

[\[Insider\] Detestable Liaisons: Chapter 4](#)

The blindfold comes off!

Hey friends, I'm trying something a little different with this one. As you may know, I was recently kicked off Gumroad, which scared me a bit. I used Gumroad to sell copies of my works before the public releases. Anyway, it made me think about the future and try to take some more control of it.

So, I wanted to try something new with this chapter on detestable liaisons. I have put it on my website at DonSilver.org but only Insiders with patreon access can view it. Since you are already logged in to read this, it should be as simple as clicking the link.

This is a bit of a test so I expect a some hiccups. I've asked a few people to try this already and it went smoothly. If it doesn't work for you, please DM me on here and let me know what happened.

My website will ask for permission to let you log in with your patreon credentials and then you should be able to see the posts. You will not have to resubscribe so if you get to a screen that looks like that, look for the login button or back out and refresh the page.

BEST RESULTS: Use Google Chrome

Here is the link again: ****removed****

And you can find some attachments below of what Courtney is going to be wearing in this chapter.

Alpha Draft for Patreon Insiders

The next few months after the last conference sucked. Guilt and shame were welling up inside me everyday. It was painful to come home and listen to all the new struggles that my wife Courtney was going through at work. Just a few months ago her company seemed to be edging out the competition. Now the Lincoln Group was overtaking them, stealing clients left and right.

Courtney believed a lot of it came down to them landing Tanner as a client. Getting access to his company's network was a gold mine that Courtney had correctly identified. She still couldn't understand why he had chosen the Lincoln Group over her company.

I knew why though. It was because Archer had let Tanner into our hotel room that night while I was down at the bar waiting for him. Now he had all those connections and the money that

went with it, money that he was spending peeling off clients from Courtney and aggressively capturing new ones. It didn't help that they were headhunting talent from Courtney's company, stealing away employees and their relationships, making Courtney and her remaining colleagues train replacements instead of making sales.

"I'm just so frustrated," Courtney was pacing in our kitchen after work, wine glass in her hand. "I still don't know what they could have offered Tanner to make him sign with them. Their product and service sucks."

I gulped. Anything I said might reveal the deep dark truth of what I did. It wasn't entirely my fault, how would I have known what Archer would have done? I had just been trying to get the keycard back to my room. I couldn't have predicted, couldn't have known what he would do...

"Those assholes," Courtney steamed, "Did I tell you they recruited away our VP of product? And a lead engineer this week? It's like they are buying us for parts."

"How do they have the money to do that? With everything else you told me, they must be spending a lot," I said, nursing my beer at the counter.

"It's because Tanner gave them a glowing recommendation and they signed a bunch of clients from it. They offered them discounts over the life of the contract for more funds up front which they are rolling right back into marketing and sales tactics," Courtney sighed.

"What's your boss saying? What are you guys going to do?" I asked, trying to suppress the guilt welling up inside me.

"Well I am pretty sure my boss is looking for a new job," Courtney sighed, "I wouldn't be surprised if he joins up with the Lincoln Group too."

I couldn't just sit around and let her wallow like this. I got up out of my seat and held her, "It's going to be okay. We'll figure something out. You'll figure something out. There is a way to beat them and if you don't want to there are other companies and other industries where you will kick ass."

"I don't know," Courtney said into my chest, her blonde hair smelt amazing. Her entire tight body against me felt amazing. "I poured so much of myself into this company, into my team. I can't just walk away. All that effort couldn't just be for nothing."

"You kicked ass and made a killer reputation for yourself, it wasn't for nothing," I said.

"Thank you," Courtney replied looking up at me. "I don't know how I would get through this without you here for me."

I held her for a few more minutes. I could tell she needed the comfort. Even though she was a killer at her job, she still needed a rock at home, which is what I was. Even though I harbored a secret that would hurt her deeply, if she found out.

After a few minute Courtney broke our embrace and drank a sip of her wine, "You're right. If things keep going this way I'll have to jump ship soon myself. Maybe its time for me to start looking at other industries. After this next conference, I'll see how it goes and then decide what my next move will be."

Hearing her talk about another conference made my dick stir in my pants, "Uh, where's this conference going to be?" I tried to say in a non-chalent manner but her eyes narrowed, picking up what I was secretly wondering.

"Same venue as the last couple," Courtney smirked, "Why. Are you thinking of arranging another date night with my mystery man?"

I loved the way she shifted gears like that. Even though the weight of the world was on her shoulders she was still trying to play into my fantasy. About having a stranger take her blindfolded. My cock pressed against my pants but I had to keep myself composed. I couldn't do that again. Not ever.

"No," I failed at sounding calm, "No I was just wondering."

"Uh- huh," Courtney said as she moved around the kitchen's island, sliding her hand over the counter top. "It's too bad, because I could really use some relief."

She eyed me and smiled. "Maybe I can run upstairs and get the blindfold on right now. What do you say?"

I gulped. "Yes," I managed to squeak out.

"Good boy," Courtney said moving towards the stairs, "Come up in five."

With that, she left out of the sight, leaving me in the kitchen alone, conflicted, guilty and horny as hell.

The next conference came up quicker than I anticipated. Things at Courtney's company still weren't going well. Her boss had jumped ship, just as she predicted. Now even more rested on her shoulders along with the stress that went along with it. I was tagging along at the conference again, hoping I might be able to find someway to help Courtney turn her fortunes around. I didn't know much about accounting or software but I still wanted to help. Even if that just meant allowing Courtney to take her stress out on me.

She still teased me about her mystery man but I didn't want to keep going down that route. I gave her vague answers, not comitting to anything. I could tell she was thinking about him, the excitment of giving herself to a stranger but I didn't want to open that box again after what happened last time.

During the first day of the conference, I didn't see Archer anywhere. Maybe now that his company was doing so well, he thought it was below him to come to events like this. The Lincoln Group still had a booth but it looked like a bunch of junior sales guys were running it. They even had some lame spinning wheel giving away gifts to people on the show floor.

Courtney walked the show floor like a stone cold professional. She turned a lot of heads and I couldn't blame them. She looked incredibly sexy wearing a smart, tight white blouse and a black pencil skirt.. I kept my distance, wanting to leave her to her work. Besides in sales, part of it was showing that she might be available, letting her sales targets think they could have a shot. That thought always caused my dick to swell.

Nothing eventful happened that first day or night for that matter. Courtney stayed out late trying to woo a group of potential clients over dinner and drinks. On the second day I walked the trade show floor again, collecting freebies and swag in my tote bag. I had to sit through some boring pitches and even pretend that I owned my own accounting firm but my bag was filling up with plastic trinkets, socks and other cheap merch.

"Hey buddy, how are you doing today," A swarmy young man stopped me as I passed in front of their booth, "We're giving away prizes, why don't you give our wheel a spin?"

I hadn't realized it but I found myself in front of the Lincoln Group's booth. Archer wasn't anywhere in sight so I figure I was relatively safe interacting with this guy.

"Sure why not," I said and spun the big wheel. I watched it spin around and my eyes went wide as it landed on a winning space.

"We have winner!" The young man announced over a microphone, trying to drum up attention to his booth. He covered the microphone and leaned in to speak to me, "You won a free round of golf at local course. It's the last tee time we're giving away but its in two hours. Do you think you can make that?"

I checked my watch and laughed. Its not like I was attending any talks or anything. And if I could get a free round of golf paid for by these bastards I was going to take it, "Hell yeah I can do that."

"Great!" The guy said handing over a giftcard and a paper with the details, "A shuttle will pick you and the others up in front of the lobby in two hours. Sound good?"

"Sounds great," I said as I walked off looking over the card he had handed me. This trip might not suck after all.

Two hours later I was on the air conditioned shuttle bus with a complimentary beer in my hand alongside a group of middle aged white dudes, heading towards the golf course.

It felt pointless. Courtney was going through the motions, shaking hands with a fake smile plastered on her face but she could tell none of these prospects were going to be worth much to her. Best case scenario, she chased them for months and eventually signed a small contract. But her company needed new customers yesterday. Worst case, she wasted her time with them and they would end up signing with the Lincoln Group.

She hadn't been sure that this conference was worth coming to but she had put her line in the sand. Just like she discussed with Mark, this conference would be make or break for her. After this she would look at jobs in other industries or at other companies. She was on a sinking ship and needed to get off.

But there was another reason she wanted to attend his conference. Ever since the that first night with the mystery man Harry had arranged for her, she had found herself craving more. Craving more of him and his cock.

Part of her secretly wondered if that's why she hadn't been hitting her sales targets and had been floundering. Her mind would often drift to those nights at the conference when she was at work. At how full she felt. How rough he had been with her, the way he seemed to own her and do whatever he wanted. She loved how it had felt. It wasn't easy articulating that to Harry, she still wanted to find the words. She wasn't sure what his reaction would be. It was his fantasy after all and he seemed to react positively to it but she couldn't help but think he also felt ashamed by it. He was cagey about it lately. It might be his fantasy but it was turning into her obsession, dominating her thoughts.

Courtney walked down the show floor feeling an aching in her pussy. She knew her mystery man lived somewhere close by and her body was responding to his promixity. She didn't know who he was or how to contact him. Harry did though. She had asked about it but he just kind of joked it off. She wasn't sure it was happening but she would be disappointed if it didn't. She needed to feel him again.

She was so busy mulling these thoughts over in her head that she almost bumped into the man who approached her.

"Oops sorry," Courtney said smiling, "I didn't see you there."

"No, no its my fault," the young man said. Courtney thought he looked familiar but couldn't place him. He was holding a white box in his hands, "I was actually coming to give you this. It's the end of my shift and your husband gave me specific instrusctions to find you and give this to you now."

The young man held the box outstretched to her. She look it and looked it over, "He did, did he? Did he say why?"

"No he just said you needed to get it at this time," The man smiled and turned to walk away.

"Do you—" Courtney said looking up from the box, "Work for the hotel?"

“Yes ma’am,” The young man’s smile didn’t quite reach his eyes, “Just doing my job.”

Courtney reached into her purse and found a crisp five dollar bill.

“That’s not necessary ma’am,” The young man said. Courtney cringed at being called ma’am.

“I insist,” Courtney put the bill in the young man’s hand, “For doing a great job. Thank you.”

The man smiled, took the money and with a nod, left Courtney alone on the show floor with the box. It was somewhat large but light. It couldn’t have weighed more than a pound or two. She tried to open it but it was sealed shut with a clear sticker.

Courtney looked around the show floor. There wasn’t much left for her there at the moment. She decided to head up to her room and open the mysterious box from Harry there.

A few minutes later, Courtney set the box down on her hotel bed and used her keys to cut open the sticker. She opened the white box and her breath caught in her throat. Inside was a sexy red lingerie set and a sexy little red robe. Underneath the lingerie was a elegant black satin blindfold and a note. It read:

‘You’re mystery man and I are waiting for you in room 421. Put on the lingerie and robe and come upstairs. Knock on the door and put on your blindfold. He’ll greet you properly. Don’t keep up waiting. I love you.

- Harry’

Courtney smiled from ear to ear. Her husband had arranged a meeting with her mystery man. She couldn’t wait. She needed to feel him inside of her. And Harry hadn’t spared any expense on the lingerie and having someone deliver it to her was quite the romanitic gesture. Kind of fucked up that he was using a gesture like that to let another man have his way with her but she could already feel herself getting wet between her legs.

It looked like she wasn’t going to attend the rest of the conference after all.

Normally Courtney would have liked to have showered and shaved her legs but knowing Harry and her mystery man were waiting, she skipped them and just touched up her makeup. She felt so exposed as she walked down the fourth floor hallway.

Even though no one could see the lingerie under her dress, she still felt exposed. Her breathing was shallower than it should have been. Was she getting excited, wearing this lingerie in public? Maybe it was the short length of her skirt and the cleavage it exposed. She just hoped she didn’t run into any of the prospects she had been talking to earlier.

She held her clutch tightly and only relaxed her hands when she reached room 421. Courtney knocked and heard sounds on the other side of the door. When the door didn't immediately open, she realized she wasn't wearing the blindfold.

With a cautionary look left and then right, Courtney opened her clutch and pulled out the satin blindfold and put it on. Immediately her world plunged into darkness but she heard the sound of the door opening and felt a warm hand on her wrist, pulling her into the room.

"About time," A familiar voice said. Her black mystery man.

I took another look at the LCD screen mounted on the golf cart. It showed the a detailed graphic of the fifth hole, with GPS notes about the yards to the green, the water hazard running through the middle and the different elevations. It didn't seem too bad, I could probably stay under par on this one.

I checked my phone again just to see if Courtney had messaged me. It looked like my last message still hadn't gone through. Only one bar was showing. Who ever heard of a golf course that didn't get cell reception?

The place was pretty far out in the sticks. The rest of the bus had been dropped off at other locations. A steakhouse, a strip club and other hotels. I guess I was the only one that won that round of golf.

My watch said it was still early. Courtney wouldn't be done schmoozing and talking to prospects for several hours. Even then she probably had dinner plans with some potential clients.

I got out of the cart and went to the back where the rented golf bag was seated. I took out the driver and a tee and walked with them over to tee box. I got set up and ready to take my first swing, taking a deep breath to steady myself. We were far enough out in the county that even the air smelt fresher out here.

This definitely beat walking that conference floor for the rest of the afternoon. Courtney would probably be happy I was able to get one over on the Lincoln Group.

The door shut behind her as the strong hand guided her into the room. She was trying to control her breathing but the butterflies in her stomach wouldn't let her. She had no idea what she was walking into to.

Harry must be in here somewhere but he was awfully quiet. If this room was like their's he could be seated silently in the chair next to the bed, just watching what was about to happen. The last few times he hadn't said anything either until the end.

The dark suitor lead her further into the room until she felt her knees brush against the bed. He let go of her wrist and walked around her. Even with the blindfold on she could feel his eyes roaming over her body. She still couldn't believe she walked through the hallways with this robe on.

It had excited her but it was nothing compared to someone staring at her up close like this. Someone who she knew was about to fuck her brains out. She didn't hear anyone else in the room, so she wouldn't be taking on two guys tonight. Warm breath caused goosebumps to rise up on the back of her neck. Courtney bit her lip. Neither of them said a word but his finger tips rested on her hips, drawing small circles there.

His hands reached in front of her. Courtney sucked in a breath. He started to undo the robe's belt. Courtney felt the robe fall open, the room's cool air dancing along her exposed stomach. His hands were on her shoulders, gently grazing them over the robe.

Courtney licked her lips as he peel back the robe off one shoulder. His lips pressed against her bare skin, leaving a trail of wet kiss as he worked his way up to her neck. Courtney arched her head as his tongue darted out, circling her skin. Soon he was kissing and sucking and licking one of her most sensitive spots, on the side of her neck, just below her jaw.

"Uhh," the moan involuntarily escaped Courtney's lips.

He exposed her other shoulder and Courtney stifled a gasp as she felt her robe drop to the floor at her feet. Her mystery man was probably feasting his eyes on the busty red lingerie her husband had picked out for her, perfectly knowing her proportions.

His hands were on her shoulders, caressing them as his lips danced on her newly exposed shoulder. She wanted to say something to him but no words came to mind. All she wanted was for him to take her. Take her in front of her husband. She loved being watched by him, knowing he was close by.

One of his hands dropped from her shoulder and grabbed her wrist again, guiding it back behind her, until it made contact with something hard. His cock. Courtney exhaled as her manicured fingers ran over his shaft. It was an awkward angle but Courtney wrapped her fingers around his shaft and gripped it tightly.

It was big. And thick. Harry probably saw it too. Knew it from the last few times. There was something so depraved about doing this in front of her husband. That he got off on it. It was like double pleasure for her.

A quiet grunt of approval emanated from her mystery man behind her. She had so many questions about him. What he looked like, what he did for a living but ultimately she didn't really care. All she cared about was how well he fucked her.

He brushed her hand away. His hands were on her hips, firmly turning her around. Courtney felt his breath on her upper thighs, around her crotch. He must be kneeling in front of her.

Fingers found her sides of her panties and started to tug them down. She narrowed her legs slightly, making it easier for him to lower them down her thighs.

His hot breath was on her exposed pussy as her panties fell down to her ankles. She shivered and felt goosebumps running over her thighs. She was embarrassed by how wet she already was. Usually it took Harry several minutes of foreplay to get her to this point. But even since she got that package on the show floor, everything had been building inside of her.

Firm hands gripped her thighs and push gently. Courtney stepped back until the back of her knees touched the bed. The hands continued to push and she got the message, falling backwards onto the bed. The hands spread open her legs and she felt the heat from his breath on her knees, up her thighs until he was breathing over her pussy. Her hips arched up off the bed, seeking contact. It was agonizing, waiting for him to touch her, she wanted to pull him up towards her and just have slide his big black cock inside –

His wet tongue ran up her slit, swirling over her clit in one fluid motion, “Mhmmmmahmmmmmm.”

Courtney’s body felt like it was on fire. His tongue did it again. And again. And again, continuing to lick up and down her slit, suck on her clit and just played her body like an instrument. Courtney’s hips were rising off the bed to meet him. The stubble on his cheeks tickled her thighs. Over and over he teases her before his tongue made its way inside of her, exploring her.

“Mhmmmgodd,” Courtney just groaned, her hands gripping the bedsheets. She opened her eyes but all she saw was the black of the blindfold. The sensations were so intense, maybe heightened because of it.

Her mystery man continued to feast and suck on her until she couldn’t take it any more.

“Stop,” She said putting her hand out, gripping his bald head, “Fuck me. Fuck me with that big black cock of yours.”

She heard him chuckled and he started crawling up on top of her. His cock trailed up her her calves, to her knee. Up his thigh until it was pressing again her opening. She moved her body, seeking it. His hands grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the bed above her. God it was so hot. So strong. So dominant. Like he was just using her.

“Tell me what you want,” His cocky voice whispered in her ear. She swore she recognized his voice but couldn’t place it. It was a deep voice that sent chills down her spine. Probably just recognized it from the last couple of times they were together.

“I want you,” Courtney breathed, “I want you to fuck me.”

“Nu-huh,” Her mystery man said. “Tell me what you want me to put inside of you.”

“God,” Courtney squirmed, her pussy seeking his cock, “I want you to put your cock inside of me and fuck me.”

“Try again,” He whispered.

“Fuck me with your big black cock,” Courtney said firmly. She slipped her hands free of his grasp, grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him into her.

“Ahh fuuuckkk,” Courtney moaned as his large cock began to spread her. She bit her lip, whimpering as the head of his cock pushed into her. More and more of him entered her. She always felt so full with him. So completely and utterly owned. “Uhhhhh I love it. So fucking good.”

“So you consent to this?” Her mystery man said, “Even though you don’t know what I look like or who I am?”

“I don’t care!” Courtney said, “Just fuck me. Now.”

She swore she could hear him smile as he sunk his hips down and buried the entire length of his cock inside of her. Courtney was loving every second of this. He slide his cock out and slowing sunk himself back into her.

“Ahhhhh. UHHHHHHH MHMMMHMMMM AHHHHHH,” Courtney didn’t recognize the noises coming out of her mouth but she couldn’t stop making them. Her body was just responding to his bare cock inside of her, “UHHH, Ah, Ah, Uhhhhh, MHMMHMM, FFFFUUCCKKK, Mhmm, Ah, Ah, Uh.”

His bare cock. Inside of her. She hadn’t even thought about a condom. All she wanted was to feel him inside of her. It was stupid but right now but she wasn’t going to stop this. Wouldn’t stop how good this was feeling.

“God,” Her mystery man grunted, “Feels so fuckin good.”

“Mhmmmmm yeah?” Courtney moaned.

“Yeah baby. Squeeze me, keep squeezing me,” He grunted.

Courtney obliged, wanting to please him. To please him and his black cock inside of her. He flex her muscles in her pussy and squeeze his cock.

“Just like that,” He said, “FUCK! Feels soo fucking good. I love fucking you.”

“God I love how you fuck me,” Courtney moaned, “Fucking me with that big black cock.”

She knew those words would drive Harry crazy from the chair but she meant them. He fucked her so well, she couldn’t get enough for what he was doing to her. The way he slide in and out of her.

Harry was great in bed. Her soul mate and her lover. But he didn't fuck her like this. Didn't fuck her this hard. Like he didn't give a shit about her, like he only wanted her for sex. Like he owned her.

"Ah fuck," Courtney's body started to tense. Her breathing growing shallower. Her nails dug into his cheeks as she felt her body begin to orgasm. "OHMYGOD, OHFUCK, OHFUCK."

"That's it baby girl, let it go. Give it to me. Cum on my black fucking cock," He was fucking her relentlessly, slamming his cock in and out of her at breakneck speeds. Giving her exactly what she needed.

"AAHHHFUCKCK," Courtney wailed, "AHHH MMHMMHHHGOOODDGAHHH FUCCK!"

"Uh, Ah, uh, uh my, uh, uh, UHHHH," Courtney's body seemed to convulse as the orgasm rocked through her. It felt like it came from everywhere, filling her up completely. It had been too long since the last conference. She needed this more often. She could have this everynight. Wanted to feel this cock inside of her, "SOFUCKINGGOOD."

The mystery man held still inside of her, his cock pressed as deep into her as it would go. Even just having it embedded in her felt amazing. She rode the last of her orgasm but felt another slowing building up inside of her. If he moved his cock, it would quickly ignite. She wanted another. Her hips raised off the ground, trying to fuck herself on his immobile cock.

"Let's switch it up," he whispered in her ear before biting her earlobe. Then he held her tightly to him and rolled to his side and pushed her up until she was on top of him.

His large cock was still embedded deep inside of her. But now she was in control. She adjusted her blindfold to keep in place and started to ride him. Started to ride that big beautiful black cock inside of her.

It felt amazing and she didn't want it to end. She could feel her next orgasm beginning to take shape inside of her. She licked her lips and pushed down with her knees, letting his cock slide in and out of her, over and over and over and over.

"I fucking love this," Courtney moaned, turning towards where she thought the chair occupying her husband might be. "I love fucking this big black cock. It feels so good. So, uhh, mmmm good inside of me."

"Better than your husband?" That cocky asshole said. His hands started to explore her body. Running up her stomach until he was mauling her bra-clad breasts. He quickly reached behind her, his stomach pressing against her thighs. It felt big, like he was somewhat out of shape but it really didn't matter when he fucked her like this. With the bra unclasped she threw it to the side. It landed somewhere unknown in the room, details for later that didn't matter.

His hands were on her breasts, tweaking her nipples. Roughly groping her. It all added to the second orgasm that was quickly approaching. Her body felt like it was on fire. She thrust her

chest out into his hands, demanding more from him. He grabbed her harder, like she was some piece of meat to be used.

Then his finger were suddenly in his mouth. She sucked them hard, imagining another cock just like his. The idea of sucking him off while simulatanously fucking him caused her to increase her pace, riding his cock, faster, getting ever closer to her second orgasm.

“I’m gonna cum. I’m gonna cum,” Courtney breathed as she felt it well up inside her, “Don’t stop. Fuck.”

“I’ma cum too,” The cocky man said from below her. He slid his fingers out of her mouth, much to her disappointment. Her tongue stuck out searching for them but his fingers had already grasped the side of her blindfold.

Light blinded her as he tore it off. She squinted into the room, trying not to lose this powerful orgasm that was about to rock her world. She looked to the side and saw that the chair where she thought Harry was sitting was empty.

She turned and looked down at her mystery man as her orgasm was about to burst inside of her. Her eyes grew wide as she saw the shit eating grin of Archer below her. His dark hands were on her breasts and ass. He was thrusting up off the bed to meet her pace.

His ugly smile looked up at her. Challenging her. Her nemsis was inside of her, experiencing her body, like only her husband should. He felt amazing. She hated him. But she loved his cock. Courtney wasn’t going to let him win.

She arched her back and put her hands on his chest as she picked up her pace. Her eyes locked with his, meeting his challenge as she fucked him harder than she had before. His hands were groping her body as his powerful cock slide in and out of her.

“Don’t stop,” She breathed. He grabbed her by the nap of her neck and pulled her face down to his, mashing his lips against hers. This bastard that was fucking her over at work was fucking the shit out of her, giving her the best fuck of her life. She couldn’t believe it but she didn’t care in that moment. Didn’t care. She just wanted to cum.

Courtney broke their kiss as she felt herself cum, “AHH FUCKKK. FUCCKK YOU YOU BASTARD GODDD. MHMMHMM AHH, UHHHHHHHHFUCCKCK.”

Courtney had never experienced an orgasm so powerful. She couldn’t breath. Like her body forgot how to do all its basic functions except orgasm. Her entire existence seemed to tense and melt into him. The only thing that mattered was where they were connected and the heat and pleasure emanating out from it.

“FUCK,” Archer grunted, lifting his his hips off the bed, his face contorting his ugly features. Courtney felt his hot cum explode inside of her, rope after rope painting her insides. Archer

was cumming inside of her. He was inside of her. His cum was inside of her. Filling her up. Archer's hot cum in her unprotected pussy.

"AHHMHMMMMMM," Courtney's brain couldn't form words as another orgasm whipped across her body, casting aside the last one, "GAA, UHH, MUAH, UHHHGHHHHH, AH, AH, AHHHH."

Courtney threw her head back as she rode his cock. Rode out the last remnants of pleasure from her orgasm. The fog in her brain started to clear and the enormity of the situation started to take root in her head.

She looked down at the man she despised below her, "Where's my husband?"

"Golfing," He smiled, "I needed to get you alone, ya know?"

"You're such a fucking bastard," Courtney spat, "I hate you."

"I know," He chuckled, "But you did say you love this big black cock of mine don't ya?"

"God you're full of it," Courtney said pushing off on her knees to get off of him.

He suddenly gripped her hips tightly not letting her get up. He raised his hips, pushing his cock fully inside of her, "Nuh-uh, I think your the one whose full of it."

Courtney gasped, feeling the cock slide back into her. It was still rock hard.

"Whatchu think?" He said as he held her hips tightly and flipped her over onto her back. He pushed himself back inside of her. She felt his cum push deeper into her, "Ready for round two?"

He slid in and out of her, just a bit. Slowling rocking his cock back and forth. His ugly features locked on her face. Courtney's naked breasts were rising and falling as she stared up at the ugly man she loathed. She hated everything about him. His business practices, the way he walked the show floor. The way he dressed, hated, hated, hated him with a passion. He was the reason her company was going under and the reason she was so stressed lately.

But she couldn't deny that fucking him was amazing and she wanted more of it. She loved fucking him and now she could hate fuck him right back.

Almost imperceptably, Courtney nodded.

A big ugly grin spread across Archer's face as he slide his cock out and fully back into Harry's wife.

I was pissed and didn't care who saw it on my face. After I finished the 18 holes, I turned in my cart and clubs before getting a drink at the clubhouse. It hadn't been too late then, just after six.

The lady at the front desk didn't know what I was talking about when I mentioned a shuttle back to the hotel. The driver had said someone would be there around that time to pick me up. I waited but no shuttle ever came.

Thankfully near the clubhouse I could get another bar of cell service. But when I opened the Uber app there weren't any drivers nearby and no one would respond to my pickup request. I had to head inside and ask for them to call a cab.

By the time it came, the sun was starting to set and it took a long time to drive back into the city to the hotel. I wasn't happy but I still gave the cabbie a decent tip. The entire ride I tried sending Courtney messages but she never saw them. Hopefully she had a potential client hooked and was out to dinner closing the deal.

Still it was getting late so I tried to call her. It rang for a few seconds before switching over to her voicemail. The lobby was sparse as I walked towards the elevator. It seemed people had either left the conference early or had turned in already.

When I got back up to the room, I half expected to see Courtney in bed sleeping but both queen beds were still made from earlier. No one had been in to disturb them it seemed. I tried calling Courtney again but it didn't go through.

Part of me worried that she might be in trouble but I knew it was dumb. She was somewhere close by with a client and she'd respond to me soon. Might as well get ready for bed myself. The conference was done so there wasn't anything to keep me occupied, plus I was tired from all the sun I got today.

When I went to brush my teeth, that's when the phone rang. It was Courtney, finally returning my call.

"Hey baby," I said as I answered and held the phone up to my ear.

"Oh fuck Archer!" Courtney screamed. "God fuck me you bastard. I hate you but I love your big black cock. Mhmmmm God."

I almost dropped the phone.

I heard a man grunting and knew it was Archer. My brain was still trying to process what I was hearing when Courtney began wailing into the phone. I've never heard that sound come out of her before. She sounded like a woman possessed or a woman on the edge of an insane orgasm, "AHHHHHHHHH OHHHHHHHHHH MHHMMMMHMMMMHHMMMAHHHHHHHHHHH ARRCCHHEEERRRR."

Archer chuckled into the phone and then said, "Buh-bye dumbass." The line clinked as he hung up on me.

I stood there holding my phone like an idiot as I tried to figure out what had happened. How did Archer get Courtney. Did she know I had lied about her mystery man? Or did she slept with him on her own? No she wouldn't do that? I checked my phone for messages but didn't see anything from Archer. I tried calling his phone but it went to voicemail. Same thing with hers.

I wanted to climb the walls and go crazy. Where the fuck were they and what the hell was happening? I couldn't just stay here. I had to go out into the hotel and try to find them. If they were even in this hotel.

I stormed out of the room, I wasn't even sure if the door shut properly. I had to find them.