



CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

A
CUCKQUEAN
Christmas

LARAN MITHRAS

A man in a white dress shirt and a woman in a red Santa Claus dress are shown in a close embrace, nearly kissing. The background is softly blurred, suggesting a Christmas setting with lights. The text is overlaid on the image.

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**If "ifs" and "buts" were candy and nuts, wouldn't it
be a Merry Christmas?**

~ Don Meredith

CHAPTER 1

I am so perfect – so very perfect.

Everyone else has severe mental issues.

I know because I work in social services.

Forget about my abused past.

Forget that I am a lone example of mental stability in a world of weirdoes.

"Please!" I begged.

Beth sat across from me, looking at me with those eyes. Beautiful eyes, but they held a world of pain and inadequacy.

Inadequate Personality Disorder. I had pegged her at the first look. She wanted to please and used her charm to make friends. Childish.

She worked in the office in administration. She didn't have my incredible intellect and ability to read people at a glance. I was in the field, she was behind the desk. She was also my best friend. No one else came close to my level of mental strength.

She was my only friend. I couldn't tolerate anyone else.

Despite her obvious mental faults, I needed her. Actually, my husband needed her. If I had to force my friend to do this, I would do it. I'd threaten her. I'd unfriend her on Facebook. I would leave nasty notes disparaging her worth and value.

I didn't want her silly personal beliefs to come between me and my husband.

I couldn't have kids: Low Ovarian Reserve.

Kyle wanted children – a son, a daughter. It didn't matter, but I couldn't give him

any.

Beth had to be the one. She had a perfect body for it and my husband would be pleased. Kyle and I had decreased our sexual activity because of my condition – not because I was four sizes bigger than when we married.

Of course it wasn't due to my figure; I'm not paranoid.

Beth, though, would excite him with her sexier figure and perhaps cause his swimmers to perform better. He would have no trouble impregnating her.

I needed her, even if she didn't want it.

Beth tilted her head. "That's quite a request, Shondra."

"Don't deflect." A stern hand was needed here.

"Can I see a picture of him?"

I sighed at her stalling tactic. It was a simple yes or no situation. I thought, Why do people seek to avoid decisions?

She said, "I'd at least like to know who you're asking me to bed..."

I tapped my phone and handed it to her. "See? Handsome. Very handsome. We're willing to pay—"

"For me to get pregnant by him."

"Yes." Why is this taking so long? No, no, be calm. Smaller minds aren't capable of easy decisions. Everybody needs to be taken by the hand and shown things as gently as possible. I shifted in my chair and stared down at my double coffee chocolate cake with double fudge frosting. I jammed another fork of it into my mouth while she considered my phone.

Her eyebrows lifted. "Very... handsome."

Of course he is, duh. "So you'll do it."

"Having a baby isn't a simple little thing."

"Oh please, you know you want to because it would make me happy. It would make Kyle happy, too."

"I don't think I'm ovulating on Christmas."

"It doesn't matter. I want you there as a present Christmas Day – from me to him. I even bought you a little Santa dress."

"And we're supposed to keep doing it—"

"Until you get pregnant. I need to give him a son."

She looked at me with equivocation in her eyes. "Can I at least meet him once?"

What a pain in the ass. "Yes, fine. Come over tonight."

She blinked at my cake. "Are you really going to eat that whole thing?"

"Of course – it's fat free. Everyone knows fat makes fat, so I can eat all the cake I want."

Her eyebrows shot up and she looked to the side and down – classic avoidance, disagreement plain on her face.

I didn't care what she thought.

CHAPTER 2

I let in Beth at home.

She did her blinking thing again. "So... eclectic."

"It suits my psyche."

Her glance at me was a study.

You won't find anything. My mind is perfect. I'm the professional; you're just a pencil-pusher.

She stopped in front of the entertainment center and looked at my wedding picture. "Wow..."

"What?"

"You were..." She looked at me, and then away and down.

I sighed. "Yes, I was that size once." I had only befriended Beth in the last year when she was hired. The wedding picture was five years old. We're not here to discuss my size.

She looked down the hall.

I said, "Go ahead."

She moved gracefully through the hall to the guest bedroom. She paused. "Will I be doing... it in here?"

"No, the master bedroom. I want Kyle as comfortable as possible."

I heard the garage door open.

I called out, "Kyle?"

"Yeah?"

"I brought Beth home. She wanted to meet you."

We walked into the master bedroom so she could look around.

He came into the bedroom and pursed his lips at her.

Reluctance – I could see that right away. His eyes didn't move from her, though. He looked her up and down as she turned. His chin lowered slightly signaling interest and domination.

I looked on, reading him like a chalkboard in a classroom.

He pressed his lips in to wet them and then swallowed.

I sensed he liked what he saw. Plain as day.

Yes, this will work. My friend will provide the child I can't.

Beth, on the other hand, went still with fright. She trembled as she gulped and stared wide-eyed at my husband. Her breathing quickened.

Yes, this will definitely work. Kyle is obviously fascinated with her beauty and she will surrender like putty to a potter. Warmth flooded my pussy and my nipples hardened.

The reaction was odd, but I interpreted it to be my body sympathizing with the energy the two were sharing. They both knew they were going to fuck.

Of course, their minds were too small for anything other than lust, but lust was good. The more the better. If my husband really liked her and looked forward to fucking her, we could have a child in no time.

I needed him to like her, but that's why I had chosen Beth. Her beautiful features and dark brunette hair were more appealing than my full face and dull, mousy-colored hair.

Of course, Kyle had married me for my intellect, not my looks. He was an intelligent man – very discerning.

So it was natural that he should look upon my friend with bald lust on his face. It was perfectly normal for his cock to harden in his pants as he ate her with his eyes. It was to be expected that he took a half step towards her with animal need.

I craved that need in him. His cock would be a rigid pole pounding into my friend's pussy. Yes, I needed that. We needed it. We needed a baby and I was going to use my friend's body to give him one.

Perfect.

I was getting wet at the thought of him on her.

Christmas was still a week away, but would it hurt to have him fuck her right now?

He took another step and a deeper breath. He held out his hand. "I'm Kyle. You must be Beth?"

My friend's dainty little hand trembled as she placed it in his. "Yes."

I sighed. Oh please, cut the bullshit. You both want to fuck; I can see it. For a brief second, I hated Beth for being so much more physically beautiful than me. Of course, it was what was inside the head that mattered. I shouldn't hate my friend, either, for being sexy enough to make my husband hard. That was why I had selected her. I should rather be congratulating myself for my perfect choice.

Kyle released her hand. His eyes hadn't left her and she was caught in them as surely as an animal in a trap. "I see Shondra chose well." He glanced at her hand. "You're not married?"

"No, I dumped my fiance."

"Dumped him? Why?"

"He... wanted me to bleach my hair blonde and I didn't want to. I wanted him to love me for who I was, not the color of my hair."

I sighed again. Cut the chatter and get on the bed.

Kyle shook his head. "What a fool."

She bit her lip.

The connection between the two was so obvious it was making my head hurt.
Just fuck a baby into her!

My husband said, "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to shower. It was nice meeting you Beth, and... I think I'm looking forward to seeing you again on Christmas Day."

Beth blushed a bright red.

I was disappointed that nothing happened, but this was definitely a good sign: both of them were excited over each other.

I was fortunate my husband loved me for my brains and not my body.

CHAPTER 3

I came out of the bathroom naked later that night. It was my signal I wanted sex.

He was reading in bed and looked at me. "In the mood?"

"Yes."

"What's the point?"

I recognized his logic. "Well..."

He went back to looking at his book. "I should save it for Beth."

"Oh..." He had a point. Still, a draft of defeat drifted through me. I had thought his earlier excitement could be exploited and I could achieve some satisfaction.

There was no hardened lump under the blankets from his look towards me. I failed to excite anything in him. It's because of my infertility...

I rolled into bed and looked at the side of his face for a moment. I imagined him leaning over Beth with a look of lust on his face – that lust I hadn't seen in him since the year after our marriage.

I had longer hair when we had gotten married, but had since buzzed it all short. It was easier to take care of.

I asked, "Are you sure... you don't want to make love to me?"

His mouth twisted in distaste and he glanced at me without moving his head. "Yeah, I'm sure."

I felt the sting of rejection. You're saving it for Beth, I understand. My pussy flushed with heat and moisture. If she was here right now, they would be fucking.

Envy erupted inside at my friend's physical beauty. I had the perfect mind. If I

could just have the perfect body...

We needed a child; it would make Kyle happy once again. My failure to mother a child would be washed away in an instant.

I turned over, feeling an intense impulse to stroke my clit. I squeezed my legs together to no avail.

An old, familiar sensation shocked me that I had thought conquered long ago: shame.

Over the next several days, I put the shame from my mind as an aberration. I focused on my work. It gave me a supreme sense of satisfaction to psychoanalyze mentally deranged people and tell them their faults.

If there was such a thing as a mental orgasm, I had them.

Each client I left behind was further validation of my superiority, and yet – as the weekend to Christmas approached – my physical inferiority began to play on my thoughts.

Beth looked eager when I saw her – hopeful, even.

That was good.

The thought of my husband fucking her was the physical satisfaction I had lost after I had married Kyle. If it couldn't be my body, it was going to be the best I could find for him and that was Beth.

As much as I looked forward to it, I also dreaded it.

Would the shame return on seeing them together? Or would it be over fast enough and a baby on the way before I suffered?

I was too good for shame - it was an imperfection of the brain and I was perfect. I shouldn't be feeling any kind of shame.

The weekend passed with me worrying.

Worrying that Beth might need more than one fuck.

Worrying that her superior body would be so good for my husband that he won't want to make love to me anymore – not that we had done it in the last six months, but still...

I caressed the envelope containing the cashier's check for eighty thousand dollars. It was almost everything I had ever saved, including my cashed out stock options when I had worked as a personnel administrator at Lockheed.

It was our payment to Beth for her... services.

I looked at the twinkling lights of the tree Sunday evening and fingered the envelope.

Tomorrow, my husband would fuck Beth.

Heat rose in my pussy, moisture increased, and my nipples hardened. It would be a beautiful sight because my husband was handsome, she was gorgeous, and I had masterminded it.

A yearning rose in me, also – to witness it. I wanted to hear it and see my handsome husband enjoy her physical perfection.

Yes, I had done a good thing – and yet... something inside me hesitated. Was the shame there, lurking?

My heart wanted my husband to enjoy Beth. I loved him and wanted his child-experience to be with an appealing woman. He deserved that.

He deserved so much more and I wanted to be the one to give it to him, even if by proxy.

Surely he would appreciate my efforts. Surely he would respond with love. Surely that love he had shown five years ago at our wedding was still there.

How could it not? I was perfect.

CHAPTER 4

Christmas Day was magical and mean. I was elated that the day to make a baby was here. I wanted to stroke my husband's manly cock but he brushed me away.

I guess he wanted to save it for Beth.

He should be saving it for Beth, of course.

He needed to shoot his best loads in her and then I could be a mother and he could be a father. We could be the family that was slipping away from us due to my...

Shame.

My father had abused me mentally, telling me I would never marry - that I was an ugly girl with an ugly personality. I was a bad seed. My mother hadn't defended me.

I had become a social worker though, telling other people what was wrong with them. I got the last laugh on my father when Kyle proposed to me.

Then we found I couldn't have kids and... the shame returned. It was as if father had stuck his face into our marriage and laughed at me.

I wasn't a woman; I was a thing.

No, I conquered this shame and am a better person now. I am perfect. Beth will make up my lack.

When I answered the door and let her in, I was half high on expectations and joy, and half crushed under the old shame I could not shake.

My friend was here because I wasn't a woman. At least, not completely. I couldn't have kids.

She removed her coat and displayed herself in her little Santa dress.

She was sexy; even I could see that. I could taste it and it made my pussy wet. My husband was going to be all over her soon.

Kyle came to the entry and stopped. He just stared at her, hunger so heavy in his eyes that his manhood began expanding in his slacks.

Moisture flooded my pussy at the raw lust between them.

Beth swallowed hard and tried a smile.

Neither of them looked at me – they were only looking at each other.

He stepped towards her and took her hand. He led her into the living room.

I wanted to take control right away, but held my tongue. Silence was hard for me because my opinions and judgments always needed to be heard. I think my husband knew what to do.

Instead, I retrieved the envelope from the lampstand and handed it to Beth.

She smiled sweetly. "A present for me?"

"Our payment that we agreed to." I tried to smile back at her.

She opened it and read the card with the check. After a moment, she said, "Thank you, Shondra. These are kind words."

I wanted to tell her they were just words that meant nothing, but I wanted her happy. I wanted them to go into it, do it, and get it over with. So I said nothing.

She put the envelope into her jacket pocket and laid it over the back of the couch.

My husband sat on the arm and held out his arms.

I almost went to him, delighted he was thinking of me, but he was looking at her. That was okay, I could wait.

He pulled her to him and brought her up to sit on his lap so they could hug.

I was sure he wouldn't kiss her; that was personal.

He shocked me though, when he pecked at her lips. "So... we're to make a baby?"

Beth giggled and was so consumed by him that she didn't even look at me.

Neither of them did.

She said, "I hope I'm what you like."

"Very much," he whispered.

A pain of that shame twisted inside of me, mocking and mutilating my control. I pressed my lips together in grim determination not to hear my father's voice.

'Ugly girl...'

No! Beth is here for me. This is perfect. Shut up, dad.

Kyle kissed Beth with a tenderness I had forgotten.

Look at them, father. They're beautiful together and I did it. Moisture flooded my pussy and I sat down on the recliner to squirm. I'm better than you, dad. I'm better than Kyle and Beth, too. I'm better than everyone. I've always been better.

My husband's embrace and kiss went on and on, reopening afresh the wound of shame my father had instilled.

I had made a life as a social worker, forcing everyone to acknowledge how much better I was, including my husband. Kyle had been disappointed that I couldn't have kids and hints of my father came through.

In response, I crushed Kyle's opinions whenever I could. I had to show him I was superior, even if I couldn't have kids. Of course, my plan worked perfectly.

Kyle and Beth were being very intimate and I didn't like it. I was about to start directing the action when my husband said, "Why don't we give this present a try?" He bounced her a little on his lap.

I watched him rise and lead her to the bedroom.

My panties were soaked.

CHAPTER 5

I heard them back in the bedroom, talking. I could have followed, but I was more interested in stuffing my hand down my stretchy pants and stifling that maddening tension in my clit.

My husband was back there in our bedroom with a beautiful woman and it was perfect. His handsome physique and her suggested feminine beauty were going to be together and my pussy was hot and wet at the thought.

I hadn't thought I was going to react in this way. I had been certain I would have to tell them what to do and how to do it.

Instead, their combined good looks and on the spot chemistry had brought deep aches to my pussy and deeper shame to my mind.

I should have been Beth. Why wasn't I attractive? Why was I round and...?

No, father. Go away.

I rose and adjusted my stretchy pants. I shrugged the voluminous nylon shirt and arranged it to cover me and make me look thinner.

I heard a soft moan from Beth.

Peeking around the doorframe, I saw her on her back, dress up. Kyle had his face down at her pussy, licking.

He hasn't done that to me since our first year of marriage. Anger arrived and arranged a place next to my shame. How dare he?

My pussy, though, was on fire. Her legs looked so beautiful and smooth.

How did she do it?

Why couldn't I look like that?

Her hands roamed in his short hair, massaging his head.

Yes, I remember doing that.

My husband apparently found her pussy very agreeable, because he spent much time licking it.

She writhed there on the black and green block-print bedspread I had carefully selected for our pink bedroom.

Suddenly, I didn't want her on my bed, but... I wanted Kyle to be comfortable. It was an intrusion I would have to suffer.

Yes, I would have to bear the slight.

Oddly, I found the sight of them together as a thing of beauty that contrasted with my eclectic tastes in decoration. Their mere presence together made my bedroom look... ugly.

Alarmed, I squashed the thought I had subconsciously decorated my shame – my ugliness as a little girl – into my home.

No. I was perfect. Perfect! Stunned in my head and feeling dizzy, I whispered, "Why couldn't I be Beth?" I pulled back and sagged against the wall out of sight.

Kyle said, "Let's get you out of that dress."

I covered my face with a shaking hand. What have I done? I've brought two beautiful people together. How can he not like her? How can he not enjoy her?

In the bedroom, I heard a giggle from Beth and a sigh of satisfaction from my husband.

He said, "Lovely."

She giggled again. "And when do I get to see you?"

"Right now." Slacks were unzipped.

Those bedroom sounds shredded my nerves and set them writhing as if electrocuted. I wanted to crawl out of my skin. I wanted to cry. I wanted to kill

my father – and my mother, too, just because the bitch had never defended me.

Beth made a cooing sound. Her voice was barely audible. "Wow..."

Yes, my husband has a very nice bit of manhood – so very satisfying and fulfilling.

Something I missed.

No point to sex with a barren womb.

I peeked around the doorframe again.

My husband was between her legs, lowering himself.

My heart jumped, hammered and rattled in my chest. He was inserting his cock into my friend – into beautiful, brunette Beth.

Would our child have her blue eyes? Or Kyle's brown? I didn't think I could suffer blue as a constant reminder of my shame. I wanted our baby to look like Kyle only.

My husband's butt clenched together and his hips were down on hers. She let out a long, low moan that made my fingernails itch.

She said, "Go slow; let me adjust. It's so thick."

I slid my hand down my pants again as Kyle began moving.

They whispered something to each other and I moved into the doorway to hear.

My movement caught Beth's eyes and she focused on me. She coughed in annoyance and said, "Does she have to watch?"

That brought my husband's head around and he looked at me over his shoulder. His hips did not stop moving – did not stop sliding his cock into my friend's pussy. He said, "Wait out in the living room or something; you're making her uncomfortable."

I stood there, dumbfounded, and then realized they were both looking at me with my hand down my pants. It was as if the floor had dropped out from under me

and I wobbled on my knees in extreme embarrassment.

Kyle said between breaths, "Go on, Shondra. We're busy. Don't ruin this for us."

Beth was giving me an expectant look.

I turned just like a shamed little girl and left the bedroom.

I sat on the couch in the living room, hearing occasional gasps, grunts, and moans. I had the image of them in my head and Beth was every bit as sexy naked as I had guessed. Perfect breasts and a pale, sexy body made a perfect match for my husband's physique. She was ideal for him and he was fucking her right now on our bed.

I drove my hand down my pants again and ground at my clit in desperate anger.

Beth began calling out wordlessly from the bedroom, driven towards her approaching ecstasy as my husband drilled her with his dick.

I sobbed without tears, both angry and shamed, as I savaged my clit. Welling within me was a spring tighter than any I had ever known. I knew I couldn't hold it back.

My husband's groan was the trigger that blew my release wide open. His heartfelt utterance in the throes of passion vibrated in my soul and let loose the flood of heat and satisfaction. Waves rolled over me hard – it was a very hard orgasm – more powerful than any I had ever known.

I gritted my teeth and squeezed my eyes shut as the pleasurable pulses became painful. Sweat broke out on my skin as the orgasm finally and thankfully died away.

There was silence from the bedroom.

CHAPTER 6

I was seated on the couch as if a disapproving parent – all evidence of my masturbation gone.

I saw Kyle come out naked and said to him, "So the deed is done."

His brown eyes flashed with satisfaction. "Yes. Your choice in women was... wonderful."

His word drove a stake into my heart. Acid made a pool in the bottom of my stomach and turned everything sour. "So she'll be leaving then?"

"No. I'm just getting us water. We're going to do it again in a little bit."

The weight of insecurity pressed down on me and I sank into the cushions of the couch as if squashed. "Do you have to?"

He said matter-of-factly, "I like Beth. Yes, we're going to do this as much as possible."

"But she said today wasn't her ovulation—"

"No, but you insisted and this is definitely fun practice. We... sort of made a mess on your bedspread. Sorry."

I scrubbed fitfully at my arms. It was as if their combined juices were on my skin.

He carried two glasses of water and said as he passed me, "Without a doubt, this is the best Christmas present you have ever given me. Thank you."

I watched him walk away to go to her.

My pussy delivered a spasm of lust so harsh I almost doubled over.

He was going to go fuck her again and I was going to sit here and listen to it.

Despite the acid in my stomach, warmth and moisture flooded my pussy again. Though a part of me was ashamed, another part of me wanted him to fuck her. She was beautiful and sexy and he deserved someone like her.

Of course he would prefer her over me, it was only right.

I listened to them talk – not able to make out the words – for over a half hour, then things went silent.

I heard Kyle groan.

Curious, I got up as quietly as I could and went to the bedroom door. I slowly peeked around the frame.

Kyle was lying on his back, eyes closed. Beth was leaned over him and sucking his erection. She moved with vigor and stroked him with energy. Her method looked tiring compared to mine.

I just licked the head, but that had been... three years ago?

My husband apparently really liked what she was doing.

He opened his eyes and saw me. He said nothing and looked away. He said to her, "Climb on."

She moved eagerly and lifted her leg over his waist. He gripped his cock, pointing it up. She found it, moved around a little and sank down.

I saw her pussy swallow the cock that was supposed to be mine.

She settled all the way down and shifted her hips around in little circles.

His hands gripped her hips and he lifted his own, pushing farther up inside her. His balls ballooned as the base of his shaft stretched her pussy open.

She let out a lingering moan of satisfaction. "Oh... that feels wonderful."

My husband gasped, "Yeah, I've never felt anything as good as your pussy."

I pulled my head back and bit my lower lip. My clit ached so fiercely that I could not help but stick my hand down my pants again.

The torment was insane. I had to listen to them fuck again while I diddled in anger and rejection. I wanted them to make their baby and be finished with it. Then I could go back to being perfect again.

Another piece of me, though, appreciated Beth's beauty – my husband deserved a woman like her. He should be fucking her – all the time. It was so right it was painful and my pussy was wet with agreement.

The bed was making sounds and I began hearing grunts.

I peeked in.

Kyle was thrusting upward, heaving her up as his shaft drove up into her pussy. She rode him almost as if on a merry-go-round. Up and down he pushed her as he drove his cock as far as he could up her perfect pussy.

I watched the motion of two people so into each other that they had no care I was there.

I ground my fingers around my sore clit, wanting to erase the feelings there but only making them worse. I trembled on my legs as my husband gave more effort at fucking my friend.

Why couldn't I be Beth?

What place did I have at this moment in our marriage?

Several minutes later, my husband panted his exertion and pulled her down onto his chest. His hips worked frantically, slamming his cock into her. Loud slaps echoed in our bedroom and his balls slung wildly up and down.

She was moaning without any kind of control but they were muffled due to her face being buried in his neck.

He groaned louder, shaking with effort. His cock was a blur. He stopped moving suddenly, his hips thrust high. His shaft flexed and his balls moved as he erupted for a second time into my friend's pussy.

Yes, cum in her. Make her pregnant.

'Ugly girl.'

Shut up, dad.

'Ugly personality.'

I'm better than you, dad.

Kyle let out a long groan as he emptied all his cum into Beth.

I pulled back, biting my fist as my other hand brought pain to my pussy.

If I didn't get control of my thoughts, I was going to start hearing voices again, and that wasn't good.

Having to listen to father's voice was bad enough. The other voice urged me to murder. I had conquered that and I desperately didn't want to go back.

CHAPTER 7

If I had thought she would get pregnant right away, I was simply being selfish.

I wanted my husband back, but it wasn't to be.

She came to the house almost every day. They fucked constantly, not caring if I was there or not, or in the room or not.

Beth only scowled at me if I made noise.

I tried to have all my orgasms silently.

I became addicted to the endorphins released by these abnormally powerful orgasms. I looked forward to them fucking, knowing I was going to be a shaking, satisfied mess at the end of it.

I was hooked and I felt myself slipping somewhere not superior. I struggled against it, trying to assert my superiority – my perfection. I was dragged under as if a crocodile had plucked me from the surface of my sanity.

I was in trouble, but I relished the pain that brought so much pleasure.

I was angrier, too. I wanted revenge, but was helpless to attempt any.

I needed those orgasms.

I needed my husband to fuck her.

I needed her riding Kyle's cock.

More was happening than just orgasms – both mine and theirs. They talked a lot. He began taking her out to dinners. They would come home and talk about making love.

I tried once, after Christmas, to have sex with my husband.

He looked at me with disdain. Disdain! He had said that he was saving it all for Beth.

Two months went by this way. Christmas was a painful memory: the day I lost my husband to my best friend.

Christmas, oh Christmas. How I long to take it all back.

It was Wednesday, Valentine's Day, when I heard the awful truth.

They were in the bedroom, on the ruined bedspread I had carefully selected, fucking like lovers.

I was peeking around the doorframe this time instead of openly masturbating by the bed to their amusement.

Beth was beneath my husband, looking up at him adoringly. Her hands cupped his handsome face and she said, "I love you, Kyle."

My husband destroyed whatever sanity I had left. He said, "I know... I love you, too."

I rubbed so hard on my clit that I knew I would bleed again.

Beth said, "What are we going to do?"

He stopped pumping and settled down to rest on his elbows. His dick was buried in her and they rested to talk. "I think you know what I want."

Her voice was playful, hopeful. "Do I?"

"I love you and I want to be your husband."

Her arms circled his neck so fast they were a blur. "Oh!" She squeezed him in a hug. "Thank you, thank you, my love."

Numbness overcame me and I slumped backwards against the wall. Tears ran down my face at the loss.

My husband didn't want to be married to me; he wanted to be married to her – the beautiful woman. The woman who loved him.

I... had controlled him.

She whispered, but I heard it. "What about Shondra?"

Kyle grunted in disgust. "I saw an attorney last week. Papers are already drawn up."

Beth sounded scandalized. "You didn't tell me!"

"I wanted it to be special – for today. For Valentine's Day. I was given the greatest gift I've ever received on Christmas Day: you."

I was sagged on the floor, orgasm forgotten.

He said, "No day will ever mean so much to me as Christmas."

Beth sobbed in joy and her voice was muffled.

I couldn't make out what she said.

It didn't matter; my husband was lost to me to a better woman.

A superior woman.

Somehow, somewhere, I needed to find a man to marry who would cheat on me.

I needed it, badly.

I became a cuckquean on Christmas.

Thank you for reading A Cuckquean Christmas. Although most of my cuckquean stories don't dive into deep humiliation (I like happier endings), the following cuckquean stories do:

Tears of a Cuckquean – her husband selects her Facebook friend

Shamed by His Ex – a young ex-girlfriend makes a cuckquean of the mean wife

For lighter cuckquean stories with a happier ending, try these:

Watching Will – she shares her husband with her best friend

Ache to See Him with Her – her sexy cousin and husband are quite a pair!

Try to Seduce Him – a woman suspects her husband and becomes a cuckquean

Thanksgiving Theft and Thanks – Violet watches her husband fall for a black woman

Your Husband Loves Me – wife is upstaged by a sexier neighborhood wife

Making Cake for My Husband – little neighbor girl is prepared for Pamela's husband