



**CUCKQUEAN EROTICA**

**CAUGHT IN THE**

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**If you were doing your job as a wife, he wouldn't cheat.**

# CHAPTER 1

## Elizabeth

I was wet with lust because I knew he was going to be at the party.

Reese.

What a sexy hunk.

I sighed with frustration. "Come on, Jack. Let's just go. We never do anything."

My husband was such a bore.

He raised an eyebrow. "That's not true, Lizzy; we went out car-shopping for you last weekend."

*What an ass. "That's different; I need a new car."*

He grumped, "Your old one is only five years old—"

"We've been over this." I wasn't going to have him diverting the conversation away from me getting to see Reese at the party.

Not that Jack knew.

My husband exhaled loudly. "It's just a bunch of noise and music—"

"Perfect."

He rolled his eyes. "Whatever... Fine."

He was so easy to manipulate. My pussy clamped with excitement.

Reese and Miri had moved into the complex a few months back; I had noticed him in the laundry room and introduced myself. Just shaking the sexy man's hand had sent electric thrills straight to my pussy and nipples.

Although he didn't seem all too impressed to meet me, I had to assume that was because his wife was with him.

Miri had given me the eye.

I was, however, far more beautiful than Miri with her limp brunette curls. My red hair turned heads everywhere.

I knew I could catch Reese. It was just a matter of time.

I didn't know if I would ever have sex with him – I just wanted his attention.

Seeing that my dull husband wasn't very exciting...

## CHAPTER 2

### Jack

*Party? Ugh. I shook my head. I knew why she wanted to go, though. She had mentioned some new neighbor a few weeks ago and her eyes had held... that light.*

I got off the stationary bike and headed for the shower.

Lizzy was humming in the bedroom rummaging through her clothing. Her sexiest shorts were already on the bed.

I got into the shower a moment later and wondered why she had turned so frigid. The courting and marriage had been wonderful except that right after the honeymoon her attention seemed to focus elsewhere.

I didn't know if I was a trophy or an afterthought. Maybe something she needed so she married me and squared it away? A stepping stone towards the monument to her life?

Her life.

That's what mattered to her.

She couldn't even understand that getting a new car every five years was more expensive than maintaining a good older one. It was all about what people thought of her. If she didn't have a new car, she was out of line with the times and trends.

Whatever.

I soaped up and rinsed off.

I was in great shape. I was what most people said was at least somewhat good-looking. Lizzy, however, had lost interest in me.

That was the sum of our whole marriage after three years. She had gone off on her own course right from the start – sailing away from me in a wide-open ocean of direction.

I don't even think she cared that we were diverging from each other.

The really bad part of it all was that I still loved her: she was the one that had grown away from me.

I considered shaving my stubble off; it was something Lizzy liked. I was certain, though, that she wouldn't even notice.

Or care if she did.

## CHAPTER 3

### Elizabeth

The thump of the stereo was a primal beat that pumped my pulse.

I let go of Jack's arm when we got inside the door and I fled into the mass of people. I didn't want him with me if I met up with Reese.

I pushed and shouldered past people young and old.

A drink was thrust into my face by some college kid. "Want a drink?"

My answer was direct and quick. "Fuck off." No way was I going to be accepting strange drinks from a stranger at a party. I scowled at him.

He had a knowing look on his face and shrugged.

That's when I spotted the man of my dreams beyond the kid.

I got wet. Again.

I shimmied past the kid and sidled right up to Reese's side. "Wow, look who's here. Reese, wasn't it?"

His wife was there on his other side giving me a dirty look.

I said, "Oh and... Mickey?"

The sour response was, "Miri." She tugged on his other arm.

Reese looked at me and at my hands clutching his forearm. "You were... Lindy? No... Lizzy."

I bounced with a bright smile. "Right." I rubbed my hardening nipples across his arm surreptitiously.

He cleared his throat. "Nice to meet you again."

Some little young blonde thing cruised past and glanced at the three of us. Her eyes lit down onto Reese's left hand and the wedding ring there.

I scowled at her. Move on, bitch. He's mine.

Miri was scowling too – at both bitch and me.

The girl said, "A married man with two married women? Are you one of those reality couples or groups or whatever?"

Miri grated, "No, this other woman is just being friendly." There was a tug on Reese. "Too friendly."

The girl struck a pose. "I see I'm not the only one on the prowl..."

I leaned over to her ear. "Fuck off, cunt."

While I was leaned over, Miri tugged the other way. Reese slipped from my grasp.

Annoyed at the little girl's interruption, I growled, "Aren't you too young to be here?"

Her look was supremely irritated. "What's it to you? Are you my mom?" She turned in a huff and threaded her way through the crowd.

I frantically turned to search out Reese.

## CHAPTER 4

### Jack

I sat squeezed in at the end of the couch with nothing to do. The people next to me ignored me and smelled of too much cologne and perfume anyway.

*Yuck.*

I registered maybe a flash – I wasn't sure. A flip and swing of curly blonde hair, nothing more. Then suddenly I had a lapful of some young girl.

I blinked. "Uh..."

She was a pretty thing as far as blondes go, and probably too young to be at the party. She clung to me with her arms around my neck. "Please... help me." Her look was worried.

"What?"

She leaned close to be heard over the music and her breath was hot in my ear and sent chills down my back. "There's some freaky guy trying to give me a drink and I know it's drugged. He won't leave me alone."

"Uh... oh..."

"Could I just sit here a moment and pretend we're together? Maybe he'll stop. I got ditched by my friends..."

My heartstrings were tugged. Poor girl. "Sure, sure. What's your name?"

"Amanda."

"Amanda." I nodded. "I'm Jack."

"Oh really? I had a boyfriend named Jack once. His... um... thingy was only four inches long."

I laughed. "Well, not all Jacks have small... thingys..."

She wriggled a little with a really engaging smile. "We'll never see each other again, I'm sure - and thank you for saving me. If you don't mind me asking, how long is your thingy?"

I swallowed and felt the rush of blush up my neck. However, my cock twitched. It was really nice to have a very pretty girl talk to me about such things.

"Well..."

"Just curious; sorry if that offended you."

She was sweet.

I cleared my throat. "No, not at all. It's seven inches, fully erect. Straight and even."

Her eyes bugged out. "Really?"

I nodded and looked away.

"Wow... that... makes me... want to see it..." She covered her mouth with her hand. "Sorry."

Having a sexy pretty blonde say these kinds of things to me was doing wonders for my ego. I brushed off her apology. "I'm married..."

Her eyes went wide. "Oh, I'm so sorry—"

I laughed. "Don't apologize. Was just saying..."

She relaxed a little. Reaching into her jeans vest, she pulled out a flask. "Share a drink?"

I squinted at it suspiciously. "What is it?"

She giggled. "Nothing drugged, that's for sure. Just vodka."

"Are you old enough to drink?"

"Yes, but not old enough to buy." She swigged.

"When did you graduate high school?" I accepted the flask and took a swig. The liquid burned down my throat.

"I didn't, yet. I turned eighteen in February. Got another twelve weeks until graduation."

"And your parents let you come to this party?"

She giggled again. "I'm eighteen. I can do what I want."

I nodded. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

She gave me a squeeze with one arm. "I like you, Jack. You're nice."

She stiffened suddenly.

So did I.

Lizzy was standing there, fists on hips, and glaring daggers.

## CHAPTER 5

### Jack

I didn't know what to do. I was caught with a sexy little girl on my lap. My hand was on her bare thigh.

If she had gotten up, my wife would have seen my hardened bulge.

Yeah, the little girl was really turning me on.

Lizzy growled, "Get off my husband."

Amanda jerked, but didn't move to get off. "Oh, this is your husband? What happened to that sexy guy you were rubbing yourself on?"

I saw my wife flush a deep red and lick her lips.

I thought it was anger, but it dawned on me she was embarrassed.

I tilted my head at her. Hanging on some sexy guy? You?

Lizzy stammered, "I was not—"

Amanda's body flexed on mine, as if her muscles all went into fight or flight tension. "I saw you rub your chest back and forth on his arm—"

"Shut up!" Lizzy's eyes were large, round, and panicked.

I found my voice. "You were trying to sex up some other guy?"

She gasped, "It's not like it sounds."

Amanda laughed and her body relaxed slightly. A thread of confidence wound

through her words. "I don't know; the guy's wife sure didn't like you vamping on him."

I blinked at my wife. "You were rubbing all over a married man?"

She looked down and thrust her chin in the air. "And aren't you a married man mauling some little girl?"

"I saved her from a predator."

Lizzy said, "I don't see any predators."

Amanda's voice went deadly cool. "I think I'm looking at one right now."

"Get off of him."

"No. I like sitting here. I feel safe."

Hurt by my wife's subterfuge with this whole party thing and now this sexy guy revelation, I said, "I think she's fine right where she's at." To reinforce the point, I stroked my hand along the girl's creamy thigh.

Amanda said nothing, but her body flexed towards me as if to approve of my words and deeds – a move of sympathy and it felt good inside.

My wife just stood there, fire in her eyes with her fists balled at her sides. She flinched twice as if poked. She said, "You're too young, little girl. Go home before you get in trouble."

Amanda's answer was filled with teenage scorn. "What are you going to do? Call the cops?"

"Go find someone else to hit on; this man is my husband."

"You mean, like how you were rubbing your tits all over that other guy?"

Lizzy's face became even redder.

I was still stroking Amanda's young thigh and it felt fantastic. My cock was almost fully hard.

In the midst of the stare-down between my wife and the girl, Amanda put her other arm around me again and leaned her head to mine. No words, just a movement.

My hand jerked up her thigh towards her shorts. It was an instinctual reaction; I never would have done it with any conscious thought.

Lizzy's eyes dropped to my hand and her mouth dropped open. I was certain she was going to rant, but it turned out she was panting and had a glassy look to her eyes.

I blinked in realization. She's excited somehow by this?

Amanda stiffened. She pointed, fast. "Oh, look, is that the man you were after?"

Lizzy swung around in a panic, searching.

She didn't have far to search, the man and woman were passing right behind her.

The woman clutched tightly to her husband. She was pretty and short. And she was glaring at Lizzy.

The man was studiously looking elsewhere.

Amanda used the distraction to settle more squarely on my lap – covering my bulge. I flexed my cock several times in response to the thrill. I couldn't help it.

Lizzy turned back, ashamed and angry.

Amanda said, "Jack? Could we trade cell numbers? In case I want to talk?"

My wife fumed, "Don't you dare."

"I get lonely sometimes and just like to chat... It would mean a lot to me."

I felt some play going on here – something between the two of them that included me indirectly. I wanted to play along to see where it went. Normally, I might have dumped the girl off my lap and been done with the games, but what the girl had exposed about my wife had me more curious than sane. I stammered, "S-sure, I think so."

I wasn't a nerd or a geek, but for some reason, I felt like one stepping out of character like this. As if testing each step, I advanced onto uncertain ground.

My wife's eyes registered anger, hurt, and shame. "You can't do this..."

Amanda said, "Oh, and you can? How many times have you cheated on your husband?"

"Never!"

"Your nipples sure were poking out when you were rubbing all—"

"Stop it."

The girl leaned her head against mine. "Jack is so handsome, and you were off trying to—"

"Stop it." Lizzy was pleading.

Amanda rubbed her hand over my chest. The slide of her fingers and palm over my dress shirt was sensual. She said to me, "I think you deserve a better date..."

My hand jerked up again, rubbing right up to her shorts. Her skin felt so smooth and soft.

Lizzy flinched and squirmed. "You can't do this..."

I didn't know who she was talking to: Amanda or me?

The girl reached into the other inner pocket of her vest and pulled out her phone. "Trade? Jack?"

There was no hesitation as I reached for my phone pouch.

## CHAPTER 6

### Lizzy

I wanted to kill the girl, but with all the witnesses I knew the attempt would be futile. Besides, I wasn't a murderer.

I wanted to wring her neck, though. Not only had she outed me on Reese, she had made a fool of me in front of my husband and anyone else listening.

I felt my lower lip quiver as I quickly scanned those around us. Thankfully no one was paying attention.

No one noticed the wife standing there while her husband and some little girl exchanged numbers right in front of her.

In front of me.

That was the worst of it: despite my anger, I felt heat and anguish in my pussy – far worse than my desire for Reese that had kept me up diddling when Jack was sleeping.

It was insane.

As much as I wanted to throttle the little bitch, my heart pounded pleasure through my veins at the sight of my husband rubbing his hand on her thigh.

Of course he would be attracted to the little girl; she was sexy.

I had to get them apart, even if my pussy wanted to see his hand... touch her... I said, "We need to go." I extended my hand in command to my husband. "Get up; let's go."

I could see the struggle in his features. He wanted to obey, but he held onto the girl as if she were a promise.

His interest in her made my pussy wet and my teeth clench. If I can just get him away from her...

He reluctantly moved to get her off his lap. He said, "I guess I should go... It was nice meeting you."

The little girl leaned over to him and kissed his lips. It looked so sweet and innocent and made me want to tear her hair out. I wriggled my fingers at my husband as another spasm of lust clenched my pussy. "Come on!"

A vision of the blonde naked and wriggling under my husband brought a groan to my lips. I snapped my fingers in frustration. "Jack! Now!"

He glared at me. "I'm coming." He stood and the girl leaned into him. She was looking at me but her hand dropped from his chest all the way down over his... bulge.

My husband was sexually excited by the girl and she was showing me with a delicate pass what she had done to him.

I grabbed his hand and hauled him out of the apartment.

I was furious.

And ashamed.

I was angry at my husband for failing me. How dare he get an erection over that little girl? Did he actually want to fuck her? I clenched my jaw so hard it hurt. "Delete her number. Now."

He yanked his hand out of mine so hard I was spun around. His eyes were daggers of disgust. "Calm yourself." He was reaching for his phone, though.

I watched him tap and then show me he had deleted it. A wave of relief and a semblance of control soothed my nerves. At the same time, a sense of loss assaulted my inner feelings and I hated myself for it. I heaved a firm sigh of resolution. "Let's go home and forget about it."

I was back in control.

*Now to just find myself alone with Reese again. Can that be repaired as easily as I had handled my husband?*

## CHAPTER 7

### Lizzy

I thought I was sailing smooth again.

I thought I was.

In control, the captain of my ship. Jack firmly below decks and obeying as he should. I plotted course to get Reese's attention.

Linger around the laundry facilities as much as possible? Find out his habits?

I worked normal hours; maybe Reese did, too. I wasn't likely to meet him at Hillview Home unless he came in and applied for a job. I didn't see Reese wanting a job at a rest home.

Jack, on the other hand, didn't work at all. After twenty years in the Army, he had mustered out with a pension. At thirty-nine, he was retired and would never have to work again.

Could I use him to investigate Reese? And how could I do it while not sounding like I was interested in him?

Unfortunately, my smooth waters were about to get rough. Jack was one step ahead of me.

I came home and found him texting. I demanded, "What are you doing?"

He gave me an eyebrow. "Talking to Amanda."

"I thought you deleted her—"

"She texted me."

"Stop it, immediately."

"I also had a little talk with a man named Reese. Do you know him?"

"Reese who?"

His look told me my little diversion wasn't working on him this time.

I tried a different tactic. "Let me see her texts."

Like the stupid man he was, he clung to the topic I was determined to change. "You're not going to get Reese. He wanted me to tell you he's not interested."

My man-radar twitched at that, but I tried to play it cool. "I don't know what you're talking about. He and his wife seem nice. I just wanted to make friends —"

"Not according to—"

"Stop it." I was frustrated; things weren't going my way. I stomped away from the conversation. "You're trying to hide your contact with the little girl."

I slammed the bedroom door, fuming. Immediately, I wondered if Jack had ruined my chances with Reese. What had he said? What lies had he told?

*Damn it!*

I was jealous of my husband for getting to talk to the man on whom I had my sights.

*It isn't fair!*

Fists tight and balled, I pounded them on my pillow. It just wasn't fair that Jack got to stay home all day and encounter Reese while I had to work.

I gave my husband the cold shoulder the rest of the day and night.

## CHAPTER 8

### Jack

I had not intended to cheat on my wife.

Really.

I had not woken up one day with the idea that I was going to get some pussy. I wasn't searching for a new screw, nor did I have the idea I might.

And yet, having Amanda text me developed into something special.

Son of a gun, she was young... but there was a sensitive side to her – something sympathetic. She recognized I saw the age difference and she approached it with something like... respect.

That was surprising; I had not expected someone so young to grasp the intricacies of social contact – especially with older people. Not when kids thought being cool was eating Tide pods.

She didn't text all that much – a lot less than I expected. Small pings and little more.

I knew she was trying to tempt me. Saw that a mile away. Three miles, even. With both hands tied behind my back and wearing a blindfold.

Yeah, I saw it.

Thing was, it made me feel... special.

It wasn't going to go anywhere; I wasn't going to divorce Lizzy and marry some high school kid. With enough time, that kind of age difference can be deadly in a

relationship.

No, I knew that kind of progression wasn't going to happen.

On the other hand, I accepted that the girl thought that we could make a sympathetic connection for a time.

That's how I came to welcome her.

My wife came home around six every night. Amanda was out of school at three.

She came over to the apartment one day and I welcomed her inside. I wasn't above talk and her attentiveness was refreshing.

Not at all what I expected.

She genuinely appeared to listen to what I had to say. She appreciated that I heard her complaints of boys her age – that I understood their lack of maturity.

I found it dizzy-easy to accept her scooting over to me and giving me a hug.

She smelled of fresh flowers and strawberry shampoo. Dizziness became delirium. I inhaled her with all the intoxicating intent of remembering every aromatic detail.

Here she was, in my arms and quiet, as I realized Lizzy hadn't touched or hugged me in... months.

Did Amanda really appreciate me? Did Lizzy? Was I being used by my wife to pay the rent? Was I being used by the little girl to satisfy her yearnings for maturity?

Did I... care?

Certainly, my cock cared. It hardened and throbbed in my jeans to the point it was obvious.

Amanda was almost gentle. She placed a fingertip on my bulge and looked me in the eyes from under her eyelashes. "Isn't that... uncomfortable?"

I cleared my throat. "A bit."

"Take it out. I'd... like to see it..."

That was how it began.

I was overtaken with a desire to go along. It was a heady thing, fuzzing my thoughts and concentrating on the physical sensations of sexual serenity.

Yes, going with it brought a profound and conscious perception of peace. It was easy because I let go of my inhibitions. My conscience was safely tucked away behind the simple pleasure of having a girl want to engage me on an intimate level.

Amazing how fast the male brain shuts down and goes into sexual mode.

Not that I was frantic; I was not. I was slow and deliberate. Yet, with shaking fingers, I stroked Amanda's young skin as if touching a woman for the first time.

She responded likewise, carefully considering me and my moves. She wanted to please, not take.

Or perhaps she was patient enough to take what she pleased from me while insuring I was pliant.

I was overjoyed that she found me desirable like that. The dizzy delirium of male sexual excitement moved with natural ease and little thought.

I pulled her naked hips down with shaking hands, spearing the head of my cock into her young pussy. The enveloping warmth and wetness of her hole was an instant aphrodisiac on my cock.

As if I wasn't already excited, hard, and aching for sex.

The slow sinking of her pussy onto my shaft was a silky feel of seduction that I could not resist.

I pulled her body down onto my erection and enjoyed every inch of penetration. I filled the little blonde and she trembled with tension and anticipation.

When a man pushes his dick into a woman – or a young girl in this case – there's a wild wave of euphoria that removes all rational thought and replaces those

thoughts with lust. There is a need to fuck – to make the motions and relish the feel of the most intimate of invasions.

There was no feeling of violation. She might have been in school still, but she was eighteen and able to make her own sexual decisions. That her decision was to be on my cock was all that mattered.

I pulled until there was no more of my shaft that could be inside her. We were connected.

She panted and hugged me gratefully. "Wow... I did it..."

I kissed and nuzzled her cleavage: she had not removed her bra.

We had been a little more rushed towards penetration than play.

That was how Lizzy found us.

Amanda's young pussy squeezed wet and tight on my cock as my wife leaned into the bedroom.

*Fuck.*

## CHAPTER 9

### Lizzy

I was thunderstruck.

I couldn't see that they were doing it, but it was obvious. Both naked from the waist down and her sitting on his hips? On our bed?

I was assaulted from all sides so fast by a mixed range of emotions that all I could do was stand there and gasp with disbelief.

Rage.

Jealousy.

Failure.

Distress.

Yes, all of those were instant – as if the kernels of my thoughts exploded into the popcorn of mental pain. The air left my stomach as if I had been punched. I simply could not breathe.

I tried.

I couldn't.

They both looked at me. At me! As if I was intruding. Looking at me as if expecting some different reaction – or maybe just some reaction. Maybe just something different than what I was doing: just standing there stupidly with my mouth open and nothing to say.

I had never faced a situation such as this. What was I supposed to say?

I still couldn't breathe.

Jack looked at me with a small hint of annoyance. That I had interrupted them? The look drove a dagger of depression deep into my chest. The feeling of failure was dominant and foremost.

The little blonde school girl was staring at me with something neutral in her eyes. It was a level look without hate or fear. It was... satisfied.

I realized in an instant she had done this specifically to target me. To get at me.

And she had won.

Her look was expectant, but sublime with victory.

That gut feeling twisted violently in me until I finally gasped and drew in a breath. Chills of wet fear washed down my back. Instantly, my armpits became cold and wet. My scalp sprouted panicked moisture as my pulse thundered in my ears.

Worse, I became aware of a churning, clawing impression deep in my pussy.

I sobbed another gasp as I felt a deep stab of lust ravage me. I squeezed my legs together, clamping my thighs as if to squeeze my clit and stop it from wrecking my physical composure.

It was too late.

I don't know if my gasps were interpreted wrong or not, but the girl moved her hips on my husband as if to show me the painful truth of their connection. Her eyes didn't leave mine.

There was no hate in that look; only victory. She moved with a little more confidence – as if there wasn't enough of that in her features.

I was devastated.

My chest crushed inward. My gut cramped. My pussy clenched. It was all out of

tune and terribly distressing. I still could not move or close my gaping mouth. I had to lean on the doorframe to keep myself upright.

That was when I realized what I was doing and it brought so much shame to me that I groaned in defeat: I was rubbing my clit on the frame of the door.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to sob and rage. I wanted to tear the girl's head off her body and end that tiny smile of hers that developed.

Instead, I ground my hips against the doorframe and derived an intensification of sensation so profound that I moaned.

I lost the battle before it even started.

## CHAPTER 10

### Jack

My wife just stood there until she gasped.

I knew she was going to freak and I had been caught red-handed. I was definitely in the wrong and there was no getting out of this with any kind of dignity. Angry at myself for failing and being weak to the advances of someone less than half my age, I knew disappointment.

I know that annoyance was on my face; I felt it.

Curiously, my wife saw it and paled, as if in fear or... shame. She stared at us with open-mouthed shock for several seconds.

Was there more to this whole Reese-thing that neither she nor Reese had mentioned?

Amanda moved on me, just a little. It felt great. Of course it did – and why was I still hard as a rock?

I knew doom was approaching. This was all about to blow up... any second.

Amanda moved again, definitely intent on fucking me right here in front of my wife.

The real shock came when Lizzy clutched the wooden frame as if to lean on it to keep from collapsing. I was ready to lift the little girl off me when my wife thrust her hips at the frame and groaned.

*Wait, what? I blinked at the woman from whom I expected anything but this. She's turned on? Or something else? Is she about to faint? Have a heart attack?*

I scrutinized her as I let Amanda move on me.

No longer pale, Lizzy was exhibiting a blush.

That made me even more curious – driving a spike of suspicion deep inside my psyche.

A blush?

People blushed when angry and embarrassed. Since she hadn't exploded and her hip movements against the doorframe indicated some excitement, I had no choice but to deduce she was blushing from embarrassment.

Now the question was, over what? That she had something going with Reese, or that she was really, actually, honestly turned on over finding me with the girl?

Amanda kept moving and looked down to me. Her arms draped lazily over my shoulders and she glanced over to Lizzy as if to make sure she was still there – watching.

I had expected that my dick might lose its stiffness. Faced with exposure like this – with secrets and shame revealed – I couldn't imagine it maintaining its level of engorgement.

Not only did it retain its hardness, but it even got harder. It throbbed almost painfully up inside the little girl's snug pussy.

I liked it – at this seemingly most inopportune time.

I gripped her hips and thrust back at her. If this was all blowing up, I might as well finish. I stuffed my thickness up and into her over and over, determined to finish the act in which I had been caught.

Might as well.

Lizzy looked like she was going to vomit. She gasped with pain and pushed herself off the doorframe. She turned and fled.

## CHAPTER 11

### Lizzy

I fled to the living room trying to get away from the scene and from... myself. My husband's cool eyes and calm composure haunted me all the way to the kitchen.

I would get a knife, yes. Murder them all.

I wrung my hands standing there in the kitchen until the ache in my pussy almost made me double over. I crouched down and tried to squeeze myself inward to keep from losing it all.

My knees came down and hit the floor and I jammed my hand down to press at my jeans over my clit.

The move only maddened me further. I pressed furiously at it, angry and wanting it to go away, but the deep gnawing lust remained.

I felt the heat rise up my collar and escape. I was panting harshly on the linoleum floor while desperately massaging my jeans.

I rose from the floor, determined not to feed the insane physical urgings that made no sense in my head.

No, not a knife. I wasn't the murdering kind, anyway. No, I would just take control of the situation and confront the cheaters directly and show them my anger.

I stormed back across the apartment and into the bedroom.

There I stopped.

Dumbfounded again.

Jack had flipped them over. Amanda was lying with her young legs spread while my husband slid his erection in and out of her pretty little pussy.

I crumpled inside.

As many emotions hit me as before, but different. Seeing his shaft sliding in and out of her, I felt loss. I felt jealousy, but more than that it was like watching some thief driving away in my car.

His cock was supposed to be mine.

Amanda looked at me with sexual delirium in her eyes. There was no fear there.

No, I had stormed in and broke against the shore, dissipating like a mist against the sun. I stood there again, mouth open, and understood my loss.

She was getting what was mine. She had no right, but... she looked so perfect taking it. The girl's body moved in synch with my husband's thrusts and it looked... right.

He didn't slow or stop. He looked over at me as I stood there squirming and trying not to rub at my jeans.

I had to do something. Say something. I said, "I..."

He exhaled in frustration. "Either shut up and watch, or get out."

My pussy clamped so hard I bent over. I jammed my hands down and tried to knead away the ache. My clit felt as if it were going to explode if I didn't do something.

Amanda mumbled, "Does she have to watch?"

Her words immediately detailed to me my position in the matter. My rank had slipped and fallen. I was someone of no importance or matter. I was no longer in control of my own household.

I was nothing.

I fled the room.

## CHAPTER 12

### Lizzy

I sat on the couch and quivered. I heard Amanda's moans rise and fall as if they were the tides of the ocean of times.

She had swept my husband's boat away from mine and carried him away.

I was forced to listen to her cries of pleasure and passion that should have been drawn from me. She was experiencing what was mine and should never have been hers.

Had I ever sounded that passionate? Or was the girl overdoing it for my... benefit?

I fumed at her sounds.

I feared them.

What was to become of us? Jack had dismissed me as easily as a stray thought. As certain as my uncertainty, my pussy was sending the most contradictory of signals. I was wet.

The ache drew my hands; I just couldn't help it.

As my husband and Amanda delivered the sexiest of sounds from the bedroom, I jammed my hands hurriedly down my pants. They couldn't see...

I rubbed in anger at my clit as I raged over the violation my husband was committing. How dare he? How dare she? How dare they right on my bed! The swell inside me threatened to break loose, but it built to levels I had never experienced or anticipated.

If I didn't stop, I was going to have an orgasm so powerful I would not be able to stop the scream.

I tore my hands out of my jeans just before realizing there was silence.

I looked around wildly.

Amanda was coming out, buttoning her blouse.

I pulled my jacket over my unbuttoned jeans.

She stopped in front of me and looked at me with such disdain – but at the same time with pity and kindness. The dichotomy disturbed me.

She said, "The next time you suck your husband's dick, remember where it's been."

With a lift of an eyebrow and a twitch of her lips, she spun and left the apartment.

Immense relief washed over me at her departure.

Intense loss gripped me inside that she had gone.

What was I thinking? Feeling? What was this insanity? Why did I feel like the violation that had been committed had not been a true transgression? Why was my clit thrumming with an insistent power I had never before felt?

However, the pain in my chest told me my pussy did not agree with my better half. Was it equally split?

No.

My pussy was a driving force right now – far greater than any minor twinges I had experienced around Reese. I knew that if I jammed my dildo up my hole, it would not be satisfied until I crammed another in alongside it. The tension was that great and demanding.

Jack came out in his shorts – dick bulging and satisfied against the fabric.

I had an insane urge to grab and suck it. It grew in me until I was licking my lips

and constantly swallowing.

He looked at me as if I were pathetic.

## CHAPTER 13

### Jack

I came out of the bedroom determined to forge ahead and face the consequences of my actions.

I had slipped. It had happened so... easily. Caught up in the lust and attraction, I had fucked Amanda without any prior intentions of doing so.

It had seemed so natural and simple. Easy. Effortless.

In fact, I think it would have required extreme effort to avoid it.

I saw Lizzy sitting on the couch, huddled and hunched over in her leather jacket as if cold and neglected.

I knew what I had done.

She might have flirted with the guy Reese, but I had fucked a girl in our own bed – right in front of her.

I was caught and I felt all the guilt and failure of my actions. I knew it showed on my face. I didn't know what to say.

What could I say? It was an accident? It would never happen again? I was thinking of Lizzy and not Amanda? What could be dumber than any of those? So I stayed silent.

Let her be the one to make the accusation. I would submit and plead guilty.

She was looking at me and at my shorts. Her mouth was moving as if trying to talk – or chewing on the bitter pill of truth.

As a condemned man convicted without a trial, I waited. Fists to hips, I stood there watching. What would be her method of attack? Something physical? Throw something at me? Claw at my eyes? Or would her judgment be verbal? Scathing scorn and sarcasm?

She licked her lips and said, "Do you..."

*Do I what? Want a divorce? Yeah, I guess that's the first logical thing to come to your mind... I sighed. So the attack was going to be verbal and the fate of the marriage was the judgment. Pretty predictable.*

She cleared her throat and there was a tremor in her voice. "Do you want to go in... the bedroom and have sex with me?"

I looked at her like she was crazy. Insane. Upside down. No verbal attack? No recriminations? What was this kind of insanity? I shook my head in utter confusion.

*What?*

I shook my head more firmly.

*She can't be serious...*

I flung my hand out in a negative slicing gesture and turned away.

## CHAPTER 14

### Lizzy

His rejection of me was so complete and profound that I gasped.

What had happened?

What had so instantly turned my life on its head?

In the measure of mere minutes, I had gone from piloting our marriage boat to... begging.

I had been in command.

His rejection was so all-encompassing that I felt as if my sanity had been ripped away. I launched off the couch to clutch at his hand. "Please," I begged.

He turned back to me, that horrified and disbelieving look on his face. His eyes fell to my opened jeans now that my jacket no longer covered it. He looked back up to my face, squinting.

I squeezed his wrist. "I'll suck you—"

"What?"

"Let me..." Be of service... Be useful... Be something...

He looked at me with such disgust. "I just fucked a girl and you want to give me a blowjob?"

A cascade of eager delight shivered down my body. I was trembling with the chill. "Yes..." I can take back what's mine, just let me prove it.

He tore his arm away from my grip.

It was as if he had pulled away from me heart and soul – rejecting my presence and importance.

The flare of sexual agony in my pussy bent me over as if I had been punched. I hated myself as I said it, "Are you going to fuck her again?"

He faced me again and studied my face.

I hated myself for asking. I despised the girl for stealing what was mine. And yet I remembered her cries of passion and they ground inside me with a hot lust I could not deny. I wanted to hear them again.

For maybe the first time in my marriage, I looked at my husband as if seeing him for the first time. He was indeed handsome. Sexy. Manly. He had used his masculine charms on the girl and made her orgasm.

Of course he had. What woman wouldn't respond to him that way?

He murmured, "You're turned on by this?"

*Yes. I wanted to cry and I tried in vain to hold back the tears. As much as I was shocked at my loss, I wanted him to fuck her again. I wanted my husband to use his perfect cock on the girl and make her moan.*

Just the thought drew a groan of need from me.

Jack laughed at me.

Shame, degradation, and despair were my new soulmates.

## CHAPTER 15

### Jack

I couldn't believe her.

Anything but this.

I expected a thermonuclear meltdown, not some strange approval.

She stayed away from me the rest of the day and slept facing me that night, but on the far edge of the bed. She kept looking at my crotch.

Strange. Very strange.

I texted Amanda the next morning.

*Me: She wants us to fuck again*

*Amanda: Wow*

*Amanda: She was turned on as fuck*

I frowned at the text, trying to read it. Then I nodded, remembering. "As fuck" was young person's lingo for "a lot."

*Me: Do you want to?*

*Amanda: When?*

*Me: She gets home at 6*

*Amanda: Okay*

I sat most the rest of the day on my stationary cycle and pedaled slowly, thinking. Activity helped me work things through.

Lizzy had seemed angry and hurt. Then seemed desperate.

Was this some trap of hers to get at Amanda? But she would've attacked her before she left the apartment. No, not some trap.

Could my wife really be turned on by the girl? Lesbian attraction, maybe? Lizzy certainly had never indicated some weird idea of sharing anything.

Despite the questions I had, my cock really liked the idea of being with Amanda again. It remained half hard the entire day – engorged, thick and ready for the little girl.

Yes, I definitely wanted to fuck Amanda again. Her pussy had been supremely perfect. Her tight little hole made for a fantastic fuck and I wanted to feel it again.

I couldn't help myself; I pulled my shorts aside and began stroking my cock.

I didn't hear the door open and didn't see Lizzy come home early until I opened my eyes when she spoke.

She asked, "Are you thinking of her?"

I let go instantly and took a sharp breath. Startled, I relaxed only slowly. "Yes... actually. I was." I wanted to tell my wife I was thinking of her, but I wanted to be truthful.

Anger zipped across her features just before she dropped her mouth open and panted with a smoky desire.

Yeah, she was definitely struggling with something I still couldn't figure out.

She said, "Can I suck it for you... right now?"

I shook my head. I didn't want to cum by accident when in a couple of hours I would have to perform with Amanda. I didn't want to risk not being able to recover in time.

Lizzy looked hurt, but she squirmed like she had to go to the bathroom.

I tried to explain. "I want to save it for Amanda."

My wife bit her lip and closed her eyes.

Very strange.

## CHAPTER 16

### Lizzy

His rejection reinforced my fears.

And ignited my pussy like nothing else had ever done.

I was going insane; I had to be.

With trepidation I awaited the girl's arrival.

With anticipation I looked forward to seeing my man bring such pure pleasure to a perfect little blonde school girl.

What was this desperation inside me?

When Amanda arrived, so did my anger. Or maybe it was petulant shame. It was me that my husband should be wanting. Instead, this perfect little girl strutted in and looked at me with such superiority that I wanted to scream.

Or sob.

Her tiny little smile wasn't friendly and it told me she knew things about me.

Was she one of those girls that liked married men? The thrill of taking them from their wives? Was this some sort of competition?

Jack was fixing himself a drink.

Amanda leaned over to me and whispered, "Some women will do anything to be relevant again. Some eat a lot of cum to prove it."

I was flabbergasted. Speechless. Incensed at her audacity. Ashamed at my clit for

tingling with excitement.

My husband was excited and looking at her. His drink was in his hand and his dick was pressing out against his shorts.

For her.

I trembled feverishly.

Without a word, he led her into the bedroom.

I got up and came in as they stripped.

Amanda was perfect in every way. So young and beautiful and limber.

My husband's rough hands wandered over her pert little breasts and she looked over at me with victory and dominance.

I fell into the bedroom chair and clasped my thighs tight against my fists.

She dropped to her knees and took his mostly hard dick in her hands. Her eyes were still on mine. He hardened rapidly to full erection. With a lift of her eyebrow at me, she slowly licked him into her mouth.

It was sensual and very gratifying for me to see her pay attention to my husband's cock. She looked so pretty with the head of Jack's shaft in her mouth.

If Amanda had meant to make a show of it, Jack didn't let her. He picked her up bodily into the air and threw her back on the bed as if tossing luggage.

My pussy sent an enormous wave of ache through me at the move.

He gripped her ankles and yanked.

Amanda's eyes were wide and alight with excitement.

Jack got down and pushed his face into her pussy.

I clenched my thighs and scrubbed a forearm across my blouse – rubbing my nipples through the fabric.

Amanda's breathy moans sent chills down my back and tingles up my pussy. I was smiling, surprisingly. The swing from anger to shame to excitement was a mental commotion inside I could not comprehend. It just dragged me along like a ragdoll.

Jack didn't spend much time eating her. His dick was sticking straight out and larger than I had ever seen it. He stood.

Amanda didn't even look at me. "Which side of the bed is hers?"

I gasped as if punched.

He pointed and she scooted over. Jack didn't even look at me – his focus was the girl.

He gripped his thick shaft and pointed it between her creamy thighs. The head touched her clit and pushed down over it.

I trembled, knowing the feeling of his preparation. I wanted him to give it to her and for her to understand real pleasure. I didn't want him holding back.

As if hearing my thoughts, he growled in lust and pushed his cock into the little girl's pussy. I watched the side of my husband's shaft disappear down and into her hole. I could see the upper part of her lips and they were spread wide around his shaft. His hips met hers and she squeezed her eyes shut.

She grunted and said, "Yes, fuck me."

I felt it in my clit and looked down in sudden shock. My hand was there and I didn't remember doing it. I jilled furiously as Amanda moaned under my husband.

Jack wasn't holding back though. This wasn't some romantic and tender tryst. He rammed the girl hard, bouncing her on the bed as he force-fucked her into dizziness.

In doing so, he gave me everything I wanted. I wanted to see him wreck the girl. I wanted him to stretch her out and ruin her pussy.

The slaps of flesh as their hips collided grew so loud I was certain the neighbors

would hear.

Amanda was crying out at the assault, her perfect body writhing sexually under my husband's furious pounding. He fucked the girl hard and deep and my clit had never felt so puffy and engorged in all my life.

Something new entered my life at that moment, something so strange and enticing that I welcomed it eagerly. It was submission, but not in an ugly way. Instead of being in control, I now relaxed as my husband took control.

He was the man of the house. He was the cock that pleased. He was taking the girl as was his right. There was nothing amiss about all this; he was doing what was natural and good.

With a long and quiet growl, he pushed hard and flexed – squirting his cum deep into the little girl's pussy.

It was so beautiful that joy filled my heart.

Jack was being the man he should have always been: asserting his dominance and masculinity as a true alpha male. If he wanted Amanda, it was his right.

I was on the edge of cumming when he pulled out. I hovered there shaking with the need of release when Amanda looked over at me.

The girl's hair at her forehead was moist, but she looked at me with determination. "If you don't want to buy me new panties, get over here and lick up your husband's cum."

With a blinding flash, my orgasm let loose. I fell forward onto the floor and crawled through my spasms of pleasure to the girl's pussy. I had to do it; I had to prove to my husband I was still a useful part of our relationship.

Besides, it was my husband's cum.

I licked and devoured him off of her and out of her and relished every second of it. Her hand on my head was a gesture of tenderness and kindness that reassured me I was doing the right thing.

I did not mourn what I had become. In a strange way, I celebrated it.

**Thank you for reading Caught in the Act, I hope you enjoyed it!**

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