more money would be great!" She shook her head, trying to get back to her point. "That's not what I mean."

Morton stood up and crossed to her.

"Tell me exactly what you need," Morton said.

"I have to quit," she said in a rush. "That's the deal I made with my husband. When he got his promotion, I would quit working and start a family."

Morton stepped closer, close enough that she could smell the sweat of his body. The smell of him made her heart beat faster.

"So," Morton said, gripping her hand and sliding it over the bulge in his pants. "Are you telling me this is the last time?"

"No!" she moaned but didn't take her hand off his throbbing crotch. "I can't do this. It's my anniversary!"

"Really? I had no idea!"

Morton grinned, and Ashley knew he was teasing her. Of course, he knew about her anniversary. He followed her on Facebook.

"I have to go," she said, but her hand stayed on his crotch and rubbed up and down. She could feel him, hard and ready for her, just like he always was.

"But, I want to give you a gift," he said. "For being such a good employee. Besides..."

He gripped her roughly by the shoulders and pulled her into a hard, hot kiss. Ashley struggled for just a moment, then allowed his tongue to

penetrate her mouth, and she sucked on it, her hand furiously stroking his cock through his pants.

"If this is the last time, let's make it special."

He broke away from her, his arms falling to his side. It was all up to her now. She could turn and walk out that door and never see him again. That would be the right thing to do. That's what a good wife would do.

I'm a bad wife, Ashley thought as she slowly sank to her knees in front of her boss. *I'm such a bad wife*.

Morton unbuckled his belt and slid his pants down over his wide bottom, revealing his thick, beautiful cock.

"Better call your husband," Morton said with a grin.

"Yes, sir," Ashley nodded and pulled out her phone.

11

"Ashley?" Greg asked. "Where are you? We need to get to the restaurant."

"Sorry, baby!" Ashley said. "Something just came up!"

Morton laughed as Ashley stroked his thick cock. Ashley gave him a shushing pout with her lips.

"But it's our anniversary!" Greg's voice was very close to a whine.

"I'm really sorry, honey! Can you call and try to get a later reservation?"

"How late?" Greg asked petulantly.

Ashley lifted Morton's heavy shaft and rubbed her lips against the belly of his cock. She trailed a long lick up to the head. Morton groaned with pleasure.

"I don't know, baby," Ashley said, Morton's cock resting against her cheek. "It could be a while."

"Fine," Greg sighed.

"Thank you, baby," Ashley said and gave the end of Morton's cock a wet kiss. "See you soon."

She ended the call and put the phone on the floor. Morton growled in appreciation.

"You are such a bad, little wife!"

"Only for you, Mr. Morton!" Ashley moaned, using both hands to stroke Morton's monster. "Only for you."

"Show me," Morton grunted and bumped the spongy head of his cock over against her lips. "Show me how bad a wife you really are."

Ashley grinned and opened her lips. Morton slid his cock deep into her mouth. She felt his pulse throbbing on her tongue, his cock filling her so full she couldn't breathe.

She gagged on his hot flesh and her mouth filled with spit that dribbled out of her mouth and onto her breasts. She worked her lips eagerly on his pulsating shaft, enjoying the taste and smell of him. Her eager sucking was not enough, and Morton gripped her head and began fucking her mouth mercilessly, punishing her with pounding thrusts of his cock.

Just as suddenly, her boss pulled back. Ashley gasped for air, her chin slick with drool. Morton looked down at her and hissed.

"You like that cock?"

"Yes!" Ashley moaned. "I love it!"

"More than your husband's cock?"

Ashley felt a sharp pang of guilt, but it was blunted by the need for Morton's body.

"Yes!" she said. "Yes! It's so much better than Greg's!"

Morton grunted approval. He reached down and gripped Ashley by the shoulders and hauled her to her feet.

Ashley moaned as Morton kissed her. He tore open her blouse, revealing her heavy breasts, then buried his face in her tits, sucking, licking, and biting. His hunger made Ashley even more excited as he pulled down her bra and sucked on her round, hard nipples.

Unable to hold back his lust any longer, Morton threw Ashley down over his desk. He forced her skirt up over her ass, and, with one quick yank, he tore off her panties.

"You want this cock, Ashley?" Morgan hissed at her as he swabbed the thick head across her swollen slit. "Tell me you want it, slut!"

"Yes!" she moaned pitifully, wriggling her round ass and trying to find his thick pole. "Yes, I want it!"

Her submission complete, Morton grabbed Ashley around her waist and pulled her back while he thrust at the same time. Ashley screamed and gripped the edge of his desk, knocking aside pencils, paper, and a keyboard. Morton fucked her mercilessly, his long cock stabbing deep into her helpless flesh. Her heavy breasts bounced back and forth, moving in rhythm to the wet smacks of his stomach against her ass.

"Yes, baby! Yes!" she cried as the intense lust thrust her over the edge into orgasm. "Yes!"

The tremors of her climax still echoing through her body, Morton pulled her to her feet. With one arm wrapped around her chest, he kissed her again, deep hard, and rough.

"Who's better?" he growled. "Who's better, me or your husband?"

"You are!" Ashley cried out without thought or hesitation. "You are so much better than my husband!"

"Good, girl," Morton murmured, and Ashley felt a warm glow inside at his praise. "Now, I'm going to cum inside your pussy. I want to give you a gift on your anniversary."

"Oh, God!" she cried. The mere thought of Morton coming inside of her, making her pregnant, was so wrong and yet made her even more

excited. Her whole body clenched around his invading flesh as he threw her back to the desk and began to pound her even harder into the wood.

There were no thoughts of Greg, of their marriage, of their love. Her husband had been burned from her mind by Morton's hot flesh. All she could think about was her orgasm building to something more powerful than she had ever experienced.

Morton grunted like an animal behind her. His voice was raspy with exertion.

"Tell me you want it, Ashley!" Morton commanded.

"Whatever you want, baby!" Ashley moaned. "Please, fill me up with your cum!"

"You want me to get you pregnant, slut?" Morton huffed. "Give you a little gift on your anniversary?"

"Yes! Yes, I want it! Please!"

Morton couldn't hold back the pressure any longer. With a loud, animal howl, he slammed his thick cock deep inside of her. Ashley screamed as the biggest orgasm of her life rocketed through her, making sparks burst across her vision. Her whole body jerked and twitched on the desk as Morton buried the length of his weapon deep inside of her, holding himself tight against her body as he filled her with his hot seed. Ashley felt a deep warmth in her belly as she thought of Morton's thick cum coating her womb and finding her defenseless eggs waiting to be taken.

Finally, Morton pulled out of her, leaving Ashley exhausted and weak. She felt the hot cum dripping down her legs, so much thick seed that she couldn't hold it all in.

Morton pulled her up again and gave her another deep kiss, which she gratefully returned.

"Remember to have hubby wear a condom tonight when he fucks you," Morton said. "And remember who fucked you on your anniversary."

Ashley nodded, a slow, satisfied smile spreading across her lips. In her current state, she would do anything Morton asked.

"Yes, sir," she said softly as she nibbled Morton's chin. "Whatever you say."

Epilogue

1 year later.

The office hadn't changed much in the year since Ashley left. Most of the employees still left on time and, by the time she slipped into the office, there was only one light on. Morton's.

With a little thrill, she knocked on the door.

"Yes?" Morton's gruff voice came through the door.

Ashley stepped into the office, and Morton's mouth opened in shock.

"Ashley?" Morton said and got up from his chair. "What are you doing here?"

"Just thought I'd visit."

Morton's eyes greedily took in her body. She'd decide to wear one of her older dresses, one that was tight even before she'd had the baby. Her lush curves were practically bursting from the fabric.

Morton held out a chair solicitously, sitting on the edge of his desk.

"Visiting, hm?" he asked, peering down her dress at the large cleft between her breasts. "Does Greg know?"

"Actually, he's taking care of the baby," Ashley said and held out her phone. On the screen was their happy family. Greg smiling cluelessly, holding a chubby, blonde boy while Ashley smiled knowingly at the camera.

"Nice looking boy," Morton said.

Ashley laughed.

"I know," she said. "He looks just like his father."

They stared at each other a moment, and Morton understood

"Yes, he does."

Morton stepped forward, his crotch level with Ashley's face.

"Why did you really come here?"

"Why, to ask for a job, of course!" She reached forward and rubbed Morton's cock through his pants. "I've decided I really do want it all."

"And Greg?" Morton asked. "What does your husband think?"

"Oh, he'll come around. Eventually."

Ashley reached up and pulled her dress down over her shoulders, revealing her huge breasts barely constrained by her lacy black bra. "After all, he just wants me to be happy."

Morton snorted, unbuckled his pants, and lifted out the heavy cock Ashley had been dreaming of for months.

"Better call your husband," Morton grinned. "We have a lot of work to catch up on."

Ashley smiled happily and took out her phone.

"Whatever you say, sir," she said and punched the button to call Greg. She needed to tell him she would be working late.

Again.

The End

Illicit Investigations

Mitch

"Oh, it's amazing!"

Mitch looked at Heather and grinned. Her wide, blue eyes gazed at the interior of The Ivory restaurant with startled innocence. The floors were gleaming ivory marble veined with gold, giving the place a glamorous feel. Green vines grew over the high arched windows. It was midday in the city, but even now the place was full. It was always full, according to the very condescending host he had spoken to on the phone. It was only because he knew a major investor in the restaurant that they were able to get in. It was almost worth talking to that bastard Chaz again just to see the look on Heather's face.

Almost.

"Holy shit!" Heather said, then her pale skin reddened and she clapped a hand over her mouth as the hostess gave her a slight frown. "Sorry, but is that... is that Dalton Thorne?"

Mitch looked across the crowded restaurant and saw a man in a torn denim jacket and ripped jeans. He looked completely out of place among the well-dressed customers and yet everyone gave his table a wide berth, trying their best not to look, yet unable to keep their eyes off him. It was hard to believe this was the same man who had won an Oscar last year, but there he was, alive and in-person.

"I take it you're new in town?" The hostess gave Heather a cruel smile and looked his fiancée up and down with a raised, perfectly shaped eyebrow.

Heather had on her nicest dress. It had white, spaghetti straps that hung low enough to compliment her large, round breasts. The skirt flared out at her waist, doing little to accentuate the curve of her hips and what Mitch knew was a tight, round bottom. The best feature of the dress was the hem which was high enough to show off her strong calves, a legacy of her days of dance classes before, as Heather put it, 'my boobs got too big'.

In short, she was a knockout, but in LA, the land of movie stars and models, everyone was a knockout. That didn't matter to Mitch. To him, Heather was always the prettiest woman in any room.

Heather didn't believe it, however. She blushed and touched her blonde hair, then shrank back against him as if she wanted to hide.

After a thorough look, the hostess checked their names on the list, evidently making sure they were who they said they were. Mitch bristled and was about to say something when he heard a voice from his past speak from behind him.

"Is there a problem, Sarah?"

The voice was a rich baritone and, even though it had been almost ten years since he'd last heard it, Mitch felt the anger and the shame deep in his gut.

A tall, handsome man stepped out from the crowd. He was wearing a tailored, cream colored suit. Under the light jacket he had on a crisp white shirt left unbuttoned to show the tan skin underneath. When he grinned, his teeth were white, gleaming, and perfectly straight.

Chaz Wilder was still as good looking as he had been in college. In fact, age and the California sun made him even more handsome, which made the anger in Mitch's gut writhe and twist. However, he managed to keep a smile on his face as Chaz stepped forward.

Chaz was taller than Mitch and always had a habit of standing too close so he could look down at the shorter, broader man. Mitch had gotten used to the look when they had roomed together at college, but the maneuver never failed to irk him.

"Mitch!" he said. "Good to see you!"

Mitch went in for a handshake, but that wasn't Hollywood enough for Chaz. The taller man hugged him and Mitch got a whiff of his expensive aftershave. Then, Chaz let him go and turned his attention to Heather.

"You must be Heather!" Chaz gave her a winning smile and hugged her, then kissed her cheek.

"My God!" Chaz said in his smooth, rich voice. "You are gorgeous!"

"Oh! Thank you!" Heather laughed as Chaz held her at arm's length to get a good look at her.

Mitch felt the anger tighten his guts. Heather was taller than Mitch, even in flats, but Chaz was taller than them both. He looked down at Heather and for a moment Mitch was stunned by how beautiful they looked together, like a matched set of golden deities descended to earth.

"You look familiar," Chaz said. "Are you a model?"

Mitch felt the muscles of his neck tighten and his fists clench as Heather giggled and her hand fluttered to her chest.

"What? No!" she said.

"An actress, then?" Chaz grinned. Heather hesitated and Chaz laughed. "I knew it!"

Mitch had had enough. He felt the old anger returning in all its cold fury. He suddenly didn't care about the plan or his new job. All he wanted to do was cave in that pretty face.

He might have too, if Heather hadn't come to his side and took his hand in her warm grip. Her touch soothed him as she cozied up to his side, pressing his anger down to a small, hard pit in his stomach.

"No," she said. "I did some plays in high school and community college, but nothing serious."

"Well, you look like an actress to me," Chaz said, then motioned to the hostess, who had been watching the scene in silent professionalism. She nodded, then gave Mitch and Heather a warm smile.

Everyone in LA is an actress! Mitch thought ruefully.

"I'll seat them in Joe's section," Chaz said to the hostess. "Tell Joe to get them the Frank Family Patriarch."

Sarah looked like she wanted to say something else, but Chaz was already leading them into the crowd. Mitch felt his irritation grow. He had known when he'd called his old roommate that he would have to see him and make nice, but he never thought he would intrude upon their lunch.

Even though Heather held on to his hand tightly, she listened to Chaz talk with rapt attention as he gestured around the restaurant.

"So, I invested in this place a few years ago, along with some other restaurants," Chaz said.

"It looks wonderful!" she said as they passed Dalton Thorne's table. Heather tried her best not to stare, but Chaz stopped and grinned down at the man.

"Dalton! Nobody told me you were here!" Chaz said and, to Mitch's surprise, Dalton Thorne stood up and gave Chaz a warm hug.

"I'm trying to be incognito," Dalton whispered conspiratorially and gave the young couple a wink. "Keep it down."

Up close, Dalton Thorne looked more like his actual age than he did on the big screen. He'd been a star in the 80's, evolving from teen heartthrob into a leading man. Now, pushing sixty, the lines around the eyes were deep and his skin had taken on an aged leather complexion, a combination of too much smoke and too much sun. Plus, to Mitch's surprise, he was shorter than him and Heather.

"And who is this lovely couple?" Dalton smiled. When he smiled, everything else went away, like dark clouds underneath the hot sun. His smile made him look every inch the handsome, charismatic movie star.

"This is Mitch Thomas and his beautiful fiancée, Heather Lang," Chaz said.

Dalton stepped forward and gave Mitch a strong handshake.

"A pleasure, Mitch," he said and Mitch found it odd to be eye level with the actor's forehead. The rumor that he had to stand on a box in the movies must be true.

Dalton ignored Mitch's stare and turned his charm on Heather.

"Oh, my dear, your beauty is so refreshing!"

Heather giggled and Dalton grasped both of her hands.

"Oh my God!" Heather gushed, unable to contain herself. "I... I love all of your movies!"

The older man gave her a humble nod, a move that seemed both natural and well-practiced.

"I do my best, my dear," he said. "I do my best."

"Keep an eye on this one," Chaz said and put a hand on Heather's bare shoulder.

Dalton raised a very expressive eyebrow and stared into Heather's eyes.

"Really? Are you an actress?"

"No, not really," Heather blushed a deep red and again slid closer to Mitch who put a protective arm around her, surreptitiously pulling her from Chaz's grip.

Mitch felt trapped in this expensive restaurant, his fiancée the object of attention of a man he hated and a famous actor. All he wanted to do was pull Heather away, go back to their tiny two bedroom, and hide.

"Well, I'll be sure and remember the name," Dalton said and nodded at Mitch. "And the face."

Dalton shook Chaz's hand and, just like that, the audience was over. Chaz led the couple to a well-lit table with a good view of the restaurant. Chaz, playing the gentleman, pulled out Heather's seat. Mitch sat down opposite Heather and Chaz stood between them as if he was a casually dressed waiter.

"So," Chaz said. "What are you doing in LA?"

Mitch had been waiting for this question and relished the moment.

"I'm working for the LAPD," he said. "In the Organized Crime Division."

He stared hard at Chaz's face waiting for any hint of reaction from his old roommate. There was none, not a blink or change in that damn smile.

"Really? Holy shit!" Chaz said and heads turned to look at them. Chaz ignored them. "Are you serious?"

"Deadly," Mitch said, keeping his face set in a grim mask.

Chaz laughed as if this was the best joke he'd ever heard.

"How in the hell did you get roped into that?" Chaz said and Mitch was surprised by the question.

"What do you mean?" Heather asked and squeezed Mitch's hand. "This is a big step up for Mitch!"

"Sure, sure," Chaz said. "Things probably get a little slow in Seattle..."

"Portland," Mitch said, even though that wasn't the real truth.

"Right, even better," Chaz said, snapping his fingers. "But LA? Man, that's a big step."

"You think so?" Mitch asked, his voice low and angry.

Chaz caught the and held his hands up in surrender.

"Hey, I meant no disrespect!" Chaz said. "It's just that the incident rate for police officers in Los Angeles is higher than the rest of the country. I doubt being an investigator in the organized crime division is going to be much better."

"Oh my!" Heather said and looked at Mitch. "It's not going to be dangerous is it?"

"No, honey," Mitch said. "Chaz is just joking. Right, Chaz?"

Chaz paused for a moment then grinned.

"Of course," he said. "Of course! I'm just joking, Heather. He'll be fine."

He looked at Mitch and he thought he saw an icy glint in Chaz's eyes, the only sign that he might be worried. Of course, that could have been wishful thinking.

"Well," Chaz said standing up. "I'll leave you two alone. If there's anything you need while you're in the city, just let me know."

Mitch felt some of the tension leave his shoulders and neck as Chaz turned to leave, but was surprised when Heather stopped him.

"Wait, Chaz!" Heather said, reached out, and touched the sleeve of his tailored suit. "You wouldn't happen to know a good beach, would you? Not too crowded?"

Chaz smiled down at Heather's hand. She realized she was touching him and moved back to Mitch.

"Of course," he said. "I actually know of a nice little private beach you might enjoy."

Chaz reached into the breast pocket of his suit and pulled out a small, gray card. He handed it to Heather.

Mitch looked down at the charcoal surface of the card. In red embossed letters on the front was the name Chaz Wilder and underneath it was his phone number.

"Really?" Mitch asked. "A business card?"

"What can I say?" Chaz shrugged. "I'm old-fashioned."

"It doesn't even have a title."

"Out here you don't need one," Chaz said and winked at Heather. "Out here you can be anybody or anything you want to be."

"I think it's classy," Heather said and before Mitch could say anything she slid the card into her purse. "Thank you, Chaz."

"My pleasure," Chaz said and stood up to his full height. "If there's anything I can do, don't hesitate to call."

With a nod to Mitch, Chaz left the couple to eat their lunch. Mitch looked at his fiancée's glowing face and tried to enjoy her happiness, but the anger and jealousy wouldn't go away.

Despite the warm California sunshine streaming in through the windows, Mitch felt cold.

Mitch

The cold feeling lingered after lunch as Mitch drove them to their small two bedroom house. Traffic was ridiculous and the sprawling city of LA made very little sense to him. There was no planning for the city's roadways, evidence that LA had grown too fast and the streets had been grown like weeds, twisting through the diverse neighborhoods. It gave Mitch plenty of time to think about Chaz and the old feelings he had suppressed.

"Why wouldn't you let Chaz pay for lunch?" Heather asked and Mitch gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles white.

It had been the final insult to the afternoon. Their server had come back and told them that Chaz had picked up the check. Mitch refused, the anger that he had been carrying around for ten years gnawing at his guts. Chaz must have left, because rather than fight, the server had given them the check. It didn't help that lunch had been over Seven hundred dollars.

Seven hundred dollars? For what? A fancy hamburger, pasta and a bottle of wine?

"I couldn't," Mitch said through gritted teeth. "I'm a police officer, Heather. I can't just take free food."

"Oh, come on!" Heather laughed. "You haven't even started yet. Besides, it's not like Chaz is the kind of guy that needs to bribe you."

"You don't even know what kind of guy he is," Mitch said before he could stop himself.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Mitch took a deep breath. He'd already said too much.

"Nothing," he said. "I just know Chaz. He's not as nice as he seems."

It had been a mistake to go to lunch at Chaz's restaurant. Not only had it dredged up old jealousies, but it was also dangerous, especially considering what Mitch had been hired to do. He had a remarkable intuition for bringing down drug dealers in Riverton and his gut, when it wasn't twisted up with jealousy and anger, was telling him that Chaz was rotten to the core. Now that he was here, he just had to prove it.

"What happened between you two anyway?" Heather asked the question Mitch had been dreading.

"What do you mean?" Mitch asked.

"Come on, Mitch," she said and took his hand. "I could feel the tension. What happened between you two?"

"Nothing," he said, but inside he was screaming.

Everything! He took everything!

Mitch felt the jealousy and anger swirl in his stomach as he remembered that day ten years ago. It had been warm and bright, the rainy days of April blending into the hot sunshine of a beautiful Iowa May. Mitch was coming back from the law library where he had been cramming for the bar exam. His mind was so filled with legal definitions, court cases, and precedents that he didn't notice the sounds coming from behind the door of his apartment until it was too late.

He'd shared a two bedroom apartment with Chaz since they were undergrads. He'd been planning on moving out in the fall, after he passed the bar, to move in with his girlfriend, Tina. His future was bright as he walked into the living room of the small apartment, but all thoughts of happiness evaporated when he heard a voice screaming from Chaz's bedroom.

"Yes, Chazzy baby! Fuck that pussy! Fuck it!"

At first, he didn't recognize the voice. He had never heard anyone scream with such hunger. Then, he saw Tina's purse and cell phone on the couch and a horrible tightness gripped his chest.

Chaz's door was open and he felt the fear stab his heart as he stumbled to the door.

In Chaz's bedroom, her legs stretched backwards until her feet were on either side of her head, was his girlfriend. Tina's auburn hair was drenched with sweat, her body glistening as if she'd been fucking for hours. Chaz was on top of her, his hand pressing down on her thighs, bending his beautiful girlfriend in half as he hammered into her upturned pussy with long, hard strokes of his thick cock.

They were so engrossed in their lovemaking they didn't see him in the doorway. Mitch, shorter than Chaz but broader and stronger, rushed him. He threw his heavier body against Chaz and drove him to the floor. He was screaming curses as his fists hammered into Chaz's pretty face. He barely felt Tina's hands on his shoulder, trying to pull him off.

Finally, Tina grabbed his arm, using her naked weight to slow his blows. He stopped, his chest heaving. Chaz was moaning on the ground, his nose smashed and his face a mess.

Tina knelt beside Chaz, cradling his head in her lap. She murmured lovingly to him as the bastard groaned in pain.

His anger spent, Mitch got up and looked down at the couple. All that was left was shame and confusion.

Tina looked up at him, her tear-stained face filled with anger.

"You didn't have to hit him, you bastard!" she hissed so vehemently that Mitch took a step back.

"What?" he said. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

But Tina had had enough. She glared daggers at him, her mouth turned up into a snarl like a mother wolf protecting her cub.

"Get the fuck out of here!" she cried. "Just get out!"

Mitch stood for a moment, confused by the scene. His mind whirling, he turned to walk out of the room.

When he got to the door he turned back, his girlfriend, the woman he had given his heart to, was cooing to Chaz and stroking his hair.

Mitch would never forget Chaz looking at him, smiling at Mitch through his swollen, bloody lips.

Mitch had lost all confidence. He'd begun drinking and skipped the bar exam. In fact, he skipped everything. He left school and bounced around from college to college, finally ending up at the Oregon Police Academy and, after a few years in uniform, became a detective in the small suburb of Riverton.

The police force had given him back his confidence and a new sense of his place in the world. That's when he had met Heather, working in a small cafe. She was too gorgeous to be stuck in a small town like Riverton. When she smiled, she was a bright ray of sunshine cutting through the long period of his darkness.

The past came back to him in all its devastating horror as he tried to focus on the car in front of him.

How could he tell her what had happened? How could he explain to her the pain he had felt?

"Nothing," he said, and gave Heather a reassuring smile. "We just grew apart, that's all."

Heather smiled back, but he saw the concern in her eyes. He refused to tell her anymore for fear of the whole truth. The real reason they had moved to LA wasn't for the promotion, or because Heather had always wanted to get out of Oregon.

No. The real reason was much more personal.

Mitch was going to destroy Chaz's life the way Chaz had destroyed his so many years ago.

Heather

Heather didn't think Mitch was lying, but he wasn't telling her the whole truth. She was used to Mitch shutting down about his past, which was why she'd been so surprised when he had told her his old roommate lived in LA. Not only that, but he was part owner in one of the city's most exclusive restaurants.

Now, however, it seemed like there was more to the story and Mitch didn't want to talk about it. She couldn't imagine what had happened. Chaz seemed so nice and sophisticated, not at all the kind of person who would make someone like Mitch angry.

Thinking about the tall, handsome businessman, Heather found it hard to believe that he and Mitch had actually been roommates. She loved her husband, but he was a straightforward, blue collar guy. He just didn't travel in the same circles as Chaz Wilder. Honestly, they weren't even in the same stratosphere.

That's what made Mitch's silence so frustrating. She wanted to know more about Chaz and Mitch's history and her husband wasn't going to give her any details.

"You sure you don't want to talk about it?" Heather said and took a different tack.

She slid her hand over Mitch's thigh and leaned forward, allowing her fiancé a generous view of the deep cleft between her bountiful breasts. She had seen Chaz looking and had felt the warmth of his attentive gaze between her legs. Even now, she was still riding high from the expensive lunch, the expensive wine, and her first brush with the rich and famous. She was giddy with it and she wanted to share that happiness with her future husband.

"What are you doing?" Mitch said and glanced at her, his eyes falling to her breasts. She smiled when she saw his tongue involuntarily lick his lips.

"You're upset," she pouted, overacting the part of the doting girlfriend. Mitch saw through it, but that didn't stop him from enjoying the teasing. "I just want to make you feel better."

She slid her hand down between his legs and her mouth curved up into a wicked smile as she felt his cock hardening under the fingers. She'd used

her sensuality in the past to calm Mitch's tense moods. Perhaps it might work this time, too.

"Stop, Heather!" he said, but his tone was unconvincing as she continued to stroke him through his pants.

"You don't really want me to stop," she giggled, enjoying the power she had over her fiancé.

She brought her other hand down and unbuttoned his pants, trying to free his cock. Mitch moaned as she lowered her mouth to his crotch, kissing the tip of his penis through the cotton of his boxers.

Mitch took his eyes off the road for just a second as she dug into his pants and grabbed his hot flesh.

"Shit!" Mitch suddenly cursed and there was a squeak as he slammed on the brakes.

Heather was thrown forward, her hand clenching his cock in one hand as her head hit the steering wheel. Mitch hissed in pain, wiggling away from her fist and pushing her back into her seat.

"What the hell are you doing?" he hissed. "You could get us killed!"

Heather looked around, suddenly embarrassed. The driver of the car in front of them was waving a fist, while the woman in the SUV was laying on her horn, obviously cursing them out in front of a scared looking teen in the front seat.

"I'm sorry," Heather said, slumping back into her seat. "I was just trying to relax you."

"Jesus!" Mitch huffed and stuffed himself back into his jeans. "This isn't the time for that!"

Heather sat back in the chair, realizing that instead of helping, she had made the situation worse. Not only was Mitch more angry than before, there was no way he was going to tell her about Chaz or their past.

As Mitch settled himself back into his seat and began driving in the stop and go traffic, Heather let her mind drift to the tall, elegant man she had met that afternoon. She fiddled with her purse, thinking about the charcoal gray card inside of her purse.

Perhaps she should call him and ask him about the beach. She told herself that she only wanted to see the ocean and enjoy the California sun, but she felt a twinge between her legs when she remembered Chaz's white smile and his cool, blue eyes.

She looked at Mitch, wondering if she should ask him about calling Chaz, but the grim set of his jaw kept her silent.

It's only directions to the beach, she told herself. It's not like Chaz will even be there!

Heather

It took Heather three days to summon up the nerve to actually call Chaz. At least part of her reluctance was due to Mitch's obvious anger towards his old roommate, but that wasn't the only thing holding her back. She felt like a nervous school girl calling a boy she liked for the first time. Chaz was so handsome and sophisticated, what if he was only humoring her? Worse, what if he didn't even remember her? After all, Chaz must meet models and actresses all the time, women much more beautiful and elegant than her.

It was silly, of course. She was going to be married to Mitch soon, so getting dewy-eyed over Chaz was not an option. She convinced herself it was harmless fun, a way to feel the excitement of calling a hot guy without the actual fear of being rejected. It was a nice little fantasy to think that Chaz might find her attractive but, in the end, all she really wanted was to spend time on the beach, soaking up the California sun.

She was shocked when Chaz answered the phone on the first ring.

"Heather!" he said happily. "I was wondering when you'd call!"

"Chaz? This is Heather!" she said before suddenly realizing that he already knew that. "Oh... um... I mean..."

She felt her cheeks burning as she stumbled over her words, but Chaz was a gentleman.

"It's fine!" Chaz laughed. "I've only given this number out to a few people and this was the only number I didn't have a contact for. Process of elimination!"

Heather was struggling to catch up. He only gave this number to a few people? And he was expecting her call? Her heart skipped a beat.

"Heather?" Chaz said. "You still there?"

Heather swallowed and made herself to take a deep breath, forcing the swirling butterflies in her stomach into stillness.

"Yes," she said, doing an admirable job of sounding bright and cheery. "You just surprised me!"

"I'm sorry," Chaz chuckled. "I'm not a stalker or anything, I promise. I was just happy that you called."

"Aw, that's so nice!" Heather said. The embarrassment had eased, replaced by a warm feeling in her chest. "You're very sweet!"

"So, to what do I owe the pleasure of this phone call?"

Heather smiled, even though she knew Chaz couldn't see her. What a charmer!

"Well, I was thinking of going to the beach you told me about?"

"You mean you haven't been to the beach yet?" Chaz asked. "What is wrong with Mitch? Doesn't he want to see you in your swimsuit?"

"Stop!" Heather laughed. "It's not that! We've been getting settled and he's just started work, so we've been too busy."

"And is he working now?" Chaz asked in a low voice.

"Yes," she said and her breathing got faster. "Does that make a difference?"

"Of course it does," Chaz said. "Now I get you all to myself!"

She had to stifle a giggle. She was pretty sure Mitch wouldn't like the way Chaz was flirting with her.

"You're going to be there?" she asked. "I thought you were just going to give me directions."

"Have you driven around in LA before?"

She laughed.

"Are you kidding? I get lost in Portland. I was going to order a Lyft."

"Nonsense," Chaz said. "Let me send my car to pick you up. You'll be a lot more comfortable."

Mitch

"So, Mitch. What do you know about Armenians?"

Lieutenant Danvers Carew sat across the table from Mitch, his bushy gray eyebrows bent shrewdly together and took on the rough shape of a gray caterpillar. Still, the gray hair and the unkempt brows did not diminish the Lieutenant's dark-eyed stare as he looked Mitch up and down. This was a man who missed nothing.

Mitch cleared his throat and looked at the wall behind him. It was covered in black and white photos, some mugshots, and some blurry photos of men in black and white suits talking with hands over their mouths, an obvious attempt to keep anyone watching from reading their lips.

The photos were connected by red lines running down the wall like a thin trail of blood. That's what this was, really, a trail of blood that led all the way to the top picture. A heavy-set man with a thick brow scowled down at Mitch.

"Hayk 'Father' Petrosyan, probably not his real name, has been leading the Armenian Fist since he was fifteen. He gathered the loose Armenian gangs and carved out a little piece of territory. They became pretty big in the '90s until they ran afoul of the Mexican mafia. Hayk negotiated a peace between the groups and now they're part of the Mexican gangs."

"Great!" Carew said and leaned forward. "That's the internet version. What can you tell me about them?"

Mitch looked at his new boss for a moment, then turned back to the board. Placed off to the side of the photos was a picture he knew all too well. Chaz Wilder, smiling broadly at the camera, a young model on his arm. Mitch felt the familiar anger burn a hole in his stomach, but he kept his face passive.

"We broke up a small drug ring in Portland," He didn't bother to tell Carew that the arrests were actually in Riverton, a Portland suburb. "The drugs were being brought in by a small production company, which scouted locations in the Northwest for various outfits in LA."

He turned back to his boss and smiled grimly.

"The company was owned by Chaz Wilder, but the drug guys have ties to the Armenians. More specifically, Hayk Petrosyan."

"So, you think Wilder is part of the group?"

Mitch motioned to the board.

"And so do you," he said. "Otherwise his picture wouldn't be up there and I wouldn't be sitting here."

Carew sat back in his chair and the caterpillar over his eyes split and became two eyebrows again.

"You're right," Carew said. "And not only is he involved, we think your old friend is high up in the organization."

"He's not my friend," Mitch said.

"But you roomed together in college?"

"Yes, we did. That particular arrangement did not end well."

"How so?"

"I beat his face in," Mitch said. "Sir."

"I see," Carew leaned forward and placed his chin on two, extended index fingers. "So, tell me. Is this a revenge thing?"

Absolutely, Mitch thought.

"No," Mitch said. "I've seen Chaz since I've been in town. Everything is amicable. I just want to help stop the Armenians anyway I can."

"You saw him?" Carew asked. "Where?"

"At his restaurant. The Ivory," Mitch said.

"Why would you go there?" the Lieutenant asked.

"To see him in person," Mitch said, then smiled. "Plus, my fiancée wanted to see a movie star."

Carew laughed and Mitch relaxed.

"How did he look?" Carew said finally.

"Guilty, Lieutenant," Mitch said. "He looked guilty."

Heather

Chaz wasn't wrong. The car he sent was a sleek, black Mercedes driven by a broad-shouldered, thick-necked man in a driver's uniform complete with a little black hat that was too small for his blocky head.

"Hello, miss," the driver said and opened up the door for her. "Mr. Wilder sends his compliments."

The driver had an accent Heather couldn't place. It sounded vaguely Russian, or what her idea of Russian might be from the movies and television shows that she had watched growing up. Whatever the accent, the man seemed more like a bodyguard than a driver, and the thought gave Heather a little thrill of excitement.

All of this for me?

Of course, it was! After all, Chaz had his own car and driver. He must be filthy rich. Spending a little money to impress a small town girl seemed like just the thing he might do.

Still, it was thoughtful, especially since Chaz probably had hundreds of women he could be spending time with. The car and the beach were just an old friend of her fiancé's being just that. Friendly.

She slid into the air-conditioned back seat and marveled at the soft leather on her legs. The interior was more luxurious than anything she had ridden in before, and when the driver started the car, she felt the power of it underneath her seat.

Not that the driver could exercise that power. The traffic was stop and go and Heather wondered if there was any time of day when the cars weren't packed bumper to bumper on the streets. Still, the smooth engine hummed just below her seat, making her body tingle.

"Miss?" the driver spoke in his odd accent from the front seat. "There is a drawer in the back of the seat. Inside you'll find glasses and a bottle of champagne."

"Oh!" Heather said and opened up the drawer in the back of the passenger's seat. "This is just too much."

She held up the champagne bottle and noticed the name Dom Perignon. Even a girl from a suburb of Oregon knew enough to know that this was the good stuff.

The boss insists on the best, the driver grunted, then turned his attention back to the road.

The bottle had already been opened in preparation for Heather and she easily removed the foiled cork with a slight pop. Silver flutes were locked into a custom made drink holder and Heather carefully poured herself a glass.

Finally, she set the bottle down in an ice bucket, settled back in the seat and took a sip from the flute, feeling like a film star.

The champagne was amazing! She'd only had it once at a cousin's wedding, but this expensive alcohol seemed to burst along her tongue, the bubbles tickling her senses. She took another, longer drink and let the alcohol warm her blood as she watched the beautiful city glide by.

After an hour of traffic, the car finally broke through the crowd and made its sleek way into the Hollywood Hills. Heather was surprised to see that what she had once thought of as a lush, green paradise was actually mostly desert with tiny oases of green palms and lawns professionally maintained for the rich and famous.

Originally, she thought they would be going to a larger beach, someplace closer to the city, perhaps one owned by a luxury hotel. However, when they pulled through the wrought iron gates of a large estate, Heather suddenly realized this was a private home.

The car stopped on a large cobblestone drive in front of the entrance. There were other homes dotted around the area, all partially hidden from you by tall palm trees.

The driver came to her door before she could open it and held it open. She stepped out and an older woman with black framed spectacles looked her up and down.

"Hello," she said with a clipped British accent. "You must be Miss Lang."

"Y-yes," Heather said. "That's me."

"Wonderful," the British woman said, making it sound like it was anything but wonderful. "My name is Daffodil. Like the flower."

Heather struggled not to laugh as she looked at the stern, wrinkled face of the older woman. She looked nothing like the bright yellow flowers she remembered.

"That's a... lovely name," Heather said.

The older woman walked briskly over the cobblestones toward the front door.

"Yes," Daffodil said. "My father was a very funny man."

She said it with a dry tone that meant she found her father anything but funny. Any humor Heather felt was quickly extinguished as she followed the older woman toward the large oak doors of the beautiful house.

She was surprised when the older woman turned down a crushed gravel path lined with roses.

"We're not going in?" Heather asked as the path sloped gently downwards towards the beach.

"Of course not, my dear," Daffodil said as if Heather had told an off-color joke. "You're here for the beach, correct? Why would you need to see Mr. Wilder's house?"

Heather didn't know what to say to that. She had assumed that she was Chaz's guest, but the way Daffodil was treating her made Heather feel like a tourist. It was clear the Daffodil didn't think she belonged here.

She thought they might enter a house but instead they went along a coupled back path and came out at a large, pristine pool. Next to the pool was a smaller house with the same brick facade and pillars of the bigger house. It reminded Heather of the way some people had a doghouse the same shape and color as the original.

Daffodil led her into the smaller abode. It was two simple rooms, with a bathroom off to the side. Inside the bathroom was a large, shower with blue tiles. Fluffy robes, like the kind you get at hotels, hung from hooks along the wall. Heather suddenly realized this must be a pool house, a place for guests to change and bathe after swimming.

"You can change in there," Daffodil commanded and Heather hurried off to the bathroom.

She changed quickly, slipping on her white one-piece and pulling her hair back into a tight ponytail. She looked at herself in the mirror, admiring her lush curves even in the conservative swimsuit. It may not be the sexiest piece, but with her body she felt she looked good.

However, those good feelings were crushed when she came out of the bathroom and met Daffodil's disdainful glare.

"Is that what you're wearing?"

"Why?" Heather asked. "Is it too revealing?"

Daffodil raised her eyebrow.

"Too cheap," she said without emotion and Heather's heart fell. The older woman stepped forward and grabbed a strand of hair that had escaped her ponytail. "And that hair? No, this won't do."

"What do you mean?" Heather said and found herself crossing her arms in front of her breasts to cover up her cheap bathing suit. "This is all I have."

"Fortunately," Daffodil sniffed. "Mr. Wilder has planned for such an event. Come, it looks like you will need more help than I thought."

Daffodil stalked to a small closet in the main room. She pulled out some hangers. Hanging by strings from the hooks were tiny scraps of fabric. It took Heather a moment to realize that they were actual bikinis.

The young fiancée ran her hand over the expensive fabrics, recognizing the names from fashion magazines. She didn't know how much they cost, but she knew it was probably more than her whole wardrobe. Of course, they were expensive, everything she had seen since she'd gotten in Chaz's car was an example of wealth and taste. It was exactly what she had dreamed about when she moved to LA. She just never expected to experience it quite so soon.

"I don't..." Heather hesitated. "I don't think I can wear these."

"Nonsense," Daffodil said dismissively. "Of course you can. You're in LA now, dear. You have to strut your stuff."

Heather looked Daffodil up and down. The older woman was dressed in a very conservative blue suit with a skirt that fell down to her calves. She looked like the stereotypical headmistress of an English boarding school.

"Oh," Daffodil said. "I have already strutted my stuff, my dear. You, on the other hand, have such a wonderful body. Why not show it off?"

Heather reached out and touched the tiny bikinis, feeling a little thrill in her belly. With her body, she would look wonderful in any of the suits. Finally, she settled on a black, stringy bikini top with a bottom that would barely cover up her sex let alone her plump, round bottom.

"A good choice, my dear," Daffodil said. "Now get dressed and I'll help you with your hair."

Heather put a hand up to her head and touched the rough ponytail.

"My hair? Why would I need to do my hair?" Heather laughed. "I'm just going to the beach."

"Sweetheart," Daffodil said almost tenderly. "You don't just *go* to this beach."

"But what if I want to swim?"

Daffodil shook her head and smiled with pity.

"My dear, nobody's going to be swimming. You're here to look good and lie in the sun. Isn't that what you always wanted to do?"

With that, Daffodil spun Heather around and marched her back to the bathroom. Heather stood on the tiles, holding the skimpy, black suit in her hand.

She did have a beautiful body; she'd heard that her whole life.

So why not show it off? she asked herself and smiled as she began to undress.

Heather

Heather put on the skimpy bathing suit and, feeling subconscious, quickly covered her body with a terry cloth robe. She opened the door and Daffodil entered. The older woman hung up a travel bag that unfolded revealing an impressive assortment of brushes, a curling iron, and a dizzying array of hair products.

"Do I really need all of this?" Heather asked as Daffodil pushed her into a stool and began painfully brushing her hair.

"Do *I* really need to be doing this?" Daffodil snapped. "I have much better things to do, I assure you, but all of Mr. Wilder's guests should look their best."

Heather really didn't have much to say to that, so she sat back in the chair and let the older woman work. After what seemed like an hour, Daffodil announced that she was ready.

Heather stood up and Daffodil pulled off the robe. The young woman looked in the mirror and she could hardly believe the transformation. Her hair hung in golden waves over her shoulders. Her breasts were thrust out, barely contained by the small pieces of black fabric covering her nipples. Her eyes followed the curve of her body down over the wide flare of her hips. Between two tiny strings hung a small triangle fabric that covered her sex.

She was nearly naked!

"It's too much," she said and tried to grab the robe from Daffodil.

"Nonsense!" the old woman said. "You look marvelous!"

"You really think so?" Heather asked, toying with the string to her bikini bottoms.

"Well," Daffodil said as she straightened a strand of Heather's golden hair. "You're no Raquel Welch, but you'll do."

Heather looked back at the woman, shocked. On Daffodil's face was the tiniest of smiles.

"Now, let's get you out to the beach," the old woman said. "You definitely need the sun."

The beach was a pristine stretch of almost white sand that led up to the blue-green waters of the ocean. At this time of day, the waves lapped gently at the sand.

There was hardly anyone on the sand, just her and a few other couples. However, stationed around the beach, were men in black suits watching over the people. She realized they must be security.

They must be burning up! Heather thought as Daffodil led her to a large tent already set up with a table, beach chair, and large blanket spread out in the ground.

"Here's your spot," Daffodil said. "If you'd like anything from the bar, a waiter will be there shortly."

Heather looked across the sand and, for a moment, though she saw a famous actor and actress canoodling under an umbrella, safe in the fact that no paparazzi could snap a picture of them.

Heather pointed.

"Isn't that..."

Daffodil calmly pushed Heather's arm down.

"Yes, probably," Daffodil sighed. "People come here all the time to get away from stalkers."

Daffodil gave Heather a look that said the younger woman might fall into that category.

"My advice is to keep your distance and enjoy the sun." Daffodil said. "If anyone wants to speak to you, they will join you."

With that, Daffodil turned away and walked back up to the house. Heather sat in the chair, both excited and frustrated. She'd brought her bag from the pool house and she dug inside and pulled out her book. Just as she began reading, a young man in a white uniform came to take her drink order. She decided to live a little and ordered a margarita on the rocks with no salt, then sat back down in her chair and decided to relax.

The beach was quiet, the only sounds were the waves and the soft laughter of the couple just down the beach. The only thing that disappointed her was the fact that Chaz had not shown up. She was sure an important man like him must be busy, but she'd gotten the impression he would be here.

When the waiter came back, she ordered another drink. Why not? It wasn't like she had to drive herself home. The thought gave her a little thrill of pleasure. If Chaz wasn't going to bother to show up, the least she could do was drink his alcohol.

"That was quick," Heather said when the waiter's shadow blocked out the sun.

She looked up and was shocked to see Chaz Wilder holding her drink out to her.

"Your drink, miss?" he grinned.

"Oh!" she cried and sat up suddenly, knocking aside the drink and spilling some on Chaz's tan suit pants. "Oh, fuck! I mean... shit. Fuck, I'm sorry."

She grabbed her towel, wiping off his pants and realizing that she was eagerly patting down his crotch .

"Shit," she said and dropped the towel. "I'm so sorry!"

Chaz grinned at her embarrassment.

"It's fine," he said and took her hands in his. "It's not like I haven't been spilled on before."

Heather took a deep breath trying to calm her nerves as Chaz gazed down at her. He was wearing tan pants that were rolled up at the cuff with no shoes. He wore a white linen shirt open at the neck revealing a smooth expanse of chest.

She found a thrill of excitement as his eyes took in her body in the tiny bikini that he had bought. There was something wrong with the situation. A man that was not her fiance had dressed and set her up on this beach and now he was looking at her with a gaze that could only be described as hungry.

And yet, it didn't seem so out of place here in this weird, wonderful Fantasyland that was Hollywood.

"You are absolutely stunning!" he said and he sat down beside her on the sand.

"Do you want this chair? Or a towel?"

Chaz chuckled.

"Nope," he said and smiled at her. He was now at least a foot shorter than she was. "I'm fine right here."

As he said the words, he let his gaze caress the long firm length of her thigh.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

Heather blushed.

"Stop!" she said. "There are hundreds of people more beautiful than me in LA!"

"You think so?" Chaz asked. "Because I can't think of one right now."

"Shut up!" Heather said and gave Chaz a playful slap. "You don't have to flatter me, you charmer. I can see one of the most beautiful women in the world right over there."

She pointed at the couple who were sunning together peacefully, holding hands as if they were just two regular people in a regular world instead of two of the most famous stars in all of creation.

"Who? Her?" Chaz said, shrugging. "Yeah, I suppose she's all right if you're into the high drama type."

"What?" Heather said. "What are you talking about?"

"You know exactly what I'm talking about," he laughed. "How many men has she dated in the last year? I can't even remember. And him? He's no peach either."

"Oh," Heather murmured. "They always seem so nice."

"Of course they do!" Chaz said. "How many people are going to go to their movies if they find out she's a raging bitch and he's a serial adulterer?"

"Really? So why are they back together?"

Chaz sat up and placed a hand on her knee. Her nerves tingled at the intimate touch. He leaned forward, as if to tell her a secret.

"They always end up together after a bad split. It gives the people something to talk about. They remember the good old days when the golden girl and the handsome bachelor got together." Chaz's hand tightened on her leg. "They actually fool themselves into thinking it will work out. Then, in a week or a month, she'll throw a bottle at his head, or he'll sleep with a hot, young model. Or both, and not always in the same order."

"No!" she said. "Really?"

"Sure," he grinned and she realized that she had leaned over, her round swell of her breast nearly touching his cheek. When he spoke she could feel his hot breath caress her skin, making her nipples twinge and wet heat dampen her thighs. "And you know what?"

"What?" she said, holding her breath for his next words.

"I'm no better than they are," he said. "None of us out here really are. We are all of us... sinners."

She didn't know if she wanted to pull back or lean in further and let his lips graze her breast. The idea of it was so wrong, so naughty, but she couldn't get the thought of it out of her head.

God! He is the sexiest man I've ever met!

She tried to suppress the thought. She loved Mitch, really loved him, but Chaz was so much different than her fiancé. He was good-looking, but there was something else. Where Mitch's power came from physical strength and his position as a police officer, Chaz's strength just seemed to ooze from every pore of his body. He was beautiful and charming and although she would never cheat on Mitch, she couldn't help but be drawn to the taller, sexier man.

Just as she was getting the feeling that this moment might go too far, Chaz pulled back and stood up.

"Oh!" she gasped looking up at him, realizing that her face was now tantalizingly close to his crotch. "Are you leaving?"

"Why?" he asked, grinning. "Did you want me to?"

"What?" she said. "No! I mean... if you have somewhere to be."

"The only place I have to be is in my house finding my swimsuit."

"Oh," she said again and forced her eyes to look up at him and not at the large bulge between his legs. "That does make sense."

"It does, doesn't it?" he said and looked up at the house. "Would you like to see my house?"

"Oh, that house?" she pointed at the house with one finger. "That little old thing is your house? I thought you'd be living in something bigger."

Chaz gave a deep throaty laugh that made Heather giggle and her body tingle with pleasure. He even had a sexy laugh.

"Well," he said. "This is just my weekend place."

"Of course," she chuckled. "I should have known."

Chaz held his hand out to her.

"So," he said. "Care to join me?"

She thought about it for a moment. Should she really be going into this man's house, a man she barely knew? What would Mitch say if he knew she was here right now?

She looked again at the handsome man's charming smile. What harm could it actually do?

"Of course I want to see it!" she said as Chaz helped her to her feet. "I want to see everything!"

Chad gave her a knowing smile.

"Everything?"

Heather blushed and slapped him on the shoulder with her other hand.

"Oh my God!" she said. "You know what I mean!"

Chad said nothing just gave her that same knowing grin and led her up the sand to his beautiful home.

Mitch

Mitch looked over at Chaz's house. He and his new partner, Griff, had positioned the surveillance van on a hill overlooking the ocean with a decent view of the large stone mansion. Gazing through his binoculars, Mitch found it hard to believe that his former friend and roommate had moved so far up in the world. Chaz had always been smart and good-looking, but this success was shocking. It was even more proof that Chaz was a criminal. There was no way he could have achieved all of this on his own.

"See anything?" His new partner, Griff, grunted from beside him.

Griff was a broad-shouldered, grizzled veteran with a Texas accent that seemed out of place in L.A. But, the older man certainly seemed to know his business. He had picked a perfect spot for the van. They had a clear line of sight to the driveway and could see who was coming and going from the house. They couldn't see much of the pool area or beach access, but that didn't matter. The front was the most important part. Anyone with known criminal history would be collected and added to the file so they could open up new lines of surveillance and investigation.

"Nothing right now," Mitch said and handed him the binoculars. "Were you able to make out anything on the blonde?"

Shortly before Chaz arrived, a private car had dropped off a tall, shapely young blonde. Mitch had snapped a few pictures, but neither of them had been able to see her face.

"Nope," Griff said. "Probably some model or actress. Dime a dozen out here."

Mitch shook his head. What must it be like to have the looks and power of a guy like Chaz, able to have your choice of woman delivered to your house?

"Anything you can tell me about this guy?" Griff asked, giving Mitch a hard stare. "That is why you're here, isn't it? Help us nail this bastard?"

Mitch was quiet for a minute. He was aware that he was being evaluated as much as helping in the investigation. He didn't mind. To Danvers Carew he was just some small town hick from Oregon. He would have to prove himself if he was going to have any chance of sticking around long enough to see Chaz's smug smile wiped off his smug face.

"I haven't seen him for ten years, but when I did, he was just a law student in Iowa," Mitch said. "He was never involved in drugs."

"Yeah," Griff cocked an eyebrow. "Probably got recruited after college then. He's been in LA for ten years, but he hit the ground running. Started his law office and began investing rapidly. Now he's got his hands into everything. Movies, real estate, restaurants, you name it."

"So, how did a guy from Iowa suddenly become an LA player?"

Griff nodded.

"Exactly," Griff said. "Of course, none of it means anything if we can't prove it. All of his businesses seem legit. The first real lead we got was that kid you nailed in Oregon."

"Which means we listen in and see if he says anything."

"That's right," Griff nodded. "He's in there right now. We'll come back when it's just the staff. Ought to be easier to get the bugs installed."

Mitch sat back, feeling an excitement buzzing in his stomach. After all this time, he would finally get his revenge. Everything was going according to plan. He was so excited to begin, he had to stop his hands from shaking.

I just wish I knew what was happening in there right now!

Heather

The house was as gorgeous as Heather had anticipated. The whole place, from the marble floors to the classic design with art deco touches, was designed to exude wealth and taste without being tacky.

The house itself wasn't a surprise, but Chaz certainly was. He kept holding her hand as he confidently let her through the halls. When they had seen the ground floor, he did not hesitate and led her up a large, curving staircase to the second floor.

"And this is where the magic happens!" Chad said, laughing. "Just kidding. We have rooms for ten people up here and, as you can see, plenty of room for parties."

"It's wonderful!" Heather said as she glanced into each room designed with its own color scheme and complete with beautiful finishing touches and expensive art on the walls.

"I'm glad you like it," Chaz said. "And, this is the master."

Before Heather could protest, Chaz opened a set of double doors and pulled her into the largest bedroom she had ever seen.

"Oh my god!" she gasped. "This is amazing!"

Floor to ceiling windows glowed with the bright California sunshine. Gauzy curtains fluttered in the breeze and through them she could see the sparkling blue waters of the ocean.

The room itself was dominated by a huge, four poster bed. It too had gauzy curtains matching the windows and through the fabric Heather could see a creamy comforter laid over the bed.

It would be like sleeping on a cloud, she thought, then thought of Chaz's angelic beauty. *Which only makes sense.*

"Do you like it?" Chaz asked and placed strong, warm hands on her naked shoulders.

"I... I do," she said, shivering as she felt as his hot breath caressed her neck. "Your house is wonderful!"

"That's funny," he said, his low voice right in her ear. "Because I think you're pretty wonderful, too."

Heather was suddenly aware of her near-nudity. She hadn't even thought to cover herself when Chaz led her into his house. All of a sudden she

realized she was in another man's bedroom wearing less than she wore when she went to bed with Mitch.

"That's... That's nice to hear," she said and stepped away from Chad's hands. "I bet you say that to all the women."

"Only the ones I want," Chaz said and gave her a hungry smile.

She felt scared as she saw that greedy look on his face. She should run, escape from this situation as quickly as possible. Get home and call Mitch and chalk this up to a silly misunderstanding.

"Chaz, I-" she began to say, but Chaz stepped forward quickly and slid a strong arm around her waist. She pushed her hands against his chest, unable to ignore the fact that he had strong, smooth muscles underneath his linen shirt. "I can't... Mitch... I'm with Mitch."

"I know," Chad said, but didn't let her go. "I know you are. But, Mitch isn't here right now and I've wanted you from the first moment I saw you."

She moaned. What woman didn't want to hear those words from a beautiful, rich man like Chaz Wilder. Still, this was wrong, very wrong, and she stepped back, running into the bed. She cried out as she fell backwards, but Chaz's strong arms held her above the silk comforter.

"Chaz, I can't-" Any words or thoughts she meant to express were forced away by Chaz's strong mouth on her lips. She fought for a moment, pushing against him, her senses overcome by the rich scent of his cologne and the feel of his tongue dancing across the roof of her mouth. She was just giving into his kiss when he suddenly let her go.

She cried out as she fell to the bed, the soft comforter catching her and holding her like a lover.

"You can," Chaz said and began to unbutton his shirt. "You will."

Heather lay on the bed, shocked senseless. He slid off his shirt revealing his smooth, toned body. He was built differently than Mitch who was all brute force and thick muscles. Chaz was sleek and well-defined, the ridges of his abs melting into the thick V of muscle that disappeared into his waistband, pointing towards something even more tantalizing than his burnished, svelte body.

"Chaz, I can't do this!" she moaned, but Chaz didn't seem to hear her. He just stared into her eyes and unbuttoned his pants.

When he slid his pants down, she gasped in shock. Mitch wasn't small by any means. In fact, his cock was the biggest she had ever seen. The biggest, that is, until Chaz revealed his monster.

"I take it, it's bigger than Mitch's?" Chaz chuckled and stepped out of his pants. "Don't answer that. I already know it is."

It was twice as long as Mitch's and thick as her wrist. She lay on the bed as Chaz stood over her, stroking his thick snake into life.

"If you want to leave, go ahead," Chaz nodded towards the door. "I'm not making you stay. I'll have my driver take you home. However..."

Chaz knelt beside her on the bed and took her hand in his. It was the same hand that had her engagement ring, the one that Mitch had saved for months to buy. He closed her fingers around his cock and began to stroke it with her, sliding the throbbing flesh against her hand.

"If you leave you'll never get this chance again."

She moaned and tried to move her hand, but Chaz kept it there, sliding his cock back and forth between her fingers. She should leave, right now, before it went any further. But she couldn't stop looking at his beautiful body and his thick, throbbing cock.

Chaz let go of her hand and she didn't let go. Her engagement ring twinkled and flashed in the California sunshine as she stroked another man's flesh.

"That's what I thought," Chaz murmured and stroked her golden hair.

"That's what I thought."

He slid forward and nudged her lips with the spongy head of his cock. She moaned in shame as he rubbed his hot flesh over her lips then lifted the fleshy shaft and slapped her on the cheek.

"Open your mouth," Chaz commanded. "I want to take that pretty little mouth that you kiss your fiancé with."

"Please!" she moaned. "Please don't talk about Mitch like that!"

"Why not?" Chaz sneered and dug his fingers into her blonde hair. "You don't want to think about him when you're sucking my cock?"

"Oh, God!" Heather cried pitifully. "I'm so bad!"

"Not yet," he said and bent over her. He kissed her hard, forcing her lips open with his tongue. "But, I hope you will be."

He kept her mouth open with his thumb and she sucked greedily on it, tasting the salt of his sweat on the tip. Then, he slid his cock over her lips and this time she opened her mouth.

He was big, so big that it hurt her jaw to take in his whole cock. He moved slowly, working the tip of his cock back and forth until she could take it and then he pushed deeper and deeper until he hit the back of her

throat. She gagged but kept hold of his cock as the spit bubbled through her lips and spilled over her chin.

Chad growled with pleasure and used one hand on the back of her head to hold her still while he fucked her mouth with his cock. He took her hand, the one with the engagement ring and moved it to his balls until she was cupping in them, then rolling them in their hand as he rocked back and forth. Finally, he lifted his thick shaft and presented his balls to her and she sucked on those as well, rolling them around her face and drooling on them until they were wet and shiny.

"That's a girl," Chaz murmured softly and Heather found herself smiling. "That's a good, bad girl."

Chaz knelt down and pulled the string of her swimsuit top. It didn't take much and the fabric fell away releasing her breasts.

"God, you are beautiful," Chaz murmured again, gripped her ample, round flesh and sucked on the hard, pink nipples. Heather moaned, digging her hand into Chaz's thick blonde hair, scratching her nails along his scalp and pulling him even further between her bountiful tits as he worshipped them with his tongue, lips, and teeth.

Slowly, Chad moved his way down her body, kissing her ribs and then her belly. Finally, he nuzzled the wet fabric of her bikini bottoms with his nose, kissing her swollen lips through the thin layer of cloth.

"Now or never," Chaz said, smiling from between her legs. "You can leave now if you want."

Slowly he untied her bikini bottoms. Heather bit her bottom lip trying to summon the courage to move. But all she could do was lie there as the handsome man peeled back the black triangle of cloth and revealed her wet, ready pussy.

"Didn't think so," Chaz said and placed his nose and mouth along her pubic bone and breathed deep. Heather shivered in anticipation, her hips rocking side to side on the bed trying to angle her throbbing sex into his mouth.

But, Chaz continued to tease her. He rubbed his nose through the downy, golden fur between her thighs and breathed hot air onto her sensitive sex. Strong fingers pushed her legs open and he kissed the inner thigh just inches away from her pussy.

"So," he murmured into her thigh. "Do you want to leave?"

"No!" Heather groaned. "No, please!"

"What do you want, Heather?"

"I want you!" she cried. "I want you to lick me."

"Lick what?" he asked and he slid one finger along her wet slit.

Heather's hips bucked upward, trying to get more stimulation, but he pulled his fingers back and grinned. "What do you want me to lick, Heather?"

"My pussy!" she cried. "Please lick my pussy!"

Chaz chuckled at her submission, dipped his head, and slid his lips along the swollen entrance of her pussy. Heather moaned in pleasure as she felt his tongue slip between her lips and taste her hot, wet flesh. He thrust his fingers deep within her slick hole as his tongue ran circles around her clit. Just when she couldn't stand it anymore he clamped his lips around her swollen bud and sucked it in, lapping it furiously with his tongue.

She screamed as she came, her hands tearing at his hair as her body humped against his face. Her body released a torrent of juices into his mouth. She had never squirted before, not with anyone, but she was so hot for Chaz she couldn't stop her body from drenching him in her lust.

Chaz raised up between her legs, his face glistening with her juices.

"Mitch ever do that for you?" he asked.

She shook her head weakly, unable to betray her fiancé by answering. Her silence was answer enough and Chaz smiled as he slid between her legs, sliding the fat head of his cock up the length of her pussy and bumping it along her tortured clit.

"That's nothing compared to what I'm going to do to you now," Chaz growled and Heather's moan turned into a cry of pain as Chaz drove his thick, hard cock deep inside of her.

So big! she thought. *So fucking big!*

The pain was fleeting as Chaz's flesh stretched her open and speared to her very center. There was a loud smack as his balls hit her ass, then he pulled out and drove into her again and again, driving her into the silk comforter.

"Yes!" Chaz grunted and suckled her tits. "I knew you'd be good! I fucking knew it!"

Heather was floating on a wave of lust and happiness. He really wanted her! Of all the women he could have, he wanted to be inside of her!

The thought brought another orgasm. Chaz could sense her need and bore down harder on her, hammering her until she couldn't hold back the flood.

"That's it!" he grunted. "Give me that pussy! Give it to me!"

"Yes!" Heather clawed at Chaz's back, delirious with lust. "Yes! Take it! Take that pussy!"

"Whose pussy is it, baby?" Chaz hissed. "Who owns that pussy?"

"Oh God!" Heather moaned. She was cheating on Mitch, betraying him in the worst possible way. More than that, she was experiencing more pleasure than her fiancé had ever given her.

But, that didn't matter anymore. All that mattered was the pleasure she was experiencing on Chaz's beautiful cock.

"You do!" she screamed finally. "Take that pussy! It's yours!"

There were no more words, only screams of bliss as her admission drove her over the edge. Chaz fell on top of her and she kissed him gratefully, her body bucking and twisting on his cock as she gave in to her shameful, traitorous lust.

"I'm going to cum too," Chaz growled in her ear.

"Yes, baby! Do it! Cum for me!"

She was on the pill so she didn't care if he came inside of her. She wanted him to cum inside of her, to fill her with his liquid heat.

Chaz had other ideas.

"I want to cum on your face," he hissed. "I want you to taste me when you're with Mitch tonight. I want you to smell my cum when you kiss him."

She let out an anguished moan, but he pumped inside of her, worked himself up to the edge, then pulled out of her.

Mitch had never cum on her face before, he'd never even asked. But, when Chaz maneuvered his cock above her face she opened her mouth. She wasn't ready for the first shot of cum that splashed across her face from chin to hairline.

She laughed at the powerful blast of cum, quickly followed by another and another until her face was covered in thick, hot jizz. She didn't care. The copious amount of frothy cum was a testament to how much he wanted her.

When he finally stopped cumming, he wiped the tip of his cock across her lips, coating her mouth with his thick seed. Finally, he fell on the bed beside her.

"Fuck, that was so good!" he laughed. "Really good."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," she giggled.

Chaz rolled over and turned her face to him. He scooped the dollop of thick cum from her eye and slid into her mouth. She dutifully sucked his thumb and opened both of her eyes.

"I hope it was good for you, too, " he said. "So good that you never forget it."

She smiled and looked away, suddenly ashamed to be lying here, her face covered in cum by a man who was not her fiance.

Chaz gripped her chin and turned her face to his.

"I mean it," he said seriously. "I want you to remember how it felt."

She said nothing, but she knew that she wasn't likely to forget this moment, not even when she was in Mitch's arms. Nothing could make her forget the pleasure he had just given her.

She wanted to say all that, but the only words she could muster were, "I will."

"Good," he said, smiling. "And just so you know..."

He slid a hand between her legs. She gasped as he fingered her sensitive sex.

"I can make you feel this good any time I want!"

Heather sighed as he slid his fingers into her pussy and worked her towards another orgasm, any doubts she might have sliding away with her lust.

Mitch

"He's on his way back now!"

Espinoza's voice was in his ear and Mitch tapped the mic button.

"How far out?" he asked, his heart beating rapidly.

"Fifteen minutes," Espinoza said.

"Shit!" Mitch tapped Griff on the shoulder. "They're fifteen minutes out."

"Diego," Griff said into his microphone. "Subject is fifteen minutes out. How are you doing?"

"Almost done," Diego said. "Just finishing up in the study."

It had taken them over a week to find a good time to install the bugs in the house. Finally, they had chosen the cleaning crew as cover since the crew would have access to every part of the house and no one would be the wiser.

Diego Jones had snuck into the cleaning crew, replacing a crewman who had a pending drug charge. It had been easy enough to tell him to call in sick in order to lighten his sentence.

No one noticed Diego, dressed in his crisp white uniform, as he moved among the other workers. So far, he had managed to plant bugs in all of the high traffic areas of the house, including Chaz's bedroom. If Chaz said anything incriminating they would have him.

"Ok, I'm out," Diego said. Mitch watched through the binoculars as the cleaning crew made their way out of the servants entrance and around to the front-drive. They piled into a white van and were just leaving the open wrought-iron gates when Chaz drove into the drive in his sporty, red corvette.

In the passenger seat, Mitch saw a brown-haired woman with large sunglasses and a wide-brimmed hat that protected her face from the sun and their cameras.

"Looks like it's a different girl today!" Mitch said. "I wonder how many girls he manages to get with that tiny little house and cute little sports car."

Griff snorted.

"Probably anyone he wants," the older man said. "He's got contacts with movie companies and modeling agencies. All he has to do is flash his pearly whites and promise them a contract. The rest is inevitable."

Mitch shook his head. The more he heard about how things were done in Hollywood, the sicker he got. As much as times had changed, the old ways of Hollywood stayed the same. It had just been hidden under a new, shiny facade. Women were treated as playthings by the rich and powerful, to be used and discarded, unless they had enough talent or the right look to really make an impression.

He shouldn't have been surprised. LA had been dirty money ever since the Mob ran things in the days of black and white pictures. This fake, sinful city just had better ways of hiding the dirt and Chaz Wilder was right in the middle of it.

They switched on the downstairs mics and Mitch recognized the voice of Margaret 'Daffodil' Ainsworth. Daffodil had some tenuous connections to the Armenians, having worked in one of their businesses before transferring into the employ of Chaz. She was Chaz's right hand and, no doubt, reported all of his movements to the Fist, but there was no actual evidence of this either. Still, there was enough information to put a trace on her phone and a wire in her modest house in Malibu.

And now, they had the wires in Chaz's house too. All they had to do was sit back and let Chaz come to them.

Heather

Heather was flying high as Chaz drove her back to his house. She had never had such an amazing day in her life and not even the pursed lips of Daffodil could diminish the fun she was having.

Chaz saw Daffodil's serious face and laughed.

"Daffy!" he said and Heather couldn't help but smile as Daffodil's wrinkles around her mouth became an inch deeper. "Why so serious?"

"Sorry to disturb your... entertainment, Mr. Wilder," Daffodil said and glared at Heather, whose smile suddenly melted on her lips. "I'm afraid we've had some excitement this afternoon."

"Oh?" Chaz raised an eyebrow. "What sort of excitement?"

"The cleaning crew came by earlier. We didn't expect you back so soon. They did the entire house."

"Really?" Chaz asked. "What rooms were they in?"

"All of them," Daffodil sniffed.

Chaz nodded.

"So, they left the outside alone? And the pool house?"

"Yes," Daffodil said. "They left just before you arrived."

"Good, good," Chaz's smile returned. "Thank you for letting me know. Now, why don't you and the staff take the afternoon off, Daffy? I think Heather and I will be fine on our own for a while, don't you, dear?"

Heather blushed as Daffodil gave her another, icy stare.

"Uh... yes," she said. "Just fine."

Daffodil nodded to Chaz.

"Of course, Mr. Wilder," Daffodil nodded, pointedly ignored Heather, turned on her heel, and stalked out of the room.

"What was all that about?" Heather asked when Daffodil was gone.

"That? Nothing," Chaz said. "Daffodil just likes to be in control of things."

"Yes," Heather frowned. "She certainly seems diligent."

Chaz laughed.

"Don't mind her," Chaz said. "If she gives you too much trouble, just let me know."

"How did you find her?" Heather asked.

"Who? Daffy?" Chaz asked as he led her through the French doors that opened out to the pool. "She sort of came with the house."

Heather laughed as they stepped out into the patio overlooking the huge pool. Why anyone would need a pool when the ocean was just a hundred yards away made no sense to her. Maybe some guests didn't like the sea water.

Chaz showed her to a table and chairs, a white umbrella blocking out the worst of the hot, California sun. She watched Chaz walk over to a well-stocked bar and grinned.

Growing up in Oregon she had been so close to California, yet so far away. Now she was here and, because of Chaz, she was suddenly living the life of her dreams.

If only she wasn't betraying Mitch, it would all be so perfect.

She tried to push those thoughts away. Chaz stirred a drink for her, not her first of the afternoon. She was already giggly and dizzy with alcohol and sun, but it was a good, warm feeling.

"So, did you enjoy lunch?"

"Oh my God!" She touched the brown wig on her head. "Dressing up incognito was so exciting. I felt like a movie star."

"Well, you certainly look like one," Chaz laughed as he handed her the chilled glass of gin and tonic. "You are gorgeous! In fact, I have a director friend who I want you to read for."

"Oh my God! Really?" she cried and hugged Chaz.

It had been one of her dreams to be a movie star, a real life movie star. But, stuck in Riverton, Oregon, she never would have gotten the chance.

Now, here was this beautiful man telling her that all of her dreams could actually come true. She could hardly believe it. She had known that Chaz knew people, important people, but she'd never thought his influence could extend to her career.

Then, just as quickly as the thought of Mitch entered her mind, she felt her mood darken. She was Mitch's fiancée and she was cheating on him. She loved Mitch, but she knew he would never be able to afford this lifestyle. They might not even be able to afford a decent house.

No, she was only living this dream because she was sleeping with Chaz. That thought suddenly made her feel a little less powerful and a little less special.

"Hey," Chaz said and lifted her chin. "Why the frown? Isn't this good news?"

"Yes!" she said and gripped his hand in hers. "It's just... I'm with Mitch, you know? It can't be like this forever."

"No?" Chaz leaned over her and kissed her, trailing his tongue over her lips. "Why not?"

"Because," she panted against his mouth. "Because, I love him."

"And what is it that makes him so special?" Chaz slid his hands down her body and cupped her full breasts in his hands. "What makes him so deserving of a woman like you?"

"What do you mean, a woman like me?"

"Beautiful," he said and kissed her neck. "Sexy."

He reached up and lifted the straps on her dress, pulling them down until her breasts appeared, covered in lacy, white lingerie. The dress and lingerie had been another gift from Chaz, waiting for her in the dressing room of the spa.

"Mitch doesn't deserve you," Chaz said and buried his face in her soft flesh, licking and sucking between her tits.

"And... and you do?" Heather moaned as his hands and mouth worked on her breasts, the lust she felt flooded from her chest to her belly.

"Yes," Chaz murmured. "Yes, because I can make you feel like this."

"Wuh... what makes you think Mitch can't?"

Chaz grinned as he unsnapped her bra and let her breasts hang free.

"I just do, baby!" he said, then growled as he sucked a hot, hard nipple into his mouth.

"God!" she moaned. "That feels so good!"

"I can make you feel good." Chaz slurped and sucked her other nipple. "All I want is to make you feel good."

"Yes," she moaned again. "Yes! Make me feel good."

Chaz stood above her and grinned.

"You could be a movie star out there, but here you're my little porn star, understand?"

"Mmm," she moaned. The idea of being his porn star, his little plaything to do with as he wished, made her pussy wet. "Yes, baby. I understand."

"Good," he said. "Now, let's go to the bedroom. I want to fuck you until you forget all about your fiancee."

"Oh, God!" she whimpered in protest, but Chaz was already pulling her to her feet. He gripped her buttocks and pulled her against him, grinding his bulge into her stomach.

He kissed her hot and hard, shoving his tongue into her mouth.

"Please, no more," she moaned against his lips. "Don't talk about Mitch anymore!"

"Deal," he growled and bit her neck. "There is no Mitch. Today, you're my naughty girl! Got that?"

She mewled pitifully and he gripped her chin tightly, forcing her to look in his eyes.

"Got that?"

She groaned, but nodded her head. Then, for emphasis she added, "Yes! I'm your naughty girl!"

Chaz grinned and picked her up off the ground. She yelped at this display of strength, then she wrapped her legs around his body as her powerful lover carried her to the bedroom.

Mitch

At first they heard nothing but high-pitched squeals, then giggles. The noises started in the main living area, then faded. Then, the mic went live in the bedroom. There was a loud bang and suddenly, the voices were clear.

"That must be the mic next to the bed," Griff whispered as both men listened to the audio.

"Oh God!" A woman's voice cried out, "Oh it's so big!"

Griff grinned as the sounds of a bed moving and then the sharp, wet smacks of flesh on flesh.

"That's right, baby!" Mitch recognized Chaz's voice. "I'll bet your fiance can't fuck you like this."

"Nuh... nuh..." The woman was trying to talk, but the pounding smacks grew faster and louder. Mitch was unable to stop listening as the woman's voice grew in pitch and intensity.

Suddenly, she screamed. Mitch had never heard such a cry of pleasure or pain come from a woman's voice. Heather had certainly never screamed like that for him.

She must be faking, he thought, but something told him that this reaction was all too real. *Was this how Tina had felt when she fucked Chaz?*

He tried to shake off the feeling. The fact that he was sitting here, listening to the man that had ruined his life having sex was almost too much. However, the screams of the woman on the microphone touched a primal spark deep inside of him and he felt his cock becoming hard in his pants.

"Turn it off," Mitch said.

"You sure?" Griff grinned. "We might get some useful information."

"Turn it off, Griff," Mitch said and Griff shrugged, still grinning.

"I feel sorry for that girl's boyfriend," Griff laughed.

"Well, we agree on that," Mitch said and looked at Griff. Suddenly, they both laughed at the plight of the poor bastard whose girlfriend was being fucked by Chaz Wilder.

Mitch had been there and he was grateful for his sweet, beautiful Heather waiting for him at home.

After they had both laughed off the embarrassment of just having heard a woman cum, Mitch spoke again.

"We need to find out who she is," Mitch said.

"Yeah?" Griff said. "Why? You want to give her a call?"

"She might be involved in something," Mitch chuckled. "Something that links Chaz to Patroysian."

"Maybe," Griff shrugged. "Either way, you'd better get some rest. It's going to be a long night!"

Heather

"You liked that, didn't you, slut?" Chaz bent over her and slid a hand around Heather's throat.

"Yes!" Heather moaned. She could still feel the wonderful sensations of her orgasm running through her body. "I did."

Chaz gripped her chin and made her look into his cool, blue eyes.

"You're my good, little porn star, aren't you?"

Heather whimpered as her pussy throbbed on Chaz's thick cock. Being reduced to his private sex toy only made her hotter.

"Whatever you want, Chaz," she moaned.

"Good girl," Chaz chuckled.

The brown wig and beautiful dress she had worn to the restaurant was crumpled in a pile on the floor, topped by the skimpy white lingerie Chaz had purchased for her. She was on the edge of the bed, her legs in the air as Chaz stood up. He placed her ankles on his shoulders and gripped her firm thighs in his hands. Finally, he thrust hard and deep into her wet pussy.

"I love it when you say that," Chaz growled, thrusting again and again.

"I love it when you tell me you like it."

"I do, baby!" Heather cried. "I love it!"

"Better than your fiance?"

Heather moaned. Since they had gotten to the room, Chaz had kept his promise not to say Mitch's name. That didn't mean he wasn't above torturing her by making her admit that she loved his cock more than her boyfriend.

I'm such a bad girlfriend, she thought desperately. But I just can't help it!

Instead of shame, she felt a wave of pleasure lick at her belly. The idea of it, of giving into this powerful man while Mitch went about his day was intoxicating.

I'm such a bad girl, she thought.

No, not a bad girl, at least not for Mitch. But, when Chaz called her his little porn star, she wanted to be dirty. She wanted to be bad. She would be whatever he wanted as long as he never stopped giving her pleasure.

"Yes! You are so much better!" she screamed and Chaz howled, frightening her with his need. He pushed her legs back until her thighs

pressed against her bouncing breasts, bending her painfully in half. But the pain was worth it as Chaz's cock speared all the way to her hot, wet center.

"Oh fuck, baby!" she cried ecstatically, "I'm cumming. I'm cumming!"

"That's it, slut!" Chaz grunted, hammering deep inside of her. "Come for me! Come for me!"

His words pushed Heather over the edge and suddenly she was coming on his thick cock. Chaz pulled out as her orgasm washed through her body and she squirted hot juices into the air. Chaz shoved his fingers inside of her sopping hole and thrust them in fast and hard until she came again squirting her juices onto her belly and tits. Chaz laughed triumphantly as her body thrashed on the bed.

"I'll bet you never came like that for your boyfriend, did you?" Chaz laughed.

"No, baby!" Heather moaned pitifully. "Just you. I swear!"

"Good girl!" Chaz said and slapped her buttock with a meaty thwack. "Such a good little slut."

Suddenly, there was a buzz from the table next to the bed. Chaz looked over at her phone, vibrating against the wood surface.

"I wonder who that could be?" he grinned.

"Chaz no!" She grabbed at his arm, but she was too slow.

Chaz picked up the phone and grinned.

"Speak of the devil!" he laughed, accepted the call, and held the phone out to Heather.

"Hello, Heather?" Mitch said as she held the phone to her ear. Meanwhile, Chaz slid his cock back inside her throbbing pussy.

She bit her bottom lip to avoid moaning and fought down the rising pleasure in her body. Finally, she took a deep breath and answered.

"Hi, honey," she said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine," Mitch answered and Chaz thrust hard into her cunt. She covered her mouth to avoid crying out into the phone as Chaz fucked her with long, slow strokes to avoid making the wet slapping sounds of their bodies connecting. "I just wanted to call and tell you I had to work late."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Heather moaned as Chaz picked up speed.

"Are you ok?" Mitch asked.

"Fuh... fine, baby," she moaned. "I... I just miss you."

Chaz grinned evilly down at her and twisted her hard nipples. She bit her hands to keep from screaming, but it did no good. She was going to cum

while she was on the phone with Mitch.

"Well, it won't be long now," her boyfriend said soothingly as Chaz pounded her into the mattress. "As soon as this case is over, I'll make it up to you."

"Yuh... you'd better!" she said and then her orgasm was overtaking her. She bucked against the bed and Chaz slapped a hand over her mouth. She screamed into his fingers as the orgasm bubbled up and she squirted again as her fiancé tried to soothe her.

"I promise," Mitch said. "Look, I have to go. I love you."

Delirious with pleasure, Heather couldn't speak. Chaz pulled out of her hot, abused hole and knelt over her on the bed. She opened her eyes as the first blast of cum slashed across her lips and the bridge of her nose. More cum followed, bubbling up over her chin and landing in sticky ropes onto her phone, coating Mitch's picture with Chaz's hot lust. Heather fought down a groan and finally answered.

"I love you, too," she said and ended the call as Chaz's cum dripped hot and thick down her cheeks.

"I can't believe you did that!" she spat as she looked at the cummy phone in her hands.

"What?" Chaz said and wiped cum from her cheek and spread it on her lips. "It's not like you didn't enjoy it."

She couldn't deny that. Her orgasm with Mitch on the phone was just as hot, just as powerful as every other climax Chaz had given her. Maybe even more powerful.

"It doesn't matter!" she said and rolled off the bed. She touched her face, feeling the liquid beginning to dry on her cheeks. "It was wrong. Besides, he might have found out."

She stood up and walked over to her clothes, pulling on her lingerie.

"What are you doing?" Chaz asked as he slid off the bed.

"I'm going home," she said. "I can't do this anymore."

Chaz stopped her as she tried to brush past him, his strong hands on her shoulders.

"Do what?" he asked. "Enjoy yourself?"

"I enjoy myself," she said, trying half-heartedly to escape his strong grip. "Now are you going to get a car to drive me home?"

"I could," he said. "If that's really what you wanted."

He pulled her against his sculpted body, reached up, and scooped another dollop of his cream off her cheek. Then, he pushed the finger into her mouth. She resisted for a moment, then sucked on his finger, swallowing his thick, tangy seed.

"It's not like he's going to be at home, waiting for you," Chaz said, lifted her round, fleshy breasts, dipped his head, and flicked his tongue across her nipple.

Heather moaned as Chaz led her to the bathroom and into the large shower. She couldn't resist the pull of his sexy body and his smooth confidence. He knew what she needed and there was nothing she could do to defend herself.

He positioned her under the hot spray and lifted her leg. She was surprised that he was hard again, his thick, wet cock slipping over her buttocks then sliding down and searching for her cunt. She whimpered, reached down between her legs, and guided Chaz home. When he sank that beautiful length of flesh inside of her she forgot her boyfriend, forgot her shame, forgot everything as she let Chaz take her again and again.

Mitch

Mitch hung up the phone, a frown on his face.

"Everything all right?" Griff asked.

"Yeah, I think so," Mitch shrugged. Something was weird about the call. It was possible that he had caught Heather in the middle of something. But, maybe she was just really missing him.

I really need to make this up to her when I get home, he thought.

"I guess you can turn the wire back on," Mitch said. "Let's see what they're up to now."

He and Griff turned the bugs on multiple times throughout the day, only to hear the woman screaming again and again, which only made Mitch think of his fiancée. Her beautiful curves and plump, pink lips. She was easily better looking than any whore Chaz might charm into his bed.

The atmosphere in the van changed as the two of them listened to Chaz pleasure the cheating young woman multiple times. It was like a stag party where a couple of guys sat around watching porn together. It was sad and ugly and Mitch was tired of it.

As they listened, Mitch tried to think of Heather. What was she doing? She was probably at the beach, or sunning herself on the porch reading a book. He began to imagine her in her bathing suit, her lush curves turning a golden brown in the hot sun. The idea of it mingled with the voice on the speaker and he wondered if he could ever bring those sounds forth from his fiancée.

His cock was hard in his pants and the lust stayed palpable even after the nameless woman was ushered to a car. They listened in for a while longer, but there was no activity, an indication that Chaz had finally fallen asleep after his afternoon of debauchery.

Finally, Mitch couldn't stand it anymore.

"I think it's time to pack it in," he told Griff. "We're not learning anything new. Let's have the night crew take over and let us know if there's any activity."

"Sure thing, Boss," Griff said amiably enough. "You go on. I'll wait for Espinoza and Koch."

"Thanks, Griff."

He was still turned on when he got home. He found Heather in their small bed, her blonde hair golden in the dim light of the lamp. She was reading a book, peaceful and beautiful.

Mitch took a moment to look at his beautiful fiancée. After just a short time in the California sun, her skin was turning a beautiful golden brown. Her hair too had become lighter and was styled beautifully. She was blooming here in the sun and heat of California. She had never looked more beautiful.

The lust that had been building during the stakeout rose in his crotch. He came over to the bed and laid down.

"Hi!" she said, grinning. "You look tired!"

"I am," he said. "What are you reading?"

She showed him the book and he noticed the latest Tom Clancy thriller. He wasn't a fan himself, but Heather devoured the books.

"Have you been reading all day?" Mitch asked.

"No," she sighed. "I went to the beach, then got my hair done. Didn't you notice?"

"Of course I noticed!" he said, reaching out to touch the fine, golden strands. "It's very pretty."

"Thank you!" she smiled. "That's where I was when you called me."

"Oh," Mitch said. "I thought you sounded distracted."

"Well yeah," she giggled. "There's lots of things to distract you at the salon."

Mitch laughed, but he felt the hot sting of lust in his balls. He thought again of the woman's voice on the speaker screaming as she came on Chaz's cock.

Caught up in the moment Mitch slid his hand over Heather's large breast covered in the cotton of her modest nightgown.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"What's it feel like I'm doing?" he asked and squeezed her breasts eliciting a small moan from her mouth.

"Oh baby," she murmured. "I thought you were tired?"

"Not too tired for you," Mitch grinned and kissed her plump, pink lips.

Heather laughed and crinkled up her nose.

"You taste like stale coffee," she said, then sniffed his collar. "And smell like sweat."

"Well, that's what you get when you spend all day in a van with Griff."

"Oh, well that's sexy," she grinned

"I know, right?" he joked and reached up to stroke her hair.

"Don't mess it up!" she laughed. "It took the stylist two hours to get it to look nice."

"You're just going to sleep in it anyway," he said, then slid his hand down and rubbed her belly.

Heather pushed his hand away.

"You're awfully horny," she murmured. "You sure you're not attracted to Griff?"

"Ha, ha!" he said, then groaned as he rubbed his crotch against her firm thigh.

He couldn't tell her the real reason he was turned on. He couldn't tell her he wanted nothing more than to please Heather the way Chaz had pleased that brown-haired goddess.

But, Heather pouted as he rubbed against her thigh.

"I'm sorry, baby," she murmured. "I'm just too tired."

Mitch groaned again, his need obvious.

"Please," he begged. "I need you."

"I just can't, baby," Heather said and went back to her book. "Maybe if you get off work earlier tomorrow."

Mitch was angry, but it wasn't right to force her. Instead he rolled off the bed and started the shower. He couldn't get his mind off of the woman on that tape. Something so familiar, yet strange about the voice, the words, her screams of pleasure. They had reached something primal inside of him.

It was probably because he hadn't had sex with Heather since he began working for the LAPD. The nights had just been too long. Either way, the two needs crashed together and Mitch grabbed his cock, imagining his wife crying out to him with the same pleasure as the woman on the tape. He jerked hard and fast, imagining his fiancée squirming underneath him. Finally, he squirted his cum against the bathroom tiles. His seed splashed against the porcelain and was washed cleanly down the drain.

Somewhat sated, he went back to bed only to find Heather already asleep.

Reading, going to the beach, and getting her hair done, Mitch thought ruefully. What a tiring day. Wish I could relax all day and still be tired, but someone's got to work.

The thoughts were unfair and he knew it, but they still bugged him as he fell asleep.

Just why is she so tired?

Mitch

"It's her again," Griff said as he looked through his binoculars.

Mitch looked up. They were parked on the bridge overlooking a private dock. Floating in the water was a forty-foot yacht, small by most standards, but to Mitch it looked opulent beyond belief.

They had staked out Chaz for weeks and had turned up nothing. Carew was pressuring them for some type of evidence, anything they could use to pin Chaz down and get him to roll over on the Petroysian crime family.

Mitch was even more convinced Chaz was a crook. He had his fingers in all kinds of interests; restaurants, businesses, and construction. He was a perfect front man to launder the money for the Armenians while remaining a pillar of the community. There was just no way to prove it.

While he was a lawyer on paper, Chaz spent almost no time at his law office. He left the running of his firm to the junior lawyers while he spent his time at his restaurants, at his three homes, and entertaining the brown-haired young woman who was even now exiting Chaz's private car.

Today she was wrapped in a long trench coat. A man in black ushered her from the car and up the gangplank to the boat.

"Damn! I can't see her face," Mitch said. "We still don't know who she is?"

"Not a damn thing," Griff said. "We know she's someone's girlfriend, which is why she's always covered up."

"Shit," Mitch said.

Chaz met the woman on the deck. She stood with her back to the shore as both men watched her through their binoculars. Suddenly, the woman threw off her trench coat. She was gorgeous, her body firm but with large curves in all the right places. The suit was practically non-existent with a nearly invisible string holding up the top and the bottom fabric sinking between her round buttocks.

"Holy shit!" Griff muttered under his breath. "Lucky fucking bastard!"

"He's not lucky," Mitch said through gritted teeth. "He's just good-looking."

"And rich," Griff laughed. "Don't forget rich."

"No," Mitch grunted. "Let's not forget that."

"What do we do now?"

Mitch watched as Chaz put an arm around the young woman, still keeping the beauty from looking at the shore. They weren't going to find out anything.

"Damn it!" Mitch said. "Let's hold it here for now and see what happens."

"Right-O, boss," Griff said. "Right-O."

Heather

Chaz put his arm around Heather and pulled her into the boat and out of sight of the shore. The cabin was beautiful, with leather couches and a bar along the far wall, fully stocked from what Heather could tell.

"This is wonderful!" Heather said.

A broad man in captain's whites was waiting for Chaz.

"Take us out about what? A mile?" Chaz asked.

"Something like that," the captain smiled indulgently. "You still want to be in sight of the shore?"

Chaz grinned.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I want to be able to see people, but not be seen, if you know what I mean?"

The captain nodded. The captain climbed a ladder to the upper deck, leaving Heather and Chaz alone.

She shivered despite the warm day. Chaz grinned down at her, enjoying the sight of her curves overflowing the skimpy bathing suit. He stepped forward and she gasped, expecting him to kiss her. Instead, he lifted her left hand, rubbing her bare ring finger with his thumb.

"You left that cheap ring at home, I see?"

"Y-yes," she said. "Just like you told me to."

"That's a good girl," he murmured and she felt a warm glow infuse her chest making her nipples harden.

Chaz reached up and slid the brown wig from her head. Heather grinned and shook out her long golden hair. Chaz smiled and placed a warm hand on her cheek. Then, he walked to the bar and brought back a long, velvet box.

"What is that?" Heather laughed nervously.

"I told you I'd buy you something better than that cheap ring."

Chaz lifted the lid and, lying on a bed of white, crushed velvet was a sparkling ruby necklace encrusted with glittering diamonds. Heather recognized it immediately.

"Oh my God! Is that..."

"The very same one," Chaz said and lifted the necklace from the box.

Heather still remembered the first time she'd seen the necklace on screen. It was one of the most iconic movies ever made and when the suave

leading man had slid that circle of rubies and diamonds on the long neck of the street girl turned gorgeous princess, her heart had melted with everyone else in the crowd.

She felt the same warmth in her chest as Chaz fastened the collar of rubies and gems around her throat. She reached up and stroked the red jewels reverently as Chaz walked around in front of her, taking in the glittering necklace against the tan skin of her body.

"They're... they're gorgeous!" She said and threw her arms around his neck pushing her lush body against him and giving him a deep, passionate kiss.

"You're worth it," He grinned.

"I don't know what to say," she said. "Nobody's ever given me something so nice before!"

"You don't have to say anything," he said and gave her another deep kiss. "You can just show me how thankful you are."

His strong hands pushed gently on her shoulders and Heather smiled wickedly, understanding what he wanted. She slid down to her hands and knees dressed in nothing but a skimpy bathing suit and a necklace of priceless, glittering jewels. She looked up, never taking her eyes off of him as she unbuttoned his shorts and pulled his pants down revealing his long, thick flesh.

"This is what you want?" she murmured, giving the belly of his cock a kiss. "You want your little porn star?"

"That's right," Chaz grinned. "Suck my cock, naughty girl. Show me how much you like that gift!"

Heather felt a dirty thrill in her stomach as she opened her mouth and took in Chaz's thick, pulsing flesh. He sighed happily and reached down behind her and untied her bikini releasing her bountiful breasts.

"That's good, you little slut," he moaned and dug his hands into her styled hair, messing up the curls.

She didn't care. She wanted to get messy for him in a way she never wanted to do for Mitch. Chaz deserved her worship.

To prove it, she lifted his cock without being asked and buried her face in his balls, rolling the wet flesh over her cheeks.

The sight of her on her knees, the expensive necklace flashing in the sun and her rooting at his flesh like a porn star, was almost too much for Chaz.

He grunted in pleasure and worked his cock deep down her throat, fucking her mouth with long, fast pumps of his shaft.

She felt him tense and tasted the sharp tang of his precum on her tongue. She braced herself for the flood, but Chaz dug his hands in her hair and forced her hungry mouth off his cock.

"Not yet," he growled, pulled her to her feet, and gave her another deep kiss. "I want to fuck that pussy!"

"Whatever you want, baby!" Heather moaned. "I'm all yours!"

Chaz chuckled. Her submission meant almost as much as her mouth on his cock.

"That's right, slut!" he said. "You're mine."

The boat had come to a stop and Chaz grinned. He gripped her roughly by the arm, pulled her out of the cabin, and gave her a playful slap on the ass. Heather was surprised to see that they were still in sight of land.

She tried to cover her breasts, but Chaz pulled her arms down and pointed her at the shore.

"No one can see you," he hissed in her ear. "But they're there. You can feel their eyes, even if you can't see them. They want to be you, or fuck you."

Heather moaned. The idea of someone's eyes on her made the juices drip between her legs.

It was almost like having sex in public, even though she was sure that no one could make out the details of her face. They could see her body, they could see Chaz bend her over the side of the boat. They could see him pull the tiny strap of her bottoms aside and hammer the thick head of his cock into her hungry cunt.

"Oh God!" she cried. "Fuck, I love that cock!"

"Of course you do!" Chaz grunted as he worked his hard flesh deep into her pussy. "That's because your body is mine. You are mine!"

"Yes, baby!" she cried gripping the side of the boat as Chaz slammed his thick cock inside of her. The necklace swung on her neck, reminding her of its presence. Her breasts bounced back and forth as Chaz slammed into her body with more power than she'd ever felt before. Fucking her like this was turning him on and her own lust rose to meet him.

She came, screaming her lust out over the water knowing that the people on the beach couldn't hear her, but she wished they could. She

suddenly wished they could all see her being taken by this sexy man. Her pussy flooded and her cum dripped down her legs.

Then, Chaz pulled her back to her knees and she opened her mouth. Moments later, Chaz's seed splashed across her cheeks and forehead. She laughed and sucked the tip of his cock, another hot stream of cum squirted down her throat.

Chaz pulled back and looked down at her. She grinned through his cum covering her cheeks and chin. Cum dripped down onto her breasts and coated the rubies on her neck with white cream.

"Mine," Chaz smiled and rubbed his cock over her lips. "All mine."

Heather smiled from her knees, realizing there was no other place she'd rather be.

Mitch

"Well, he's fucking the shit out of her again!" Griff said as he watched the couple on the boat through the binoculars.

Mitch felt his stomach constrict as he took in the sight of Chaz's muscular body hammering into the beautiful young woman. He couldn't make out her face, but her body was perfect, large breasts slapping back and forth as she drove her round ass backward against Chaz's body. There was a bright glint of red on her neck, some sort of jewelry. Other than that, she was completely naked.

"Wait a second," Mitch said, watching the sun glint off the woman's blonde hair. "Didn't she have brown hair before?"

Griff shrugged.

"Guess it must have been a wig," he said, then he snapped his fingers. "Hey, you don't think this is the same chick we saw that first day is it? She must be worried about her boyfriend finding out if she's going through this much trouble, huh?"

"Fiance," Mitch said, trying in vain to make out the face of the woman who was in the obvious throes of passion as Chaz fucked her for all the world to see.

"What's that, boss?" Griff asked.

"Fiance," Mitch said again. "She's engaged to be married."

"Right," Griff nodded, then grinned up at him. "Well, I guess you'd know all about that wouldn't you?"

Mitch peered through the binoculars again. It was no use. He couldn't make out the figures on the boat, but he knew it was Chaz because of the body shape and blurry features. Something about the woman spoke to him in the same way, something dark and twisted poked at the back of his mind.

It can't be, he thought. Not again.

But, even as he thought about it, his mind filled in the details of the woman on the boat and even though it couldn't be true, there was a part of him that believed it.

"So, have you set a date?" Griff asked again.

"What?" Mitch said, barely listening.

"Have you set a date? For the wedding?"

Mitch dropped the binoculars on the workbench inside the van and opened the back door.

"Where are you going?" Griff asked as he stepped out into the sunshine.

"We haven't set a date," Mitch grunted, ignoring Griff's other question. "Heather didn't want to rush into things."

He slammed the door to the van and walked away, wondering what to do next.

Mitch

The only thing he could think to do was go home. Heather wasn't there, of course, he didn't expect her to be, yet part of him hoped what he suspected wasn't true.

That part of him was crushed when he found the engagement ring.

It was hidden in a box in the closet, underneath a pile of skimpy, expensive lingerie and bikinis that Mitch had never seen before, but he was sure Chaz had. He was sure that Chaz had seen everything.

It all became clear now. The woman with Chaz wasn't famous, or engaged to a wealthy man. She wasn't connected to the Armenians. She was his fiancée, the love of his life, and the second woman Chaz had stolen from him.

It couldn't be. The way man on the tapes she had been so wild, so free. So slutty. Not at all like Heather. But there was no other explanation.

He sat in the bed, rolling the ring he had slipped on Heather's finger in one hand, his gun in the other. There was only one thing to do.

"Where are they now?" Mitch asked when he called Griff.

"Still on the boat," Griff said. "Where are you, boss?"

"I'm checking something out," Mitch grunted. "Stay on them and let me know when they're on the move. Got it?"

"Sure, boss," Griff said. "Listen, are you sure you're ok?"

Mitch looked down at his gun, heavy and warm in his hand.

"I'm fine, Griff," he said. "I'm just fine."

It was easier to sneak into Chaz's house than he thought. Security had been doubled since they had put in the bugs and Mitch realized that this must have been in response to the listening devices. Chaz had seen through the ruse and he had taken his own precautions.

It suddenly became clear. Chaz had known he was listening in all along and he didn't care. He had *wanted* Mitch to hear him.

"911, state the nature of your emergency."

"Yes," Mitch said, making his voice higher pitched and worried. "I heard a gunshot at 2111 Seashore Drive. And screaming."

"All right," the dispatcher spoke calmly and quietly, trying to soothe a scared caller. "What's your name?"

"Just get here, please! I'm afraid someone's going to get killed! Hurry!"

He hung up and ditched the burner phone. He slid among the bushes and waited for long minutes until he saw the blue and red lights of a police cruiser coming up the street. It stopped at the gate and, as the guards began to congregate, Mitch pulled himself up and over the wrought iron fence and landed with a soft thud on the ground belie.

With the guards and the surveillance van distracted, Mitch walked calmly through the dark towards the house. On the way, he received a call from Griff, no doubt calling to tell him about the police cruiser. He shut off his phone and, before he could doubt his actions, he made his way around the back of the house and walked calmly into the servant's entrance.

A small staff was gathered in the hallway outside the kitchen. A tall man, dressed in a chef's uniform turned as he approached and looked down at him.

"Who are you?"

Mitch flashed his badge quickly, hoping the man didn't look too closely.

"Police," he said. "Look, we aren't interested in you, so why don't you get out the back. Your boss won't mind."

He was sure that at least one of the staff had drugs on them and he wasn't surprised when the chef's eyes widened and he nodded. He left and, a moment later, the rest of the kitchen staff fled out the back, happy to be out of the line of fire.

No one else stopped him as he headed down the hall. As he neared the foyer, he heard the clipped British voice of Margaret 'Daffodil' Ainsworth.

"I assure you, officer, there was no gunshot from this address," she said in her iron tones. "Now, if you don't have a warrant or any other reason to be here, I suggest you leave. Unless you want Mr. Wilder to discuss your actions with the Chief of Police over their weekly golf game."

Mitch ducked his head and hurried up the stairway as the uniformed officers stumbled through an apology.

The second floor was quiet and Mitch walked down the hall to the master bedroom. He had memorized the layout of the house from the blueprints the surveillance team had used to set up the equipment, and when he opened the door into Chaz's huge bedroom, the anger in his belly threatened to overwhelm him.

There was the bed he had fucked Heather on while he listened in like an idiot. She had never made noises like that for him, never said those filthy things, or acted like such a slut. It was just like Tina all over again except worse. Worse because Chaz had set him up, had known all along that Mitch was coming for him, and now the whole world would know of Mitch's defeat.

It was too much. Heather and Chaz had stolen too much from him and he couldn't hold back anymore. He walked across the room and opened the door to a closet that was bigger than his living room. Suits, more suits than anyone needed, hung on hangers along the back wall. A tall shelf held expensive shoes and when Mitch opened a drawer, he saw cufflinks, chains, and rings lined up on velvet pads. The opulence of the closet made his anger all the more palpable. Chaz had everything. Why did he have to take Heather, too?

Tears stung his eyes as Mitch knelt down behind the door, leaving it open a crack so he could watch. He rested, trying to still his pounding heart.

There was nothing left to do but wait.

Mitch

Mitch waited for over an hour, moving every few minutes to keep his legs from falling asleep. His mind warred with itself, one moment screaming at him to leave, the next telling him this was the only way. Chaz was evil and he needed to be taken off the face of the world.

He was startled when they finally came home. For the first time Mitch saw his wife up close. He barely recognized her. She was dressed in a barely decent bathing suit that only emphasized her exposed curves. Her long, blonde hair was a messy stack of golden curls, small strands stuck to her forehead with sweat.

She's been fucking him all afternoon, he thought and his hand tightened on the handle of his gun.

He wanted to burst out and confront them, pistol whip Chaz into submission, and make Heather watch as he destroyed her lover. But, the way she clung to Chaz's tall, muscular body made him pause.

Better to wait until Heather was gone. Then he could confront Chaz alone. With no witnesses.

So, he waited watching as his fiancée giggled like a schoolgirl as Chaz slid his hands over her ass and ground his crotch into her lush flesh.

"Oh my God!" Heather cooed and her girlish tone drove nails into Mitch's guts. "I thought you had enough on the boat."

"I can never get enough of you," Chaz said and kissed Mitch's fiancée deeply on the mouth.

It nearly killed Mitch to hear Heather moan deep in her throat as she responded to Chaz's kiss. Finally, he let her go. She clung to him weakly as if his kiss had taken everything from her. Chaz smiled and let her slide to the floor in front of him.

"What do you want, my little pornstar?"

"I want your cock," Heather murmured, pulling the waistband of Chaz's shorts down over his hips.

Mitch remembered the thick, meaty cock that had once taken the love of his life. It sprang free of his shorts and Heather laughed with glee, catching it in her small hands and stroking the thick flesh between them. Mitch gripped the handle of the gun so tight his knuckles hurt, but he didn't move as Heather took Chaz's thick cock deep down her throat.

Chaz wasn't wrong. Heather sucked his cock like a pornstar. She gagged and throatied it. Thick ropes of saliva hung from her chin and dripped down to her breasts as she eagerly worshiped Chaz's flesh. She had never done anything like this for Mitch, had never been so abandoned and hungry.

Chaz dug his hands into his fiancée's thick blonde hair and he fucked her face like a slut. Mitch never would have treated her this way, could never have imagined that she would like it. But she didn't just like it, she loved it. She laughed and spit and licked his cock and balls, rolling the shaft over her forehead and nose, burying herself in the feel and scent of his cock.

Mitch's cock became rock hard against his will. He didn't want to be turned on, but this was a creature he had never seen before and until this moment didn't know he wanted. But he did. He wanted to fuck her face just like Chaz was fucked her face. He wanted to feel her mouth sucking eagerly at his cock as if it was the only thing that could satisfy her hunger. He wanted to roll his flesh and balls across her cheeks and make her face shine with spit and cum.

But, deep down, he knew that he would never have this chance. Even if he had tried, Heather would never have let him treat her like this. This woman in front of him was a completely different creature than the woman had fallen in love with.

After what seemed like an eternity, he heard Chaz grunt and realized he was about to cum. He didn't want to see it, but like a car wreck he just couldn't look away. Chaz pulled his cock out of Heather's throat and pointed the fat, pulsing head at her face. Huge streaks of cum spurted out across her chin and cheeks. She laughed and opened her mouth, accepting a big pool of hot cum on her tongue. Then Chaz shoved the fat head into her mouth and she sucked out every last drop. Finally, she opened her mouth and ran her tongue through the creamy jizz before finally gulping down the frothy load.

"Good girl," Chaz murmured, rubbing the tip of his cock through a thick rope of jizz on her cheek. "That's my good girl."

Heather rose up on her feet, her face sticky with Chaz's juice and kissed him deeply and passionately.

"I love you," Mitch heard her say between kisses and his whole world caved in.

"I love you too, baby," Chaz said. "Now, why don't you go get washed up and we'll get some dinner."

"OK, baby," Heather said and reluctantly left Chaz's side. He slapped her playfully on her ass and she giggled, skipping off into the bathroom and shut the door. A moment later Mitch heard the water turn on.

Chaz turned towards the closet door, naked, his thick cock swinging between his legs.

"You might as well come out, Mitch," Chaz said. "I know you're watching."

Mitch

Mitch froze for just a moment, shocked by Chaz's words. However, the anger was flowing through his blood and quickly replaced any doubt in his mind. It was time.

He pushed the door of the closet open, his arm outstretched and the gun pointed at Chaz's heart.

How did you know I was there?" Mitch asked.

"Just a guess," Chaz said. "I've known you've been listening for a while now."

Mitch's finger twitched on the trigger.

"How? How did you know?"

"You're not the only one that has eyes and ears in places they shouldn't be," Chaz said and walked over to a small cabinet.

"Stop right there!" Mitch said.

"Relax, Chaz said." If you want to shoot me, shoot me, but I'm going to have a drink first."

Chaz opened up the cabinet and pulled out a bottle of whiskey. Slowly, he poured two fingers into the glass then raised it to his lips.

Mitch wanted to shoot him, wanted to put a bullet through his heart, but he had to know.

"Why?" Mitch asked. "Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" Chaz said and he moved towards the closet. Mitch followed him with the gun. "Tina? Or is this about Heather? I mean I have fucked every woman you loved."

"You fucking bastard!" Mitch cried and stepped forward. Chaz stepped forward to meet him, putting his forehead against the barrel of the gun.

"Go ahead," Chaz said calmly. "Go ahead and shoot. Your life is fucking over if that happens. Not that you had much of a life anyway."

Mitch ground his teeth and his finger tightened on the trigger.

"You want to know why? You want to know why I took your women? Because you never deserved them. You never knew how to please them. What? You think Tina was happy? You were always in law school, and when you did have time for her did you ever really please her? And Heather? Why did you even move out here? Revenge for an old girlfriend? Do you even know what it means to please a woman?"

"Shut up!" Mitch cried. "Shut the fuck up!"

"You wanted to know," Chad said. "You brought Heather all this way and you can never make her happy. Not the way I can make her happy. So do it! Shoot me! It won't make you any more of a man!"

Mitch began to pull back on the trigger, his whole arm tensing as he prepared to end Chaz's life.

Suddenly, the back of his head exploded in pain and he was knocked forward. Chaz moved aside pulling his gun hand down and away, knocking the weapon from his hand.

Mitch fell to his knees. He touched the back of his head and when he brought it to his face it was covered in blood.

He turned and saw Heather, his beautiful Heather, standing above him, a statue in her hand. Blood and a small tuft of Mitch's hair was hanging from the base.

"Mitch?" Heather said, her eyes wide. "Oh my God, Mitch! What are you doing?"

"Heather?" Mitch said, but his voice sounded far away. He reached out to her with bloody fingers but he couldn't move. He fell face first to the floor as his vision began to blur. The last thing he saw was Heather's beautiful face before his world went black.

Heather

"Mitch! Heather screamed as she dropped the statue. When she'd come out of the bathroom all she had seen was the back of a man's head and the gun pressed up against Chaz's forehead.

She had just reacted. She'd picked up the statue and smashed it down on the back of the man's head. It was only when Mitch turned around and looked at her, his eyes wide and blurry that she realized the truth.

Mitch was here! He was here and he must know about her and Chaz!

Chaz took two long steps to her as she tried to sink to the floor to check on her fiance.

"Mitch!" she cried again. "Mitch, I'm sorry!"

"Sssh," Chaz murmured and took her in his arms, pulling her back from her fiance lying on the floor. "It's OK. You did the right thing. You saved my life."

The words penetrated her worried mind and she looked up at Chaz.

"I did?" Again she saw the gun pressed against Chaz's head. "I did."

"That's right," Chaz said and pulled her to the bed. "You saved me."

He kissed her, deeply and passionately as he laid her down on the bed. Heather couldn't think. Mitch was lying on the floor, his head bloody, and yet Chaz's soft hands were stroking her breasts, working their way down between her legs.

"No," she moaned. "I have to check on Mitch."

"He's fine," Chad said. "He'll sleep it off."

He spread her legs and she looked down and saw his cock impossibly hard after already coming three times! His face was a mask of lust and triumph and she realized at least part of the excitement must be her fiance lying unconscious and beaten on the floor.

"I can't do this!" she moaned, but even as the words left her mouth Chaz slid his thick, beautiful cock inside of her. She looked over at Mitch lying on the ground in a pool of his blood. She should go to him and comfort him, but Chaz was fucking her, hard and fast. He lifted her legs so that her pussy turned upwards allowing him easy access to spear her deep to her wet center.

She couldn't think. All she could do was give in to the pleasure of her lover's beautiful cock. She moaned in pain and anguish, but when Chaz

kissed her she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

Chaz fucked her with an energetic fury he had never shown before. This was the moment he'd been waiting for, to take her once and for all from the man she loved. And she wanted him to take her, there was no going back now. It was just her and Chaz and the wonderful feeling of his body slamming against her, pounding her into the mattress until she screamed his name.

"Yes, Chaz! Fuck me! Fuck me just like that!"

And Chaz fucked her as she screamed out her orgasm. Mitch never moved as she gave in to the pleasure of another man.

Chaz, overcome by his own lust, grunted and growled on top of and finally and thrust deep, so deep it hurt but she didn't mind the pain when she felt the intense flood of Chaz's cum fill her pussy. He'd never come inside of her before but she knew this was the culmination of all that had happened over the last few weeks.

She was his now. Forever.

Chaz fell on top of her, panting heavily. She barely registered the words as he huffed in her ear.

"Love you, Heather," he murmured. "Love you."

And, with her fiance lying on the floor just feet away, Heather said the only thing that came to her mind.

"I love you too, Chaz. I love you too."

There was an intense moment of silence as each of them luxuriated in their orgasm and their love for one another. Then, Mitch let out a long low groan from the floor. Both of them stopped and looked at him as he shifted on the ground. Then, her ex-fiance began to snore.

Chaz looked at Heather and she couldn't help herself. As Mitch snored on the floor his hated enemy and once loyal girlfriend began to laugh.

Mitch

Mitch woke up suddenly, the sound of laughter in his ears. He looked around the room, noticing the beige walls and the crisp white sheets on his bed.

He was in the hospital.

It was only then he noticed his head was aching. He reached up and felt the back of his skull, feeling the white bandages that were wrapped around his skull.

"You're not going to want to mess with those too much."

He looked over and saw Griff sitting in a chair next to the bed.

"What... what happened?" he asked.

"You fucked up is what happened," Griff said.

Suddenly, the events came rushing back. The anger, the pain when he found out that it was Heather who had been cheating on him with Chaz. He remembered holding a gun to Chaz's head getting ready to fire a bullet into his face.

"Did I... did I kill anyone?"

Griff chuckled.

"If only," he said. "No, you didn't. Your fiancée stepped in and cracked you over the head."

Mitch groaned, remembering the pain and the look on Heather's face when she realized she'd hit him. He pushed up from the bed but a wave of nausea forced him back to the mattress.

"Woah there, boss, you're not going anywhere. Not for a few days anyway."

"I need to see, Heather," he said. "I need to talk to her."

"She doesn't want to talk to you," Griff said. "Besides, you should be worried about yourself."

"What do you mean?"

Griff looked down at him with a sad smile on his face.

"Mitch, Mitch," the older man said, shaking his head. "You broke into a private citizen's home and threatened him with a gun. Not only that, this citizen is rich, powerful, and has friends in high places."

Mitch's heart fell. He could see where this was going.

"You fucked up the whole investigation," Griff said, laughing. "Nothing we had is going to stick. You're just lucky that Mr. Wilder isn't pressing charges."

"Mr. Wilder?" Mitch asked.

"Right," Griff said. "*Mr.* Wilder. You're lucky not to be in jail, but your career is over."

He laid back on the bed, suddenly exhausted. Griff reached into his jacket and pulled out an envelope.

"Mr. Wilder wanted me to give you this when you woke up. He said to tell you there are no hard feelings. And don't worry about Heather. He'll take good care of her."

Griff laid the envelope on Mitch's lap then left the hospital room without another word. With shaking hands, Mitch opened the envelope. The only thing inside was the engagement ring that he had given to Heather.

It all suddenly became clear. Griff had been working for Chaz all along. Griff had known that it was Heather who was on those tapes, who was fucking Chaz. He had known the whole time and had been there to let Chaz know when Mitch finally had had too much.

Tears filled Mitch's eyes as he realized he had been beaten utterly, and completely. His thirst for revenge was gone and all that was left was a jagged hole of hopelessness and despair where his heart had been.

He let the ring fall from his finger. It clattered, then rolled across the floor, taking with it every dream he had ever had.

End

A Taste of Him

1

"Oh, fuck! I love your big, black cock!"

I stared at the monitor, my cock getting hard as a rock. I knew the woman on the screen. In fact, I knew her better than any woman I'd ever met.

I knew her because she was my wife. And she was getting hammered into a bed by a large, muscular black man, his dark skin glistening with sweat as he bent my wife in half and drove into so hard his heavy ball sack smacked wetly against my beautiful wife's, round, full ass.

"Oh my God, Derek! I'm going to cum for you! I'm going to cuuum!"

Her screams reverberated through the laptop speakers, and my brain recognized the name immediately. This wasn't just some black guy. This was her ex-husband, Derek.

Emily had been my girlfriend years ago in college. I'd thought we were happy until I found out that she had cheated on me. With Derek. I had left her, unable to come to terms with her infidelity, and she had married Derek.

Things had gone well for a while until Derek had cheated on her. I had to admit, even to myself, it had felt good when Emily had come back, her heart broken and I had been there to help her pick up the pieces, to renew our relationship.

But the sex had never been the same. I couldn't get the idea of her with her huge, black ex out of my head and, even though Emily protested, I couldn't shake the feeling that sex had been better with her black lover.

The thought of it had kept me up nights until I couldn't stand it anymore. That's why I had hacked into her computer and now here it was, the proof I had been looking for, my wife enjoying sex with her ex-husband and enjoying to do much more than she did with me.

The video was older, thank God, saved from a time when Derek and Emily were still husband and wife, but that made me wonder.

Why had she kept the video? Was it to remind herself how good sex was with her ex?

The answers seemed obvious as I watched the video. My mouth hung open in shock as Derek plowed into my wife mercilessly, her pale flesh shaking as her ex drove her into the bed with hard, powerful thrusts. Emily's voice rose above the wet smacks as their bodies violently slammed together.

"Yes, baby! Just like that! God, I love your fucking cock!"

I sat back in my chair, my cock painfully hard in my pants. I couldn't help it. Despite the pain of seeing my wife so spectacularly fucked by her ex, I needed relief. I pulled my cock out of my pants and began stroking my red, swollen flesh.

Just when I felt myself getting close to the edge, Derek pulled out of her, exposing the longest, thickest black cock I had ever seen. It was easily twelve inches long and as thick as a tree limb. How Emily could take such a cock, I'll never know.

Derek straddled my wife's body and shoved that wet, black monster between her heavy, round globes and rocked his hips back and forth. My wife cooed and moaned as the fat head of his cock popped from between her fleshy tits, just inches from her open mouth. Whenever Emily had tried to give me a boob job, my cock got lost in her voluptuous tits. Not so with Derek. His length easily penetrated between her heavy melons with inches to spare.

I couldn't hold back anymore as I imagined my wife's warm, wet flesh around my cock, knowing that I would never feel her body the way a man like Derek could feel it. That shame burned through my heart as I squirted a meagre load on my shirt.

Moments later, my shame deepened when Derek grunted and gripped his thick shaft in his hand, pointing the bulbous head at my wife's face. Emily never allowed me to cum on her face, not even in her hottest, drunken moments. But there she was on screen, moaning in pleasure as Derek blasted her beautiful face with long ropes of thick, stock white froth. He sprayed her repeatedly until she was blinking through cum and blowing white bubbles in his jizz. Then, when he had finished, he rubbed his cock over her face, smearing his lust across her lips and cheeks. My wife laughed and blindly found his cock, rubbed her face in the belly of his shaft, then sucked out the last few drops of his cum from the tip.

The video ended with my wife laughing and panting as Derek walked to the phone, his dark, dripping monster captured in the frame just before he shut off the camera.

"Holy shit!" I groaned and laid back in the chair, emotionally and physically exhausted. "What the fuck was that?"

2

It was hard not to confront her immediately when she got home. When she kissed me hello, I imagined her on her back, Derek's thick, black cock spraying rope after rope of cum on her face. I imagined I could taste the fishiness of it, even though I knew it was all in my head. Somehow, I made it through dinner, listening to Emily chatter happily about her day, all the while remembering the screams from her mouth as Derek pounded her into the mattress. I remembered his cock, soft and heavy as it swung between his legs when he shut off the phone. Even spent and limp, his monstrous flesh was far bigger than mine.

"What's the matter?" Emily said as we climbed into bed. "You've hardly said a word all night?"

She had on a faded T-shirt and loose shorts, but to me she looked as sexy as the day I met her. The looseness of the clothing really couldn't hide her large breasts and round, curvy bottom. That would have been enough to make me hard, but the memories of her with her lover were still fresh and my cock was throbbing.

"Do you..." I paused, wondering how to word my concerns. "Do you still think about your ex-husband?"

"Who? Derek?" she asked. "Why would you ask about that?"

"I don't know." I shrugged, not willing to tell her I had seen the video on her computer. "I just... I've just been thinking about it."

She turned over on her side and smiled at me, her blue eyes looking lovingly into mine.

"Is this about cheating?" she asked. "Because you know I would never do that again. I made a huge mistake and I would never hurt you like that. Not ever."

She rubbed my arm with her warm hand, which was a comforting gesture, but in my heightened state of arousal, I trembled. She giggled.

"What's gotten into you?"

"Do you ever miss it?" I asked. "Do you ever miss sex with him?"

"What?" I saw her try to laugh off the question, but I held her gaze.

"Are you serious? No, I don't think about him. I'm with you now."

I gulped. Now was the time to bring it up. Now was the time to confront her with the ugly truth.

"I know you still think about it," I said. "I saw the video."

"The what?" Emily drew back, shocked. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"The video, Emily. Of you fucking Derek. I saw it. Why would you keep it if it... if it didn't turn you on?"

Emily frowned. I assumed she was trying to come up with some excuse to explain the video and couldn't. Instead, she rolled over on her back and stopped touching me.

"You broke into my computer?" she said icily.

"I know," I said. "I'm sorry. I just... I just felt like I didn't make you happy, you know? Sexually. I wanted to see... "

"To see if I was cheating on you," she said.

"No!" I said, although the thought had crossed my mind. "I just needed to see if... if you still wanted something more than I could give you. Something better."

She turned back to me and I saw tears in her eyes.

"You know what happened," she said. "You know Derek used me. You were the only one who ever showed me love. What happened with Derek was a mistake. It was just sex."

"Good sex," I said and remembered her screams on the video. "Great sex."

Emily moved in next to me and hugged me to her soft, beautiful body.

"Oh, sweetie!" she murmured. "Are you jealous?"

That's when she felt it, my raging hard-on pushing out the front of my boxers. She looked down and her blue eyes opened wide, caught between shock and laughter. I felt the immediate wrench of shame and jealousy twisting my guts and I tried to turn away, but Emily was already sliding her hand over my crotch, rubbing me through the thin cotton.

"Oh my God!" she laughed. "You're so hard!"

I moaned in shame and pleasure as her hand stroked me up and down, her fingers gripping me tightly through the cotton and expertly working my swollen flesh.

"Did it... did it turn you on seeing that video?" she asked, her hand cupping my balls and massaging them gently.

"Yes," I said, and her tinkle of laughter made the humiliation, and the lust, that much more intense.

"I'll tell you a secret." She bent forward so her lips were tickling my ear lobe. "It turns me on too. That is why I kept it, so I can watch it and get off. My own, private little porno."

"Fuck!" I groaned, and I felt my pre-cum leak into my boxers, making them sticky. Emily felt it too and stroked me harder.

"That's right," she said. "I'm sorry, but it's true. You were right, sometimes I think about being with Derek."

"Oh, God!" I groaned, and Emily pushed me onto my back. She shucked off my boxers, revealing my angry, red cock. She grinned at me and licked her hand, using her spit and my pre-cum to lubricate my tortured penis.

"A lot of black men at work like me," she said, stroking me harder and faster. "They tell me they like my big ass and my big tits. Do you like my big ass?"

"Yes!" I groaned. I could already feel my orgasm pushing into my balls. If she kept this up, I wouldn't be able to hold back.

She stopped stroking me before I could cum, and I gasped for air as she laid back on the bed and pushed her shorts down over her wide, pale buttocks. I loved her ass, especially the way her hips flared out from around her tiny waist.

She got up on her hands and knees and wiggled her ass in my face.

"Derek loved my ass!"

I groaned even louder as she laughed, turned around, and threw her leg over me. She grabbed my cock and rubbed it up and down her wet slit. I moaned in pleasure as she teased my head with her wet opening, but didn't give me her pussy.

"You saw his cock in the video, right?" she asked. "You saw how big he was?"

"God, yes!" I cried and humped, trying to enter her, but she moved away, teasing me.

"He had such a beautiful, black cock. I loved the way he stretched me open." She grinned down at me. "Does that make you feel jealous?"

"Yes," I said.

"Because his cock was so much bigger than yours?"

I looked away, and Emily continued to slide the length of my shaft up into her warm, wet pussy. I wanted so badly to be inside of her, even if I couldn't make her feel how Derek made her feel. Finally, I got angry at her

teasing. Yes, I had betrayed her trust and hacked into her computer, but she had betrayed me by thinking of Derek, and now she was teasing me with it, knowing I was helpless to resist.

"I saw it on the video," I hissed. "I saw how you fucked him. Like a whore. I could feel it when we got back together. How loose you were, how stretched out. I could barely feel you when you first came back to me."

Emily's eyes widened as she looked down at me.

"What did you say?"

"What?" I felt a shiver of fear as she looked down at me with a grim smile. "I thought... I thought we were teasing each other?"

She slid off my body and gripped my cock roughly in her hand.

"Did you really think I was stretched out?" she asked as she stroked me hard and fast. "Did you really think I was a whore?"

"No — I —" I didn't know what to say. I had never really noticed a difference and, if I did, I just assumed it was my overactive imagination. "Please, honey! I was just joking."

"I'll show you joking," she said, and her hand pumped viciously on my cock. "Maybe I'll have Derek come over and show you just how stretched out he can make me! Would you like that?"

"What? No!" I moaned, but just the thought of Derek's enormous cock pounding into Emily made my balls tighten. Emily saw my distress and bore down on my cock with faster strokes.

"That's not what this is saying!" she laughed and let go of my cock. My swollen, red flesh twitched and jerked, searching for her hand. "Your little cock tells me that's exactly what you want!"

"Em, please!" I moaned. "I swear I was joking. Please, let me inside you!"

She grabbed my cock again and pumped into me fast. All I wanted was to be inside Emily the way Derek had been inside of her, but the thought of Derek fucking my wife combined with the strokes of Emily's hand was too much. My cock throbbed and swelled. Suddenly I was shooting my jizz across my stomach as Emily laughed. She squeezed the tip until the last few drops puddled into my belly button.

Emily fetched a warm washcloth from the bathroom and cleaned up the mess on my stomach, cooing to me as she did.

"You really enjoyed that, didn't you, Will?"

I couldn't very well deny it. Now that my anguish had passed, all I felt was relief.

"I did."

She slid up next to me, hugging her soft, warm body next to mine.

I wanted to ask her if she was serious, if she really wanted Derek again, but I was too afraid of the answer. Before I could find the courage to ask, I fell into a light doze. I woke up and Emily was sitting up in the dark; her grinning face lit by her phone as her fingers tapped across the screen.

She's texting someone, I thought sleepily. Who is she texting?

Before I could ask, I fell back to sleep.

3

Emily didn't mention it the next morning or the day after. She was just my sweet, affectionate Emily and for that I was grateful.

Still, the images from that night reverberated through my brain. I found it hard to concentrate at work. Emily's high-pitched cries and the image of Derek's thick, black monster sawing in and out of her would appear to me randomly throughout the day. My cock grew hard at my desk, and I'd have to rush to the bathroom until my cock calmed down.

I toyed with the idea of discussing it with Emily. Maybe we could play a game like we did that night. She could tease me about her ex-husband. The thought filled me with shame, but also an uncontrollable lust.

Emily, however, had already taken matters into her own hands.

Three days after that night, I arrived home to find a car parked in my spot in our driveway. It was an older model Mustang, but it was in good condition.

"What the hell?"

Instead of calling Emily, I pulled up on the street and walked through the front door.

"Emily?" I called as I deposited my coat and keys in the front hall. "Do you know who's parked in the driveway?"

I walked into the living room and my blood went cold. On the couch was my beautiful wife in a red dress I had never seen before. It was tight, hugging her lush curves like a second skin, the neck cut low to show off the round tops of her breasts and the deep cleft between them. She had done her hair and makeup, her brown hair shining as it hung in waves down to her shoulders, and her eye makeup accented her bright blue eyes.

I had never seen her looking more sexy.

That would have been enough to stop me, but it was the man sitting next to her that froze my blood. Derek sat next to my wife, his long black finger trailing across her shoulder. He was long and lean, dressed in blue slacks and a silk shirt open at the throat exposing his chocolate skin.

"As a matter of fact." Emily grinned as I stood in the doorway with my mouth open. "It's Derek's car."

"Hey, Willie!" Derek said from the crouch, his hand sliding along my wife's thigh. "Good to meet you!"

"Oh, Will knows all about you," Emily laughed. "After all, he has seen the video."

"Emily?" I asked, finally finding my voice. "Wuh... what's going on?"

"What do you mean?" she said, her blue eyes wide and innocent. "After our...discussion the other night, I got a hold of Derek to see if he was free. It took him a couple days, but he finally fit us into his schedule."

Derek laughed.

"I always have time for you, Em." Derek's voice was slick as oil. "I was just out of town."

"Sure you were." She winked at him. "With one of your hos."

"Hey," Derek said in mock pain. "That's not fair."

Emily's tinkling laugh jangled my already taut nerves.

"I'm just kidding you, sweetie," she giggled, and reached over to grab her glass of wine. She eyed Derek over the lip of her glass. "I know who you are. That's why I left you and got back with Will."

I had the surreal feeling that I was intruding. They were carrying on an entire conversation with their eyes and subtle touches. It drove me crazy.

Ironically, it was Derek that pulled me into the conversation.

"You're a lucky man, Willie," he said and raised his own glass of wine to me. I did not like the diminutive of my name, but that seemed the least of my problems at the moment.

Emily looked at me and grinned at me as I stood there, unable to speak.

"For God's sake, Will!" she chuckled and gestured to the table in the middle of the room. "Take a glass of wine and sit down."

"Emily?" I asked again. "What exactly is going on?"

"Here," she said, and held a glass of wine out to me. "Just have a drink and sit down before you fall down."

Like a zombie, I shuffled forward and took the wine from her hand. I looked at the couch, trying to find a spot where I could sit next to my wife, but Emily shook her head.

"Not here, Will," she said, and gestured to a chair across from the couch. "Why don't you sit over there? Derek takes up so much space on the couch."

Derek watched me, smiling smugly, as I took a seat across from the couple. I took a large drink of wine as Emily leaned forward, her hand on Derek's thick thigh, and kissed him.

I choked on my wine as my wife sucked the black man's tongue into her mouth. I watched as their lips and mouths sucked and bit at each other, devouring each other in a passionate kiss.

"Jesus Christ, Emily!" I spluttered as wine came out my nose. "What are you doing?"

She continued to kiss Derek, but looked at me out of the corner of her eye, the blue irises twinkling with wickedness.

"Mmm," she moaned when the kiss finally broke. "You were always such a great kisser."

Emily and I hardly ever made out like that, and certainly never with that much passion. She had always said I was a good kisser, but now I knew she had been lying to spare my feelings. I had never kissed her like that!

"Emily, please!" I begged my wife. "Please stop this! You've proved your point!"

"Have I?" Her blue eyes turned to ice. "Have I really?"

"Yes!" I said. "I'm sorry, Ok?"

"For what, Will?" she asked as Derek nuzzled her neck. "For calling me a whore, or for telling me you married a loose woman?"

"No, please!" I said. "That wasn't what I meant. I was just teasing. Please, don't do this!"

"The thing is, Will," Emily said, and looked Derek in the eyes. "I am a whore. I do like getting stretched out."

I groaned as she trailed her painted nails down Derek's silk shirt, over his stomach, and finally slid her hand along his thigh. I realized with horror that it wasn't his thigh she was stroking. As she ran her hand over the pants, I could see the outline of Derek's thick cock appear under the fabric.

"I'm just not a whore for you, sweetheart," she said, still looking at Derek. "And you could never stretch me out."

I watched in growing horror as my loving wife knelt in front of her black lover. Derek unbuttoned his pants and lifted his ass as Emily pulled them down over his hips.

"Emily?" I asked, not sure what I wanted to say, but needing to say something. "Emily, please!"

Emily turned to look at me, a wicked gleam in her eye.

"Just sit back, Will," she grinned. "This is what you wanted to see, right? Well, now you get to see it all!"

I groaned and Emily laughed, pulling Derek's pants down until his black monster sprang free, slapping against his hard stomach.

It looked even bigger in real life, especially when my wife took the throbbing flesh in her pale hands, stroking it reverently.

"My God!" she gasped. "It's even bigger than I remember!"

She turned to me and laid the thick length of his black meat against her cheek.

"Look, baby!" she laughed. "It's as big as my face!"

Derek laughed too, compounding my shame.

"Bigger than Willie's, I take it?"

"Oh God, yes!" Emily murmured and ran her lips over the dark skin, trailing loving kisses along the thick shaft. "So much bigger!"

I groaned again as I watched my wife open her lips and shove Derek's cock into her mouth. She worked her mouth down over the chocolate shaft, but was only halfway down before she was choking on his thick flesh. I'd never seen her choke on a cock before and the sight was both horrible and sexy as she struggled to swallow as much as her lover as she could before finally giving up and coming up for air.

As her mouth came off his cock, gobs of spit bubbled out of her mouth and drooled down over his thick, dark flesh. She laughed at her inability to take his entire cock, but she tried again, gagging and spitting on his cock, until her chin was dripping with drool.

She turned to me, grinning through the spit and pre-cum.

"Don't you wish I could choke on your cock?" Emily laughed, her words filling me with a deep shame. "But that would never happen because you're too small."

"Oh God, Emily!" I moaned, but she just giggled and went back to sucking Derek's cock.

Except she didn't just suck his cock. She worshipped it in ways I had never seen before. She sucked on his balls, burying her face in his heavy sac, then rolled his thick cock over her face. Derek lifted his cock so she could even suck at the spot between his balls and anus. Derek groaned in pleasure.

"That's my little slut," Derek murmured. "Such a good, little slut."

Emily grinned, her face shiny with spit, then continued to worship him, reveling in the taste and feel of Derek's cock while Derek grunted obscenities at her, enjoying my wife's attention.

Finally, it was Derek who stopped her. He held her chin in a large, black hand so she could look at him, her face shiny with spit and lust.

"You look so beautiful," he said, then nodded to me. "Why don't you give Willie a nice, big kiss?"

I shook my head, but Emily was already grinning and crawling across the floor to me. She slid up and gripped my head tightly, forcing me to give her a kiss. I whimpered and did my best to keep my lips closed as her mouth worked hungrily on mine. Then, her tongue pierced my lips, and I was tasting the swampy, salty taste of Derek's flesh on her lips. Emily kissed me deeper than she had ever kissed me, and my tongue suddenly knew what to do. It swabbed her mouth, reveling in the musky scent and the salty taste of her ex. We kissed longer and more passionately than ever before, my lust overtaking my shame.

Finally, Emily broke the kiss and giggled as she touched her bruised lips.

"Wow!" she said. "I guess you like the taste of Derek's cock as much as I do."

I groaned in shame. It wasn't that I liked the taste. I was just so desperate and turned on I would have done anything to have Emily's lips on mine.

"Maybe next time, you can suck his cock!" she said and gave me a wink.

"Next time?" I asked, but she was already crawling back to Derek.

I sat in humiliation as Emily stood up and slid her dress over her curves. She bent over and pushed her round, full ass in my face, skinning the red fabric down over her thighs, revealing her bare pussy. She wasn't wearing any underwear, and from my vantage point I could see that her lips were puffy and wet with lust.

"You see that?" she giggled. "I am dripping for him and he hasn't even touched my pussy."

She walked over to Derek, turned and faced me as she slid down her ex's hard, black body. She gripped his dark flesh in her pale fingers and laid it over her belly. It stretched past her belly button, the fat tip resting halfway to her rib cage.

"This is how far he's going to be inside of me, Willie!" she giggled, now using the diminutive of my name. "He's going to be in my belly. You could NEVER reach that far. Not in your wildest dreams."

I said nothing, watching as my wife rubbed her wet pussy up and down Derek's shaft. She moaned at the thought of him entering her. But she had one more humiliation for me before she did so.

"Come here, Willie," she said, and beckoned to me with one finger. "Come here and kneel on the floor in front of us."

Reluctantly, I stood up and walked over to the couple on the couch. God, Emily looked so good. Her pale skin nestled against Derek's chocolate skin. My mouth was dry as I knelt before them, as if paying homage to my wife and her lover. Emily grinned and reached forward, pushing my head against her warm, wet thigh. I could smell the rank odor of Derek's musk mixed with my wife's sweet scent. The smell and the sight of Derek's thick, throbbing cock just inches from my face overcame me.

"I want you to stay right there!" Emily ordered. "I'm going to show you why I was so stretched out! This fucking cock is going to ruin me!"

I whimpered pitifully as Emily lifted her buttocks, but I kept my head on her thigh, feeling the throbbing muscles beneath my cheek. I watched in awe as my loving wife opened her swollen pink lips open with one hand and guided the fat, purplish-black head of Derek's cock into her pussy with the other.

"Oh my God!" Emily cried out in pain. "I forgot how big it is!"

Emily continued to cry as Derek's monster tore open her pink pussy. It forced her swollen lips into her wet hole as she lowered herself onto his pole. Then, when it was too deep, she pushed upward, her pink sex clinging to his black shaft, trying to suck him back in. I felt all the muscles in her thigh tremble as she tried again and again until she had taken his entire cock.

"Oh, fuck, Willie!" Emily cried. "He's in my belly, Willie! I can feel him in my belly."

I felt the sting of shame as I realized I could never penetrate that deep into my wife, even if she had ridden my cock. All I could do was watch as her mouth opened wide and her blue eyes rolled up into the back of her head, a true picture of ecstasy on her face.

She rode his cock for all she was worth, ramming that thick pole in and out of her pussy. When she got tired and her thigh muscles loosened against my face, Derek slid his large black hands under her round buttocks and fucked upward into her with vicious, pounding thrusts.

"Yes! Fuck me, baby!" Emily screamed. "Just like that! You're going to make me cum! Make me cum! Make me cum!"

Emily's whole body shook and she screamed. Suddenly, her pussy exploded as she squirted her pent up lust over Derek's shaft. I drew back in shock as her hot juices spattered across my face. She was so turned on by Derek's powerful fucking; she had lost control of her body.

She fell backward onto Derek's chest and he turned her head so they could kiss, their tongues lapping at each other as Emily moaned in bliss.

"God! That was so good!" Emily murmured. "I missed being able to come like that!"

"Willie, never do that for you?" Derek chuckled.

Emily giggled and looked at me, my face wet with her juices.

"Well, Willie?" she laughed. "Have you ever made me come like that?"

"No," I said, my face burning with shame. "Not ever."

"That's what I thought," Derek said, and he lifted Emily off his cock and laid her back on the couch. "I knew there was a reason you called me after all this time."

"Yes, baby!" she moaned. "You make me feel so good! So much better than Will ever could!"

I felt the pain accumulating deep in my heart, but I didn't move. Emily reached out a hand and stroked my cheek.

"I'm sorry if this is hard for you, Will," she said. "But this is who I am. This is who you wanted to see, right?"

"I... I don't know," I said. "It's all too much."

"It's not over yet," Derek laughed.

"Come here, baby," Emily said, and guided my head until I was lying on her belly. "I want you to feel him when he fucks your wife!"

I moaned in pain, but I kept my head still as I watched Derek stroke his dick cock inches from my face. The fat, purple head was oozing pre-cum and for a moment I thought he might rub it across my cheek. Instead, he guided his cock into Emily's open pussy.

I heard Emily moan as I felt Derek thrust his cock deep inside of her. Her belly moved, rising and falling as Derek fucked her hard and fast, his thick balls slapping against her ass.

I was only inches away from his thick flesh as it sawed in and out of Emily's stretched pussy. I could smell the thick, musky scent of Derek's

cock. I could feel the drops of his sweat hit my face, and I could hear the cries of my wife as Derek pounded her into yet another orgasm.

This was what real fucking was all about. I had never understood it before, the primal nature of it, but as Derek took my wife right in front of my eyes, I suddenly knew.

This was a real man fucking my wife.

"That's it, slut!" Derek growled as Emily neared her second orgasm. "You like my cock, don't you!?"

"Yes! Yes, I love it!" Emily screamed.

"You're going to let me fuck you anytime I want to, right?" Derek grunted.

I knew Emily had no choice. Derek owned her. She was his woman, not mine. I knew what her answer would be even before she screamed.

"Yes! Yes! You can fuck me whenever you want!"

Derek slowed his pace and looked down at me. He withdrew his cock until only the fat tip was penetrating my wife's pussy.

"And what about your husband?" He said, still looking into my eyes.

"I don't care!" Emily said, and I closed my eyes in defeat. "I don't care! You own my pussy! Just you! Please take me!"

That was what Derek had longed to hear. He grinned evilly at me, and he fucked Emily harder than before. He leaned over, pressing his hard stomach against my face, squeezing my head between their bellies. My senses were full of their sweat and musk and flesh.

Finally, Derek reared back on his haunches and howled down at us. His ass tightened as he shot his cum deep inside Emily's pussy. I fancied I could hear the gurgling sound of it in my ears, but that was probably just Emily's stomach as she rose up to meet Derek's pumping cock, forcing his cum deeper inside of her.

"Yes, baby!" Emily screamed. "Yes! I can feel you fill me up with your cum, Derek! Fill me up!"

Derek fell forward, and I finally slid my face off of Emily's stomach as the two of them came together and made out passionately on our couch while I sat on the floor watching. My cock was throbbing, but I didn't dare pull it out in front of Derek for fear that he would make fun of my small penis.

Finally, after a long moment of kissing, Derek slid out of Emily's pussy. She turned and scooted her ass to the edge of the couch and opened her

legs.

"Oh my God, Willie!" she laughed at me as she pried open her pink lips. "Look at how much he came inside me."

I watched as Derek's thick, frothy cum bubbled out of my wife's ruined pussy. I knew how deep he was when he had come inside of her, so I could only imagine how much was still deep inside of her womb.

"I'm going to go take a shower," Derek said, and grinned down at Emily. "Join me after you take care of this."

He waved dismissively in my direction and sauntered off down the hall.

Emily slipped off the couch and bent over me, her lips finding mine. This time I didn't hesitate. I opened my lips and tasted Derek on them, but I also tasted my wife. I wasn't self-conscious about how I was kissing; I was just hungry and needy with lust.

"Are you okay?" Emily asked.

"I think so," I said, although I really didn't know. All the emotions running through me were new and hot and nasty.

"I can make you feel better," she said that she pulled down my pants. I wanted to stop her, to be mad at her, but my cock was so hard it was dripping.

"Wow!" she giggled. "You really enjoyed that, didn't you?"

"Yes," What could I say? My cock was drooling with need.

Emily pushed me back onto the floor and straddled me. She took my cock and it up and down her oozing slit.

"This is what you wanted, wasn't it?" she moaned as she slid the tip of my cock against her clit. "You wanted to see him stretch me out. You wanted to see him take me?"

"Yes," I moaned.

Smiling in triumph, Emily sank down onto my cock. I could barely feel her, my thin penis swimming in Derek's juices and her gaping hole. Still, it felt good to feel the heat of my wife's pussy around me, swamping me in a morass of her lust.

After some furious pumping, Emily's brow furrowed. She wasn't receiving enough friction to get any satisfaction.

"I can barely feel you," Emily laughed and slid off my cock. "He really stretched me out, didn't he?"

"Yes," I moaned. The teasing joke from the other night had become real.

"I guess you'll just have to be happy with a hand job!" she said and laid down beside me. Derek's cum coated my cock. Emily used those juices to stroke me hard and fast.

"You know he wasn't kidding." Emily looked deep into my eyes as her hand fucked my small cock. "I'm his now. You know that, right?"

"Yes," I grunted, trembling on the edge of my orgasm. "I do."

"Good," she said. "Because I love you and need you, you know that."

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"But, I need Derek's cock," she said and bore down hard on my shaft. "But you like it too, don't you?"

"Yes," I sobbed, unable to deny it any longer.

Emily leaned over and kissed me, pumping my cock hard and fast until I was twitching, my cum squirting over my belly. Emily laughed in my mouth, and this time I could only taste her sweet juices. But, as she cleaned me up, then left me to join Derek in the shower, I knew that the next time I kissed her I might not be so lucky.

The next time I kissed her, I might taste him too.

End

Once and Future Cuckold

1

It was a hot day as I watched Carlo, our guide, leading us through the weathered streets of the little Italian village in Tuscany. The beige facades were bursting with beautiful purple and gold flowers as Elise, my wife, walked farther ahead of us, her fit body sliding ever closer to the broad-shouldered Carlo.

Meanwhile, Elise's friend Beth was chattering in my ear, making some sort of off-color suggestion I only half heard.

"What?" I asked.

Beth giggled, and I noticed two other couples, friends of ours, laughing along with her.

"I said," Beth said with a smirk. "It looks like your wife is in the mood for some Italian sausage."

My mouth fell open. I knew Beth for her provocative ways and she often said things to embarrass me, especially in front of Elise and their other female friends, but this was even racier than usual. Knowing Beth's history with my wife, it made me feel extremely nervous.

"You're crazy!" I said indignantly. "She doesn't do that!"

"Oh, really?" Beth chuckled and pointed to the small lane we had been strolling through not a moment before.

Elise and Carlo were gone.

"Where did they go?" I cried and I ran down the lane and turned onto a wider street.

The street was empty. Where had all the people gone? Suddenly, I heard moans coming from around behind a flower seller's cart.

"Mmm, Carlo!" I heard Elise coo. "Your cock is so much bigger than Tom's!"

I moved around the side of the cart and there they were, my wife and Carlo, naked in the bright Italian sunshine. They weren't even hiding. They were in the middle of a small courtyard, surrounded by green plants and violet flowers that clung to the walls. It was as if I had stepped into the garden of Eden and Adam and Eve were in front of me, sampling the delights the snake had shown them.

"See," Beth snickered behind me. "I told you she wanted some Italian sausage!"

The others laughed as I watched my wife of twenty years kneel on the ground in front of Carlo. She wasn't wrong. Our young guide was built like a Greek statue with thick, but graceful muscles. Elise's firm body was glistening with sweat as she knelt before her lover. She opened the lips I had kissed for twenty years and, with a hunger I had never seen, began sucking the younger man's cock.

Watching them together, it seemed so natural, so... right. Elise's mouth worked on the younger man's hard flesh, her cheeks dimpled as she sucked him with intense enthusiasm. My wife's deep, brown eyes never left Carlo's face, gauging his reaction, and giving Carlo all the pleasure that should have been reserved for me.

Suddenly, Carlos grunted, and my Elise let out a low, primal moan. Her mouth must have felt magnificent because Carlo closed his eyes, buried his cock between Elise's lips, and he emptied his load into my beloved wife's mouth.

Finally, Carlo pulled out of her mouth. Elise smiled up at him, opened her mouth, and showed him his creamy load. Carlo groaned at this act of devotion and my wife chuckled. Then, with a loud gulp, she swallowed his seed.

"Bet she never does that for you, eh, Tommy?" Beth elbowed me in the ribs. It was true. I couldn't remember the last time Elise had swallowed my cum.

Finally, Carlo helped Elise to her feet and she looked at me sadly.

"I'm staying with Carlo," she said simply.

She turned, and I tried to reach out to grab her, but I was too far away. I screamed, but no one could hear me. Beth and the other couples clapped as Carlo and Elise walked into the sunlight together, just like Adam and Eve, off to explore a grand new world.

2

I shot up in bed, my heart racing. Instinctively, I reached out to find my wife beside me, just like she had been for the last twenty years. As my mind slowly realized it had been a dream, Elise lifted her head.

"Tom?" she asked, her voice thick with sleep. "Are you ok?"

I took a long, deep breath, my heart slowing down as Elise looked at me with genuine concern on her face. Not at all like the filthy minx in my dream.

"Yuh... yeah..." I muttered. My cock was still throbbing, and I couldn't think about anything else. "I... I think I had a nightmare?"

Elise sat up. Even straight from sleep, she looked gorgeous. Her long dark hair fell in messy tangles over her pale shoulders. The nightie she wore to bed covered her tight, lithe body, but I could see the outline of her firm breasts and pointed nipples imprinted on the sheer fabric.

The image of her on her knees, sucking Carlo's thick cock, came back to me and I turned away, shaking my head to clear it.

"Babe, are you ok? Do you have a headache?"

That's when she touched my thigh and my cock shifted under my boxers, nudging her fingers. She looked down and her eyes widened.

"Oh!" she said, then chuckled. "I see. Are you sure it was a nightmare?"

I groaned at her teasing grin, the same teasing smile she had given me in the dream after swallowing Carlo's cum.

That wasn't Elise, I said to myself. *That was just a dream.*

Too much cuckold porn mixed with my knowledge of Elise's past had caught me in a weak moment and now, here I was with a hard-on and I was nervous as hell.

It had been at least five years since Elise and I had properly had sex. Work and the stress of our children were part of it, but part of it was Elise's own behavior.

Elise had always been a sexual creature and our sex life had been great, until a few months after our marriage when I found out the awful truth. Elise, my beautiful wife, had been seduced by another man.

Joe.

The man she had fucked for months, right up to the morning of our wedding. Joe was the name that she had cried out eight months after our

marriage, while I was deep inside of her. It was only then that she told me about their relationship.

I was stunned. How could the woman who I had married lie to me for all of those months?

Not that there hadn't been clues. We had talked less on the phone her final year in college and when we talked; she seemed distracted, as if she had something else to do. Often, when I tried calling her, her friends repeatedly told me she was studying or had gone out to get groceries. One day, frustrated at not being able to reach her, I got angry and told Beth to have her call me. Beth must have gotten the message, because later that afternoon, Elise called.

She was even more curt and distracted than usual. Less than ten minutes into the phone call, I thought I heard her hiss 'stop it!'.

"Is someone with you?" I asked.

"No, it's just the T.V." she said.

Suddenly, I heard a gasp and then a muffled moan.

"Sorry," she whined. "I really have to go. Love you."

Then she hung up. At the time, I couldn't understand what had happened. She never told me why she had to hang up so suddenly until the night of her confession.

Joe had thrust his cock inside of her while she was bent over his desk, her phone in her ear. She had to hang up so that Joe could fuck her hard and cum inside of her pussy.

I should have been angry. I should have left her, but my lust overwhelmed my rage. The thought of her being with another man, being pleased in ways I could never please her, made my cock hard even though we had just had sex.

Sex was great for a time, but as our lives took over, Elise became more and more aloof. Some time after we had the kids, she stopped initiating sex and, when I tried, she accused me of 'pawing' at her. She had changed, she needed to be in control and if she gave into me, then she would lose that control. I often wondered if it had to do with Joe. Was she guilty for things she had done all those years ago and afraid to enjoy sex? Or did she just not want me?

Either way, our lives became almost sexless. I began having problems getting hard. My only solace was cuckold porn, something I relied on more

and more as Elise pulled farther away. Being lost in the fantasy of wives being with other men was the only way I could get off.

And now, here I was, fully hard after a dream of my wife cuckolding me with a handsome Italian, and I was as nervous as the night I lost my virginity.

"Tom," Elise murmured and slid a finger over the tip of my cock as it twitched in my boxers. "Are you going to tell me about the dream?"

"I... I don't know if I should," I stuttered as Elise stroked me through the thin fabric of my boxers.

"Why?" Elise leaned over me and I could feel her hot breath on my cheek. "Were you doing something you weren't supposed to be doing?"

I gulped.

"No," I said. "Yuh... you were."

Elise sat up, a cold ice falling over her features. Her blush colored lips straightened into a thin line.

"Is this about Joe?" she asked coldly.

"What?" I asked. "No! It wasn't Joe! It was Carlo!"

"Carlo?" she asked, and her face warmed a bit. "Who is Carlo?"

"That guide on our trip!" I said. "To Italy. The one with Karen and Larry."

Elise's brow knit as she thought about our trip.

"That young guy who practically forced us to follow him around?" she asked. "Was that his name?"

"You... you really don't remember?" I asked, with just a hint of a whine in my voice. My cock was already softening as my dream clashed with reality.

"Oh, I remember him!" Elise grinned wickedly. "Karen and I couldn't stop talking about him!"

"Really?" That news made my cock shoot back up in my pants. "So... you thought he was good looking?"

Elise looked at me with a pouting smile.

"Oh, Tom! He was smoking hot! That's why I couldn't remember his name!"

She leaned forward, the warmth and seductiveness back in her eyes. True bedroom eyes. Her hand slid over my cock, and I felt my heart race in anticipation.

"So, Thomas," Elise said, using my full name like an irritated schoolmarm. "Tell me, what did Carlo do with me in this dream?"

"He... he made you suck him off," I moaned, my fear slowly evolving into lust as Elise tightened her grip. "In front of everyone. And you loved it!"

"Did I?" She cocked an eyebrow. "I probably would have liked it."

She slid her hand under the waistband band of my boxers and stroked my hard flesh. I was dry, but it didn't matter. Her hand felt like heaven as she worked it up and down in a tight ring, making me twitch and hump on the bed.

"And... and you took his cum in your mouth!" I grunted and felt the lust build to an intense pressure in my balls. "Then, you... then he made you show it to him before..."

"Before what?" she said in my ear, her hand really working my cock. "What did he make me do?"

"Before you swallowed his cum!" I cried. I was close now, so close, and my wife knew it.

"I would have swallowed his cum," she murmured in my ear. "I would have let him fuck me with that hard young body. I would have let him do things to me you *never* get to do..."

She slowed down, stroking my cock, gripping the tip with two fingers and holding me on the edge of orgasm.

"Anything else?" she asked with a malicious gleam in her eye.

"Yes," I wheezed. "You told me you were staying with him."

Elise looked thoughtful.

"Hmm," she said. "Staying with Carlo in Italy? And did that turn you on?"

I wanted to say no, but my cock was throbbing in her hand, the tip weeping tears of pre-cum into my boxers.

"Yes," I said and Elise nodded as if I had given the right answer to a test.

"Then next time I will," she murmured and gave me quick, merciless strokes on my tortured cock. "Next time, I'll stay with Carlo and leave you. You want that, is that it? To leave you for a better man?"

"No!"

I tried to deny it, but that agonizing thought was too much for me. I grunted and humped upward into her hand. My cum burst through the tight

tunnel her fingers had created and soaked through my boxers as she held me, letting me fuck her hand helplessly as I rode out the pleasure of my orgasm.

I lay back, sweating on the sheets, as Elise chuckled down at me.

"Feel better?"

"Yes," I wheezed. "That felt amazing!"

"Good," she said and lay back down next to me. "You should clean yourself up before you fall asleep."

Slowly, I slid from the bed, being careful not to stain the sheets with the wet cum soaking my boxers. As I staggered to the bathroom, I heard Elise's voice call out to me.

"I'll never leave you Tom," she said. "You know that, right?"

I turned and looked at my beautiful wife of twenty years, looking just as young and vibrant as the day I met her.

"I do," I said. "It was just a fantasy. I never want you to leave."

"Good." She smiled and laid her head back down on the pillow.

"Because you're stuck with me."

I chuckled and went into the bathroom. By the time I had changed and gotten back into bed, Elise had already fallen back to sleep.

I laid there, listening to her breathe, confused and exhausted by my reaction. It was too much to contemplate, and soon I drifted off to sleep myself.

I don't know how long I was asleep when I woke up again. I had my back to Elise, but I could hear her breathing heavily. I was groggy and thought maybe I was dreaming again when I felt the bed shake and she cried out in pleasure.

"Yes, Joe! Fuck me, Joe!"

Joe. The name penetrated my consciousness like a rusty nail.

I listened as my wife gave into her fantasies of a man I could never compete with. The idea was heartbreaking, but my cock was rock hard.

The bed rocked, and I heard the wet, squishy sounds of Elise plunging her fingers into her pussy.

Why? Why hadn't she asked me to get her off? I would have gladly let her cry out her old lover's name if I could have a hand in pleasing her.

That's how deep my obsession had gotten. I couldn't get hard without thinking about Elise with other men and now, here she was, dreaming of Joe while she frigged her clit.

Her breathing was muffled and restrained. She was clearly trying to be quiet, but I could still hear ragged words escape her lips.

“God Joe, I’ve missed you so much! I never thought I’d have you again! Jesus Christ! I haven’t felt like this for so long! Please, please don’t stop! Don't ever stop! Your cock is so good!

Suddenly, she stopped talking, but the writhing, thrusting motion of her hips continued. She gasped and tensed. A delirious grunt escaped her lips, then her body finally came to a rest on the mattress.

She stopped and lay still, panting heavily, trying to be quiet. Slowly, she got out of bed and walked to the bathroom, then stopped and looked at me. I feigned sleep and she must have been satisfied because she went into the bathroom and closed the door. A few minutes later I heard the water running, then a dull thunk as she put the toilet seat down. Soon Elise was gasping and moaning again, but I could not make out the words. I heard her climax again and minutes later she came back to bed, but not before she looked at me again to be sure I was asleep.

I lay awake for a long time, wondering what was going on. Had my fantasy touched off her memories of Joe? Or was this something she did every night when I was asleep?

And why wouldn't she wake me up and let me share in her fantasy?

All these questions whirled around in my mind, but I was too afraid to wake up my wife and get her answers. Instead, I closed my eyes hours later and fell back to sleep.

3

I waited until I was sure Tom was asleep. I had a lot of practice feigning sleep over the last few years as Tom's sex drive turned inward and my own needs were not being met and the mental wall I had built around my sexual self to help me stay faithful to my husband began to spring leaks all over the place

Carlo! Of all the fantasies Tom could have conjured, that was the one that had broken through my cold exterior. But it wasn't Carlo that I was thinking of as I made Tom cum in his pants, and it wasn't Carlo was thinking of as I touched myself beside my sleeping husband.

I was thinking of Joe.

The year after Tom graduated he went off to law school, so we spent my senior year five hundred miles from each other. We got engaged over Christmas and I wore my engagement ring back to school like a trophy. People congratulated me on getting married to Tom, a good-looking, charming man. They acted like I had won the lottery, and I guess I had. I was lucky.

But, after a few weeks, I began to have doubts. Marriage was for life, and I had never really experienced another man. And with Tom five hundred miles away, I was feeling the itch and needed to ease the loneliness.

"You need to sow some wild oats," my friend Beth chuckled to me one night when I was complaining about being alone.

"I'm sorry, what?" I asked, and Beth laughed.

Beth was a real beauty. Tall and blonde, with a chest that looked good in a t-shirt or flannel. She exuded sexuality, and she had men sniffing around her constantly. She'd been with dozens of guys, so she told me, and they had serenaded me one too many nights with the sounds of her lovemaking. To me, a fairly naïve young woman who had only had one serious boyfriend in her life, Beth was worldly beyond belief.

"Sure." She grinned wickedly. "I mean, I'm sure Tom has a nice dick, but there are a lot of men out there. It'd be better for you and Tom if you experiment."

The idea intrigued me as I looked at the shining engagement ring on my finger. Could I really cheat on my fiancé?

The answer was yes. I'd been young enough and naïve enough that I jumped in with both feet. I knew it wasn't right, but with all the innocence of an inexperienced girl in her twenties; I was sure that nothing could hurt my love for Tom.

My first experience with another man had been disappointing. He was handsome in that fraternity boy type way, and he even had a bigger cock than Tom's. But it was the quality, not the quantity that night, and after only a few pumps, it was over.

I almost gave up on the idea. The entire experience left me feeling dirty. Why should I play around if I had a good, strong man who loved me and was good in bed waiting for me? If random sex wasn't going to be any better than that, why bother?

That's when I met Joe.

Fucking Joe! That smooth-talking, beautiful bastard! He had gotten to me from the very beginning. Joe was shorter and more slender than Tom, but he carried himself with the calm assurance of a much bigger man. And, as I learned to my delight, his "male equipment" was longer, thicker and MUCH longer lasting than that of my adored fiancé. He had come on softly, but once he got my body underneath him, there was no going back. Joe did things to me that Tom had never done. He taught me how to give a blow job, trained me to enjoy swallowing his cum (something I'd never done for Tom), and used me in every way I needed to be used.

For six months I was Joe's toy. I spent all my waking hours dreaming of him, fantasizing about him and, finally, fucking him.

It got so bad; I dodged calls from Tom. I was almost always with Joe, naked, on my knees or back. In fact, one time when Beth called me and told me Tom had called and sounded upset, I made the mistake of calling him while Joe was there.

Joe didn't like that, and as I struggled to talk to Tom on the phone, Joe licked my pussy. I hissed for him to stop. Tom asked if someone was there and I lied to my future husband as Joe moved behind me, bent me over his desk, and shoved his big cock into my pussy.

I gasped and Joe clapped his hand over my mouth as I let out a muffled 'hnnmph!' I was sure Tom could tell what was going on, but when he said nothing I quickly hung up the phone.

"Why?" I moaned as Joe hammered my pussy. "Why would you do that?"

"Because," Joe hissed angrily in my ear. "Until the wedding, you're mine. I NEVER want you talking to Tom in front of me, understand?"

"Yes!" I cried. His anger only fueled my traitorous lust. "Yes! I promise!"

I had one of the biggest orgasms I'd ever experienced.

And that's how things went, right up to our wedding day. I secretly invited Joe to stay at the apartment above the Weaver family's garage across the street from my parent's house, the same apartment where Tom and I lived after our wedding. Joe fucked me in the same bed I made love to Tom in, but in my memory it was never the bed that Tom and I shared. It was our bed, Joe and me, because the repeated fucking he gave me that week leading up to my wedding was the most wonderful fucking I'd ever had in my life.

I never once made love to Tom in that bed without thinking of Joe.

And I can still remember Joe, in the early hours of the morning of my wedding day, holding my panties out to me as his cum dripped from my pussy and ass.

"I want you to wear these all day," he said. "No cleaning up. I want you to have my cum in your pussy when you marry Tom. And don't brush your teeth either. I want him to taste me when he kisses the bride in front of your friends and family. That's how I'll know how much our time together has meant to you."

Then he stepped forward and helped me slip into the panties.

"And tonight, when your husband wants to have sex, you can either explain why you have a dirty pussy, or you can tell him you're tired and need rest. Then, you can wake up and clean yourself before he gets up."

That was my relationship with Joe. That calm assurance that I would submit to this awful act and prove my loyalty to him.

Which I did.

I had walked down the aisle with Joe's cum dripping from my pussy. I was so emotionally and physically exhausted that it wasn't even a lie when I told Tom I couldn't have sex with him on our wedding night. He had been so sweet about it, and stroked my hair as I drifted off to sleep. Not that I slept much. I kept waking up, my pussy aching and sticky from Joe's fucking. I got up as early as possible and showered before Tom could notice the crusty remnants of Joe's lust on my pussy.

I knew then that I had to fight the urge to be with Joe. I needed to forget about those months, and I had a loving man to help with that. It helped that I never thought I'd see Joe again. If I wasn't near him, then I couldn't fall for his charm.

And I didn't, not for a few months at least, but then Beth invited me to go with her to Joe's hometown of Mobile to see one of our friends who was in a band play at a music festival. I knew I might see Joe, but I was a married woman. I could handle it. I would not cheat on Tom again.

Of course, once I saw Joe, all my finely held convictions fell aside and I once again gave into my weakness.

I would never forget or forgive the things I did that weekend with Beth and Joe, and several of his friends. For the first time I cheated on Tom as a married woman, something I never thought possible. However, as soon as I came back into Joe's orbit, he had me on my knees with his cock in his mouth. And this time there were other cocks, other men, but I knew at the end there would always be Joe.

The memories made my pussy throb with lust, and my chest pinch with guilt. I resolved, from that day forward, to be a good and loving wife to Tom.

And I tried. God, how I tried to get my mind off of Joe. It worked for a few months. I went to work in the college placement office where Tom was working hard in his second year of law school. Having a job and my husband eased my need for Joe.

It was not quite a year after we got married when I noticed the hungry looks of a man named Matthew at the university placement office. He was a manager, and he had the same quiet intensity that reminded me of Joe. Almost without thinking, I dressed in low-cut blouses and short skirts like I used to wear when I wanted Joe to notice me.

This time, however, it was Tom who noticed. I told him I was going to tease Matthew at work. Instead of being angry, I saw a lustful glint in his eyes.

So, I flirted with Matthew mercilessly for a week before finally luring him into the bathroom at work and making him take out his cock. I slid off my wet panties and convinced him to jerk off with them. We didn't have sex; I didn't want to cheat on Tom again, but it had been so hot watching Matthew stroke his fat cock into my panties that my pussy was dripping.

By the time I got home, I was ready to fuck. I told Tom about the whole sordid affair and watched as his cock got harder and harder.

Tom couldn't contain himself. For the first time, he was rough and powerful, overcome by the need to reclaim me. It was the closest he ever came to fucking me, as well as Joe. So close, in fact, I cried out Joe's name as I hit orgasm. I didn't even realize it until we had finished and Tom asked me about my old lover. It was only then that I realized the enormity of my error.

I cried as Tom forced me to tell him the whole filthy story. The affair, the sex, and that I had let Joe cum in my pussy on our wedding day. I thought Tom would be angry, but just like my story about Matthew, he got turned on. After listening to my story, His dick was as hard as a rock as he listened to my story and he begged me for a hand job. Instead, I made him jerk off while I watched him cum less than a minute later.

After that, Tom tried to roleplay a few more times, asking questions about Joe that kept bringing up all those memories. I wish I could say it turned me on, but Tom couldn't satisfy me the way Joe could and the more he brought it up, the more guilty and frustrated I became.

Several months later, Tom asked about my trip to Mobile, the trip where I cheated on him with Joe as a married woman. His interrogation was soft and sweet, but I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was getting wound up, ready to pop a boner and fuck me as soon as I revealed the depths of my sin. It was too much, so I did the only thing I could.

I lied.

I don't think Tom believed me, but luckily he didn't push it. I tried to forget about Joe. Instead, I focused on Tom and raising our two kids. It was easy to force the crazy mistakes I had made to the back of my mind, although Tom kept trying for a while.

So, in order to preserve my marriage and my sanity, I stopped entertaining Tom's fantasies. I stopped roleplaying. In fact, I stopped initiating sex altogether. I told myself that it was because I was protecting Tom, but in reality, I was being selfish. If I couldn't have Joe's cock inside me, his voice in my ear, then I didn't want sex at all.

Tom says I'm cold, or a prude. The truth is, I am neither. I'm just an unsatisfied wife in a loving marriage, not better, or worse, than millions of women and men across the world.

But Tom had unlocked something inside me when he mentioned Carlo. I mean, he was hot and charming, but I had never thought of sleeping with him. I really had forgotten his name. So, when Tom brought him up, I suddenly felt the old urge to play along.

And that had brought back my memories of Joe.

"Yes, Joe!" I murmured as I plunged my fingers into my sticky pussy. I knew I should be quiet, but somehow the words made everything more real. I could feel Joe's thick cock inside of me and hear his voice in my ear.

"Cum for me," the voice said. "Cum for me like you never do for Tom!"

I jammed my hand in my mouth to keep from screaming and humped my hand as I plunged at the same time. My body thrashed on the bed as I rode out my orgasm beside my husband. I thought I felt Tom move, and that was enough to make me stop and listen to see if I had woken him up. My heart thumped with fear. I wasn't ready to explain myself to Tom.

Finally, I slid out of bed and went to the bathroom after checking that Tom was still asleep.

Inside the bathroom, I breathed easier. I splashed cool water on my face and looked in the mirror.

"It's ok," I said to my reflection. "It's just a fantasy."

I closed the toilet seat and sat down, wondering about my reaction to Tom's dream. That dream had brought back all the old memories of Joe. I shouldn't think about Joe at all, but I could not get all the wonderful things he did to me out of my head. All of my walls I had built had collapsed because of that damned dream and that left with me those familiar feelings of guilt and frustration. Guilt that I wanted a man besides Tom to fuck me and frustration that Tom couldn't give me what I needed.

An idea entered the back of my mind, a filthy, nasty idea. It was dangerous and it could threaten everything that Tom and I had built over the last twenty years. It might destroy Tom.

However, if it worked, if Tom and Joe played their parts, it might just save my fragile mind and maybe my marriage.

I slid my fingers down between my legs again. I was still wet from thinking of Joe between my legs, but this time the fantasy had changed. Tom was watching, and I was laughing at the sad, bewildered look on his face.

"This is what you wanted," I said to the fantasy Tom, and my pussy tightened around my fingers. "Now, fuck me, Joe! Fuck me like I know you

can!"

4

The answer to my fantasy came a few days later. I stared at the announcement on Facebook, unable to think. My twentieth college reunion. I knew Joe would be there. He would have to be, especially if I contacted him and told him I was going.

I hesitated as I picked up my phone. We had not been in contact since that weekend in Mobile, although I had followed him on Facebook. I had never dared to message him for fear he would pull me back into his orbit.

However, I knew Beth had kept in touch with him. Hell, she might have been fucking him, but I had shut down talk of Joe a long time ago.

Still, if anyone knew how to get a hold of Joe, it would be Beth.

"Hey, babe!" Beth answered cheerfully. "What's up?"

"Oh, you know," I sighed. "Same old, same old."

"Yeah? You and Tom okay?"

Beth knew my history, even more than Tom, and she knew the troubles Tom and I had in bed.

"Yeah," I said. "Same as always. But I didn't call to whine about my sex life."

"Okaaaay," Beth laughed. "Then let me guess what you did call about?"

"You got it, too?"

Dumb question. Of course Beth got the notice. It was her twentieth reunion, too.

"Duh," Beth said. "And you-know-who is going to be there."

"Who do you mean?" I was playing dumb and Beth saw through me immediately.

"Oh come on!" Beth laughed. "You know who I'm talking about, but you won't let me say his name!"

I thought about it for a long moment. Something inside me knew that if I said his name or if I asked for his phone number, there was no going back. It was like summoning a demon. The demon would not appear without a sacrifice.

Just who, or what, would I have to sacrifice to bring Joe back into my life?

"Say his name," I said.

"Wait," Beth said, suddenly excited. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," I said with more confidence than I felt. "Say his name. And while you're at it, give me his phone number too."

It took a bit more conversation and some teasing, but Beth finally gave me Joe's phone number. My hands were shaking as I punched the numbers into my phone.

What if he didn't want to see me? What if his desire for me had waned even as my memories became more vivid with each passing year? What if

—

"Hello, Beautiful."

His voice was exactly the same. Deep and powerful, with just a hint of laughter. As if he was a man who others took more seriously than he took himself. Just hearing that voice again made my heart pound and my pussy throb with lust.

"Hi, it's—" Wait! Did he know it was me? Or had he confused me with another number? We hadn't talked in years. How would he know it was me? "It's Elise Dowd."

"I know," he said. "I knew you would call, Elise."

"You... you did?" I said, my mind whirling with confusion.

"Of course," Joe said enigmatically.

"How did you know?" I asked.

Was it divine knowledge? Was I giving off a vibe that reached over five hundred miles?

"Beth called me, silly," he laughed. "She told me she gave you my number!"

"Oh," I said, and felt like a stupid teenager. Of course Beth had called him.

Divine knowledge? How stupid could I get?

"I was hoping you'd call, though," he said.

"Yeah?" I asked, feeling better. "Really?"

"Of course," he said. "I wish you never would have stopped talking to me."

"I got married, Joe," I said, as if I needed to remind him. He *had* fucked me on my wedding day. "I just couldn't deal with... with you and Tom."

"I understand," Joe said. "And now?"

"And now... " I wasn't sure how to proceed. "And now it's our twentieth reunion."

"Right," Joe said. "Are you going?"

"I'm thinking about it," I said. "What about you? Are you going?"

"Thinking about it," Joe said.

I chuckled. He would not make this easy.

"Is your wife going?"

I knew Joe had split from his wife a few months before, but I didn't want him to know that I was keeping tabs on his life.

"We've separated," Joe said. "She just couldn't get used to my wandering eye."

"And cock," I teased.

"Right," Joe said. "That too."

"I want to go," I said, finally. "And I want to bring Tom with me."

"Really?" Joe said. "So, should I stay home?"

"It's up to you," I said. "But I would like it if you'd go."

"Well," Joe said. "If I go, you know what that means?"

I felt a twinge in my pussy, and my heart sped up.

"Yes," I said. "I do."

"Good," Joe said. "Does Tom know?"

"Not yet," I said. "But he's ready."

"Good," Joe said. "Then here's what I want you to do. I want you to switch to FaceTime."

"Yes?" I said and absently touched my hair. I hadn't prepared for Joe to see me. "Why?"

"Because I want to see you," Joe said.

"What if?" I hesitated to ask the question. "What if you don't like what you see?"

"Impossible," Joe said. "Now, if you want me to go to that party, you'll switch over to FaceTime. Now."

He had replaced the hint of laughter with the sharp note of command. My pussy was dripping as I switched over to FaceTime.

Joe's face appeared on the screen. He looked just the same except for some wrinkles around the eyes and mouth and a hint of gray at his temples. All of this only brought my focus to his dark, penetrating eyes.

"Beautiful," he said, smiling. "Just like always."

My heart filled with pride. Tom told me I was beautiful every day, but somehow, coming from Joe, it meant more.

"Now, I want you to set down your phone so I can see you. All of you."

It took me a few moments to prop the phone up and slide back in my chair so Joe could see my whole body. He murmured appreciatively.

"Perfect," Joe said. "Now, take off your shorts and your panties. I want to see my pussy."

Not your pussy, not Tom's pussy, but my pussy!

"What?" I felt the heat creep into my cheeks. "Are you serious?"

"The question is," Joe said. "Are you serious?"

I bit my lip, then skinned off my shorts and panties.

"There," I said.

"Good," Joe said. "Now touch yourself."

"Joe!" I moaned. "I don't know. I'm so embarrassed."

"Why?" Joe said. "Don't you want to make me happy? Don't you want me to come to the reunion?"

"Yes!" I said. "I do."

"Then touch yourself for me. Pleasure yourself while I watch, just like you used to do."

I moaned again, and twenty years of resolve slipped away. I was back in Joe's room, spreading my legs for him and getting off while he watched.

I slid my fingers over my swollen lips. I moaned and bit my lip harder.

"Don't hold back," Joe commanded. "I want to hear it."

I moaned louder and stroked my lips and my clit, frigging my pussy for my ex-lover.

"Are you wet?" Joe asked.

"Yes!" I sobbed. "I'm so wet!"

"Are you wet for me?"

"Yes, Joe!" I cried. "Always for you!"

"That's good," Joe said. "Now put your fingers in my pussy and fuck yourself for me."

I did as I was told. I slid my fingers deep inside my pussy and I fucked myself, Joe's dark eyes watching me. It didn't take me long to get close to the edge.

"That's good," Joe said. "Even after all these years, I can still see it in your face and hear it in your voice. You want to please me. Now cum for me, slut. Cum for me."

"YES!" I cried, and I came on my fingers as my pussy spilled over with lust.

"Did that feel good?" Joe asked after I had stopped moaning into the phone.

"Yes," I said. "It felt wonderful."

"Just wait until I see you in person," Joe said with a cocky grin.

"I can't wait, baby!" I moaned. "I can't wait!"

5

Elise approached me about the reunion, telling me rather than asking if she could go. She knew Joe was going to be there. In fact, she had talked to him just the day before to solidify their plans. I felt the same old fear and anger mixed with excitement.

After all this time, she was going to see Joe again.

"You're welcome to tag along," Elise chuckled. "If you want to tag along."

I remember those exact words. *Tag along*. The words hurt, but my cock was rock hard when Elise released me from my pants and jerked me off, fast and hard. As she jerked my cock, she extracted a promise.

I would let her go to the reunion and, if I went, I would not interfere, no matter how jealous I felt. She hinted at things that Joe would do to her and even though it terrified me, I squirted my load onto my stomach as I screamed yes. Yes, to anything she wanted, as long as I could feel this pleasure.

And now here I was, standing in the corner of a crowded room at my old fraternity house, watching Elise and Joe on the dance floor. She was dancing close to him, their foreheads touching as they looked into each other's eyes and talked.

They'd been inseparable ever since Joe had appeared on the dance floor. When he caught Elise's eye, I felt a tremble of fear and excitement flow through her body. I'd never seen her so nervous.

"Elise," Joe said and gripped her shoulders, then pulled her into a deep hug. "So good to see you!"

They held each other for longer than was comfortable and I saw several people turn their heads, knowing smiles on their faces. Finally, already feeling like a third wheel, I cleared my throat.

"Oh!" Elise said, and broke the hug. "Joe, you remember my husband, Tom?"

Joe stepped forward. He was shorter than me, but he had piercing dark eyes and a bearing that made him seem much larger. It was an odd experience, shaking this man's hand who had such an impact on my life.

"Pleasure to see you again, Tom," Joe said amiably. I sensed no sarcasm in his voice. "Thank you for coming with Elise."

"Uh... " I didn't know what to say. What exactly had he and Elise discussed, and why was he thanking me? "You're welcome, I guess?"

Both Elise and Joe laughed as if I had told a joke and Elise patted me on the arm.

"Tom, can you go get us some drinks?"

"Um, sure," I said. "What would you like?"

"Oh, just a glass of wine," she said, then looked at Joe. "Do you want anything, Joe?"

"Sure," Joe said. "Tom, why don't you get me a beer?"

I stood, nonplussed, as Elise and Joe turned away from me and talked to each other. My wife giggled, and I stood there like an idiot, realizing I had just become a servant for my wife and her lover.

The humiliation stung, but I did as I was told. I got myself a beer too, even though I preferred wine. I'd be damned if I was going to be caught having a less manly drink than Joe.

When I got back, Joe and Elise were deep in conversation, Elise's arms intertwined with Joe's.

They soon moved from talking conversation to the dance floor, both of them handing me their empty drinks as if that was the reason I was there.

"Be back in a while, Tom," Elise giggled and gave me a wink just before Joe pulled her onto the dance floor.

The song changed from slow to fast, and Elise ground against her former lover as his hands explored her body. I stood there; the anger twisting my guts as my cock twitched to life in my pants. How could this humiliation be turning me on? I didn't know, but seeing Elise letting herself go on the dance floor was a new and provocative sight.

I wasn't the only one who noticed. As I watched my wife grind her hips against Joe's thigh, two of my old fraternity brothers walked by, talking loudly over the music. They didn't notice me in the crowd.

"Have you seen Elise Dowd? Damn, she hasn't aged a day. I would seriously love to fuck her!"

My heart stopped, and I stepped back into the shadows to listen.

"Shit! I lived with Joe McDonald my sophomore year and his senior year, when they dated during the spring semester. She was at the apartment all the time, not always fully dressed. It was nuts!"

"She was already engaged to Tom then, right?"

“Yeah, I wonder if he knows about it. I can tell you it was the highlight of my college years. David and I had blue balls for a month and then Joe let us fuck her. I lost my virginity to her. She is by far the best I’ve ever had. She was just amazing!”

I never knew. Of all the stories Elise had told me, she had never talked about fucking anyone else but Joe. Now, suddenly I couldn't stop thinking about it. How many men had she been with while she was supposed to be faithful to me? How many others knew about her?

“Were you there for that party watching the Kentucky game when she was the waitress? I heard she was naked!”

“No, I was there. She wasn’t wearing much, but she was at least borderline decent. She looked fucking good, I can tell you that. It was easy to cop a feel, and she did lap dances for some guys. Warren Jackson came in his pants. We gave him some shit about that!”

“I heard she pulled a train after that party!”

“Naw, that’s just an urban legend. Joe only let a few guys fuck her that semester, but you know, it was like a dominance thing. She was like his sex slave, but he only let them have her one at a time.”

My cock was hard in my pants. I had to shift my jacket to cover up the bulge. She had been Joe's sex slave, and he had *let* other men fuck her. All while she was supposed to be faithful to me.

“The closest thing I ever saw to a train was when she and Beth came down to Mobile the summer after our sophomore year. I guess Elise didn’t get enough during the semester and wanted some more. And, of course, Beth was pretty much always ready to go if there was a good-sized cock around.

"Anyway, one weekend they came down on Friday. Joe kept them to himself on Friday night, but Saturday morning he called me and a couple of other guys and we all went over. Basically, it was five on two, from ten in the morning to two in the afternoon. Skinny dipping, fucking and sucking. Elise and Beth were awesome. Better than any porn video I’ve ever seen. It Was unbelievable.

"They stayed until Sunday. I don’t know how Joe did it, but he had those two little sluts wrapped around his finger. I feel sorry for Tom. After all, she was married to him by then."

"No shit!"

"No shit," he said. "Mrs. Tom Dowd, sucking and fucking with her wedding ring on the whole time. She wouldn't take it off. Said she wanted to keep it on to remember that she loved her husband."

"Fuck! That is some harsh shit!"

The two men moved on, and I didn't follow them. I felt like somebody had put a plastic bag over my head. I couldn't breathe. Elise had lied to me about her Mobile trip, something I had always suspected, but hearing it confirmed by someone who had actually fucked her was a punch in my guts.

Like a zombie, I stumbled to the bar, got another drink, and drank until my thoughts became numb. I looked out at the dance floor and that's when I realized. While I had been listening to Elise's exploits, my wife and Joe had disappeared.

"Fuck!" I said and stood up. The drinks had the desired effect, and I stumbled drunkenly through the crowd, looking for Elise.

She wasn't there, but I found Beth on the dance floor, grinding against one of her old classmates, his wife glaring at her from the sidelines.

"Beth, have you seen Elise?" I asked.

"She's with Joe," Beth said drunkenly. "Don't worry about it, Tommy! I'm sure they're just catching up!"

The way she said it, with a wicked gleam in her eye, made it even worse. I saw others watching us, grinning and laughing, and I was transported back to the dream that had started all of this. Standing in the Italian sunshine while Elise swallowed Carlo's cum while others laughed.

I needed to get out of there, away from the laughing, knowing faces of Elise's friends. They all knew a side of her I had never seen, and that hurt more than the treachery. I was on the verge of rampaging through the crowd when I felt a tap on my shoulder.

"Looking for me?" Elise said and, before I could say anything, my wife gave me a deep, passionate kiss in front of everyone.

The crowd hooted and hollered as I gave into the kiss. Elise's taste was unfamiliar, salty and sticky. I wondered what it was for a moment. Then she broke the kiss, smiling widely.

"Did you miss me?" she said.

"Yes," I said, the swampy taste of her still thick on my lips. "I did."

"Good," she said, as if she expected nothing less.

Elise's face was flushed and glowing. I saw her messed up hair. Her dress was wrinkled and hung unevenly on her shoulders. Had she gotten messed up dancing, or had she been doing something else?

I didn't have time to ask. She pulled me over to the edge of the crowd. That's when I noticed Joe standing there, watching us with his dark, cold eyes.

"Joe has invited us to stay with him at the beach this week!" Joe stepped forward and slipped his arm possessively around my wife. "We're going back to his hotel now so we can get an early start to his condo in the morning!"

"Oh," was all I said. "Um... "

"You can come with us," Joe said, and pulled Elise closer.

I looked at Elise's face and suddenly got the feeling that I wouldn't be welcome. I felt empty, hollowed out by the revelations of the evening and the speed at which it was all happening.

The truth was, I didn't know if I could take it anymore.

"Work," I blurted. "I have work. But, I can... maybe I can join you in a couple of days?"

Elise's face brightened, and I felt my heart break just a little.

"Perfect," Joe said. "I'll have Elise call with directions."

They gazed into each other's eyes, and a silent signal passed between them.

"Tomorrow," Joe said. "I'll have her call you tomorrow. Late."

I knew what that meant, but I was too stricken to be angry. This was obviously what Elise wanted and the way my cock was throbbing in my pants, I wanted it too.

"I'll meet you out front," Elise said, and gave Joe a kiss on the cheek.

Joe smiled a cruel, triumphant smile, then faded into the crowd

"Thank you, Tom," she said, and gave me another deep kiss. The swampy taste was still there. "Thank you for understanding. I'll call you tomorrow."

She slid her hand down the front of my pants, confirming that I was as hard as a rock. She giggled.

"We're going to have such a good time."

With a final squeeze, Elise turned and, without looking back, disappeared into the crowd to find Joe.

6

I spent the week at work. It was a joke. I could think of nothing but Elise and Joe. Even though Elise had promised to call, she didn't, and when I tried her there was no answer for the first two days. However, on the third day, I received a text message with the address of the condo and an image.

It was of Elise standing on the beach, striking a pose. I can only assume it was Joe taking the picture. I had never seen her suit before. It was a tiny string bikini that barely contained her round, firm breasts. A tiny triangle of red fabric was the only thing that covered her pussy. The Elise I knew wouldn't be caught dead in a suit like that, but as I looked at the picture, I could see the happiness and the lusty sexuality in her eyes. She enjoyed being looked at by Joe and I imagined her laughing as she sent me the picture because she knew what it would do to me.

I finally got through to her on Wednesday.

"Hi, Tom!" she said breathlessly into the phone.

"Hi," I said, and I heard a stifled laugh then a definite moan. "What are you doing?"

She laughed.

"We're hanging out," she giggled. This time I heard wet slaps and more stifled moans. "You know, watching TV!"

I knew they weren't watching TV. I imagined Elise lying on a bed somewhere, her legs spread lewdly apart as Joe skewered her with his cock. The image mixed with the sounds, and my cock shot up in my pants.

"Elise," I moaned pitifully. "Can't you just talk to me?"

"Sorry, baby!" Elise whimpered. "I really can't. Joe just... Joe just..."

This time there was no attempt to cover up the sounds of her pleasure. The slaps of wet flesh took on a staccato rhythm, and Elise's breathing became more and more labored.

"Look, I have to go," Elise groaned. "When you get here, grab some wine and bring ear plugs. You know, so we don't keep you up."

"Keep me up? What does that mean?" I asked, even though I knew what she meant.

"You know...ooh!" A lusty gasp interrupted her words. "Joe and I like to stay up late. Talking."

"Right," I said, and the sounds got louder.

"Baby," Elise whimpered. "I really have to go."

"See you soon," I said, but Elise had already left.

Of course, I knew what they were doing. I wasn't as naïve as I had been twenty years ago. Joe was fucking my wife while she blithely told me to buy wine and ear plugs so they could fuck all night.

But I had also changed and even though I was angry, it also turned me on. I pulled up the picture of Elise in her indecent suit, a suit she'd probably bought just for Joe, and I jerked off, thinking of Joe fucking her while she talked with me on the phone.

Soon, I would see her in real life, both of them, and the fear and excitement made me cum harder than I had in years.

I worked late on Thursday evening so that I could leave after lunch on Friday and drive to the Florida coast to join Elise and Joe. As Elise suggested, I stopped by CVS and bought some earplugs. My guts churned at the thought of why I would need the earplugs, and it wasn't for 'talking'. But it was too late to turn back now.

I hit some afternoon traffic, and I arrived at the neat little condo at nine o'clock.

I knocked on the door, and there was no answer. I texted Elise and got a text back almost immediately.

"Sorry! On a walk. 10 minutes."

I waited as my stomach twisted into knots. It was twenty minutes later when Elise opened the door. Her hair was wet and tangled and I could smell the ocean and sand on her body as she gave me a big hug and a kiss. Her mouth tasted salty, and it reminded me of the night she left me at the reunion. Was it the ocean on her lips or something else?

Joe stood behind her and waited until Elise stopped kissing me, then stepped forward and shook my hand.

It was then I realized they were both in swimsuits. I'd seen the one Elise was wearing. It was the red bikini from the picture, the same picture I had jacked off to the night before. I couldn't help it. I got hard just looking at her.

"So sorry to keep you waiting. I figured you'd hit some traffic, and we weren't sure when you'd get here. We thought we'd go for a quick dip. The

water was really nice so we um... we lost track of time."

"It's OK. I caught up on emails while I waited," I lied. "That's a nice suit. It's new, right?"

"Yes! I'm glad you like it!" She gave my bicep a little squeeze. " Joe bought it for me!"

"Yeah?" I asked, a twinge of jealousy turning my stomach. "Why isn't it more wet if you went swimming?"

Elise smiled a little and looked down at her suit. Joe sat down at the table and I saw him suppress a grin.

"Well..." Elise said, and led me into the condo. "The beach was completely deserted, and the water was warm so... "

She grinned at me and left the rest up to my imagination, and it was working overtime. I saw her and Joe naked, bobbing in the waves, kissing as Elise rode his cock in the warm surf.

I got light-headed and had to sit down.

I barely noticed a knowing look pass between Joe and Elise. Then Joe nodded slightly.

"By the way, we had some wonderful pasta from a local place," Elise said. "Would you like some leftovers?"

I nodded dumbly, hoping the food might calm my upset stomach. As Elise went into the kitchen to heat up the leftovers, Joe bent forward over the table.

"I'm glad you came, Tom," Joe said softly so only I could hear. "It means a lot to Elise."

He said it like I didn't know that, like he knew Elise better than I did. Where the hell had he been for the last twenty years?

I felt the anger rise in my chest and my hands clenched. Joe saw my reaction and sat back, a mysterious smile on his face.

"You can hit me if that would make you feel better," Joe said. "But it doesn't mean I'm wrong."

My hands clenched harder for a moment, then loosened as I realized he was right. I actually didn't know what this meant to Elise. I wasn't even exactly sure why I was here. But Elise wanted me here, and when she set the steaming plate of pasta in front of me with a loving smile, my anger melted away.

The pasta was delicious and the three of us had a pleasant conversation, and together we drank half a bottle of wine. After an hour, Joe stood up.

"It's been a long day. I'm going to turn in, El. Just come along when you're ready."

After he left, I quietly helped Elise make up the sleeper sofa, knowing that this was where I was going to sleep. The idea made me feel uncomfortable, like a guest who has already overstayed his welcome.

Afterwards, we sat beside each other on the bed.

"I think it's really comfortable," Elise said, pushing down on the bed. "Although I haven't slept on it since I've been here."

There was no need to ask where she had been sleeping.

"Will you be OK out here? Did you bring ear plugs?" I nodded. "Are you... you know. Are you OK with this?"

I shrugged.

"I don't know El. What is this?"

"You know!"

"Yeah, I guess I do," I said, and felt a tear well up in my eye. "You didn't give me much choice."

Elise put a comforting arm around my shoulders.

"Well, I figured that after your dream and everything else, you'd be OK with it. After all, this is what you wanted, isn't it?"

"I know," I said. "You're right... but... I don't know..."

I looked at Elise. Her firm body looked so good in that tiny suit, so sexy. I wanted nothing more than to grab her and pull her down to the bed. But I knew that wasn't what she wanted, at least not from me. She wasn't being sexy for me.

The man she really wanted was waiting in the next room.

"It's like you're becoming a different person, especially around Joe," I said. "I like it, it turns me on."

Elise glanced down at my crotch and smiled.

"I'm just trying to get used to this. How long do you think this... this fling will last?"

"I'm not sure this is a fling."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure." Elise stopped when she saw the look on my face. "I'm sure I love you and want to stay married to you!"

She hugged me tighter.

"But I'm also sure that I need to keep him." She gestured towards the bedroom. "I need to keep him in my life, too. I've got to work that out, and

I need you to give me some time. Please don't make me choose. Not right now."

"What if I did?" I asked. "What if I asked you to choose?"

"Oh, Tom!" She smiled sadly, leaned over, and kissed me gently on the cheek. "You've had a long drive, you've got to be tired. Put your earplugs in and get a good night's sleep. We can talk more in the morning."

The conversation was over and I didn't have my answer. Elise got up and walked to the bedroom. I couldn't tear my eyes away from her bikini bottoms, twitching seductively from side to side knowing I wouldn't be the one who got to touch her round ass tonight. That was a privilege reserved for Joe.

Elise opened the door, turned around, and blew me a kiss. Then she closed the door behind her, and locked it.

I lay on the uncomfortable pull out and stared at the ceiling. There was no way I was going to sleep, not with my question hanging in the air and my wife in the next room with another man.

I did not put in the earplugs.

The noises started out softly. Giggles and moans, building to groans and cries. I heard the rocking of the bed and that unmistakable sound of flesh slapping flesh.

I wanted to look, but Elise had locked the door. All I could do was imagine what Joe was doing to my wife when I heard Elise scream.

"Yes, baby!" she cried. "Fuck me! Fuck me good!"

I heard Joe's deep voice, but couldn't make out the words. Instead, I heard Elise cry a moment later.

"I don't care if he hears me!" she screamed. "Just fuck me! Fuck meeee!"

The last scream erupted in cries of ecstasy I had never heard from Elise before. I suddenly realized that my hand was on my cock and I was stroking, stroking, stroking until suddenly I was cumming all over my belly while my wife screamed for Joe to fuck her again and again.

They fucked twice more that night and I came each time, more times than I had ever cum in one evening. Finally, they quieted down enough for me to fall into a fitful sleep.

I dreamed of Elise fucking Carlo, then Joe. Then she was fucking both of them as Beth fingered herself, laughing at me as I descended further and further into my nightmare.

"You see, Tommy?" Beth laughed. "That's how real men fuck!"

The morning sun and the sounds of Joe and Elise fucking in the shower pulled me from my dream.

I couldn't believe they were fucking again, but that didn't stop me from touching my cock. It was hard from my dream, unbelievable considering my three orgasms the night before. Yet my flesh throbbed as I stroked it. I was nearing another orgasm when the door to the bedroom opened.

I lay still, panting and trying to act like I was asleep when Joe emerged from the bedroom, opened the front door, and left the condo.

Elise followed a few minutes later, drying her dark, wet hair with a towel. She was wearing one of Joe's dress shirts and nothing else.

She looked incredibly sexy.

"Oh, you're awake!" she said brightly. "You want some coffee?"

"Sure," I said, trying to sound groggy. "That would be nice."

Elise padded barefoot into the kitchen and returned with a steaming cup of coffee. She lay down next to me. Joe's shirt rode up on her naked thighs and I realized she wasn't wearing any panties. I sat up, hiding my raging hard on, and sipped my coffee.

"Did you get some rest? Did you wear your ear plugs?"

"I didn't wear my earplugs," I said and Elise smiled knowingly at me over the cup. "But I got some sleep after you and Joe went to sleep."

Elise had the decency to blush, look down, and bite her lip.

"Oh! You must've... did you hear us?"

I nodded.

"Yeah. And it sounded like you were enjoying yourself. A lot."

"I'm sorry. I hope it didn't bother you too much. That's why I suggested the earplugs"

"I know," I said. "I pretty much knew what to expect. I guess I just wanted to hear what I'm up against."

"It's not like that, Tom. Really it isn't. It's not a competition."

"It sure sounded like it," I said and couldn't keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"I'm sorry," Elise said. She set down her coffee and gripped my hands. "I want you both. I need you both. In fact, I asked Joe to go to the grocery store so we could make love."

"Really?" I asked. How long had it been since Elise wanted to make love? It seemed like forever.

"Really," she said, stood up, and slowly removed Joe's shirt.

She was stunning, her body firm but soft in all the places I loved. Her breasts were round handfuls of flesh with perky pink nipples I longed to suckle. My eyes followed her newly tan skin down her stomach, then to the cleft between her legs where I noticed her pussy was completely bare.

"Did you wax?"

"Yeah, that bikini didn't really work if I didn't." She grinned. "And Joe said he liked it. Do you like it?"

"Yeah, I guess," I said and reached out to touch the smooth curve of her hip. "This really is a new you."

"Well, not everything is new." She smiled. "I want to make love to you something fierce. So will you hurry and screw my brains out before Joe gets back?"

Elise didn't even realize it, but that was new. Sure, we had sex for a good portion of our marriage, but in the last five years?

Her wanting me to 'screw her brains out' was definitely new.

"Sure... but..." I fumbled for the right words.

"Sweetie, what is it? You can tell me."

"I... I... I don't know," I said. "It's just... after what I heard last night. I've never heard you like that before. I'm not sure I can compete."

"Babe, it's not a competition. He's new. Or at least it's been so long he's practically new and that's exciting. I've remembered that I really like sex and he's fantastic at sex. But sex is only a part of it. I screwed him, and I want to do it again, but I'm married to you.

She reached between my legs and felt my cock.

"And I really need the man I married to fuck the shit out of me!"

7

I couldn't hold back. I had been constantly horny all night listening to her fuck Joe, and I felt like I was going insane.

I rolled over on top of her and tried to slam my cock inside of her. I missed her wet sex, and my cock rubbed against her belly. I tried again with the same result. When I started my third effort she took control, chuckling as she reached down to guide me into her pussy.

She was wet and loose from her all night fuck session, and I realized that at least some of Joe's cum was inside of her, easing my way. I didn't care. All I cared about was fucking my wife.

Elise moaned in lust and wrapped her long legs around me, meeting my thrusts with little humps of her hips. The feeling of being inside her after all this time was amazing, and I knew I couldn't hold out long, so I made up for it by fucking her as hard and fast as I could. I wanted to hear her scream like she did with Joe, but it was no use. I just couldn't elicit the joy that Joe could give her, and I finally had to give into my lust.

Not that Elise didn't enjoy it. I felt her body tense underneath me and even though she didn't scream; she cried out, her body thrashing against me as she had an orgasm. It was the best I could do because my orgasm hit me a moment later and, for the first time in five years, I came inside my wife.

I collapsed on top of her, breathing heavily against her naked breasts, my lust sated for the moment.

"Tom?" Elise said, and gave my shoulder a nudge. "I want you to do something for me."

I looked up at her, my heart filled with love and happiness after my orgasm.

"Anything, sweetheart," I said, thinking she wanted some coffee, or maybe breakfast.

"I want you to go down on me." She smiled.

I stopped. I had just cum inside of her, my cum still oozing out around my cock and onto the sheets. Not only that, but Joe had cum inside of her less than an hour before. Our cum was now mixed with Elise's juices, and she wanted me to kiss that. Eat that.

"Elise, I don't know..." I said.

"I thought you said you'd do anything?" she asked.

"I did, I just... I just came inside of you."

"I know that, silly," she giggled. "And now I want you to clean me up, just like they do on those cuckold videos you watch."

"I don't know," I said again.

Elise gripped my face in her hands and forced me to look at her.

"Don't you want to make me happy?"

Her words were an arrow to my heart. Of course, I wanted to make her happy. There wasn't anything I could do. She gently pushed my shoulders, and I sighed, slowly sliding down her body until my face was poised over her sticky, swollen sex.

The smell was unbelievable. It was sour and musky. The mixture of two men's cum with Elise's juices had tainted her normally clean scent. She put a hand to my head and pushed me lower, and finally; I stuck my tongue out and tasted her dirty pussy.

"Oh, yes!" she moaned, and I knew it was more than the slight touch of my tongue that got her excited. She wanted me to clean her out, to eat my cum. The idea of it was turning her on.

I saw her pussy lips swell and contract as her body tensed, waiting for more. What could I do? It was too late to go back now, and I certainly didn't want the moment we were sharing to end.

I dove forward and Elise laughed, digging her hands into my hair and grinding my face into her pussy. The taste was salty, and the smell was thick and swampy. But I worked my tongue deeper, lapping at the sticky seed, swallowing my cum as Elise thrashed on the bed. She was enjoying this; her moans and cries were very close to the ones she had made the night before, and I felt a sense of pride as I pleased my wife. I was eating my cum and Joe's, but it didn't matter. When Elise screamed, pulled my face into her pussy, and ground her cunt over my lips and nose as she came, it was worth it. It was all worth it.

Afterwards, we laid back on the bed with our arms around each other, relaxing and enjoying each other's presence.

After a while, Elise nuzzled my neck.

"Is it OK if I ask you a question?" she asked.

"That depends on the question," I said nervously. "What is it?"

"Last night when you were listening to us, how did it make you feel? Were you mad or sad? Or did it make you excited?"

"All of those," I said, remembering the feelings of pain and the intense lust that followed. "But mostly... I don't know..."

"Go ahead. You can tell me."

"It's embarrassing. I don't want you to think less of me."

"Oh honey, I won't, I promise. I love you, don't forget that."

"Well, OK. Mostly, I was excited."

"Did you get hard?"

"That's what usually happens when I get excited."

"Well, not always," she giggled.

"Hey, I thought you weren't going to laugh?"

"I'm not," she said, and stopped giggling. "Really, I'm not. It's just, you aren't always able to, you know. But you did last night. So you must have been really excited, right?"

"Yeah," I said sheepishly. "I really was."

"Did you jerk off?"

"El!" I cried. "That's really embarrassing!"

"It shouldn't be." Elise gave me a gentle smile. "I'm your wife. I know you jerk off to cuckold porn. So did you last night?"

"Did I what?"

"Jerk off, silly! I really want to know!"

"OK. Yes, I did."

"More than once?"

"Yes! Jesus!" I said. "You fucked him three times, and I jerked off three times! Satisfied?"

"So you came three times? In one night?"

"Yes, damn it! Can we talk about something else, please?"

"Well, I came *five* times, plus twice this morning. That's the great thing about being a girl. And the great thing about getting fucked by Joe."

"I know! I have ears!"

Elise hugged me, but was grinning.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I didn't mean to get you worked up. I just wanted to know how you handled it."

She slid her fingers over my chest, followed by light kisses around my nipples.

"Joe won't be back for a while yet."

Elise started kissing down my chest, moving steadily lower until her tongue touched the tip of my cock. My cock twitched, and Elise giggled.

“Hmm... seems like you’re ready for another round. I think you like it when I fuck Joe. I think I'm going to keep doing it. I like the way it gets you hard!”

Suddenly, her hot, wet mouth was on my cock. It had been years since she'd sucked my cock, and never with this kind of hunger. I looked down at her and saw her staring at me, a hint of amusement in her eyes as I gave into her lovely mouth.

“God, I love you, El!” I moaned and ran my fingers through her dark hair. “Please don’t stop. I’ll do anything. Just. Please. Don’t. Stop!”

Elise sucked me harder, her lips bobbing up and down on my flesh. She took me to the back of her throat without even gagging, taking all of my cock as deep as she could.

And it wasn't just her mouth. She used her tongue, lashing the tip of my cock while her fingers massaged my balls.

Faced with such pleasure, I didn't last long. I thought Elise would pull her mouth off my cock. She hadn't swallowed my cum for a long, long time. So, it stunned me when she gripped the base of my cock, tightened her lips around my shaft, and watched me as I dissolved into orgasm.

She took every last squirt of my cum until my body came to a rest on the sheets. Finally, she popped my cock from her mouth, her lips closed, and swallowed my cum with a loud gulp.

“Holy shit!” I moaned and Elise laughed happily as I fell back against the pillows, completely exhausted.

We rested under the covers for a while, Elise's head on my shoulder. I was drained.

“That was amazing!” I said, when I finally got enough energy to speak. “God, when did you get so good at that? I can hardly move!”

Elise giggled a little.

“I’ve been that good for a while,” she said. “Joe isn't the sort of guy who takes no for an answer. Plus, he was a great teacher.”

“Wait,” I said. “Joe taught you how to do that? Then, why haven't you been doing that for me? You haven't swallowed my cum for ten years!”

“I know, baby,” Elise murmured and trailed a finger over my belly. “I just... I just never felt like it.”

“But now you do?” I asked.

“Yeah.” She looked away, a blush rising to her cheeks. “When I was with Joe, he expected me to learn to deep throat him and to do it whenever.

And wherever."

She giggled.

"You know when I kissed you at the reunion?" Elise asked.

"Yes," I said, my stomach doing a little flip-flop.

"Joe fucked me in the bathroom and he came in my mouth." She grinned as I moaned. "He told me to give you a big kiss with his cum on my lips. So I did!"

"No!" I groaned, but I remembered the swampy taste when I kissed her. She was telling the truth.

"It's true," she said. "When I asked Joe this morning if I could make love to you while he was at the store, he told me ok, as long as we finished before he got back and you know what he said?"

"No." I was still trying to process kissing her with Joe's cum on her lips and the same man giving her permission to make love to me.

"He said." Elise laughed. "He said, 'hell, go ahead and swallow his cum too. That'll shock the shit out of him. Have some fun with him, make his decade. That'll get him warmed up for when I get back.'"

This revelation shocked me. She'd only had sex with me, and swallowed my cum after Joe had told her to. How much of a hold did he have over my wife?

My expression must have reflected my emotions.

"Sweetie, you look shocked!" Elise said with a smile. "Does this surprise you? Because it really shouldn't."

"Really El? Is that what you think? Last night you tell me you love me and that it's not a competition, that you want both of us. Then you go to bed with him and fuck like rabbits! And you fuck him again in the shower this morning! You've had more sex with Joe in the last two days than we've had in the last ten years! And now I find out the only reason you had sex with me is because Joe told you to! How the FUCK am I supposed to feel?"

"Oh sweetie! Please calm down." Elise patted my chest softly. "Try to think clearly about how things are. This is a new me, or at least the me I've been hiding... and you LOVE it!"

I wanted to deny it, but her hand slid over my cock and I was getting hard even though I just came.

"Joe's done this before, with other couples," Elise murmured in my ear. "His rules are clear. He doesn't care what we do when he's not around. But when he IS around, my body, every inch, every hole, is his and only his. He

gets to do what he wants to me when he pleases and where he pleases. The cuckold is a third wheel and gets what Joe gives him, period. If that doesn't work, then he's not interested and sweetie, I can't *stand* the thought of him not being interested “

“So that's what I am now, a cuck?”

“Sweetie,” she laughed. “Isn't that obvious? I mean, what else would you call it? You gave me permission to spend the night with him in the hotel. We fucked until five in the morning, slept until noon, fucked in the shower. Then I gave him my ass. Finally, we ordered room service. He made me blow the server for his tip. We didn't get down here until midnight. I mean, he was fucking me when you called yesterday!”

She laughed again and I hung my head in shame.

“I know,” I said.

“You see?” she said. “And you said nothing. And you didn't even try to stop him. What would you call yourself?”

I said nothing, and she squeezed my hard cock.

“Well, sweetheart,” she said. “What would you call yourself?”

“A cuck,” I croaked.

“That's right.” She loosened her grip on my cock and gave me a triumphant smile. “Now, I meant everything I said. I do love you. I do want to stay married and I think this new arrangement will improve our marriage. But you're a cuck and Joe is my bull. So try to be a good cuck. I think you'll love it.”

Just then, we heard Joe's key turn in the lock on the door. Elise gave me a last, quick kiss on the cheek, then rolled away from me as Joe entered the room.

8

My heart skipped a beat when I heard Joe's key in the lock. I quickly rolled away from Tom. I felt like I'd been caught cheating, which was silly, but the idea of it made my nerve endings tingle with excitement. That was Joe's actual power, the effect he had on me. Whenever he was near me, the sexual tension became palpable.

Tom noticed it too, and I saw him slip a pillow over the tent he had made under the sheet. I almost laughed, but I wanted nothing to distract Joe from what he had planned for us.

Joe walked in carrying two grocery bags. He glanced into the living room and smiled slightly as his eyes rested briefly on me. My heart thumped in my chest as I pulled the sheet up under my chin. He knew Tom and I were both naked under the sheet, and he certainly knew what we'd been doing, yet I still felt guilty.

"Good stuff for breakfast!" he called, holding up the grocery bags, then headed into the kitchen.

Why had Joe been gone so long? He must have stopped for a cup of coffee to give Tom and I more time, but why would he do that? Was he testing me?

Joe busied himself in the kitchen, putting away groceries and humming to himself. I felt Tom's body tense next to me, obviously wondering what was going to happen next. Tom and I had just made love for the first time in five years. I had come onto him... hard. I'd practically ordered him to fuck me.

God, it was fun to tease him! He immediately got hard. My unfaithfulness seemed to be a better cure for his erectile dysfunction than Viagra! Tom had tried so hard when we fucked, but he had only lasted about ten minutes. I had faked my orgasm to please him, but then made him go down on me. It had been so exciting to feel him eat his own cum that I had a real orgasm. I'd almost laughed when he rose up from between my legs, his face smeared with his cum, looking pleased with himself. It was so pathetic, but so sweet, that I had pulled him to my breast and held him, enjoying the feeling of my husband next to me.

Joe took it all in an instant when he glanced into the living room. My thoughts and feelings were a barely comprehensible jumble as I laid there

and watched Joe put yogurt in the refrigerator. I could tell that Tom was nervous about what Joe was going to do, but Joe, smaller than my husband by forty pounds, was completely unconcerned about what Tom might do next. Indeed, far from being concerned about Tom, Joe seemed in control, certain that Tom would do exactly what either of us told him to do. That power that Joe had over my husband made my pussy throb with need. Tom was going to watch Joe take complete possession of my body, with my consent and encouragement, and fuck me in every orifice for hours. I was going to cum in front of my husband while fucking Joe, and there was nothing Tom would or could do about it.

That thought brought a smile to my face, but also dredged up other thoughts and memories which swirled through my brain. Time stopped as I watched Joe, my body alive with sexual hunger. My brain wrestled with a welter of competing memories, and my heart threatened to break.

I was about to spend several days twisting the feelings of the person I valued most in the world. My best friend, the rock on which I'd built my life, and I was excited about it! What the hell was wrong with me? I was actually looking forward to tying my husband into knots!

A flood of memories washed over me. It was one of those times when time stands still and you somehow remember years of events in the blink of an eye.

Tom. Patient, passionate and fun. We had a good sex life before Joe. Sometimes, we'd roll dice to choose different sexual acts. We fucked in the ocean. I gave him road head frequently. Tom was terrifyingly smart and a leader in every organization that employed him. I looked up to him in every way possible.

Then I met Joe and my true sexual awakening began. It was the most wonderful, awe-inspiring, destructive, pleasurable, sinister, gobsmackingly lewd, life changing, and delightful time of my life. If I hadn't taken Beth's advice, and if that advice hadn't led me to Joe, I would've masturbated my way through my last semester of college, married Tom, and lived a perfectly conventional life.

I had done things with Joe I never would have done with Tom, and I found a sexual pleasure that Tom could never give me. The connection between Joe and I was driven by the most powerful lust I had ever experienced. I couldn't explain it then and I can't explain it now. Beth used to say something about pheromones. Who knows? But I woke up every

morning tingling with a desire to get Joe's cock inside me. It was all I could think about.

I made a lot of mistakes. I ignored my fiancé. I barely passed my classes. My affair continued right up to the night before our wedding when I gave Joe my anal cherry.

It was impossible not to compare sex with Tom to sex with Joe. What had seemed so good with Tom just couldn't compare. I thought about seeing a shrink to figure out how to deal with the fact that my wonderful husband, through no fault of his own, couldn't give me what I needed.

That's when I had called out Joe's name during sex. The conversation that followed set the pattern for our life down to this very moment. It scared me to think what Tom might do upon learning about my affair with Joe. However, it quickly became apparent that, while hurt by my revelations, he was also excited by them. His penis got as hard as I'd ever seen it.

My feelings were complex. I loved Tom; I wanted to stay married to him, but his reaction caused me to see him in a different light. I experienced a feeling of condescension, pity, even mild contempt. All of this was in sharp contrast to the pedestal that I'd placed him on. I no longer wanted him sexually, and I hated that, for me as well as for him, but I couldn't help it.

Not only couldn't Tom compare to Joe, my lust excited him. He never got angry, never threatened to leave me, or beat the shit out of Joe for fucking me. Instead, he drifted off into cuckold porn.

I had never stopped lusting, and I was always eager for sex, but my standards were high. If I couldn't get what Joe gave me, I wasn't interested.

Now, here I was, about to get my brains fucked out by the best lover I'd ever experienced while my dear, loving husband would witness his cuckolding live and in person for the first time. And while holding the thought of his wonderful dearness firmly in my mind, I also thought of how I could ramp up the humiliation of what he was about to experience. I LOVED thinking about that. Tom deserved it. He loved it. He was weak, and that opened up so many delightful possibilities.

Joe pulled me back to reality when he entered the room and the memories coalesced into the present moment.

"Tom!" Joe said jovially as he unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his finely muscled chest. "Good to see you! I've certainly enjoyed fucking your wife this week. Did you get some pussy this morning?"

This was the last chance. I looked at my husband. Part of me wanted Tom to get out of bed and stand up to Joe's calm sensuality. I wanted my husband to show me that in this whole situation, everything I had done or was about to do was wrong.

Instead, Tom's cheeks grew red like an embarrassed schoolboy getting caught masturbating.

"Yes." Was all he said.

I felt a wave of contempt rise within me, followed by shame and guilt.

My disdain melted away, swamped by my rising excitement. This was going to happen, and Tom was all in.

"You're welcome. First time in five years, right?"

"Yeah." Tom whispered.

Joe took off the rest of his clothes, climbed onto the bed, nudged Tom aside, and laid down between us.

"Did you make her cum?"

"Yes."

"Is that right, babe?" Joe asked, smiling at me.

"I came when he ate his cum out of my pussy."

"But not when he fucked you?"

"No," I said, and I saw Tom tense as my words stung him. "He only lasted ten minutes."

"Well, it's been five years, I guess we can forgive a little quick trigger." Joe chuckled, then pulled me to him and kissed me deeply.

Our tongues tangled in each other's mouths. I threw my leg over his and rubbed my naked pussy against his thigh.

Joe had a thick, seven and a half inch cock, but his real sexual superpower was patient, expert foreplay. He never rushed. He knew the exact spots to touch, kiss, lick, and fondle. Every time we made love was special and by the time he put his cock in whatever hole he chose (usually after I begged for it), I was cross-eyed with desire and I soaked the sheets with my juices.

Today, as always, his kisses were deep and sensual. They sucked me into a special world where he and I were the only inhabitants and where sexual pleasure was potentially infinite in intensity and duration. I LOVE his kisses. I forgot about Tom's presence and humped frantically against Joe's thigh.

Then, he whispered in my ear, "If you want me to fuck you, tell Tom to suck my cock."

"What?" Of all the things he could have asked, that was the last thing I expected.

Was this too much for Tom?

"Go ahead, tell him, or I'm going to play golf!"

I felt a hole in my stomach open up and I trembled with fear and unrequited desire. I couldn't let Joe leave. Not now that Tom was so close to accepting his place, and I was so close to getting what I wanted.

"Tom!" I whined. "Joe wants you to suck his cock and make it hard, or else he won't fuck me. I NEED him to fuck me, so you need to get him hard with your mouth!"

"What?" Tom's voice went up an octave. "Jesus, El! I can't. I'm not gay!"

"That's got nothing to do with it. You're my cuckold. You need to do whatever I ask to give me pleasure. You said before you'd do anything." I slid my hand down Joe's body and gripped his cock in my hand. "Go ahead, slide down there and look at it. Isn't it beautiful? That cock has given me hundreds of orgasms. Say thank you to it for pleasing your wife. Go ahead. Suck it!"

Tom's expression was a mixture of revulsion and arousal as he scooted down and laid his head on my thigh. He tentatively kissed the shaft of Joe's cock, sending a shiver of pleasure through my cunt. Then he kissed the fat purple head, and I nearly had an orgasm.

He was going to do it. My husband was going to suck my lover's cock. The humiliation must have been excruciating, but Tom didn't stop. He kept kissing Joe's beautiful shaft until I reached down and moved the dripping head around his mouth. With my other hand, I pushed my husband's mouth down onto the engorged flesh.

"Yes!" Joe murmured, half in pleasure and half in triumph. "That's it, Tom. Take that cock!"

Joe gave my neck tender kisses, which turned into gentle nips. He sucked my skin sensually. God! How much more of this could I stand? Joe's hand fondled my left breast, rolling my nipple between his thumb and forefinger, then his mouth moved lower, taking my right nipple between his lips, biting gently. I arched my back and moaned. I wanted more of my breast in his mouth. His other hand moved between my legs, which spread

for him easily, and he pushed two fingers inside of me. He knew me so well, every tender spot of my body, and he probed those spots as his thumb gently circled my clit.

For a moment, I'm back in our special world, my husband erased from my mind. Joe and I are the only two people on the planet.

I heard a muffled, anguished moan. I opened my eyes and looked down to see Tom, his head bobbing on four inches of Joe's now rock hard cock. My husband fixated on Joe's fingers as they penetrated me. I reached down and stroked his hair and our eyes locked onto each other. My dear, dear husband gazed at me with a mouthful of my lover's magnificent cock. I smiled and watched as a tear trickled down his cheek. My eyes drifted down his body to gaze at his solid penis, standing erect and dripping precum as even more of Joe's cock entered his mouth. My pussy throbbed, and I felt the orgasm overtake me as my real world crashed against my fantasies, coming together in perfect bliss.

"Thank you, Tom!" I cried as my hips bucked, driving more of Joe's cock into my loving husband's mouth. "Thank you!"

9

I'd never felt as humiliated or excited in my entire life. Elise's orgasm rippled through her body for a moment before her hips bucked, shoving Joe's cock into the back of my throat. The anguish was almost too much, but as I felt another man's flesh hit my uvula and my wife's juices splash my cheek, my mind went blank. My cock twitched, crying out tears of pre-cum, searching for a pussy that wasn't there. It was literally in Joe's hands, cumming over and over as I gagged on the man's flesh.

The old Tom was gone. Elise's screams and Joe's throbbing flesh burned away whatever pride I had. I was suspended in that moment as the old me died on the end of Joe's cock and the new me emerged, searching only for my wife's pleasure.

"That's a good boy," Joe growled as he pulled his cock from my mouth and slapped my cheek with the wet length of it. "Your husband is a real good cocksucker, El!"

Elise laughed in sheer pleasure.

"He's always been good at giving head!" she giggled.

Joe moved up her body, pushing her legs wide. I watched as his cock, the cock I had sucked into hardness, nudged the swollen, glistening lips of my wife's cunt.

"Take my cock, Tom," Joe ordered. "Take my cock and put it in your wife's pussy. Show me how much you want this."

The old Tom would have hesitated, but the new Tom looked up at his wife's face. Her face was glowing, tears of ecstasy dripping down her cheeks. She mouthed one word to me, a word I could not ignore.

"Please."

Elise didn't need my cock. As her loving husband, it was my duty to give her what she needed.

So I took Joe's cock in my hand and guided it to the love of my life's pussy.

Joe moaned with pleasure as he sank his thick cock to the hilt into Elise's wet and ready body. Elise cried out in pleasure, wrapping her legs around Joe's lithe form as he pounded into her with slow, powerful thrusts.

Joe murmured something in Elise's ear, and she cried out between grunts of pleasure.

"Lick his balls, Tom!" she moaned. "Please! Lick his balls and make him happy!"

I felt a shiver of the old anguish twist up my guts, but I didn't hesitate. I slid underneath Joe as he fucked Elise on the edge of the pullout, positioning myself between his legs as he slammed into my wife. I raised my face to his balls and flicked out with my tongue as his heavy sack swung by.

"More!" Joe growled at me. "Get your mouth in there!"

I knew now that Joe's commands were Elise's commands, so I pushed my face upwards. Joe groaned in pleasure, and I felt the same satisfaction from pleasing him as I did when I pleased Elise. A new pride washed over me. I may not be a good enough lover to please my wife, but I could be a good cuckold and please them both.

I didn't so much lick Joe's balls as smash my face into his flesh and let him rub himself against my nose and mouth, using my face as extra stimulation. It must have worked, because I felt him trembling as my tongue worked over the spongy area between his ass and balls.

"Do it, Tom!" I heard him grunt above me. "Lick my ass like a good boy!"

And God help me, I did! I stuck my tongue in my rival's asshole and felt him shiver. I heard my wife above me, cheering me on.

"That's so hot, Tom baby!" she moaned. "Make him feel good!"

I did. I kissed and licked Joe's balls and ass while he stayed impaled in my wife's cunt. I licked until my jaw ached and the lovers filled my senses with their essence.

Finally, Joe moved backward. I sat back and watched as he pulled his dripping cock out of my wife.

"Now that Tom's had some ass, it's my turn!"

"Yes, baby!" Elise moaned. "Take that ass. That hole is all yours. Not even Tom gets to fuck that hole!"

"That's what I like to hear!" Joe growled and pushed Elise's legs back until her knees nearly touched her ears. She held them there as he guided his cock into her tight asshole.

I watched in pain and excitement as he worked that wet flesh into my wife's hole. I had never been allowed to do this, not in twenty years of

marriage. This was a hole reserved for a real man. This was a hole reserved for Joe.

"Oh Fuck!" Elise cried in pain and ecstasy. "He's tearing me apart, Tom! Watch him tear me apart!"

And I did. I watched helplessly as he sank his weapon to the hilt inside my wife's ass. It was the most outrageous, exciting thing I'd ever seen. In the end, I wanted him to take her, to rip her, to tear her open and give her what she needed. Like a hostage, I was now on Joe's side. I wanted him to win.

"Come here!" Elise moaned, reached out, snagged a handful of my hair, and pulled me to her body. "Lick my pussy while he fucks me. I want your mouth on me when he takes your wife's ass!"

I didn't fight as she pushed my face into her pussy. Joe's sweaty, hard belly rubbed against my head as he pumped my wife's ass full of his cock. I licked and sucked her clit as she dug nails into my head, working my face deep into her cunt. Again, my senses became filled with Joe's musk and Elise's pussy. My mind went blank and all that was left was the insatiable need to please my wife.

I don't know how long I was there, stuck between the lover's bodies. My jaw was aching and my tongue was numb, but still I worked until I felt Elise's body tense.

"Don't stop!" she cried at Joe and me. "Don't STOP!"

Her last word was a scream as she lifted off the bed, her whole body electrified by her orgasm. She trembled like she was holding a live wire. I'd never seen her like this. Her eyes rolled up in the back of her head and her body shook uncontrollably on the bed.

If this was new to Joe, he didn't show it. He growled in pleasure and fucked Elise's tight ass with renewed effort. Just as Elise's body was coming to a rest on the mattress, Joe howled and his balls clenched as he shot his cum deep into her body. They came together in glorious unison, and all I could do was watch.

Joe laughed in pleasure and bent over Elise, kissing her passionately as he pulled his cock from her body. Thick cum spilled from my wife as they kissed and nuzzled each other. I watched for a long while, feeling left out in the cold by their heat, until Elise broke the kiss and smiled down at me.

"Clean me up now, baby," she murmured sweetly. "Clean Joe's cum out of my asshole."

"Elise?"

"Just do it, baby," she said lovingly as Joe nuzzled her ear. "Show me how much you love me."

I couldn't fight it. As Elise kissed Joe, I set my tongue to her gaping asshole, licking Joe's thick cum from her body. There was no orgasm to be had, but I knew Elise was enjoying my devotion.

"Are you hard, honey?" Elise asked as I licked her clean, swallowing Joe's thick sperm.

I stopped and looked up at her.

"Yes," I said. "I'm so fucking hard."

"Show us," Joe commanded, and I stood up, my cock twitching and weeping with lust.

"Look at that," Elise laughed. "You really are turned on."

"Why wouldn't he be?" Joe asked. "He just saw his wife cum harder than he's ever seen her cum before. Any real man would be excited by that."

"Do you want to cum?" Elise asked.

"Yes!" I said. "God, yes!"

"Good boy." She giggled and kissed Joe. "Stroke your cock and tell Joe thank you for fucking me."

"Elise," I whined, but I wanted so much to stroke my cock, to release my lust.

"Do it!" Elise ordered. "After all, it's only because of Joe that you're here. So thank him."

I swallowed hard; the words stuck in my throat.

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you, Joe."

"You're welcome, Tom," Joe grinned. "It was my pleasure taking your wife in front of you."

"Oh, Joe," Elise giggled and slapped his chest. "Stop teasing him."

"Sorry," Joe said. "I can't help it."

They kissed again, and I stood there, naked and shaking. Elise looked at me out of the corner of her eye.

"What are you waiting for?" Elise asked. "Stroke your cock for us!"

I didn't hesitate this time. I gripped my cock and stroked it hard and fast while my wife and her lover watched, grinning at me. It was more humiliating than licking Joe's ass, but I needed to cum more than I'd ever needed to in my entire life.

"Now, tell me you love me!"

"I love you!" I said and stroked my cock harder.

"Louder!" Elise commanded, enjoying herself.

"I love you!" I cried.

"Louder!" Elise laughed. "Louder!"

"I LOVE YOU!" I screamed, and the humiliation and lust brought the orgasm bursting from my cock.

I shook on the balls of my feet as my cum squirted out on the floor. I sank to my knees, utterly exhausted.

"I love you, too, baby," Elise said, and she and Joe kissed again.

10

The rest of the weekend became a blur as I watched Joe take my wife in every way possible. I lost count of her orgasms, as well as my own. I sucked Joe to get him hard, and I cleaned him off when when he finished fucking my wife. My whole life was boiled down to the next session serving my wife and her lover.

The last time was the only time that weekend where Elise touched me. She stroked me off as I sucked and licked Joe's balls, whispering in my ear.

"I want you to know what it feels like to cum with Joe in your mouth."

And I did, cumming all over my wife's hand with the taste and feel of Joe's flesh filling my senses.

Joe left early on Monday, giving us a few hours alone to rest and pack. We lay in silence. I was afraid to talk about the weekend, and Elise seemed to be content to let me process.

After an hour of rest, Elise slid her tight body against me and nuzzled my neck the same way she had nuzzled Joe all weekend.

"So, are you OK?" she asked.

"I think so," I said.

"Good." She smiled and kissed my nipple. "You know what Joe told me, just before he left?"

My heart stopped.

"No. What?"

Elise continued to kiss down my chest and stomach.

"He said I could touch you." She bit my stomach, and I gasped. "Any way I wanted."

"Really?" I asked, hardly believing my luck. "And do... do you?"

"Yes!" she murmured. "Right now, I feel like sucking your cock."

Her tongue flicked over the head of my cock, and I twitched into life.

"That sounds... nice," I moaned.

She lifted my cock and sucked on the head. The blood throbbed in my shaft as my cock hardened in her mouth.

She stopped sucking and looked up at me.

"Joe told me something else." She grinned, licking the belly of my shaft.

"He's planning on moving to Charlotte. That means he'll be close to us."

I groaned, but Elise covered my cock with her hot, wet mouth. She sucked on my cock as I processed her words.

Joe was moving closer to us, which meant he would be a part of our lives. This weekend was just the beginning. As Elise's mouth worked on my swollen flesh, I felt the fear and shame fill my heart even as my orgasm overtook me.

As my wife swallowed my cum, I realized that this was my new reality. I had been a cuckold once and would be again and, just like my orgasm, there was nothing I could do to stop it.

The End

Wet Cotton Panties

1

"Oh my God, Alan! There he is!"

I looked up from the table and followed Jill's trembling finger as she pointed at the door to the restaurant. I felt a mixture of fear and excitement as I watched a man of average height enter the bar. He wasn't exactly how I pictured him to be, even though my wife had described him often enough. He was good-looking but not tall, although I could see that he was muscular even from this distance.

I looked at Jill's glowing heart-shaped face framed in wavy golden hair. How long had it been since she had seemed so excited to see me? It's not that she didn't love me. She did, but the ardor we'd felt for each other in the early days of our relationship had cooled to a dimly glowing ember.

Which was how Dale came back into our lives.

Dale was the one who got away. He had been the love of Jill's life, the one who had stolen her virginity, and ultimately, the one who had broken her heart.

I had been Jill's friend since our freshman year in college. I'd been with her through the break-ups and the inevitable reunions with Dale. I had talked her through her pain, then sat home, alone, while she made up with Dale in what must have been the most violent, sensual ways. When Jill and I met after these torrid makeup sessions, I would see the purple hickeys on her neck and the thumbprint bruises on her thighs where Dale must have gripped her as he took my crush over and over again. The idea of it had filled me with jealousy and lust.

How many times had I jerked off dreaming of Dale's hard body hammering into her? The idea of it made me sick with lust until there was no other alternative but to jerk off and release the pressure.

Perhaps it was that crack that allowed Dale to enter our lives after two years of marriage. It began as a suspicion, a twisting, hissing snake of thought that I couldn't please Jill. At least, not the way she needed to be pleased. She assured me that sex was fun, that she loved me, but as the days turned into months and the months turned into years, our sex life dwindled to almost nothing. Maybe we were working too hard, or perhaps we had become bored. But that writhing snake in my head would whisper to me at night while Jill slept.

You're not good enough.

So, that's when I asked about Dale.

Jill was reluctant to talk about him initially, but she warmed up to the idea when she saw my reaction. Over the last year, we had spent many nights talking about Dale, his ripped body, and his long, thick cock.

Jill would tease me with the details until I was so hot I couldn't stand it, and I would fuck her hard and fast with the thoughts of Dale fresh in our minds. He had become like a third party in our marriage.

As we got close to our second anniversary, I began to have dreams of seeing my wife with her ex-boyfriend. Finally, I had worked up the courage to ask her. Of course, I was between her legs at the time, lapping at her pussy while she told me how big Dale's cock had been. How much he had stretched her.

It didn't take much more convincing after that.

Still, the excitement didn't stop the fear as I watched Dale walk toward us through the restaurant. He was my height but a little broader, and I could tell from the way his t-shirt stretched around his bicep that he worked out. Still, he didn't look that much different than me, and that made me feel a little better.

Just before he reached the table, Jill turned to me, a slight frown on her lips.

"Oh my God! Are you sure about this?" she asked. She was nervous and excited, like a girl on her first date.

"Yes," I said, despite the fear clutching at my heart. "Yes, I'm sure."

"Jilly bean!" Dale said when he got to the table. My wife nodded to me, then got up from the table, and Dale wrapped his arms around my wife and picked her up off her feet. Jill laughed as he set her down and admired her voluptuous body in the slinky, blue dress we had purchased for this night.

"Wow, Jilly! You look great!"

"Stop!" Jill said and slapped Dale lightly on his shoulder.

"No!" Dale said and slid his hands over her shoulders and down her arms. "You look just like you did in college!"

My wife giggled again as Dale spun her around, murmuring in appreciation at my wife's heavy breasts and her large, round bottom. For a moment, I felt like I was an outsider watching two people on a date. The idea of being the third wheel hurt, but it didn't stop my cock from twitching in my pants as I watched Dale's hands touch my wife.

"So, Dale," Jill grinned and turned to the table. "This is my husband, Alan!"

Even though we had all gone to the same college, Dale and I had never personally met. He looked down at me and gave me a cocky grin.

"So, this is Alan!" he said, and I was surprised that he knew me by name. "You're the one who snatched Jilly up after I was gone."

"Yes," I said, and I took his hand. Dale's smile turned colder as he squeezed my hand hard enough to cause pain. "Yes, I guess I am."

I didn't like the way he had phrased it, but it wasn't entirely untrue. After she'd gotten her heart broken by Dale, I had been there to pick up the pieces. I had shown her how nice and safe a real man could be. Dale thought of me as an opportunist when, in fact, it was his heartless actions that had ended things with my Jill.

"Stop it," Jill said. "You know as well as anybody else that we were broken up by the time Alan and I got together."

"True," Dale said, and he took a seat beside Jill. "That doesn't mean I didn't try to win you back."

Jill blushed, and I looked up at her.

"Tried to win you back?" I asked.

"It was nothing," Jill said, waving her hand. "Just Dale trying to get me back into bed."

"It almost worked," Dale said.

There was something I was missing in this conversation. Had Dale tried to get Jill back? She had never said anything to me about it.

Jill saw my nervousness and slid a warm hand over mine.

"Don't worry," she said. "It was nothing. You were the one I wanted to be with. I just had to let this asshole know it."

"Hey," Dale said, acting injured. "You used to like it when I was an asshole."

Jill giggled again and turned her attention back to Dale.

"I did," she said. "But I told you back then that I needed somebody who treated me nicely."

Dale looked at me and gave me a shit-eating grin.

"Not nice enough, obviously," he said. "Otherwise, I wouldn't be here, would I?"

"You promised to be nice," Jill said and her hand left mine. She took Dale's rough hand between her palms. "Remember?"

Dale gave me a look that chilled me to the bone. It was a look that said that if my wife wasn't here, or the situations were reversed, he could be a whole lot meaner. Then, he looked back at Jill and gave her a winning smile. The same smile that had lured my sweet wife into bed all those years ago.

"Sure, Jilly Bean," he said with a wink. "I'll be a good boy."

2

I felt more and more like a third wheel during dinner. It didn't help that Jill hung on Dale's every word. I sat there, watching as the anxiety tied my stomach up in knots. I'd known that Jill had unresolved feelings for her ex-lover, but I never dreamed she'd be so hungry for him. Everything about her behavior signaled her need. The way she never took her green eyes off his face, or how she flicked her hair over her shoulder, and how she laughed at all of his corny jokes. Plus, she took every opportunity to touch him, swatting playfully at his shoulders, or placing her fingers on the back of his hand when she wanted to make a point.

She had never been that excited during our courtship and I wondered, did she truly find him more attractive? I mean, he was handsome in a rugged way and it was obvious he worked out, but he didn't look that much different from me. So, why was she so excited?

Finally, after about an hour of having to endure my loving wife fawning over Dale, I couldn't take it anymore. I excused myself and went to the bathroom.

I stood, unable to pee as my cock twitched. It was hard despite the raw emotions clawing at my guts. Seeing my wife flirt with Dale was humiliating, but it also aroused that whispering snake inside me, the one that told me I had never pleased my wife, not like Dale, and I should just accept it. Besides, it was too late to back out now.

I had just determined that I didn't have to pee when Dale swaggered into the bathroom and stood at the stall next to me. He gave me a nod like men sometimes do, but his nod came with a sideways grin I didn't like.

"Hope you're doing OK, man," Dale said to my surprise. "I know it can't be easy, sitting there while we talk about old times."

"Uh....no, " I said, struggling to find the words. "No, it's fine."

"Well, you're a braver man than I am!" Dale said. "If Jilly was my wife, I'd never let her be with another man."

I didn't know what to say to that. Was that a compliment or an insult? In my confusion, I forgot to button up and Dale looked down at my cock. His grin grew wider.

I couldn't help myself. My eyes drifted downward and, for a moment, I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

His cock was huge, impossibly huge. Thick and meaty, it hung down almost to the porcelain as he shook the last few drops of piss off the fat tip. A long, throbbing vein snaked around the girthy flesh. It was a monster cock and looked even more unbelievable swinging between the legs of an otherwise normal man.

Dale turned towards me and caught me looking. His grin said it all as he held the shaft in his hand, letting me take in the magnificent length.

"You like what you see?" he asked with that same shit-eating grin.
"Something tells me this is what Jilly's really been missing."

3

The ride home was excruciating. I couldn't get the thought of Dale's huge cock out of my head.

"You, Ok?" Jill slid her hands around mine and held it to her close to her chest. "You were quiet at dinner."

"I'm sorry," I said. "You two seemed to have a lot to talk about."

"Aww!" Jill cooed. "Are you jealous?"

"Of course I'm jealous!" I snapped. "You still have a thing for this guy!"

"Oh, baby!" Jill chuckled and let go of my hand, then slid her fingers between my legs, my cock...

...my small cock...

twitching desperately inside my boxers.

"I thought that was part of the turn-on?"

It was, but that was before I had seen how my wife doted on her ex at dinner. That was before I had seen the monstrosity of a cock between his legs. Could Jill even take a cock that big?

And did I really want to see it?

"Come on, baby!" she said, rubbing me through my pants. "This is what you wanted, right? What we both wanted?"

"I know," I said. I couldn't very well deny it now that she could feel me getting hard. "It's just... it's just I'm worried."

"Worried about what?"

I looked her in the eyes.

"That once you're with him, you won't need me anymore."

Jill looked at me for a moment then burst out laughing. Her laughter filled the car and I couldn't help but smile.

"If I wanted to be with Dale, I could have a long time ago," she said, then picked up my hand again and kissed it. "It's you I married. It's you I want to be with."

My heart warmed at her words. Of course she wanted to be with me. Still, I couldn't stop the sliver of doubt worming its way into my heart.

"Promise me," I said, kissing her hand. "Promise this is just a one-time thing. That after this you'll still be mine."

"Of course!" Jill smiled. "What? Did you think I was going to see Dale's cock again and become some sort of sex slave?"

I said nothing, but my silence spoke volumes.

"You did!" she laughed. "You've been reading too many cuckold stories on the internet. That shit never happens in real life."

I smiled ruefully and focused on the road. Of course, I was being silly. Jill wasn't one to be changed by one night with a big dick. That was just stupid.

An image of Dale's cock flashed through my mind. Long and thick, like a python ready to strike.

I mean, that was just stupid, right?

4

I'd never seen Jill so excited. She was trembling as we came to a stop at our house, Dale pulling his battered blue pickup in behind us. I thought she might run into his arms, right there in front of our neighbors, but instead, she gripped my hand and walked, shivering beside me, to the door.

We walked into the living room, Dale behind us. Jill's hand slipped from my fingers. I didn't know what to do as my wife walked into the middle of the room, then gave a shy grin to Dale.

"So, are we going to do this?" she asked with a tremor in her voice. Was she worried about what would happen, or was she worried about Dale having second thoughts?

Dale snorted and brushed past me on his way to Jill. Jill slid off her heels so that she was shorter than Dale and could look up into his eyes.

"You sure you want this?" Dale said and I didn't know if he was asking me, or Jill.

"Yes," Jill said nodding.

"What about you, Alan?" Dale asked, not looking at me, but holding eye contact with my wife. "You want this?"

"Yuh..." My throat was dry and I felt like something was blocking the airway. I gulped, then tried again. "Yes, I want it. For Jill."

"Brave man," Dale snickered and it hurt to hear Jill giggle along with him.

"He knows I love him," Jill said. "He knows nothing you do to me will change that."

"Oh yeah?" Dale raised an eyebrow and grinned at me. "That right?"

"Yes," she said.

"What if I decide to make you mine? What are you going to do then?" Dale gave her a challenging smile.

"That will never happen," Jill said. "I'm Alan's woman. I'm his wife. You can't change that."

Dale grinned, then pulled my wife into a rough hug. She cried out as he grabbed her heavy, round breast through the tight, blue fabric of her dress.

"We'll see about that," Dale chuckled and kissed her.

Jill moaned, surprised by the quickness and hunger of Dale's attack. Her green eyes widened then closed as Dale's tongue fought past her lips and

pierced her mouth.

I watched in awe as my wife swooned in her ex-boyfriend's arms. I'd never been much of a kisser, not even when we'd been dating, and that had seemed fine with Jill. Now I saw that she liked to be kissed, she just needed someone that knew what he was doing. And Dale, for all his crude talk, knew what he was doing.

Finally, he pulled back and Jill moaned as she caught her breath. Not giving her time to think, Dale pushed my wife to her knees. Then, he looked at me and, with a quick jerk of his head, gestured to the couch.

"Why don't you sit down over there," Dale growled as Jill moaned on her knees in front of him. "And watch your wife get a real cock for once."

I felt the twin stabs of anger and shame. I hadn't signed up for this. I'd thought I would be a silent witness, but Dale was determined to bring me into the action.

When I didn't move fast enough, he gripped Jill's golden hair and gave her head a shake.

"Tell your husband to sit down, Jilly!" he hissed. "Or you don't get this cock!"

Jill turned her head. Her face was contorted with an anguished hunger I'd never seen before.

"Please, Alan," she moaned. "Please sit down, baby."

In a daze, I shuffled to the couch like I was sleepwalking. In all of my wildest dreams and vivid nightmares, I'd never imagined the night we had planned turning out like this.

I sat on the couch, inches from the pair. Now, both Jill and I were lower than Dale as he hummed with satisfaction.

"Hmm...that's a good little hubby," he sneered. "Such a good boy."

"Please," Jill whined. "Please stop teasing him."

Dale grinned down at Jill, brushing the thick bulge of his jeans against her lips.

"Come on, Jilly Bean!" Dale said. "You know how I am. You knew this was going to happen. Tell me, whose idea was it for you to fuck another guy?"

Jill moaned and I answered for her.

"Me," I said. "It was mine."

"Really?" Dale took a handful of Jill's hair and yanked on it until she looked up at him. "Is that right? Was it his idea?"

"Yes!" Jill moaned.

"And whose idea was it to choose me?"

I opened my mouth to answer. The truth was, there had never been another choice, never been anyone else we had talked about. Thinking about it now, I should have chosen someone else, a stranger, someone with less history with my wife. Someone she didn't have feelings for.

Neither of us had chosen Dale, there just hadn't ever been another option. So it surprised me when Jill answered, her voice a heart-rending wail of need and lust.

"I did!" she cried. "I was the one who chose you!"

I fell back on the couch as Dale gave me a knowing smirk. The truth hit me like a fist.

I had been the one that had asked for details about Dale, but after her initial reluctance, Jill had relished the game. She loved taunting me with it and when I had been on my knees lapping at her sodden cunt, I had finally asked her if she wanted to fuck him. She had agreed. She was the one who had chosen him, not me.

Had she set this all up the moment I mentioned Dale's name?

Dale seemed to think so because now he was smiling, brushing the front of his jeans against my wife's nose and mouth.

"Good girl," he cooed. "So, you know what you want. I like that."

Jill moaned in pain and lust as Dale unbuttoned his jeans and slid them down over his hips. His bulge was barely held back by the tight fabric of his boxer briefs, the throbbing monster I had seen in the bathroom straining to get free.

"Well, since you know what you want." Dale grinned. "Why don't you come and get it!"

Jill gave me a guilty glance, then looked at Dale's huge bulge. She reached up and slowly peeled off his underwear. The thick monster I had seen in the bathroom sprang free, harder and longer than before, and slapped Jill on the cheek with a meaty thwack.

"Oh my God!" My wife cried as she gripped the pulsating flesh in her hands. "It's so big! Bigger than I remember!"

I groaned as Dale grinned, slapping his thick cock against Jill's nose and mouth.

"Bigger your husband's, isn't it?"

Jill moaned, but by now we both knew the answer. My heart sank as she caught Dale's cock, lifted it reverently, and placed soft kisses along the belly of his shaft.

"Yes," she murmured in between kisses. "Yes, baby! It's so much bigger!"

"That's right, bitch," Dale grunted and I was surprised by the word. If I had *ever* called my wife anything like that, she would have turned on me with fire and fury. But for Dale, she just moaned as if she'd been slapped and kept lavishing his cock with loving licks and kisses.

"This is the cock you've been dreaming about isn't it? When you're lying next to your husband? This is what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes!" she moaned. "This is what I want. What I always want!"

I groaned and Dale laughed at my pain. All those nights lying next to my wife and she had been dreaming of Dale. The pain was agonizing, but my cock was throbbing in my pants, yearning to be released, but I didn't dare touch it, not while Dale was watching.

"Show me, bitch!" Dale snarled and gathered my wife's beautiful blonde hair, the hair she had gone to the salon to get styled just for this night, into a rough ponytail and pressed her face into his cock. "Show me how much you want it!"

Jill moaned and opened her mouth. I didn't think she could take it, he was so big, but she yawned her mouth open and shoved his fat meat deep inside.

My wife's plump lips stretched her over his girthy flesh. Dale continued to push forward until Jill gagged on his fat head. Dale growled, a primal sexual sound, and shoved Jill's face even further down on his shaft. He held her there as my wife fought for air until he let her go. She fell back, his impossibly long flesh popping from her mouth along with thick ropes of saliva. I thought she might stop and was shocked when I saw her laugh, then roll his wet cock over her face, then suck his hard flesh into her mouth, never taking her eyes off her ex-lover's face.

Jill had given me blowjobs before, but I had never seen her worship anything with such relish as she did with Dale's cock. Jill sucked and bobbed on his shaft, spit and precum dripping down her cheeks and chin as Dale rocked on his heels, enjoying my wife's attention.

I couldn't hold back anymore. Finally, I unbuttoned my pants and slid them down over my hips, revealing my small, twitching cock. I reached

down and stroked it, unable to stop the pleasure coursing through my balls even as the humiliation squeezed my heart.

"She always was a good little cocksucker," Dale laughed and peeled the dress over my wife's shoulders. She helped, revealing her ample breasts. She parted her plump lips and drooled spittle onto her chest. Then, she unhooked her white, cotton bra and rubbed the spit into her tits until her skin glistened.

"God, how I missed your cock, baby!" my wife moaned. "I missed your cock so much."

"I know you did," Dale said and winked at me. "I've seen what you've been living with."

Jill looked over at me as I stroked my pale cock.

"I'm sorry, baby," she moaned. "He's just so much bigger than you."

I groaned and nearly came right there, in front of my wife and her lover. The pain was exquisite, but it only made the pleasure more unbearable.

Dale saw my anguish and chuckled down at me. Then, he pulled Jill to her feet and she swayed in his arms, her knees weak from lust.

Slowly, he peeled off the rest of Julian's dress, revealing her wide hips to me. She was wearing white cotton panties, which I found odd considering they were her least sexy underwear. Dale didn't seem to mind.

"Mmm..." he murmured. "I like these. You never needed to wear anything sexy to be hot."

"Well," Jill giggled, looking at me. "The second anniversary is the cotton anniversary."

I moaned in pain, and Jill's laugh only made it worse.

Dale grinned and turned my wife's round, full bottom to me, showing me how the panties stretched taut over her buttocks. He slid his hand down the front of her underwear, and his fingers dug deep into my wife's pussy.

"I want to fuck you now," Dale said. "I want to fuck you right here in front of your husband."

Jill moaned and kissed him hungrily. Her hand stroked his cock hard and fast, getting him ready to enter her. That's when I remembered. Jill wasn't on the pill! We always used condoms because she didn't like the way the pill made her feel, and it contained the mess. But, as she stroked Dale's cock, I realized she was lost in her lust, and she may just let him fuck her without protection.

"We... we got condoms," I stuttered. "Th...they're in the bedroom."

"We got extra-large," Julian chuckled as if that needed to be said.

"You know I never wear a condom," Dale grunted.

"Please," Jill said. "I'm not on the pill, baby. Please wear one. For me."

Dale ripped her head, back by her hair and bit her neck. Jill gasped, and he thrust his tongue into her open mouth, silencing her protests. He kissed her deep and hard as his hand worked maniacally between her legs. Jill's buttocks quivered as Dale brought her close to orgasm right in our living room.

"Do you want my cock?" Dale hissed in her ear. "Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes," Jill whined. "Yes! I want it!"

"Then, I'm going to fuck you bareback just like I always. And you're going to let me."

"No!" I protested and tried to get up but my pants were wrapped around my knees and prevented me from standing. I sank back to the couch, losing the fight with my clothing. "No, she could get pregnant."

Dale pulled Jill close and whispered something in her ear. She frowned for a moment, but Dale increased his rough attack on her pussy, and finally, she nodded, the frown replaced by an evil grin.

"Sure, baby," she murmured and nuzzled his chin. "Whatever you want."

Jill stepped away from Dale and slid off her panties. Then, she walked over to me, completely naked, her flesh glistening with spit and sweat. She stood over me, and I could smell the musky scent of her sex. For the first time in our marriage, she was turned on and I knew she wasn't hot for me. She was hot for another man.

She lifted my chin with one finger and smiled down at me, crumbling her panties into a ball.

"Happy anniversary, sweetheart," she said and shoved the balled-up panties into my mouth. "Now, please shut the fuck up."

I moaned through the panties, but Jill held her hand over my mouth, a silent indication that she wanted me to keep them there.

I could taste Jill's tangy juices on the wet cotton as Dale dragged her over to the side of the couch and bent her over the arm. Her head fell into my lap and hissed in pain as she bumped my hard cock. She didn't even notice as she flipped her blonde hair over her shoulder and watched as Dale came up behind her.

"Look at that little cock!" Dale ordered and my wife moaned as he bumped against her round ass, no doubt nudging her entrance with the fat head of his monster. "Look at it!"

Jill mewled in pain but looked down at my sad, twitching penis.

"Whose cock do you want, slut?" Dale asked and we both knew the answer. "Me or your husband?"

"You!" Jill screamed in my ear. "You...ohh!"

Her words turned into a cry of lust as Dale plunged forward, stabbing deep inside my wife's body. She fell across my lap, pinning my arms to my side as Dale pumped inside of her. I felt each thrust as it reverberated through Jill's body. I couldn't even stroke, because my wife was pinning my arms to my side. All I could do was suck the juices off her panties and listen to her cry out in pain and pleasure as her lover fucked her on top of me.

"Oh, it's good!" Jill moaned. "So, good!"

Dale reached forward and pulled Jill up by her hair so her face was pointed at me.

"Better than your husband?"

"Yes!" Jill cried, her hot spittle stinging my face. "I'm sorry, Alan baby, he's just so much *better*!"

Dale laughed at my pain and hammered harder into Jill's body. I watched in horror, gagging on her wet panties as Jill's eyes rolled up into her head, and every muscle in her body tensed as she had the most powerful orgasm I had ever seen. She gurgled and cried, all language was gone as she succumbed to the pleasure of Dale's cock. She rocked on top of me for several minutes, the orgasm burning through her body. Finally, she stopped and her mouth opened into a lewd smile and a thin line of drool dribbled out of her mouth just before she collapsed in my lap.

"That's the Jilly Bean I know!" Dale chuckled and pulled his glistening cock from my wife's pussy. "I'll bet your little hubby's never made you do that!"

I trembled as my wife turned her head and, still in my lap, she took Dale's dripping flesh between her lips and cooed happily as she cleaned her juices off his throbbing cock.

"Never," she moaned. "Never."

"I knew it!" Dale said triumphantly and pulled my wife's limp body off of me.

He dragged her over to the seat next to me and laid her on the couch.

"Watch this, Alan!" he ordered as he lined the fat head of his cock up with Jill's swollen, dripping cunt. "Watch as I take your wife!"

Time slowed as Dale pushed the head of his cock into Jill's pussy. She moaned as her lips stretched around his massive girth, pulling him into her body with a primal need. I watched in amazement as he sawed the thick cock into her wet slit and sliding all the way to his fat ball sac.

"Oh my God!" Jill cried. "You fill me up so good!"

"That's right, baby!" Dale said. "Let that big cock fill you up! Let me take that sweet, little pussy!"

"Yes!" she cried. "Take it!"

"What about your husband? He's sitting right here! Don't you feel bad, slut?"

Jill turned her head and looked up at me with eyes glazed by lust. Her wet grin was back on her face and my heart fell as she cried out to Dale.

"I don't care about him!" she cried. "I just want your big fucking cock!"

"Yes!" Dale said and he slammed inside of her with long, hard thrusts of his cock. My wife screamed in pleasure and pain as Dale lifted her legs and bent her in half, his thick, veiny shaft splitting the love of my life open. His grunts of effort were punctuated by the wet smack of his heavy balls against Jill's upturned ass and her screams of ecstasy as she built towards another mind-altering orgasm.

"I'm going to fuck you all the time, slut!" Dale was grunting as plowed into my wife, her lips inverting on his cock, then stretching tight to suck him back in. "I'm going to fuck you anytime I want!"

Jill didn't answer. Not because she didn't want to, but because her eyes had once again rolled back in her head and she was drooling from her lewd grin, ready to explode.

That wasn't good enough for Dale. He slowed his thrusts, leaving Jill on the knife-edge of orgasm, and wrapped a hand around her throat.

"Say it, slut!" Dale growled. "Say it so your husband can hear you."

Jill's green irises appeared, her pupils dilated.

"Yes!" she whined. "Yes, please!"

"Please what, bitch?" Dale snarled.

"Please!" Jill's voice was a desperate whine. "Please, fuck me whenever you want!"

"Hear that, hubby?" Dale grinned maliciously down at me. "She's my slut now. She's always been my slut!"

My heart fell as the truth pierced my heart. It was all true. I had never had Jill the way Dale had her. I wondered if she truly loved me, or if I had just been a placeholder for her true master.

I didn't have time to think about it. Dale redoubled his efforts and fucked that monster into her, spearing to her womb. Her body shook and trembled and I saw the lewd look of ecstasy on her face as she came again and again on Dale's body.

"That's it, slut!" Dale grunted. "My turn! I'm going to own that pussy, bitch!"

"Take it!" Jill cried, wrapping her arms and legs around Dale and pulling him even further into her unprotected body. "Take it! It's yours!"

With those fateful words, Dale grunted and buried his shaft deep into Jill's gaping pussy. He groaned as his buttocks clenched and his ball sack tightened as he unloaded his seed into my wife's helpless womb. I sat there, tears on my cheeks, yet my cock was harder than ever as my wife gave everything to her ex-lover. Everything she had never given me.

Finally, sweating and exhausted, Dale pulled out of Jill. Her legs spread lewdly and I could see a thick white froth of cum covering his cock. Jill sat up without being asked and Dale guided his thick cock between her lips and I sat there as Jill cleaned his cum and her juices from his flesh.

When he was clean, he pulled his cock from her mouth and squeezed the head, smearing the last dollop of cum across my wife's pink lips.

"Beautiful," Dale grinned. "So fucking beautiful."

Finally, Dale backed up, his limp cock swinging like a lazy snake between his legs.

"Where's the bathroom?" Dale asked and Jill pointed.

"Just down the hall, baby," she simpered. "Second door on the left."

She paused for a moment, then said, "Right next to the master bedroom."

Dale's grin grew wider.

"Good to know," he nodded, then looked down at me. "Too bad, Alan. Looks like I'll be sharing the marital bed with Jilly Bean on your anniversary. Guess that's what you get for being brave!"

He chuckled as he sauntered down the hall.

Jill waited until the bathroom door was shut then reached over and pulled her sodden panties from my mouth.

"Did you like that, Alan?" she murmured. "Did you like the way he took your wife from you?"

"No!" I gasped. "No, I didn't."

"This says different," she said and slid her warm hand over my cock. "This says you liked it very much."

"Oh, God!" I moaned, but I couldn't very well deny it. My cock was dripping and Jill wrapped the damp cotton panties around the shaft.

"You know," she said. "I really did try and enjoy your cute, little cock. I really did."

Her hand began to stroke faster. I tried to protest, but the need in my balls had built to an unbelievable pressure.

"It's just, Dale can do things you can't," she leaned closer and I could smell the scent of Dale's sweat and cum on her lips. "You saw that right?"

"Yuh...yes," I moaned and shifted my hips upward, trying to fuck her hand, but she pushed me back and kept me on edge.

"So, you're going to let him fuck me again, right?" she asked with a cruel smile on her glazed lips. "You're going to let him fuck me whenever he wants!"

Oh, fuck!" I cried. "Please, Jill!"

"Say it," she murmured, her soiled lips inches from my own. "Say it and I'll let you cum."

I couldn't hold back anymore. I knew what I was doing. I was permitting my wife to accept her ex as her lover, whenever and wherever he wanted. I was giving him to her, on our anniversary.

But that knowledge only made the pleasure more insistent and the pain more exquisite. I needed to cum and nothing was going to stop that.

"Yes!" I screamed. "Yes! You can fuck him whenever you want!"

"No!" she said and ran the wet cotton panties up and down my tortured shaft. "Not when I want. Whenever *Dale* wants!"

"Oh, God!" Tears filled my eyes, but I needed the release. "Yes! Whenever *Dale* wants!"

"Good boy!" Jill cooed and she beat my cock so hard it hurt. I grunted, my hips jerking off the couch and she held the cotton over my cock as I squirted my wasted seed into the white fabric until it was sticky with cum. She continued holding me down by the shaft of my cock until I had stopped jerking, then finally let me go.

"Good boy!" she said again and lightly slapped my cheek. "Good boy."

Then, she kissed me and before I knew it I was tasting Dale's cum. She nuzzled my lips, making sure that my mouth was smeared with her lover's lust, then stood up.

"I'm so glad you agreed," she said. I looked up and saw Dale's thick, white cum dripping down her thighs. "Because Dale is going to stay the whole weekend."

With that, she laughed and walked to the bathroom, leaving me twitching on the couch as she joined her lover.

The End

Tricked: Trick and Treat

1

My boyfriend's roommate, Bart, found me crying in the living room when he came home. I'd seen the picture on Max's Instagram an hour ago and I was still shaking. My boyfriend, the love of my life, was smiling as his bitch ex-girlfriend leaned on him. The bitch even had on his favorite Superman ball cap, the one I had bought him, turned backward on her blonde head as if it belonged there.

The worst part of the whole thing was how happy they looked. How natural. The appearance of it on my Insta drove a stake right through my heart.

Max was my first real boyfriend, the first boy I'd ever slept with. The first boy I'd fallen in love with. That picture fucking *hurt!*

I wasn't naive. I knew he'd had girlfriends before, but we had been exclusive for months. I didn't even know he was still in contact with his ex, let alone out at some sleazy bar with her.

When I looked at that picture, I felt the anger building up inside of me. This was the first time I'd ever been jealous of anyone and I didn't like it.

So, when Max didn't answer his phone, I went to the house. I found the key under a rock in the front yard and let myself in.

The house was empty and my anger soon gave way to sudden helplessness. I tried calling Max, wavering between sadness and rage until finally the sadness won and I began to sob on the couch. That's when Bart came home.

"Hey, Kat," Bart said when he came into the room. "What's going on? Is Max here?"

"Nuh... no," I said through my tears. "He... he's fucking that bitch!"

Bart was a big boy. Tall and broad-shouldered, with a thick head of blonde hair. He looked every inch the Iowa farm boy, which made sense since he had transferred from Iowa last semester and somehow ended up in the house with my boyfriend. Right now, he had a puzzled look on his face and he didn't seem so big.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

I showed him the phone and I heard him give a little grunt.

"Oh, her," he said.

"Is that all you have to say?" I said through my tears.

"Hey," Bart held up his hands. "I'm sorry, OK?"

I nodded and continued to cry, hating that I couldn't stop sobbing in front of him. Bart was uncomfortable, looking for something to say and looking extremely awkward.

"Um, do you want a beer?" he asked finally.

"A beer?" I scoffed. "You think a beer is going to solve this?"

Bart smiled and snapped his fingers, which shocked me into silence.

"You're right," he said. "This moment calls for something stronger."

I didn't know what he was talking about, and I didn't care. I was just glad when he left the room and I was able to bury my face in my hands and cry.

When he came back he was holding a jelly jar filled with a frothy, pink concoction topped by a cherry.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Just try it," Bart said smiling as he sat down beside me on the couch.

I took a tentative sip of the drink and found it tasted like strawberries and cream. It was only after the first sip had gone down my throat that I felt the alcohol warming my blood.

"Oh my god!" I said, forgetting to cry. "This is so good!"

"I know, right?" Bart said. "It's called a pink nipple. You know, for... *the ladies*."

Bart raised a lascivious eyebrow and said *the ladies* in a comical, '70s pornstar voice. I laughed despite my sadness and took another drink, already feeling the effects of the liquor on my body.

Despite his self-deprecation, Bart did have a reputation as a lady's man and there were many nights that Max and I had trouble sleeping because of the screams emanating from Bart's room. The girls he brought home were always hot, always slutty, and usually drunk. They had to be. There was no way Bart could make a girl sound like that unless she was drunk and overacting.

"Well," I said, smiling sadly. "I'm not one of your ladies."

"Oh, I know," Bart said. "It's just... who's lady are you?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but I was at a loss for words. I wanted to scream at him for his insensitivity, but he had a point. It didn't make me any less angry.

"What the fuck are you trying to say?" I spat.

"Listen," Bart said and put a warm hand on my shoulder. "I'm not trying to start anything. It's just I know Max. He's done this kind of thing before."

"What do you mean?" I asked, taking another sip of the drink. I began to feel the warm dizziness of inebriation.

What the hell was in this drink? I thought, but in the end, I didn't care.

"I mean, he didn't break up with Lisa," Bart said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "Of course, he did. She cheated on him!"

"Is that what he told you?" Bart said, grinning. "She didn't cheat on him. Max cheated on her."

"No!" I gasped.

"Let me guess," Bart said, sliding closer. "He told you she broke his heart, right? And that he didn't know if he'd be able to love anyone again?"

"That's not..." I started to deny it, but those were the exact words Max had used the first night we had sex.

The night I lost my virginity.

I felt the tears start to spill from my eyes again. Bart slid closer and put his arm around me. It was strong and comforting and I needed that right now. I put my head on his shoulder and cried into his neck.

"It's going to be OK," he said.

"He said I was special," I sobbed. "He said I was the only one."

"I know," Bart murmured and slid a hand up my bare thigh. I felt a shiver of sadness mixed with lust. "You are special."

I raised my head and looked into his eyes.

"Do you mean that?" I asked, desperately needing him to say yes.

"Yes," he said. He slid his hand over my cheek bent forward and gave me a tender kiss on the lips.

I kissed him for a few moments, then pulled back.

"I can't," I said. "I can't do this."

"Don't you want to get back at him?" Bart asked. "Don't you want to make him pay?"

"No," I whimpered. "I love him."

I was lying. I did want to get back at my boyfriend, but this wasn't the way. Sleeping with his roommate? How was that any better than what he was doing to me?

And yet, our whole relationship had been based on a lie.

Bart took the opportunity to slip his hands between my legs. I had nothing on but a pair of flimsy jogging shorts. I hadn't been thinking about what I was wearing when I left the house. All I had been thinking about was confronting Max. And now, Bart's hand was moving between my thighs, his middle finger grazing the sensitive spot between my legs.

"I'll bet Max is fucking Lisa right now," Bart murmured.

"No," I moaned, but my thighs parted. Bart dug his hand under the waistband of my shorts and with one, quick movement, he plunged his fingers into my wet pussy.

"I can make you feel better," Bart said. "I can make you feel better than Max ever could."

"Oh, God!" I cried out as Bart worked his fingers inside of me, stretching me open. For the first time in my life, I was being touched by another man and I liked it.

"It makes you wet, doesn't it?" Bart murmured in my ear as he fucked my pussy with his fingers. "It makes you hot thinking about getting revenge on your boyfriend."

"Fuck! Fuck!" I cried, my hips bucking on the couch cushions. Within moments I was cumming on Bart's fingers. I wrapped my arms around his neck and I sobbed into his shoulder. "Fuck! That is so good!"

Bart kissed me and this time I opened my mouth to accept his tongue. I felt his fingernails scrape along my hips as he peeled off my shorts, laying my pussy bare for him to see.

I had shaved my pussy for Max because I knew he loved it and now Bart was looking down at it with barely disguised lust. He pushed me back on the couch and opened my legs wide.

"Max doesn't deserve you," he growled and his words made my heart pump harder. "He doesn't deserve such a sweet, little pussy."

Bart ducked his head and covered my pussy with his lips. He was good, better than Max, splitting my swollen sex with his tongue and working up to my clit. I cried out with pleasure and dug my hands into his thick, blond hair, pulling his mouth deeper into my pussy.

I came again, surprised by my reaction to Bart's furious tonguing. The anger in my body seemed to make the lust even more intense. When Bart finally came up for air, my juices dripping off his chin, I wanted him more than I had wanted anyone.

"I never hear you make that noise when you're with Max!" Bart grinned and I felt an evil thrill in my stomach.

"That's because he's not that good," I whimpered and the effect on Bart was instantaneous.

"Well, then, I guess you'll like this even better!"

Bart began to unbutton his jeans and I sat up to get a better look. I assumed he was bragging, but he was bigger and bulkier than Max. Perhaps that size would translate to his cock, but at that moment I didn't care. All I cared about was my lust and thirst for revenge.

That's why I was shocked when Bart pushed his jeans down over his hips and the thickest, meatiest cock I had ever seen in my life sprang out of his pants.

"Holy shit!" I said, unable to contain myself.

"Bigger than Max's isn't it?" Bart grinned and I couldn't very well deny it.

It was huge! Twice as long and much girthier. I didn't even know if I could take that monster in my pussy.

"Yes!" I grinned up at Bart and reached out my hand, barely able to get my fingers around the thick shaft. "So much bigger!"

I bent forward and opened my mouth. Bart groaned as my hot, wet lips closed around his thick flesh. I looked up at him, trying to keep my eyes on him and suck his cock hard and fast, trying to act like one of his little sluts. I was doing good too until Bart dug his fingers into my hair and shoved his cock down my throat.

The fat head hammered into my tonsils and blocked my airway. I gagged on him, spit pouring out of my mouth and down my chin. Bart released my head and I came up for air, coughing and spluttering on my spit. Then, Bart thrust inside my mouth again and again until I was used to his pulsing meat hammering the back of my throat. He growled down at me and I felt my pussy clench tight as his low rumble emanated through my body and instead of acting like a slut, I was becoming one.

Finally, he pulled my bruised lips off his cock and shoved me forcefully down to the couch.

"You want my cock?" he asked, stroking his fat shaft in one, huge hand. "You want me to fuck you with a real cock?"

I was out of my mind with lust. All I could do was stare at the angry red flesh in his hands and moan.

"Yes! Yes, fuck me with that cock! Fuck me like a real man."

Bart grinned and slid down between my legs. He slid the fat head of his cock up my slit and then pushed himself inside of me. I cried out in pain as he sawed his thick monster into me, stretching me wider than Max ever could.

"Yes!" I screamed, the anger and lust driving me on. "Yes, fuck me with the big cock!"

"Yeah?" Bart asked. "You miss Maxie a little less now?"

"YES!"

I let out an anguished howl as Bart took that moment to thrust deep into my pussy.

I had never been fucked so hard and deep before. I placed my hand on my belly and felt the pounding thrusts of Bart's cock battering at my insides like a jackhammer. I couldn't hold back my voice as I cried out in pleasure at being fucked, truly fucked, for the first time in my life.

"You like that?" Bart spat down at me. "I'm going to make you forget all about little Maxie!"

He gripped my waist and hammered into me even harder. I had never been fucked so rough in my life and I couldn't stop the rising lust. I was already at the peak of my third orgasm, more orgasms than I had ever gotten making love to my boyfriend.

"Yes!" I screamed. "Yes, make me forget him! Fuck him out of me!"

The anger and lust hit a crescendo and my body exploded in orgasm. My legs and arms thrashed as I convulsed on the couch, unable to gain control of my body as Bart forced me to cum again and again. I realized, as I came down from my peak, that the sounds I had heard from those other girls were very, very real.

"I'll bet Max never made you cum like that, did he?" Bart said.

"No, baby," I whimpered. "Never like that. I've never cum like that ever."

"That's what I thought," Bart said and slid his cock out of me, pulling me up into a sitting position so he could kiss me deep and hard.

We were still kissing when I heard my phone ring. Bart broke the kiss and looked down at my phone.

"Look who's calling!" Bart said and picked up my phone, showing me the picture of Max's face.

Bart handed me the phone and I wondered if I should answer. For a moment, I came back to myself and realized I was sweaty and naked with my boyfriend's roommate. I didn't love Bart, I didn't even like him. I loved Max and I still wanted to talk to him, no matter how good Bart had just fucked me.

I accepted the call and held the phone to my ear as Bart flopped back on the couch, an unreadable smile on his face.

"Max?"

"Oh my God, Kat!" Max said, his voice was so full of relief that I smiled, trying to ignore the throbbing of my pussy from Bart's hard fucking. "I'm so glad you answered."

"You are?" I asked spitefully. "I thought you'd be with your ex-girlfriend!"

"No!" Max said. "I knew you saw the picture! Look, it was all a mistake. I didn't know Lisa was going to be at the bar and before I knew it, she took my hat and snapped a picture. I know it was stupid, but I didn't know she had posted it until later."

"She... she took your hat? And your phone?" I asked in disbelief.

"Yes!" Max sounded desperate. "I had to go get them back from her. I sent Bart home to tell you so you wouldn't misunderstand."

I looked over at Bart who was smiling, stroking his thick cock, the one that had just made me cum harder and better than my boyfriend. I felt sick to my stomach as he rose off the couch and grabbed my hips.

"He's telling the truth," he whispered in my ear. "She stole his phone and I stole his girl."

Bart pushed me down over the couch and I suppressed a moan.

"Well, is he there? Did he tell you?"

"Yuh... yes!" I said and I tried to push Bart away but he was already swabbing my slit with the spongy head of his cock. I felt the pleasure pulse through my body and I fell onto the couch, my phone clutched to my ear.

"He... he did."

"And do you believe me?" Max whined. "You believe me, don't you?"

"Yuh... ESSS!" I grunted as Bart thrust his cock into me from behind deep and hard.

"Kat? Are you OK?"

"I..." I struggled to speak as Bart plowed my pussy, slamming so deep his body smacked against my tight ass. "I'm fine. I was just upset."

"Oh, baby!" Max said sympathetically. "I'm so sorry. I never meant to hurt you."

"I... I know, baby!" I mumbled as Bart fucked me harder and faster than I could take. "I know."

"Please, baby!" Max begged. "Please tell me you love me."

Another orgasm was threatening to overwhelm me as I tried to form the words my boyfriend needed to hear. I moaned in what I hoped was a comforting tone as the pleasure from Bart's cock overtook me.

"I love you, baby!" I cried out louder than I wanted. "I'll see you soon!"

"I love you too, baby!" Max said, happily. "See you soon!"

I slammed the phone down just before the lust finally took over.

"Yes!" I cried pitifully. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

"That's it, slut!" Bart grunted. "Cum for me!"

Brett sneered and fucked me harder, pounding me against the couch. I felt the pain and anguish like hot spikes in my heart as I realized I had been thoroughly tricked. I felt my heart break even as my body exploded in a wonderful, violent orgasm all over Bart's beautiful cock. It was so good that for a minute I forgot that I was the one who was cheating. I was the one who had sinned.

"My turn," Bart growled and pulled out of me. He grabbed my hair and forced me to my knees in front of him.

I watched, helpless and weak, as the slit on his cock opened up and sprayed long, sticky ropes of cum onto my cheeks and forehead. He kept cumming for what seemed like hours until my face was covered in his hot, filthy lust.

Finally, when he had shaken the last drops of cum onto my lips, he knelt and gripped my chin in his hand.

"I know you loved that," he smiled cruelly, staring deep into my eyes. "I want you to remember how much you loved it when you're with your little boyfriend tonight!"

He left me where he had found me, crying in the living room except this time his cum was drying on my face.

The worst part of the whole ordeal wasn't Bart's lies, or the fact that I had given in so easily.

The worst part was that I had enjoyed every second of it.

2

I never should have talked to Lisa. I knew it was a mistake the moment I saw her.

I'd only gone in because Bart wanted to see what was happening at Jupiter's Joint, a local college hangout close to campus. I had been less enthused. After all, I had a date planned that night with Kat and I couldn't wait to see her. Even as we made our way to the bar, I couldn't help but imagine Kat's tight little body under my hands and the way she squirmed as I kissed her large nipples and touched her between her legs.

I had dated little; just one serious girlfriend in my life before Kat. Kat was even less experienced than I was, and that made me feel good. I loved making her happy and when I was with her, I could forget about the other girl had been in love with.

Lisa.

I was still thinking of Kat when Bart nudged me in the ribs.

"Well, look who's here!" he said, and pointed down the bar.

And there she was. Lisa. Beautiful, platinum blonde Lisa, the girl I had fallen in love with during my freshman year of college and, if I was honest with myself, was still a little in love with her. She was at the bar wearing a tight tank top that clung to the round globes of her breasts and short cutoffs that hugged the curve of her firm buttocks. Lisa was curvier than Kat, but she was a runner, and I knew every curve was firm. I knew her body better than my own and that's why it hurt so much to look at her.

"Let's go," I said and tried to turn around before Lisa saw us, but Bart was already waving at my ex-girlfriend.

She saw us and grinned, and I groaned.

She moved towards us through the crowd, and I saw other guys turn to watch her as she sauntered past. I felt the familiar jealousy writhe and twist in my stomach, even though she was no longer my girlfriend. The funny thing was, I had never been a jealous boyfriend. At least, I had never been jealous until the moment that Lisa had told me she had cheated on me.

It devastated me. How many times had she told me she loved me, only to stab me in the guts with her confession? She tried to apologize, to tell me it had been a mistake, but all I could think about was her cheating with some faceless guy, her legs wrapped around his sweaty body as he pounded

into her, making her cry out in ecstasy. The jealousy and anger had fueled my lust and before I knew it we were fucking. She had even teased me about cheating, working me up into a frenzied hate-fuck session. It was the best sex of my young life, pounding into my cheating girlfriend's pussy and making her scream, reclaiming what was mine. But, after it was all over, I felt sick to my stomach, and the pain of her betrayal made me crazy. I couldn't live like that.

So, I had to end it.

I broke up with her, moved out of our apartment, and moved in with Bart. It was the only way I could get on with my life.

But Lisa hadn't moved on. For months I received drunk calls and texts from her until I finally blocked her number.

That's when I met Kat. I wasn't looking for anyone. In fact, the wounds were still fresh from my relationship with Lisa. But Kat made me happy, and I made her happy. I finally felt like life was good again.

So, when Lisa slid up to us, smiling her gorgeous smile, I felt the same exhilarating lust and unimaginable anger I always felt when I thought about her.

"Hi, boys!" she said, as if she hadn't broken my heart. "Fancy seeing you here!"

"What do you mean?" Bart said and looked down at my ex. "We always come here. What are you doing here?"

Lisa smiled slyly.

"Just seeing what's going on." She said took a sip of her pink drink. "You know, checking out the old place to see if I knew anyone."

"Well, you know us." Bart grinned and elbowed me in the ribs. "Isn't that right, Max?"

I nodded. Bart had wanted Lisa ever since I had introduced them, and never missed an opportunity to flirt with her. It had never made me jealous in the past, because Lisa showed no interest in anyone but me.

That was before she fucked somebody else, of course.

"That's right," Lisa grinned. "I do know you, don't I?"

She grinned at Bart, but she was looking at me out of the corner of her eye.

"I've got to go," I said. I did not like that look in her eyes, that hungry, needy look I knew so well. "I have to go meet Kat."

“Aww!” Lisa pouted. “You’re going to leave me all alone with Bart? That’s not very gentlemanly of you, Max!”

I said nothing, just pulled my Superman hat down and turned towards the door.

“Come on, Max!” Bart said, and put a meaty hand on my shoulder. “Just one drink. What will it hurt?”

“Yeah, Max,” Lisa said. “What will it hurt?”

A lot. I thought. It could hurt a lot.

One drink had turned into several. She flirted with Bart, which he loved, and after my third beer, I was actually talking to my ex without feeling the usual rage. Lisa looked good, and she looked healthy. She looked like she had moved on, which was a relief.

Before I knew it, she had my hat on and had snapped that picture with my camera. I was buzzed and didn’t even realize she had kept my phone until after she had excused herself to go to the bathroom.

“Shit!” I said. “Bart, do you have my phone?”

Bart looked at me, bleary-eyed.

“What?” he asked. “No. Why?”

“It’s not here,” I said, and looked over at the place Lisa had just vacated. I saw her white phone with the sparkly case sitting there on the bar and realized that she had taken my phone. “Goddammit!”

“What is it?” Bart said.

“She took my phone, Bart, you asshole!” I said. “Why did you make me come here in the first place?”

“Hey, I’m sorry!” Bart said. “I just wanted a beer. Besides, how do you know she has it?”

At that moment, Lisa’s phone rang.

I scooped it up without thinking and saw my face smiling back at me. She hadn’t even bothered to change my profile picture.

“Lisa! Where are you?”

“Max? Oh thank God!” she said. “You have my phone! I must have picked up yours by mistake.”

I looked down at her glittery phone.

“Your phone looks nothing like my phone,” I said. “Are you still in the bathroom?”

“What?” Lisa giggled drunkenly. “No, silly, I went home. Why would I be in the bathroom?”

“Because,” I hissed, trying to keep my cool. “That’s where you said you were going!”

“Did I?” Lisa giggled again. “Shit! I must be drunk! I’m at home, Maxie. Can you bring my phone over?”

“What?” I cried. I was not going to my ex-girlfriend’s apartment, the one that, until a year ago, we had shared. “No! You come back here!”

“Come on, Maxie!” she simpered. “I’m drunk. I could get raped or murdered.”

“Why didn’t you think of that before you walked the FUCK HOME!” I screamed and even though the bar was loud, people turned towards me.

“Too loud, baby!” Lisa whimpered. “Please, Maxie! Just bring me my phone.”

Before I could say anything else, Lisa hung up. I stared at the sparkly phone in my hand and was on the verge of throwing it across the bar when Bart spoke up next to me.

“Oh, shit!” he said.

“What?”

He held out his phone and showed me my Instagram. The first picture was Lisa and I, smiling for the camera, the hat that Kat had bought me for my birthday perched on Lisa’s platinum blonde head.

“Fuck!” I said. “Fuck! What if Kat sees this?”

Bart raised his eyebrows.

“The way that girl feels about you?” Bart knocked back the rest of his beer. “I bet she’s already seen it!”

“FUCK!” I yelled again, and this time the bartender came to the end of the bar.

“Everything OK fellas?”

“NO!” I shouted, but Bart had his hand on my shoulder and was pulling me to the door.

“It’s all right,” he said. “Women troubles.”

The bartender nodded sagely as Bart pulled me out into the warm night.

“Listen, Bart,” I said once we were on the sidewalk. “Call Kat so I can talk to her..”

“OK.” Bart took out his phone and hit her number. He held it to the ear and let it ring. “Nothing. Sorry, dude.”

He disconnected the call and slid the phone back into his pocket.

“Goddammit!” I was getting frantic. If Kat saw that picture and tried to call me, would Lisa answer? Kat knew the history between Lisa and me. Would she actually believe that this was all some big misunderstanding?

“Go to the house.” I said suddenly, grabbing Bart by his shoulders. “Kat’s probably already there. You have to tell her what happened.”

“Sure, buddy,” Bart said. “What do you want me to say?”

“Well, if she’s seen the photo, just tell her it’s a mistake and explain what happened. If she hasn’t seen it, just keep her distracted until I get back.”

“I can keep her distracted, sure,” Bart grinned. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going over to Lisa’s and get my goddamn phone back.”

3

The apartment where I used to live brought back all kinds of memories. Some sweet, like after finals freshman year when I helped a drunk Lisa up the narrow steps to our apartment. She'd stumbled and we fell on the landing, tangled in each other's bodies. Somehow, her mouth found mine and before I knew it, she was giving me a blowjob in the hallway. Any of our neighbors could have walked by, which made it all the more exciting. I came in her mouth and that was the first time she ever swallowed my cum.

There were lots of memories like that. Long nights of sex, interspersed with days spent hanging out in our apartment, just enjoying each other's presence.

Unfortunately, those memories had been overshadowed by the one that still haunted me to this day.

The night she told me she'd slept with someone else.

I could still feel the pain like it had happened only yesterday as I knocked on the door. The number 3 came loose and swung upside down on one rusty nail. I'd never gotten around to having the landlord fix it and it didn't look like it was high on Lisa's agenda either.

The door swung open and Lisa stood, grinning up at me. Her platinum hair was wet and hung to her shoulders. She wore one of my old Flash t-shirts, the hem hanging just below her curvy hips. She must have put it on right after the shower because the thin, white fabric clung to her body, her hard nipples poking against the cotton. The faded lightning bolt on the front of the shirt pointed like an arrow to that dark, soft place between her legs.

"'Bout time you got here," Lisa grinned, leaning seductively against the door frame. She seemed much less drunk than she sounded on the phone.

"Look, I just need my phone," I tried to ignore the soft flesh underneath my shirt. My body responded the way it always did when I was around her. My mouth grew dry, my heart pounded heavily in my chest, and my cock hardened.

My mind, however, screamed for me to run away. Fuck the phone. Just go home and find Kat and explain the whole thing. I could buy a new phone in the morning.

Lisa pouted.

"Are you sure that's the only reason you came over?" she moaned and came up to me, her hands wrapped around my neck. The fresh, clean scent of her skin hit my nostrils, her moist heat rubbing against my body.

My cock grew hard as Lisa pulled me into the apartment.

"Lisa, stop," I said, trying to push her away, but everywhere I touched was soft and pliable, her lush flesh pulling me in. She stood on tip toes and kissed me.

I forgot why I was there for a moment as Lisa's tongue slid into my mouth. She pushed me against the wall, one hand sliding down my body until she was rubbing my hard cock through my jeans. I groaned.

Lisa chuckled.

"See," she murmured. "I knew you still wanted me."

She kissed me again, pressing that hot, wet body against me. Her hard kisses mixed with the alcohol fogged my brain. This wasn't right. There was some place I had to be, but I couldn't remember.

"I want you to fuck me," Lisa whispered hotly in my ear. "I want you to fuck me like you did that night you left. I've been a bad girl and I need to be punished."

Bad girl?

Those were the wrong words to say. All of the twisted memories of her betrayal came flooding back and with them the image of my new, loving girlfriend waiting for me at home.

I shoved Lisa away from me so hard she fell to the floor with a shocked cry.

"Just give me my phone!" My voice was low and husky, like some sort of animal.

Lisa laughed and pulled up the hem of her shirt. My eyes locked on the glistening blonde hairs surrounding her swollen sex.

"Yes!" she laughed. "That's what I want, baby! I want it rough!"

Part of me wanted to give it to her. To force my cock down her throat, then fuck her savagely right there on the floor. I wanted to hurt her again, the same way she had hurt me. And I would have, too, if it hadn't been for images of Kat flitting through my mind. My Kitty Kat, the one who could save me from the torturous connection I had with Lisa.

I stepped forward and I could see the triumphant gleam in her eyes. She thought she had me. Instead, I leaned over her, grabbed her by the throat hard enough for her to know that playtime was over.

"Just give me my fucking phone." I hissed in her face.

The triumphant gleam faded from Lisa's eyes, replaced by a look of venomous anger.

"Fine, you fucking bastard!" she spat.

She scrambled up from the floor, found her purse on the living room couch, and dug out my phone. "You don't know what you're doing, Maxie! That little bitch isn't right for you!"

I snatched my phone away from her and turned towards the door.

"She's better for me than you ever were, Lisa!" I said over my shoulder. "She's better in every way."

Lisa followed me to the door and her voice was no longer seductive or sane.

"You don't know her, Maxie!" she screamed. "You don't know what little girls are capable of! But I do. And when you find out, you'll be BEGGING me to take you back!"

Her screeching voice followed me down the steps and out into the night.

"YOU HEAR ME, MAX!" she cried. "YOU JUST MADE THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF YOUR LIFE!"

4

I was curled up in bed when Max got home. I felt miserable. The fact that I thought I was having revenge sex with Bart did little to assuage my guilt. The truth was, I had cheated on Max.

I had knelt on the floor for a long time after Bart retreated to his room. My body was still vibrating from the torrid fucking and I couldn't move. So many emotions swirled around my head as Bart's cum dried on my face.

I finally found the will to move, if for no other reason than I knew Max would be home soon and finding me, naked and cum covered on the floor of his living room, would be hard to explain.

I made it to the shower, afraid that Bart might try to join me. The thought both scared and excited me.

I'd never been with anyone besides Max. While my boyfriend was gentle and loving, everything I thought I wanted in a man, Bart was rough and powerful. But, that power had brought forth feelings in me I'd never felt before. As I scrubbed off the evidence of my betrayal, I could still feel Bart inside of me, stretching me. It was as if he had laid claim to a piece of my soul and I could not shake him off.

I didn't see Bart when I came out of the bathroom and slipped into Max's room. I dressed in a comfy t-shirt and shorts, clothes I had left for sleepovers, and curled up in bed.

I was in bed for only a few minutes when Max came in. A relieved grin spread across his face when he saw me. God! If only he knew what I'd done!

"Hey, baby," Max murmured as he knelt down beside me and took my hand. "I'm so sorry. I never meant to hurt you."

"I know," I said and couldn't stop the tears from pricking my eyes. "It's OK. I understand."

"No it's not," Max said angrily. "I never should have spoken to her. She's crazy."

"I know," I said again. Max had told me stories about how Lisa would call him in the middle of the night. I'd figured it was just a lonely girl who missed her boyfriend. But after Bart's lies and my betrayal, I didn't know what was the truth any more. All I knew was I wanted to forget about it all and I needed Max to help.

I pushed forward and kissed Max softly on the lips, willing him to kiss me back. He tasted like beer and something else, something fruity, but before I could wonder what it was, Max pushed his tongue into my mouth.

"Are you sure you're OK?" Max murmured in between kisses.

"Yes!" I said and pulled at his shirt, trying to undress him as we clumsily made out.

Max got the message and soon he was massaging my breasts, working his hands over the places Bart had violated just an hour before. I knew Bart was in his room, probably listening to us, smiling as he thought about how he'd taken advantage of me.

Max wanted to go slow, to kiss and fondle me into excitement, but I was already excited. I was loose and wet from my previous pounding and all I wanted was Max inside me. I needed his flesh to burn away the stain that Bart had left on my skin.

"Please!" I moaned. "I need you to fuck me!!"

That was all the foreplay Max needed. He lifted himself up from the floor and pulled his shirt off. His body was thin and finely muscled, a well tuned instrument compared to Bart's blunt tool. I tried to shake off the image as I scampered out of my shorts and spread my legs. It wouldn't do to think of Bart when Max was inside me.

That proved impossible when Max thrust inside my wet pussy. He penetrated me easily with one, quick stab. It felt good, but not at all like Bart's thick monster. Max's flesh just didn't fill me the way Bart did.

"Fuck me!" I moaned and wrapped my legs around Max's body. "Please!"

Max needed no urging. He was already pounding into me harder and faster than ever. He was turned on, whether by me or the idea that he wasn't going to lose me, I didn't know. A sprinkle of doubt entered my mind and I wondered if his hunger had anything to do with Lisa.

Stop it! I said to myself. *He's with you and you're with him. Just him.*

But Max's hurried thrusts weren't enough to purge the memories of Bart's body pounding into me. Instead, it only made me think of the pleasure I had felt during Bart's masterful fucking. I closed my eyes and gave into the feeling, picturing Bart's thick body. I betrayed Max again by cumming to the thought of Bart plunging his cock deep inside of me.

"Fuck, yeah!" I moaned, more to the image of Bart than Max. "Fuck!"

That pushed Max over the edge. He thrust all the way to the hilt inside of me and I shivered as I felt his cum spurt against the walls of my pussy.

Max collapsed on top of me, laughing. Instead of making me feel better, the guilt only made his happiness *hurt*.

"Wow!" he said, smiling down at me. "You were really excited, huh?"

I forced a smile onto my lips.

"Yes," I said. Not a lie, but certainly not the whole truth. "You were too."

"I was," Max sighed and rolled off of me, his wet cock slipping from my pussy. "I was thinking about you."

"Yeah?" I rolled over and put my head on his chest.

"Of course," he said and for a moment he stared off into space, a small frown on his face. Then, he turned to me and grinned. "I was so worried I'd lost you."

"Never," I said and felt the tears sting my eyes. I hugged my body closer to him. "I love you."

"I love you, too, Kitty Kat," he said and the shame threatened to overwhelm me.

I blinked past my tears and hugged the man I loved. Bart had played me, that was all. I would forget about him, like it had never happened. Better yet, I would ignore his very existence. That would put him in his place.

I began to feel better. My body relaxed as I held Max and listened to his heartbeat as he fell asleep. Nobody had to know about my infidelity. Nobody had to know how easily I had fallen.

Nobody had to know how I'd been tricked.

End

Hi Reader!

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