



CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

CAKE'S
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By

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I don't care if he's your loving husband, or the father of your children.

It's up to me.

If I want him, he will risk it all to feel my tight little pussy.

He will fuck me in your bed.

And you can't stop it.

CHAPTER 1

I am your worst nightmare.

Ladies, if you see me coming, hide your husbands and pray that I didn't see him first.

I used to call myself a homewrecker – after being labeled as such by Barbara Blanco. Now I know better and call myself a cuckcake.

Yes, a cuckcake.

I didn't know what that was, either, until reading about wives who are cuckqueans.

I am now comfortable calling myself a cuckcake.

Very comfortable.

Anyone can be a homewrecker.

It takes... a little skill to be a cuckcake.

But I am still a married woman's worst nightmare. I identify you by your looks. Smug? You've challenged me.

That was where I made my plays.

"Jon." I lifted my hips to his cock like a young pro – very sinuous, sly, and sleek.

He was frowning down at the join between us.

"Jon?" I waved my phone up in his face.

He panted, ramming his dick deep into my welcoming hole. Almost annoyed, he said, "What?"

"Call your wife."

His eyebrows drew down. "Are you crazy?"

"Call her."

He laughed derisively at me. "I'm not calling her."

"You will..."

He laughed more scornfully. "Or what?" But his body betrayed his doubts: he slowed his thrusts.

Men were all the same: pump and dump. Some were fast about it. Some only lasted a few thrusts. Nearly none of them cared a bit about my pleasure.

I could get sex anywhere.

Jon was just... another married guy who was desperate for some of my younger, tighter pussy.

He was disposable.

I waved my phone more to get his attention. It was his wife I was after; there was nothing special about Jon. Oh, he was handsome in a dad-way, sure. But he was essentially the same as all the others: just a light, suggestive touch here and there and most married men would sell their mothers and grandmothers for me.

His eyes narrowed and he studied what was on the screen.

I said, "I sent that to Paris while you were in the bathroom."

His eyes registered shock, then anger, and then despair – not wanting to believe I had sent something so... dangerous to his wife. "You didn't."

I tapped my text messages. "Here, see?"

He was off of me in an instant – as if he could erase what he had done several times already. "Why?" His cry was pure anguish. "What the hell did you think you—"

"I did it for her."

"For her? Are you insane?" His tone was more desperate and pleading than angry.

I smiled smugly. "Calculated maybe, in a psychotic sort of way." Let him think I was crazy; I didn't care.

"But why?" Panic zigged across his forehead and zagged at the corners of his mouth.

I gazed at the photo I had sent her. It was a selfie of me holding his wedding ring in my teeth. The look in my eyes told the story.

He went to his phone and grabbed it, turning it on. "Oh, shit..."

"She's been trying to get you, hasn't she?"

He dropped his hand with the phone to his side and shook his head.

I said, "That's all she has seen—"

His voice rose in desperate consternation. "But why did you do this?"

I told him the absolute truth. "Because your wife is a stuck-up bitch who thinks she's better than people like me."

He started to laugh, but it was a little confused.

I spread my legs. "It's too late for you and your marriage to that stupid woman. I did you a favor. Now come here and call your wife."

"Call her?"

"I want you to fuck me and call her—"

He said quietly, "I'm not doing that." Sudden determination and honor wasn't going to get him anywhere.

"Yes you will. I want you fucking me while you tell her that your dick is in me and that it feels great. Do that, and I'll let you cum inside me while you're on the

phone. Do that or I'll call her and tell her everything and we'll both leave you. And believe me, I'll embellish and make you look very, very bad. I might even tell her I'm underage." I wasn't, but his wife didn't know that.

He heaved in several breaths. His eyes darted to me, away, and back.

I said, "I'm waiting. Your marriage is over. You can watch me leave and then I'll call her and tell her the most disturbing things, or you can fuck me and tell her how good it is."

His eyes focused on my waiting pussy.

He licked his tense lips.

I lifted my eyebrows.

He sighed and his lips began to quiver. "It's all over, isn't it?" He looked around the bedroom he shared with his bitchy wife.

I nodded solemnly. "The final act is humiliating your stupid wife. Do it my way, or I make up all kinds of sick stories. Who will she believe?" I laughed. "Come on; come give me that awesome dick of yours. You might as well."

He took a step towards me, but it was a fatal, resigned step of surrender.

I knew he would take another.

He did.

I held out my hands and wriggled my fingers. "Come get what you deserve – what your wife is too stupid to give you."

A look of consideration on his face turned to determination. He set his lips and lowered his eyebrows. But he took the step and the next, coming with more confidence. His dick was once again hardening. "But... why did you do this? We could've gone on like this—"

"Because you don't deserve to be shackled to that monster. She rules your every waking moment with demands and—"

He waved me off, nodding. "Yeah..."

"Free yourself." I held my hands out again.

He climbed over me, pushing his dick into me. My pussy opened, accepting his ardent hardness.

I picked up the phone and tapped to her number. I held it up to him. "Make the call."

"Why are you doing this?" As if I hadn't already answered it a minute ago.

I wasn't going to put up with endless questions. I made a pouty-face and said, "I'm doing this for you."

His phone rang.

I smiled sweetly and dropped my phone. "Answer it and tell her."

He reached over and picked it up, dick still inside me. He hesitated.

I thrust my hips up at him. "Go on."

He swiped and answered, ceasing all thrusting motions. "Paris?" He sounded hopeful.

Maybe he thought I had bluffed. Maybe he thought she didn't know or hadn't recognized the ring. Maybe he thought he could bluff his way out of it.

Whichever, I didn't care. I knew I had gotten to her. I thrust my hips up at him dramatically, fucking him though he was stock-still inside me. There was no way he could ignore what I was doing.

Her voice was unmistakable: she was shrieking.

I giggled: this was delicious. Watching his marriage crash and burn was better than any pile-up on the freeway.

His eyebrows drew steadily downward and he tried to speak several times.

I kept moving my hips, but he ignored me for the moment. Then he made a

thrust without apparently thinking about it. She must have said something particularly bitchy or he was realizing that it was all over. I mouthed up to him, "Tell her."

It was as if the dam broke and his irritation was released. He took a deep breath and interrupted her screaming screech. "I'm with her right now, Paris."

I heard her screech, "You're what?"

He warmed to my plan. "I'm with her right now and, in fact... we're... in bed." The last came out with dreadful determination.

There was silence.

He even checked his phone.

She said something dismissive.

"Nope. Right now. I've got it inside her right now and it—"

I heard unintelligible shouting and screaming.

"It—"

More screaming.

He firmed his lips and pumped me several times. It must have felt good because his eyes closed. But then he opened them again and said, "Paris."

I made an audible moan when I heard silence – I wanted her to hear it.

The pulse was visible in his temple. He said, "Paris, she feels great." Then he laughed and looked at the phone. "She hung up."

She would be driving furiously home to lay down the law, or cry, or rant like a total bitch. I didn't care which.

He said, "Maybe you should go."

"No, I'll stand with you on this." I'd make it seem like I really cared. All I really cared about was seeing her face go white with the realization of her total defeat.

I had done this before; I knew what was coming.

CHAPTER 2

Paris Cornell stormed into the house as if she were going to take on the entire world and win. Her shoulders jutted forward with each step – much like how a male prisoner learns to walk to look tough. Right shoulder, left foot. Left shoulder right foot. Stomp, strut.

Her scowl was ferociously livid, and drained of all color.

When I was younger, people turned red in cartoons to show their anger. In my experience with this kind of anger, the women turned white. Their skin took on a pasty, stretched look that reminded me of wax.

It was particularly unattractive.

Beautiful Paris, with her perfect brunette hair and her ruby-painted lips, was extra pale today. She was not having a good day, thank you.

Jon stared, uncertain.

I reclined on the bed, tense and ready, knowing that what likely came next would require some agility. If Jon did nothing. But then likely he would intervene.

I was pretty certain I had them read right, but one could never be sure.

Paris glared acid at her husband enough to literally melt the flesh from his bones. There was that smugness that I hated. There, lurking behind the recrimination and accusation was that arrogance that so desperately begged for correction.

Take that bitch down a few pegs.

No, a few dozen pegs.

Fuck it, dump her to the absolute bottom.

I loaded my voice with as much sultry suggestion as I could and said, "Jon..."

Paris launched at me.

Ready for the assault, I rolled off the bed and scrambled behind Jon for defense. Both of us naked and Paris clothed in her rich-bitch named clothing, I felt immensely secure in the situation.

I remembered that first time, with Teddy and Barbara: I had felt vulnerable. Now I felt powerful. My nudity was a slap to Paris.

Sure enough, Jon blocked his wife's attempt to attack me. He grabbed her outstretched claw and held it. "Paris..."

Her slap to his face was loud and I grinned at the sting he must have felt.

She glared at me.

Now was my time. "Do you really think you control anything here, Paris?"

Jon tried, bless his heart. "Now, now..."

His wife said through gritted teeth, "You little bitch. Get out of my house."

I tried to keep my voice level, but adrenaline pumped through me as it always did. I couldn't keep the slight quiver of excitement out of my voice. With time, I was sure I would be as smooth as ice. "Don't you think it is you who should be leaving? Your husband and I aren't done."

Jon tried again to be somewhere in the pathetic middle, "I think now isn't the time for—"

I said, "I need dick and you're the one to give it to me."

Paris lunged predictably.

Jon blocked her.

I reached around his hips and grabbed his dick.

He tried to squirm and twist away, but it was enough for his wife to see and she froze in shock and... realization. She swallowed, her livid face shifting into... fear and defeat.

I had her right where I wanted her.

Water rimmed her lower eyelids, but her lips firmed as if she was trying to buck up and be a strong buttercup.

I reached around again and gripped his shaft. It wasn't hard, but it didn't need to be: I only needed to show possession. I said, "I give him what he deserves." I gave his dick a slight stroke and he removed my hand in protest. Undaunted, I continued. "Are you going to watch us fuck?"

He tried again, desperate to appear as if he were wise and prudent. "I don't think this is a good time—"

I interrupted him. "For what? For you to cum in me again? I think it's the perfect time. Your wife needs to understand she can't treat you like an object of scorn."

Paris said icily, "There isn't any future with him," though her face betrayed her defeat.

Jon turned to me. "You should probably go."

I laughed. "If I do, I won't come back. Now is not the time for you to be weak. You need to show your bitchy wife who is the boss in the family."

Paris straightened her back. "This isn't going to happen in my house."

I said smugly, "It already has."

She scrubbed a frantic, shaking hand across her forehead. "No, I mean you need to leave; you're done here."

I lifted my eyebrows, feigning surprise. "Oh, you're ready to kiss him and make up? Take him back—" I got the reaction I was looking for.

"No! It's over. This marriage is over!"

I looked up at him. "See, Jon? It's over. Now come do me." I indicated the bed. "You might as well."

Paris thundered, "I won't stand for this!"

I ignored her and said to him, "She's already indicated it's all over. Come do me and finish it or I walk out and it's the end of us. You'll lose not just your wife, but your tight little lover, too."

He hesitated. The struggle was evident in the shake of his hands, the tremor in his lower lip, and the quiver of his eyelids. "But..."

I stressed, "It's over. She said it was over. Let's celebrate." I gently gripped his dick again, looking at him but secretly trying to focus on her face while I did it.

Paris Cornell bit her lip, staring downwards.

At my hand.

Triumph flared in my chest and I smiled up at him with that winning smile that now came so easily.

I had her. Right where I wanted her.

With a twist and flip to my walk, I pulled poor Jon by the dick towards the bed.

CHAPTER 3

I climbed onto the bed with a somewhat hesitant Jon.

Paris was pathetic; her face alternated between crushed and determined. "Don't do this, Jon."

I reminded her, "What's it to you? You said it was over."

It was enough to make Jon hesitate – whatever love or attraction he had once had for his wife in their early marriage...

I tugged on his dick and let go, scooting back on the bed with my legs wide. I motioned to him. "Come get it, sexy." I loaded my voice with suggestion and seduction, "I need your cock so badly..."

His eyes flared with passion and he moved to me – dismissing whatever reticence was holding him back.

Paris spun dramatically as if to leave, but she looked back to see if her husband had stopped.

He hadn't, and she lowered her chin in bitter defeat.

I was loving this.

So.

Much.

Her eyes found mine and I smiled my sweet smile.

I offered, "He's so good at it..."

That made Jon even more focused and he moved between my legs to insert his tool into me.

I made sure to keep eye contact with Paris. I wanted to see every reaction.

She looked down, she looked at me, she looked at him, and she looked down again – her face becoming even more bitter with each passing second.

She spun towards us as if she had thought of something to say. Her shoulders led the way in the twist and her chin came up. But her words died – whatever they were – on her lips as Jon's erect cock slid into the lips of my pussy.

Her eyes bugged out and she gulped, closing her mouth and lowering her chin. She twisted at a button on her expensive jacket. She turned to go again but I wanted to keep her there.

I needed so much to have her witness it all. I moaned loudly.

She turned back, eyes flaring until she saw me staring at her.

Staring while I felt her husband's cock sliding into my little emptiness.

Her mouth dropped open in loss, shock, and failure. She gripped her elbow with one hand and the other hand hung down like a useless appendage. The fingers of that hand twitched and jerked.

Jon sank all the way in and I made sure to moan just for Paris. But I said to him, "You feel so good, Jon. So big and strong... and perfect."

Paris snapped her jaws shut and swallowed. But her angry eyes fluctuated between ire and ruin.

I loaded up on the damage. "Oh yes, fuck me..."

Jon began pumping me, thrusting vigorously instead of his usual slow motion fucking. It was as if he wasn't trying to savor it like before, but to forcefully take what he wanted – or to demonstrate to his wife that he was going to do it if it was all over anyway.

Prove to her.

I grinned a lazy, sultry smile at her while moving my head with relish to his thrusts. Now I said directly to her, "His cock feels so good in me, you know?"

Such a perfect fit." I lifted my hips to fuck him back. Just the act of what I was doing in front of her made me wet.

From the telltale little movements she made, her pussy was beginning to react. She flinched. Her hand jerked. Her lips twitched to the side. Her thighs squeezed together.

I rubbed it in with a loud groan of lust. "Oh yes!"

Jon went nuts. This was different for him and not something I found typical in husbands.

I played it up, smiling with surprise at her and moving my hips to fuck him back. I made more noises – loud ones – to demonstrate to her that I was enjoying what was hers.

I kept my eyes on her.

Her gaze moved here and there, sometimes to me, sometimes to his naked ass between my legs. But when she looked me in the eyes, each look was more and more lost. Her face began to take color – a nice blush that had nothing to do with shy excitement, but rather shame. Her hand brushed the front of her matching skirt.

I knew then that she was as perfect as Barbara had been: a cuckquean who would diddle her clit raw some time tonight in anger, frustration, and lust.

I took my eyes off her for the first time. Gratefully, too: my neck was starting to hurt. I looked up at Jon. "Fuck me. Kiss me."

He did and I tasted his hot mouth and the hint of coffee he had drunk earlier. It was pleasant and warm. When he stopped kissing me, I gasped, "Fuck me harder. Fill me..."

He did, forcing his hips against mine.

I relished the feel of his hardness sliding straight into my hole and filling me like only a good hot man can.

Now I glanced back at Paris again.

She had partially turned away as if to leave the room, but stopped at the door. She was pressed against the doorframe and her hips were mashed forward.

I smiled a knowing little smile.

She was Jilling against the frame and trying to hide it. Her face held an angry look of self-hatred and shame.

Jon panted over me faster and I knew he was close.

I urged him, "Cum in me. Fill me—"

He groaned desperately and I felt the first hot blast.

I lit up and smiled at her while saying to him, "Yes, I feel it! So hot. So very deep. Fill me with your cum. Give it all to me, baby."

That was when his wife showed me a wet face. The paths of her tears resembled more of a waterfall on her cheeks than a spare few streaks. Her cheeks were soaked wet. She pressed even harder against the doorframe and she was whispering something while staring at me.

I don't know what she was saying. Probably something stupid and filled with self-pity.

Really? I didn't care.

I had what I wanted.

I had victory.

I could move on now, leaving Jon feeling better about himself while ruining her shitty little control-freak thing over him.

Paris uttered something louder, but still unintelligible. Then her jaw clenched tight and she turned away to leave the bedroom.

Yes, a definite win for the cuckcake.

Watch out for me; I'm looking for your smug looks. Watch out for me; I'm going to take your man. Watch out for me, bitch; I'm on the prowl.

Thank you for reading Cake's View!

I hope you enjoyed the cake's little journey. For other cuckquean books by Laran Mithras, check out these hot titles:

I Can't Even – her boss latches onto her husband

Chloe's Craze – her husband resists her fantasies and she becomes desperate

To Be Her – Barbara is stunned by the new coworker and wants to emulate her

A Cuckquean Haunting – a ghostly woman seduces her husband, but that's just the start

Color Blind – Katie hates her black coworker until Nia steals her husband

Caught in the Act – the tables are turned when she catches her husband with a younger woman

A Cuckquean Christmas – her husband wants a child she can't give, so she offers her friend

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

Tears of a Cuckquean – her husband selects her Facebook friend

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

Watching Will – she shares her husband with her best friend

Bourbon, Babysitter, and Blackmail – babysitter wants a crack at the husband, blackmails wife into agreeing

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