

Hey folks, here's the final chapter of Detestable Liaisons. This is bittersweet because I really enjoyed writing it. I love the premise. It was a bit of an experiment with Harry's first-person perspective, though a couple of chapters broke with this.

I think overall, I like the results, but I'll likely stick with my normal third-person perspective for the most part going forward. I would have liked to explore Archer and Courtney more in-depth but I plan on revisiting them at some point, likely as side characters in a future story.

I hope you enjoy this one!

----

I checked my watch for the ten thousandth time that morning. It said 11 a.m., which was insane. I hadn't been able to reach Courtney since last night. I'd heard her moaning, talking to Archer, and he laughed into the phone at me.

So she knew it was Archer fucking her, and she still went along with it? That piece of shit. I had no idea how she ended up in his room, but I had really missed something the day before. Somehow he had gotten her in there and fucked, and she was all for it.

If only that stupid golf trip hadn't happened. Maybe I could have stayed closer to the hotel and found my wife. The night before, I was like a man possessed, stalking the halls of the hotel and looking for them, trying to hear any sounds that might show me where they were.

The staff at the front desk had no idea who I was talking about. There wasn't an Archer staying at the hotel; at least, they couldn't tell me. I bet I wasn't the first riled-up husband they had seen and probably had a standard way of dealing with them.

I couldn't stop thinking about them together. His dark skin with her white flawless skin. That shit-eating grin he had and her sexy, innocent face contorting in pleasure. This was all my fault. I set this course into motion but I never thought it would get this far. I hardly slept at all last night and I felt so much shame rubbing one out to the idea of them together in the middle of the night.

But where was Courtney? What the fuck was he doing with her? I tried their cell phones again, but neither picked up. We were supposed to head home today. What if she didn't show up?

My breath caught in my throat when I heard the door room lock click. By the time I got to my feet and rounded the corner, I saw Courtney closing the door behind her. She gave me a glare that stopped me cold in my tracks. She was fucking pissed with me, angrier than I had ever seen her.

Without a word, she disappeared into the bathroom, locking the door behind her. The shower started, and my legs gave me up as I sat on the bed. It was over forty agonizing minutes before Courtney emerged.

Even with all the time I'd spent wondering where she was, I hadn't figured out anything concrete to break the silence. With a white hotel towel wrapped around her curvy body, Courtney pointedly ignored me while rummaging through her carry-on suitcase.

"Hey, Court, where were you? I was worried about you," I finally said.

Courtney stopped looking through her suitcase, stood straight up, and turned to glare at me, "I think you know exactly where I was, Harry."

I gulped feeling myself squirm under her intense gaze. I don't know what I was expecting with this conversation but it was already spiraling in a direction I didn't want it to go. When I didn't respond the anger seemed to seethe out of my wife.

"I was getting fucked by one of the few people in this world that I genuinely hate." Courtney's voice was raised slightly, but her quiet intensity made it seem like she was yelling, "All because the person I'm supposed to trust the most in this world and the person who is supposed to love me and protect me allowed it to happen."

"That's not...I didn't know —"

"Don't even try to start with that, Harry. I know everything now. He told me that you traded me for a round of golf yesterday. Or are you going to deny that, too?" Courtney seethed.

"I went golfing, but I didn't trade anything. I didn't trade you for it. I won it on the show floor yesterday. And you were busy, so I decided what the hell, I'll go," I stood up, trying in vain to stand my ground.

"Won it? And who did you win it from?" Courtney asked.

"I don't know," I lied, "Some booth on the show floor."

"Archer told me you won it at their booth. That he set it all up with you along with the package he gave me," Courtney said.

"Package what package?" I asked, but I had no idea what she was talking about.

"The cute little box with the lingerie, robe, and blindfold, Harry," Courtney threw her hands up in frustration. "A blindfold just like all the other times you've set me up to unknowingly be fucked by that asshole."

I had no idea what this package she was talking about was. My brain was trying to process how I could respond to all the accusations she was hurling at me. "L-listen, it's not like that. I didn't mean for this to happen! Things just spiraled out of control," I pleaded, my eyes wide and unblinking.

"That's fucking bullshit, Harry," Courtney yelled; her towel loosened and almost completely fell off of her before she caught it, "Archer told me that you approached him at his booth way back that first time with my mysterious stranger. That you asked to talk to him privately and asked if he wanted to fuck me. God, even back then, you were setting me up. I thought I was doing something above and beyond, making your fantasy come true, and you twisted it the first chance you got. Was this some other fucked up fantasy you never told me about? To see me used by a piece of shit like him?"

"No, that's, that's not it at all. I didn't even know who he was that first time. He just happened to be there in the bar when the other guy, the guy it was supposed to be, fell through. I didn't have any fucked up fantasy of you with him," I said.

"Then why the fuck did it happen a second time? Or a third? Or a fourth? Huh?" Courtney yelled, "How did it just keep happening? Let me guess, it was all an accident every single time."

"It's more complicated than that," I yelled back, "And where were you last night, huh? Where did you sleep, and why were you so late this morning? If you really hated him, you sure spent a lot of time with him."

"Because I was fucking pissed with you, Harry. You sold me out. And I decided to at least enjoy myself since you set it up anyway." Courtney said.

"So, what? You let him fuck you last night and decided to sleep there? Did you have morning sex, too? With this guy, you say you hate? How does that work?" I fired back.

Courtney just shook her head, "We didn't do much sleeping, Harry. Archer told me he took a Viagra, and I believe him because he was hard all night. I lost track of how many times he fucked me. And yes, we did have sex again this morning. That's why I just took a shower! To get his fucking filth off of me. And he fucked me really, reeeeaally good. I've never cum so many times and that hard in my entire life. I hate that he was the one that made me feel that way, and I hate that it was him who brought that out of me, but it still felt fucking amazing. And it was good knowing it was just a drop in the bucket compared to how deeply you betrayed me."

I sat down on the bed and sunk my face in my hands. I'd never wanted any of this. Not like this. Not anything like this. It was just supposed to be some fun. Something to laugh about afterward. How did we find ourselves here?

"And I finally figured out who that second guy was in that threesome. You know, the double team you set up for me? Does it ring a bell? Remember when you let those two assholes fuck me?" Courtney wasn't done with me, not by a long shot. She was unloading, and I had no defense, "It was Tanner, that key client who was so important to me. And you knew that - I remember telling you. I always wondered how the fucking Lincoln Group stole him out from under me, and now I know! It was because I was under them! Archer let him fuck me and stole his business from me. So not only did I get double fucked, but I

got royally fucked on that deal, and now my company is colossally fucked too. So thank you, my dear, dear husband, for making that special event happen for me.”

I lifted my head from my hands and looked at her. I could feel the tears forming in the corners of my eyes. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know all of that was going to happen.” I said, “You have to believe me. I was supposed to meet Archer downstairs to get my room key back. But when I went upstairs, he and Tanner were already in there...”

“Then why the fuck didn’t you stop them? If you’re telling me you didn’t want it to happen? You just stroll into the room, and whoops! There’s your wife getting double-teamed and defiled, and you do f-fucking nothing? Either you set it up for your sick enjoyment, or you’re so pathetically weak that you just let me be used by the shittiest people imaginable in front of you like that.” Courtney screamed. “Fuck! Fuck that’s not fucking fair,” I said angrily, “You didn’t seem to mind. It seemed like you were enjoying yourself pretty well, if I remember.”

“BECAUSE I TRUSTED YOU!” Courtney screamed, throwing her hands in the air. Her towel fell to the floor this time, but that didn’t stop her. I couldn’t help but quickly scan her body up and down. Even in the heights of her fury, she still looked sexier than ever naked. “I thought you set it up safely and were there to protect me, to make good judgments. Now I know that you just like watching me get defiled because it got you off.”

“Courtney, I’m sorry,” I stood up and moved to approach her. I opened my arms for a hug, hoping to take her up into an embrace. I needed to feel her. Needed to feel her hug me back so I knew everything would be okay, “I’m so, so sorry. I swear this isn’t what I wanted —”

“Don’t,” Courtney said, backing away from me, jamming a finger at me, “Don’t you fucking dare. I don’t want a hug right now. Not from you.”

“This isn’t what I wanted,” I stopped and held my hands up in front of me, “I didn’t want any of this. I want to try and explain everything. It’s fucked up. It’s SO fucked up, you’re right. And I’m sorry for all of it, every bit. I wish I could take it all back.”

“But you can’t,” Courtney said, “It’s already done. I’ve been fucked by that fucker Archer so many times now, and that’ll never be undone. And so many of my friends at work are going to be out on their asses because of you. I don’t even want to look at you right now. I can’t. I’m going to get dressed and go downstairs. I just want to leave and go back home. Pack your shit, and let’s go.”

Exhausted, I just nodded in agreement. At least for now, the storm of the argument was over. I knew we still needed to settle things, but I was happy not to be screamed at anymore. I’d take the icy silence after the destruction for now.

We both quietly packed the last of our clothing and items into our carry-on luggage. Courtney was done first and left the room wordlessly without waiting for me. I finished my own packing and slowly made my way down to the lobby to meet her and get us home.

\*\*\*

It was only a few weeks after the disastrous last conference when Courtney came home angrily from work. Things had still been touch and go between us, but I felt like she’d been showing signs of a thaw. We still weren’t back to where we’d been before she’d solved the mystery, but we were inching towards it. Our sex life was nonexistent in those long days, but I’d hoped after a few more weeks, she might be ready to try and get our original spark back.

We never did manage to have that conversation I’d wanted where we would clear the air completely. It seemed like Courtney was happy to just bury it down and try to move on. I was happy to oblige if it helped us move past all of this.

But when she came home pissed off, I knew something bad must’ve happened at work.

“What happened? Are you okay, baby?” I said.

Courtney just leveled a flat, piercing stare at me. Her righteous anger was ready to boil over. "It's over. Everything I've worked for. All that effort. The owners fully sold out. They packaged us off to The Lincoln Group. As of today, we are officially a subsidiary brand of theirs."

"What?" I asked, rising tentatively from my seat. I moved up to her and placed my hands comfortingly on her arms. "Why would they do that? How could that just happen?"

Courtney moved away from my touch, "Because they stole so many of our clients! They landed that whale Tanner, who gave them a ton of business, and then they built up cash reserves. They made our owners an offer they couldn't possibly refuse, and now they've cornered our market. Archer got everything he wanted. We were ahead of them at one point, almost entirely crushing them, and now we're going to be working for them."

"I'm sorry, baby, that really sucks. It's not fair," I said.

"No, it isn't. It's really unfucking fair," Courtney walked into the kitchen and opened a bottle of wine. She poured herself a glass. "I need to go update my resume. There is no way they were going to keep us on. Even if they did, I don't want to fucking work for them. They're coming into the office on Friday and will probably fire a bunch of us."

I nodded my head encouragingly and did my best to look sympathetic. I really did feel for her. It was super shitty. I just wanted my wife to know I was there for her and that I felt for her in this situation. I wanted to ask about Archer and what this takeover might mean for him, but I kept my mouth shut. There was no reason to add fuel to this fire when it was already well in progress.

I'm sure Courtney was freshly pissed with me and the unwitting part I'd played in all of this.

"What can I do, baby?" I asked, "Anything you need, I'm here."

"I just want to be alone for now. I want to drink this wine, update my resume, and go doomscroll LinkedIn." Courtney took a large gulp of her wine and headed for the stairs.

"Okay. I'm here if you need anything. I love you, baby," I said as she started up the stairs.

"I love you too," she whispered as she disappeared around the corner at the top of the stairs.

\*\*\*

Courtney left for work early on Friday morning. Her face looked grim and resigned as if she were walking out to face a firing squad. I tried to be as encouraging as I could manage, but I didn't want to overstep. I felt like whatever I said would lead her back to the fact that I'd deceived her and was, therefore, responsible for this entire thing.

All week, I'd been doing her little favors and surprising her. Tuesday, I'd sent flowers to her office. When she got home that night, I'd given my wife a backrub, hoping to turn it into something more, but Courtney shut me down in small but final ways each night. I hadn't been indulging in my own fantasies, not even when I was alone, and Courtney didn't seem interested in sex at all. I'd walked by our bathroom and saw her bent over in the buff. I raised my eyebrows when she saw me looking. She just closed the door. It still seemed like what I'd allowed to happen was fresh in her mind. I guess having to go in every day and seeing the people whose jobs our fun had cost was taking an unavoidable toll.

How could I have known that my little fantasy fulfillment would be the domino that would cause her company to come crashing down? I hadn't wanted that, and I wouldn't have allowed that to happen if I'd seen it coming. But it still set things in motion with these unintended consequences. That bastard Archer saw an opportunity he could exploit, and he took full advantage of it every bit.

I sighed, hoping she would have an okay day at work despite what she knew to be ahead. If the worst happened and they let her go, we would figure it out together. It might be nice not to have this drama hanging over our heads anymore. She could write her ticket throughout the industry, so I wasn't too concerned.

Once Courtney left, I settled into my home office and started my workday. Thankfully, Fridays are usually quiet, as this one was, and there was only one meeting on my calendar for later in the afternoon. I spent

the morning playing catch-up on my email and just moving a few projects along. I didn't want to start anything too rigorous on a Friday.

As it got closer to lunch, I gave in to my nagging temptations and found myself in the kitchen, ready to pick through the fridge for something to eat. When I opened the fridge door, I saw the Tupperware containing my wife's lunch. In her anxiety-induced haze of a morning, she must have forgotten to take it with her. She would realize that soon and would probably just grab something to eat at work.

But maybe this was my own opportunity to help get further back into her good graces. I could bring her lunch to her office and, at the same time, show my support for the hard day she would inevitably be having. I wasn't a stranger at her office. I'd often pick her up for lunch or share a quick bite with her there from time to time. Acutely aware of how long it had been since I'd been her hero, I grabbed her Tupperware and put it in a lunch pail alongside some cutlery. I dashed out the door to my car, hoping to beat any lingering midday traffic.

In less than thirty minutes, I was parked in the lot and heading into her office building. Her company had an office on the tower's tenth floor. As I neared the doors to the building, a man I'd recognized as one of her coworkers came out. He was in a stream of people exiting the building.

"Hey, are you heading out for lunch?" I asked as we locked eyes in recognition. I had a tough time remembering her coworkers' names, so I tried to say something generic.

"Hey Harry," the man said, "No, actually, I'm heading home. The new boss arrived this morning and let us all leave early for the weekend. He said it was a reward for how hard we had worked battling his company the last couple of years if you can believe it."

"That's different," I said, shrugging, "How's that going? I know Courtney was worried about them coming in."

"Well, we were all expecting to get laid off, but nothing yet, so there's that at least. Who knows what'll happen next week, though?" the man said, eyeing his coworkers heading towards the parking lot. I'm going to head out myself. It was nice seeing you."

"Uh, before you go, do you know if Courtney left yet? She forgot her lunch, and I wanted to drop it off to her. I guess there's no point now, though." I was just as eager to end the conversation but didn't want to walk upstairs for no reason.

"Yeah I think so. I was one of the last out but she was still in there going over things with the new guy that's taking over. You might still be able to catch her," he said as he walked towards the parking lot, politely ending the conversation, "Have a good weekend."

"You too," I said, turning back towards the doors and heading through them. The elevator ride up to the tenth floor was mercifully brief. Usually, her office was like a beehive of activity, but as the doors to the elevator opened, I was met with an eerie quiet.

I stepped out and looked around. The office was empty. No one was sitting behind the receptionist's desk as I moved further into the office. Cubicles and other work rooms were all empty like the guy downstairs had mentioned they'd be. I went to where my wife's office was and looked in - the only thing there were the flowers I'd sent earlier in the week, slightly wilted in a vase on her desk. I thought I might have missed Courtney entirely and was ready to give up and give her a call when I heard her voice, coming from somewhere near the back of the office. I headed in that direction, ready to bring her lunch to her and support her however I could.

Her raised voice came from one of the big conference rooms tucked into the back of the office complex. I was about to turn the corner when I heard a male voice replying to her. The door to the conference room must have been open because I could hear it perfectly. My stomach dropped when I heard the voice. It was Archer.

"Well, you and your team work for us now, so I suggest you stop acting like such a bitch," Archer said.

"What did you say?" Courtney said. I could hear the anger in her voice, and I didn't envy Archer. He was about to be on the receiving end of Courtney's venomous wrath, and I knew from experience that it

wasn't a good place to be. Maybe it would teach the prick a lesson. "You can't call someone a bitch in the workplace," Courtney added, "Our HR team is going to have a field day with you when I report it." "Whatever," Archer said dismissively, "Your HR team won't be here for much longer. They're redundant. And our folks in HR won't even raise an eyebrow at this. This will hurt you more than me. They have bigger fish to fry than some petty woman with a grudge making unfounded accusations."

"Petty? God, do you just like hearing yourself talk? How delusional are you?" Courtney spat back, "And there's no way I'm going to work for you. Not after everything that's happened. You can go fuck yourself."

That was my cue. I peeked around the corner, ready to step out and intercede. From my vantage point, the conference room was unobstructed, thanks to the floor-to-ceiling glass. The door was sitting open, letting me hear everything. Courtney looked stunning, as always, in a tight-fitting black pencil skirt. A red blouse with a high collar and short sleeves was tucked into the skirt. She was leaning up against the conference room desk with her arms crossed defiance in her eyes.

"I prefer it when you fuck me instead," Archer stepped in front of Courtney and quickly closed the gap between them. He looked like a schlub in his suit, his paunch conspicuously visible under the cheap jacket. His scraggly beard was unkempt and his dark skin contrasted against the white shirt, showing just how in need of a dry cleaning it was.

"That was a mistake, and you know it. It's never going to happen again," Courtney said sternly.

Archer stepped into her personal space, planting a foot firmly between hers. Courtney kept her arms crossed, staring up at him, challenging him, "That's not what you said after I took your blindfold off. Or the couple of times that night and the next morning. I believe your words were, 'Don't ever fucking stop.'"

"That was a mistake. I was mad at my husband, and I shouldn't have let it get that far," Courtney said, but her voice was more of a whisper this time. Archer pressed himself against her, his knee pushing hers apart. His head was just inches from hers as he stared down into her eyes. He looked her over and ran a hand down the exposed skin of her arm.

"Then why aren't you stopping me right now? Why are you the last one left to leave the office? I didn't ask you to stay. I think your whole argument was just a pretense to get me alone again," Archer smirked. "Yeah, right," Courtney rolled her eyes, "You're so full of yourself."

Archer's smirk widened, and he leaned into her ear, "No, You're the one who's going to be full of my cock."

Before I could process what was happening, Archer pushed his lips onto Courtney's.

"Mmmphhh," Courtney protested, trying to move her head away. One of her arms was pinned against Archer's chest, but the other got free and smacked him hard on the chest, "Mmmmphhhh."

"T-this isn't right. I can't work here. I'm quitting. I QUIT! I-I'm going out on my own, or I'll find another firm..." Courtney trailed off as she realized the man before her wasn't pulling away. In fact, he was laughing.

"Yeah, you do that Court. You go find anyone out there that can do it like The Lincoln Group does." He leaned into her again, whispering, "Find someone out there that does it like I can."

He pulled back from her and addressed her more professionally, "You're not going anywhere, Courtney. You want to know how I know? Because nobody else sees you as the threat you are like I do. Nobody else knows how to make you as effective as I can. Not even you."

Considering the man's words, my wife sat there and looked lost in thought. When she finally looked back at him, she caught him leering at her tits. Her anger returned immediately.

"F-FFFUCK YOU! You-you're just like my fucking husband, you just want to use me, and you don't care who else gets hurt! Who else can't feed their family!" Courtney stood up, railing at Archer, trying to get him to back up.

“Yeah, let’s talk about your man! Let’s talk about him. Did you fire him for what he did? He embarrassed you and used you, but is he still your husband?” Archer had backed Courtney into the table again. She seemed smaller with the wind out of her sails.

“I love my husband, I would never...”

The moment I was proudest of my wife, the moment I’d been given assurances that my marriage would continue, was then interrupted by Archer, who’d leaned forward and probed his tongue into my wife’s speaking mouth.

My wife took her left hand and smacked him firmly on his right shoulder. Courtney’s other hand smacked him on the left shoulder harder. Then again. Then she slapped him on the cheek, the impact of skin-on-skin contact ringing out, ‘Mmmphhhh.’

That was enough. I stepped forward, about to come to the rescue in the conference room and stop things. Courtney slapped him again on the face in anger. Then, to my horror, her hand lingered against his cheek. What was supposed to be a protesting grunt of defiance from her came out different, “Mmmhmmmmmm.”

I stopped dead in my tracks. Did she just moan? Horrified, I watched as my wife’s lips seemed to open, and she tilted her head to reciprocate Archer’s kiss. His slimy tongue slid into her mouth as his hand moved to the small of her back, holding her tightly against his body.

“Mmmhmmmm,” Courtney moaned again as the hand she just slapped him with snaked around to hold the back of his neck. I stood frozen in place, unsure what to do. Their kissing grew hungrier, with each of them trying to devour the other. I stepped back and felt the wall behind me. I slid against it until I stepped into the open doorway of a darkened office. I stood there transfixed on the illicit scene happening before me. Archer’s hands were running all over my wife’s body.

Soon, he was tugging at the material of her blouse, pulling it free from her skirt. Courtney roughly pushed his suit jacket off his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. She raised her hands over her head as Archer pulled her blouse up over her head, throwing it on the floor behind him. He broke their kiss and stared at Courtney’s heaving breasts. Her silky red bra full of my wife’s breasts was on display for him. He launched a surprise attack, his mouth diving bombing towards her breasts, tongue outstretched, dancing along her smooth, flawless skin.

Courtney threw her head back in ecstasy as Archer lapped and mauled her bosom. She arched her chest forward, pushing her pert pale tits into his face. Her hands dropped, and she fumbled impatiently with his belt. She expertly pulled it off in one fluid motion, letting it drop to the floor by his feet.

Archer pushed forward, grinding his cock against Courtney. She fell back against the conference table onto her elbows. Archer pushed forward, grabbing both of her thighs and hefting her bubble butt up onto the table. Courtney reached behind herself and started to unzip her pencil skirt. Her heels pushed off of one of the leather conference chairs to get her further onto the table.

Archer growled, kicking off his shoes and following her onto the table, “Ready to make another mistake?”

Courtney eagerly nodded her head, “Just shut up already.” Courtney grabbed his off-white shirt and pulled Archer down onto her hard. Archer’s mouth was back on hers—wet, smacking sounds filling the office.

“Mmmhmmmm,” Courtney moaned as Archer’s greasy tongue snaked back into her mouth. Courtney’s hands ran down Archer’s body. She started unbuttoning his dress shirt. Archer tugged at her black pencil skirt, lowering it to her thighs, exposing matching red silk underwear. Archer slapped her hands off his chest and ripped the shirt open, buttons flying off. Courtney bit her lip and eagerly helped him out of his shirt and the undershirt underneath. His dark black torso and flabby stomach were an extreme contrast to my wife’s tight stomach and porcelain skin.

Courtney's hands ran down his chest until she reached his pants. I could see her fumbling with them as Archer dipped back down and pressed his lips against hers. I heard a zipping sound, and Courtney's hand disappeared into Archer's dress pants.

"Uggghhhhh," Archer groaned. Courtney's forearm was moving back and forth, clearly stroking Archer's cock. Archer broke their kiss and pushed himself up into a kneeling position. Courtney's hand was still in his pants, jerking him off.

Archer pulled her pencil skirt the rest of the way off, quickly followed by her silk-red panties. A lustful moan escaped Courtney's lips at his aggressive action. Then they both quickly pulled off Archer's pants until he was just in his underwear. Courtney's hand was in his boxers. I gulped at seeing the impressive outline of his hardened cock. I hadn't seen the guy's dick in a long time, but its image, combined with Courtney's moans, was seared into my brain.

Archer pulled her hand out of his boxers and quickly pulled them down and off, revealing his massive black cock. Courtney stared at it while lying on her back. She reached out and stroked it before turning on her side and taking him into her mouth.

"Mhmmhmmm," Courtney moaned around his cock as she sucked and stroked it. Archer stayed there kneeling as Courtney worshiped him. Courtney's tongue ran along the underside of his cock as she took more and more of him into her mouth. Her hand clasped around his shaft, stroking it up and down. Up and down. Hitting her lips before sliding down his shaft until it stopped in the messy patch of curly black pubic hair at its base.

"Mhmmhmmm," Courtney moaned again, "Fuck."

"You like that bitch? You like my big black cock?" Archer sneered.

"Mhmm-hmmmm," Courtney agreed enthusiastically without taking her mouth off of him. Then she pulled her mouth off and licked up his shaft, "I fucking love it."

Archer put his dark hands on her white shoulders and pushed her back down onto the conference table, "Then let's get back to making that mistake then."

He crawled on top of her, kicking her legs open as he settled down in between them. I stepped out of the office. This was my moment to put a stop to things before Courtney made a mistake and changed the course of our lives forever. I wasn't about to let the love of my life and future mother of my children fuck a piece of –

"Uhhhhhhhhhh," Courtney moaned as Archer thrust forward. Her hands instinctively grabbed onto his black ass cheeks, nails digging into them, urging him forward. The light caught the glint in the diamond of her wedding band as she gripped onto his ass.

"Uhhh fuck," Courtney moaned. Archer grabbed her by the back of the head and pushed his tongue into her mouth again, "Mmmhmmmmmm."

Archer thrust forward again, causing Courtney to yelp. She raised her hips off the conference table to meet his thrusts. Courtney's fingernails dug into his ass before tracing their way up his back. Her legs moved off the table until her black heels locked around his black ass, holding him in place. Courtney's nails dug into his shoulder blades, urging him deeper into her.

"Mhmm yeah, baby," Archer sneered, "I knew you wanted this black cock the second you stayed behind."

"Fuck" Courtney moaned loudly, "Give it to me. I want this all the time. Fuck, it feels so fucking good."

"You're not quitting on me now," Archer said, "I'ma fuck you every day from now on. You're my work bitch now."

"Uhhh fuck. God. Yes. You can fuck me whenever you want just don't fucking stop, you fucking bastard." Courtney moaned into his bicep, her tongue laced out, and began licking his flesh.

"Heh," Archer chuckled, "I love making uptight bitches like you moan for me. No matter how hard you act at work, at the end of the day, I know I can make you beg for more. I knew you'd be creaming on my cock since the first moment I saw you."

“Ugh, you’re so gross,” Courtney stared up at him, “If it wasn’t for my husband, you never would have come close to me.”

“But aren’t you glad I did,” Archer said, “Now you get to experience this big black cock. Remind me to thank your dumbass husband. What was his name again?”

“It’s –”

“It doesn’t fucking matter,” Archer interjected, “You’re mine now. He doesn’t matter. You got that?”

Courtney nodded her head. With a wicked smile, Archer dipped his head down and planted his lips onto hers, his tongue snaking out of his mouth and pushing past her lips. I couldn’t help but feel shame wash over me. Shame at what I had unwittingly set in motion and shame at how hard my cock was while watching this.

Courtney moaned into his mouth. My ears were filled with the sounds of their wet, sloppy make-out session. Archer’s pace was picking up, and Courtney’s hips were slamming off the table to meet his frantic thrusts.

Courtney broke the kiss, turning her head to the side breathless, “Mmhmmm, right there. GOD. Uhhhhh. Ah. Ah. Ah. Ah. Mhmmm. Uhhh. Your cock feels so fucking good. So fucking good. I love your huge cock. Ah. Yes. I’m so close. So fucking close, don’t stop.”

“This ain’t just a cock,” Archer corrected in a condescending manner, “Get it right. This. This right here is a Biiiiig. Blaaaaaack. Motherfucking Coooooock. Say it again.”

“Uhhhhh FUCK,” Courtney’s hips started to rapidly fire up off the table, “I love your big black, m-mmmotherfucking cock. Your beautiful huge black cock, you fucking bastard. Fucking give it to me. Don’t stop. Don’t stop! Please. Please. Mhmmm fuck me, Archer, take it.”

“Fuck yeah bitch,” Archer’s back muscle flexed as he plowed forward into my wife, parting her walls.

“Cream on my cock. I’m gonna cum. Gonna cum in you raw. Take it all, Courtney, take all my cum.”

“FUCK. GIVE IT ME,” Courtney screamed, “GIVE IT TO ME! I WANT IT ALL ARCHER. GIVE ME ALL OF IT. FUUUUCCCCCKKK.” Courtney let out a blood-curdling scream as her legs kicked off Archer’s ass. Her nails dug into his back as she pulled herself closer to him. My wife was cumming hard as she was fucked silly by Archer’s cock. I felt lightheaded as I stared at this fucked up scene.

“AH FUCK,” Archer grunted, his ass cheeks flexing as he pumped hard into Courtney and then went stiff as his black balls unloaded their illicit seed into my wife’s unprotected pussy. Courtney’s body continued to writhe below him, riding the pleasure aftershocks of her orgasm. Archer’s body collapsed on top of Courtney’s, and he started kissing her again. She slipped her arms around his neck and pulled him tighter in a deep embrace as his cock was still embedded into her, and she was full of his illicit spunk. The wet sounds I could hear suggested a huge amount had leaked out onto the conference room table.

I couldn’t stay there any longer. While they were entangled in each other, I slipped out of the office and quietly made my way to the elevator. I rode it down in silence, my mind racing to process what the fuck I had just seen. My hands trembled as I gripped the keys to my car. When the elevator doors finally opened, I rushed out, not wanting to be seen by anyone, not wanting to be an accomplice to what I had just seen. Maybe it was too late for that.

\*\*\*

By the time Courtney had gotten home, the dinner I had made that night was cold on the counter. I checked the clock, and it was just before 8 p.m. My stomach twisted into knots as I sat in the kitchen on my computer, listening to her take her shoes and jacket off.

She appeared in the kitchen doorway and looked at me with a subdued smile.

“I made dinner,” I said looking her up and down. Her clothes were the same outfit I’d seen earlier but were noticeably more wrinkled, “I wasn’t sure when you were coming home. Do you want me to heat you up your plate?”

“No, that’s okay, honey. Thank you, though, I already ate,” Courtney said.

"I'm surprised you're back so late. I tried texting. Everything okay?" I asked, closing my laptop to give her my undivided attention.

"Yeah sorry baby. Work was busy. You know how it is," Courtney didn't meet my eyes as she undid her earrings and put them down on the kitchen counter, "The new bosses kept us all really late to get them up to speed on things. So we can all start fresh together on Monday."

"They made everyone stay late?" I asked.

"Yeah, well, not everyone. But most of the staff, we all just got out of there." Courtney crossed the kitchen to where I was sitting and leaned down to kiss me on the head. It was one of the first signs of affection she'd shown me in weeks. "I'm gonna go jump in the shower for a bit." I could smell Archer's sweat coming off of her in waves.

"Sure," I said, watching as she moved towards the stairs, "Are you still going to quit?"

Courtney paused in the doorway and looked back at me with a faraway expression on her face, "You know, I don't think so. The new bosses think I'm an asset and offered me a promotion. So, who knows, maybe it'll be okay?"

"That's quite the one-eighty from what I heard earlier in the week," I said slowly, "Are you sure nothing else eventful happened today?"

Courtney looked up in thought, "No, nothing out of the ordinary besides all the corporate takeover stuff. I guess now that I've met them, it's really not so bad. Maybe I just worked myself up since we'd competed with them for so long. Who knows, maybe things will be even better than before."

"I'm surprised you're so relaxed about it," I said.

"I guess today wasn't as stressful as I thought," Courtney flashed me a slight grin, "I'm gonna go jump in the shower baby. Love you."

"Love you too," I said as Courtney disappeared up the stairs. I slumped in my chair, trying to remember the last time she lied to me so well.