

A CUCKQUEAN'S TORMENT

A woman with dark, curly hair is posing in a red lace bikini. She is looking slightly to the side with a soft expression. The background consists of dark red, draped curtains. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her skin and the texture of the bikini.

FLIPPED

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By

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Sometimes a woman stays with a cheating partner. They try to adapt to being cheated on. For whatever reason, she has decided she won't leave him because of his infidelity. Instead, she begins justifying her reasons for staying. Maybe she loves him too much or blames herself for his affair. And in those cases, sometimes a true cuckquean is born who comes to enjoy the arrangement.

GEN Z slang

thicc = very curvy

CHAPTER 1

I love to eat.

It is a measure of success, in my view.

Gluttony and wealth go together like... I don't know, Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, am I right?

Ruby rings, gold chains, and dripping turkey legs with mashed potatoes and cherry and banana cream pies.

I mean, it just all fits.

"Kirsten."

But I wasn't a glutton. Not really. I was more refined and focused. I needed food and took what I could. It was about my only comfort – except for my fiancé, the very dashing handsome and charming Hudson Lange.

Mom and dad were proud of me for bagging such a perfect man for marriage. Truly, they had despaired of me ever getting married. The suggestion of course was that I was too fat.

I wasn't fat.

I was just... jolly. Big. I was one of those big, beautiful women. I definitely had the breasts to show off to make up for the other... larger parts of me. Men liked that.

Even my fiancé, Hudson.

"Kirsten."

My focus cleared somewhat from my reveries as I considered the contours of my last Chicken McNugget. It held a delectable dollop of sweet and sour sauce that curled ever so perfectly around the top – almost like the swirl of soft-serve ice cream on a cone. I popped it into my mouth fast as I realized my fiancé was addressing me. I chewed and made a noise.

"Hmm?"

Hudson put down his phone. "Chaz and Savanna are coming over."

I had heard him texting. "Oh? What for?" I quickly scanned over the remains of my meal for any leftover scraps. I didn't want to risk leaving something behind when guests came to my condo: they might snatch it and eat it.

"Chaz just said he really needs to talk to me in person." He shrugged his muscular shoulders. He was such a hunk and I had managed to collar him when everyone thought I would grow old single. And fat.

Maybe my Hudson wasn't an absolute stunner, but he certainly wasn't plain or ugly. His bold nose was just a little too pointed for me, but hey, I was taking what I could get. And I really dug his attitude about trying new things. He definitely promised new and exciting places to visit – and foods to eat!

I couldn't wait.

The marriage was in April, just a few months away. The nineteenth, to be exact – my twenty-second birthday.

I licked my fingers for any errant sweet and sour drips, but found none. No matter, it always paid to be thorough. Never knew when you might find a tasty accident.

“Kirsten.”

“I *heard* you.”

He indicated my open bags and boxes on the coffee table helplessly.

I waved a puffy hand daintily. I knew he liked the gesture – he thought it was so cute.

He sighed.

That was me: jolly and goofy. The perfect Generation Z thicc-gurl: oh so curvy in all the right places. Now that fat was in and acceptable, being myself never felt better. I had been shamed enough as a child.

Those days were over.

I waved my hands frantically and plucked at the open food wrappers. I knew Hudson thought that was cute, too. “So why does Savanna have to come?” I didn't like her. The woman was older than me and had her nose in the air. Bitchy and arrogant.

“I don't know. It's just to talk. Something important.”

I made a disinterested noise. “Should I put anything out for them?” I didn't want to; it was all *my* food.

“Nah, don't bother.”

I wriggled on the couch, waving my boobs for him. “Good.” Within a minute, I had the coffee table cleaned. “See? All done.”

He wasn't paying attention – just made a noise of acknowledgment. His head was bent, considering his phone.

I rose with a sigh and put the paper food mementos away – into the trash can under the sink. It always made me sad to do it, as if I was leaving a friend behind.

My condo was our home, bought by my parents who were very wealthy. I didn't like having people over, but I made exceptions for Hudson because he lived here, too. Mom and dad didn't even blink an eye when I told them he was moving in. I think they thought anything was better than me being lonely and unwanted.

I just didn't understand their boomer attitudes. I was fun, vivacious, and attractive. And I had the tits.

No woman could compare.

And Hudson wanted me.

Chaz and Savanna arrived, unfortunately, to disturb my peace. This was my home and I didn't want them here, but...

But Hudson.

I rolled my eyes and let them in.

Chaz ignored me. He was a polished man a little too on the neat side and he wore tattoos.

I didn't like tattoos.

Something about him just seemed off.

Savanna, his wife, was a brunette with curly hair and dramatic, salty pauses. She got on my nerves endlessly when we had to be around her.

I said to her, "So why did you have to come?"

She gave a measured, heavy sigh and answered, "Why did you have to be here? Isn't it special hour at the buffet?"

My interest was perked. "Which one?" *No*, I swore to myself, *not again*. I had fallen for that twice before and caught myself too late. *Always on the lookout for restaurants with deals, I am...*

Savanna shook her head and looked at the ceiling. "Try not to eavesdrop."

"It's my house."

She struck a different pose as if considering something. "In fact, please do eavesdrop."

I didn't know where she was going with that one, but I was wary. I decided to linger nearby anyway. I wriggled my upper torso to show her how superior my breasts were to hers. It never hurt to make sure other hoes knew who was boss.

Savanna ignored it and passed me.

Hudson had hugged Chaz, though he hadn't initiated it. He wore a strange look on his face.

In my memory, they had never hugged. Perhaps that explained my fiancé's expression.

Savanna normally didn't hug anyone, but she embraced Hudson this time, too.

Strange. I trailed my fingers along the dining room table as they sat in the living room. I pretended to check for dust. With only a few bits of furniture yet, my condo wasn't all that hard for Hudson to clean and he did a really good job.

Chaz said, "Listen," he held his hands out as if explaining a business plan," Savanna and I came back from that retreat—"

"The marriage one?" My Hudson showed interest.

"Yeah. Anyway, Savanna and I came clean on a lot of things."

"Were you... two having problems?"

Chaz waved as if Hudson had totally missed the mark. "No, no, no. Not at all. It's just sometimes a husband and wife don't say everything that's on their minds—"

Savanna interrupted. "Chaz, he doesn't want the whole two-day lecture, I'm sure."

He sighed. "Right. So we played this little game where we each told each other five things about ourselves that we were certain the other didn't know."

Hudson scratched his chin. "Five?"

"It's not as easy as it sounds and it pretty much requires you dig really deep into... personal secrets. I mean, it's not like admitting you went to the Post Office during work and she didn't know."

Hudson nodded. "Yeah, I get it."

"Okay, so here it is. We agreed to talk to you about this because it concerns you."

"Me?"

I listened.

Savanna nudged her husband. "Just say it."

Chaz took a breath. "I'm bi."

Hudson chuckled. "You don't say."

"You knew?"

My fiancé sounded confident. "No, not at all, but I suspected a possibility..."

Savanna nudged him again.

“Well, yeah, I’m bi, but that’s not all.”

Hudson waited.

“I’m bi for you.”

My fiancé laughed and shook his head. He threw up his hands. “Why me? Why is it always me that finds the lesbians, the bisexuals, the transfreaks—”

I interrupted Hudson. “They’re not transfreaks.”

He gave me a wry look from the living room.

I said, “That’s racist.”

Hudson muttered, “Everyone is everything except straight. Why is it I have such a hard time finding normal people?”

Chaz frowned.

Hudson chuckled. “Not you, buddy. I don’t care what you are.”

Savanna said, “I’m straight.”

I gave her a nasty look that she didn’t see. She was so old she couldn’t be anything other than straight. At thirty, she was over the hill.

Chaz nodded. “That’s where you come in.”

Hudson sat back and placed his hand on his chest. “Me? Why?”

“I want to blow you.”

My fiancé leaned his head back and laughed, but it was the rueful kind of laugh filled with irony and sarcasm. “Are there any straight people left in America?”

I frowned. He knew I was bisexual, too.

Savanna said, “Me.”

I muttered, “How cute.”

Her sarcastic voice grated on me. “Does she have to be here?”

Hudson’s chest swelled with an intake of breath that he held. “It is her house...”

Chaz said, “And Savanna wants to see me blow you.”

Hudson slapped his hand to his forehead.

I giggled, thinking that my fiancé getting blown would be funny to see. It made me tingly. I said, “Oh come on, Hudson. You’re always wanting to try new things. It’s your motto.”

He dropped his hand and considered me, then looked at Chaz. He muttered quietly, “That’s very true...” His expression told me he was considering it.

His friend scooted forward on the couch cushion. “Let me, okay? I’m sure I’m good at it.”

I prodded him. “Do it, Hudson. What do you have to lose?” I wanted to see Mister Hetero get his dick sucked. It was about the only thing that bothered me about Hudson Lange. Maybe after he would be the perfect man.

Except for his nose.

But at least...

And then there was the dig I would get witnessing Savanna watch her husband suck dick. It was too perfect. I very much wanted my fiancé to relent.

I said, “It’s new, Hudson...” I wriggled, waving my tits back and forth and biting my lower lip. I knew he liked that.

He stared at me incredulously for a moment, then looked at Chaz. Slowly he began, then faster, “What the hell. Why not?”

CHAPTER 2

Chaz clapped his hands together with joy. “Perfect; I knew you would.”

Hudson said, “So, like right here?”

I wriggled faster, excited.

“Yeah, stand up. We’re going to kneel. It’s... a fantasy thing of mine.”

Hudson chuckled. “Sure thing, buddy. Sure thing.” But he was shaking his head in disbelief.

Chaz got down and Savanna next to him.

Hudson pulled off his lounge pants. His heavy dick waved and swayed.

Savanna’s eyes went wide. “Wow, you weren’t kidding.”

Chaz muttered, “I told you.”

She licked her lips.

I decided to be a bitch. “Savanna! Don’t look at his dick.”

She crossed her eyes at me. “Look, I’m looking...”

“Stop it.”

She asked Chaz or Hudson – or both – “Does she have to be here?”

Satisfied I had shown her who was who around here, I smiled smugly and said nothing.

Chaz grabbed my fiance’s dick and tugged on it.

Just seeing another man’s hand on Hudson’s cock made me all tingly. I was going to enjoy this. And maybe he would relax on the bisexual stuff. *Win-win*. I stuck a finger in my mouth and sucked imaginary cream off of it.

Chaz said in a quivering voice, “I’ve wanted to do this for so long...”

Hudson frowned. “How long?”

“Since we worked together at Price Club.”

My fiance’s eyes bugged out. “When we met?”

“The very day.”

“I was all dusty from boxing.”

Chaz hummed a laugh. “Yep, right then. The image has stuck with me ever since. You all sweaty with dust in your hair. I thought how great it would be to give you a nice, refreshing blowjob.”

“You’re... strange...”

Chaz frowned. “Don’t bash it.”

Hudson blew out a breath. “What. Ever.”

I watched his friend lean forward and stick the head into his mouth.

My fiancé tensed.

Then Chaz began licking and sucking, making very appreciative noises that went straight to my pussy.

I clapped my hands together and jiggled with excitement.

Hudson saw it and shook his head. Then he flinched. “Ow, hey...”

Chaz pulled off. “What?”

“Watch the teeth.”

“Oh, sorry. I’ve... never done this before.”

“But I thought you were bi?”

“Yeah, for you. No one else.”

I twisted my hands together and smiled. *How sweet.* Then I jiggled some more.

Chaz sucked again, this time with a looser jaw.

Hudson blew out a breath.

I asked, “Does it feel good?”

He squinted, cleared his expression, then frowned. “Yeah, I guess it does.”

Savanna said, “Suck the head, Chaz.”

Her husband made a noise and began concentrating on the head of Hudson’s cock.

My fiancé began panting.

Just seeing another man’s mouth on his shaft was so well beyond anything I could’ve hoped for. I would have to have some celebratory cupcakes later. Maybe even share one with Hudson as a reward. Just one.

Chaz pulled off and held onto the shaft. He looked at me. “Maybe we should have a rag. Or a towel. A towel would be better.”

My eyes got big at the thought of him tugging off Hudson in a spray of cum. *Ooo yeah.* “I’ll get one.” I headed upstairs as fast as my thick legs would hustle.

I grabbed the top towel and then thought better of it. Those were our bath towels. *A beach towel, maybe?* I considered the bottom of the stack and wondered where I had put the beach towels. Hudson had a Budweiser one and I had one patterned with candy corn.

I loved candy corn. I could sit and eat bags of them.

I found the beach towels under the blankets in the spare bedroom’s closet. I didn’t want Hudson cumming on my candy corn, so I pulled down

his Budweiser towel. I wriggled my shoulders all the way back to the stairs, taking those little mincing steps that Hudson said were so cute.

I panted my way down the stairwell and into the living room.

There I stopped and dropped the towel.

Savanna had taken over for her husband.

Instead of Chaz sucking my fiance's dick, the skinny brunette was going to town on his shaft. Back and forth she sucked him while holding tightly to the sides of his thighs. Her head moved back and forth as if she were trying to suck a bowling ball out of him.

I gaped in anger. "Hey!"

She didn't stop.

Hudson moaned breathily.

Chaz chuckled. "I told you she does it better."

I said, "This wasn't part of the deal."

He said, "Yes it was. We both wanted to suck him."

"I don't... I don't want her sucking him. Hey! Hey, Savanna, stop that!"

The brunette shifted her eyes and drew her mouth off of him in a very slow pull. She smacked her lips on the head, then licked it while looking at me.

Hudson moaned again, thrusting his hips forward.

I swallowed and tried to say, "Stop it." It came out in a hoarse whisper.

She said, "Sorry, not sorry." She sucked down on him again.

I found my voice. "I said stop it. He's my fiancé."

She stopped and gripped his dick, jacking his shaft rapidly. She gave me a very evil look of arrogance and rubbed the head all around her lips.

"What's the matter, Kirsten?" She sucked him back down, her eyes not leaving mine.

I stammered and said nothing that made any sense. Bands of tightness gripped my upper torso from under my arms all the way around. My breathing came in pants.

She looked up at my Hudson. "Am I doing this okay?" She jacked his shaft with gusto.

He moaned happily, "Oh yeah..."

"Is it all right if I suck you some more?"

Hudson almost laughed with eager relief. "Yes, please."

I tried to assert myself and call his name. "Huh... Huh... D..." I didn't like giving blowjobs. I had thought it would be funny and convenient if

Chaz gave him what he wanted, but not Savanna! This was totally different. I wanted a man to suck his dick, not a woman!

The skinny brunette flashed me the most evil of smiles and then tried to choke herself on his cock.

Hudson called out louder and louder as she sucked him. Finally, he gasped, "I'm... going to cum!"

I was frozen in shock and shame.

Chaz reached up and massaged my fiance's balls. "Do it. She swallows."

Savanna pulled off just long enough to stroke him rapidly and say, "Do it. I love cum." Then her mouth was back on him, sucking down as far as she could go.

Seeing her mouth on what was supposed to be mine enraged me. However, I only really became assertive over food. I was stuck, inactive, angry, and appalled that Savanna was sucking the man who was going to be my husband. I balled my hands into puffy little fists and shook with futility.

Savanna – the bitch – made a dramatic show of giving him the longest, hardest, most energetic blowjob I had ever seen. Her head was back and forth, her neck muscles straining, and her fingers clutching in a vise grip on Hudson's thighs. Her moans and grunts were loud and... meant for me.

I flushed with shame. It was me that should be doing that, but I hated giving blowjobs. I had tried it once and didn't like it. It wasn't like I got anything out of it, anyway.

But still, Hudson's friend had brought along his wife and the bitch was blowing my future husband.

Hudson bent over, growling loudly. He gripped Savanna's head and pumped his hips. He crammed his cock into her mouth and began trembling.

Chaz massaged his balls. "Do it, bro, cum in my wife's mouth."

He groaned louder and made a sneezing noise. All of his leg muscles were standing out. He heaved, jerked, and began convulsing – driving his cock into Savanna's mouth.

She made a surprised noise, and then began swallowing.

That's my cum, not yours... I felt as if I were drifting along a surreal nightmare that had somehow escaped my control. How had this happened? And so fast?

Savanna pulled off my fiance's cock and licked her lips. She held onto his shaft and asked him, "Please let me blow you again."

Hudson started laughing weakly. "Any time. Any time."

CHAPTER 3

I howled at him. “You’re going over there to get sucked by her!”

Hudson looked at me quizzically, “Well... yeah.”

“This isn’t fair; you’re my fiancé!”

“But you don’t like to suck and you were all for me getting sucked yesterday—”

“By Chaz, not her.”

He shrugged. “She gives a way better blowjob than he does.”

I was frantic and angry. “Stay here; I’ll suck your dick.” If I really had to...

He shook his head. “I promised Chaz.”

“That you’d let her suck your dick?”

“No, that I’d let him try again.”

“But she’ll be there. And she’s going to—”

He nodded and smiled. “Yeah, I’m sure she will. She was great.”

A hot wash of panic swelled through me. I tried to manipulate him and let the tears flow. “You... You... want her... to suck you.”

He looked happy and eager. “Well... yeah.”

I tried a different tack. “I won’t stand for this!”

“You don’t have to come. In fact, it’s best if you don’t, anyway.”

I wanted to gurgle in frustration. “But we’re going to be married.”

“Right, and you don’t suck and you were more than willing for Chaz to do it for me.”

“But his wife—”

“Chaz wants me to fuck her.”

I exploded. “He what!”

“That’s one of their big things. They want me involved with them.”

“But you’re involved with me.”

He made a face. “Yeah, but in different ways. Look, Kirsten, you don’t like to suck. Chaz and Savanna—”

I wagged my head. “Chaz and Savanna. Chaz and Savanna. Chaz and —”

“I’m going.”

“No, you can’t.”

“I’ll be back after. I’ll bring you some cupcakes.”

“I don’t want her ugly face on your dick!”

He looked taken aback and angry. “Ugly? What are you talking about? She’s gorgeous. She’s absolutely beautiful.”

“She’s old.”

“She’s thirty. She’s skinny and has the cutest little ass—” He was holding out his hands.

“She’s married!”

He coughed. “Yeah, like I didn’t notice? Look, I want her mouth on my cock. And I want to be with them.”

Heaves upset my tits. I panted desperately, “Are you going to fuck her?”

He pulled out his phone and showed me a picture. “Check out this pic Chaz texted me. Isn’t she beautiful?”

I stared in horror at the full frontal nude of Savanna.

He said, “I definitely want to help my friend satisfy their fantasies.”

“Y-you’re going to fuck her, aren’t you?”

“Well... yeah. I can’t wait to be inside her. He said we don’t have to use a condom.”

I tried to wail in horror, but the sound wouldn’t come. Only air and in a hollow wheeze, at that. We always used condoms.

He blew an air kiss. “I’ll be back, and I won’t forget the cupcakes.”

And then the front door shut with a bang that was as certain as my hunger every morning.

This can’t be happening!

I stomped into the kitchen and took out my special triple-chocolate chocolate chip ice cream from the freezer. It was for special occasions but right now I was determined to anger-eat it.

I ate the whole thing.

At the end, I realized I had nothing left for celebration; I had eaten it. But of course, there was nothing to celebrate. I had stained the flavor with the situation and now would have to pick a different flavor for future celebrations. Triple-chocolate chocolate chip was ruined for me now.

The sugar rush through my veins made me feel alive, but not in a good way. Coursing through my veins was the realization that my fiancé had decided to go be with them this afternoon and it involved sex. With her.

Maybe he would change his mind?

With hope, I clung to the idea.

Which ice cream would I celebrate with? I considered the other three containers in the freezer.

That was when the front door opened.

I had hope, though he had been gone for two hours. I pranced out daintily, jiggling, wrists up in the air, hands hanging, and fingers waving side to side. He always loved that. I asked sweetly, “You didn’t go?”

He looked at me oddly. “No, I went.”

A sinking feeling plunged some of my high spirits. “You... got blown by Chaz and came back, right?”

“No. I mean, yeah. He did a little, but it was mostly all Savanna.”

Everything inside of me plunged straight to the floor. My knees wobbled. “You... had sex with her?”

His eyes lit up warmly. “Yes. It was fantastic.” He headed upstairs.

I followed as fast as I could.

He said over his shoulder, “They’re gonna come by tomorrow night. Our bed is bigger.”

I gasped, “My bed.”

“Well, yeah, fine. I thought you said it was ours, now.”

I grabbed his arm in the bedroom. “You don’t need her. I can suck your dick for you.”

He made a disbelieving expression, “You? Come on, Kirsten, we both know you hate it. That’s why you were all lit up for Chaz to—”

I dropped to my knees and began tearing at his pants. “I’ll show you. I’ll do it right now. You don’t need her.”

“Hey—You—”

I pulled his pants down and grabbed his swollen cock. It was semi-hard and I stuck it in my mouth. It was hot on my tongue and tasted...

He was quiet, letting my tongue swirl and taste what had to be...

I yanked my head back and wiped frantically at my mouth. His normal flavor had been there, but also another flavor. Something mellow and... different. I realized I had just tasted her juices on my future husband’s cock.

I gagged, even if it hadn’t been repulsive.

Pain shot up my pussy and constricted my chest. I slumped over onto my hands, hanging my head down as if to retch. At the same time, my entire body flamed as if I had been stuck in a furnace. My head broke out in a sweat.

Her... essence... was all over my fiancé.

I gasped, “You... fucked her.”

“Yes.”

I shook with emotion. “Did you like it?”

“Yes, she was great. Her pussy felt fantastic. And they even let me cum in her.”

I groaned as my insides seized up in one huge cramp.

He laughed. “I think we broke their bed.”

“Oh god...” I was on fire and sweating.

“That’s why they’re coming over here tomorrow.”

I whispered weakly, “No, they can’t. I don’t want—”

He admonished me, “It’s my place too. You said so. And they’re my friends.”

I coughed, trying to talk.

He knelt down beside me. “Are you all right? Kirsten?”

“No.”

“Damn, I forgot the cupcakes. I’m sorry.” His voice was genuine and filled with sympathy. “After I shower, I’ll run out and get some. After all, I promised.”

I tried to wave him off, but I just sat there on my hands and knees and shivered as if I was cold and not sweating. Maybe... maybe a cupcake or two would make me feel better. Maybe they would give me the courage to... Or maybe the equilibrium to...

He came out of the shower a few minutes later and saw me sitting at the foot of the bed. He squatted down next to me. “Hey, hey...” His fingers brushed my hot cheek. “Don’t look so sad. Be happy. I’ve got two people now willing to give me blowjobs so you don’t have to.”

I groaned as the churning inside twisted and turned in vile ways.

He patted my knee. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

What am I going to do after I eat the cupcakes?

CHAPTER 4

The cupcakes didn't help. The consolation of sweet food in my mouth lasted less than the time it took to eat them. And I even ate the whole package.

I didn't have to work and I spent much of the day of their planned visit fretting in my condo. Shopping would do me no good; I knew it. Pampering myself was out of the question – because I was no longer in control.

That's what really ate away at me and caused so much tension. I had always been able to manipulate Hudson effortlessly, but now...

Now I couldn't find the familiar ground from which I had previously reigned. In my own home, I had been forced to watch Savanna with her mouth on my fiance's cock. He was going to be my husband! It was one thing to see Chaz hilariously sucking the love of my life, but his wife?

She thought she was so sexy; I hated her.

And she dared to blow my future husband in front of me - and look at me while doing it – as if my opinion didn't matter.

He was mine.

But, he was right in a way... I didn't like to give blowjobs. I had thought it was perfect when Chaz admitted to wanting to do it, and I was all for it. But when I saw Savanna sucking him, I lost all of my authority with a single smack of her lips on Hudson's erection.

I couldn't see a future. Not that I thought it was all ending, but that I suddenly didn't know where things were going. On a normal day, I could predict Hudson's arrival, what I was going to eat for dinner, and what I would wear while eating.

Simple.

Uncomplicated.

Now, however, I couldn't grasp my former base of sanity to retain anything of comfort. That ground was gone.

Was it my fault?

Just because I refused to blow Hudson more than the couple of times I tried?

He had to realize that I just wasn't going to do it. Did that give him a reason to allow Savanna to take my place in that regard?

I fretted and sweated, worrying about the impending evening.

Maybe they would change their minds and not come over. Maybe this had all been a joke. Maybe Hudson hadn't actually fucked Savanna and this was some elaborate prank on me. I strutted angrily at that thought, but it evaporated pretty quickly. Hudson wasn't one to craft elaborate pranks and carry them on so long. And he had admitted to fucking his friend's wife and relished doing it. He had even said he couldn't wait to fuck her again.

Tonight.

I ground my teeth together and became immensely hot and sweaty. I had to shower again.

Under the water, I considered my house was crying for me through the shower head. But was I fooling myself? Was Hudson really to blame for all of this? I had indeed pushed him to let Chaz suck him – and that had been good and wonderful. It had been wholesome and right.

I had even been proud of my Hudson for being so sexy that Chaz wanted to blow him. That was all well and good. But then Savanna... She had wanted to blow him, too. Was I not proud of my man that he drove that desire in her? As much as I hated her?

Maybe I should take it as a compliment. I dried my hair.

Maybe Savanna and Chaz were doing me a favor by sucking my fiancé and relieving me of the burden. His cock was awful big for my mouth anyway, and Savanna had a big mouth... Maybe it was perfect.

But did he have to fuck her? That right there was too much for me. I had to draw a line, but...

But what if my parents were right?

What if I was too fat?

Despite the fact that fat was the new in thing, was certainly in style, was even gloriously portrayed as desirable in sitcoms and such, was my Hudson so obviously not woke to the trends that he preferred a skinny girl? Or a skinny woman like Savanna?

She definitely was sexy for being so thin. Even I had to admit that: Savanna was the model of sexiness from the early 2000s and before. Maybe my Hudson was so backward that he was a member of the dreaded patriarchy?

At least I had gotten him to pursue his fetish for trying new things with Chaz. Maybe it was my fault he had done it with Savanna, too. If I had supported his refusal to indulge in bisexuality with Chaz, maybe Savanna would not have happened.

It was my fault.

I certainly couldn't blame him for doing exactly what I urged him to do – and then blame him for allowing Savanna to do what Chaz had done to him.

I finished glowing up my hair, but my heart wasn't in it. Instead, I began to get uncomfortably warm between my thighs. I had very much enjoyed seeing Chaz's mouth sliding on my fiancée's shaft. That was hot as fuck. Especially that Chaz didn't know how to suck. *That was so cute.*

My nipples hardened as I remembered it and I squirmed in front of the mirror.

Yes, I sure had loved seeing Chaz's lips sliding back and forth on—

But the image was replaced with Savanna doing it and looking at me with a cocky smirk in her eyes.

Cramps seized my pussy and bent me over the sink.

Had Hudson really went over there and fucked her? What was so much better about being skinny? I had the cushions for pushin'. I had the big tits. I was soft and jolly. I had the personality. I was just like all those sassy big girls on TV that got the attention of all the studly black guys.

I was the image of sex, no doubt.

But had Hudson...?

He confirmed he had and loved it.

Had she fucked differently? Moaned more? Moved more? Stood on her head or some dumb shit? What had she done that had been so wonderful? He had said her pussy felt better. Like how?

What was wrong with my pussy?

I crammed my hand down and rubbed viciously at my clit. What was wrong with it? Wasn't big pussy better? Sexier?

I panted into the mirror and shoved my hairbrush down my stretchy pants. I ground the handle against my clit and wriggled it. I grunted at the pain and pleasure.

I can be sexy, too.

I worked the handle into my pussy, doing my best to shift my hips forward and curve the handle up into me. It penetrated and I let out a gasp of victory.

Yes, I am sexy, too.

I worked the brush in and out and then spread my wetness up to my clit. I knew Hudson loved me and that I... He had claimed Savanna was

fantastic. I crammed the handle up my hole and drove it as deep as I could into me. He had said her pussy felt great and that he had even cum in her.

I grunted savagely, driving the hairbrush up my aching pussy.

Damn her!

My body rocked and jiggled with the force of my frustration. I humped my hips and fucked myself with my hairbrush. My grunts came in rhythm to my frantic arm thrusts.

Irritated, I slid my pants down to be able to move easier. I crammed the hairbrush back up my wet pussy. I ground my teeth together. “Her pussy was good, was it? You liked it, Hudson? It felt fantastic, did it?” I convulsed in a hectic frenzy of pulling and shoving the hairbrush. “Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! You loved her pussy?”

“Yeah, I did.”

I heard it as soon as I saw the shadow in the doorway of the bathroom. I screamed. I flung around, humiliated at being seen masturbating. I shoved the door shut in his face. “How dare you sneak up on me!” I was trembling now from head to foot with adrenaline and panic.

He saw me!

Hudson said on the other side of the door, “Sorry. I wasn’t trying to be quiet. You were making a lot of noise.”

I slumped down to the floor and hung my head as the scalding blush raced up my neck and prickled my scalp.

“Do you want dinner? They’re going to be here soon.”

I had no appetite. “Go away.” I cried to myself slumped over on the bathroom floor.

CHAPTER 5

I came out after I had freshened up.

Hudson had caught me doing something he would misinterpret. There was only one way I could save face and I just had to cap it to get past it.

I told him in the living room, “I do that all the time.” I shrugged and wriggled my shoulders so my boobs waved from side to side under my blouse. I definitely did not look at him, pretending rather to be interested in a spot on the floor.

Hudson bought it. “Oh really? Cool. That’ll relieve me from more work after Savanna.”

My inner fortress – hastily built – crumpled fast.

I asked quietly, “Was her pussy really all that good?”

He nodded emphatically. “Mm hmm.”

Dejected, I said, “That’s nice...” I simply didn’t know how I could proceed to regain my authority.

The doorbell rang and it frightened me into a trembling panic. I wanted to tell him not to answer it, but he already was – eagerly – and I learned to hate the sound of my own doorbell.

Chaz came in first, clapping my fiance’s arm. “Hey, bro.”

Hudson deadpanned, “No kiss for you.”

His friend mocked a dramatic pout. “Be careful or I might bite you.”

Savanna, wearing a raincoat, followed Chaz, and draped her arms around Hudson’s neck. She pointedly looked at me and then kissed him full on the mouth.

I felt sick.

At the same time, I got hot seeing her lithe form draped on my future husband. Did the married woman have no shame? She was kissing my fiancé right in front of her husband.

She stepped back and undid her coat, letting it fall open to reveal pink lingerie.

I found something at which helped solidify some of my equilibrium: Hudson hated pink.

I said so.

Hudson tilted his head to the side slowly. “Well, it does look nice on you, but... Kirsten is right. Pink just isn’t my thing.”

Savanna pouted.

My fiancé made a suggestion, though. “Tomorrow, let Kirsten take you shopping for some deep red. She knows the color I like and style.” He shifted towards me. “You’ll do that for me, right? Buy her a nice set of red I like?” He smiled sweetly.

Suddenly, I was the center of attention and he was asking me... the sense of power returned a little. I said, “Of course...”

His smile sparkled. “Wonderful.” He touched Savanna’s shoulder. “Be here at ten tomorrow morning; that’s when she likes to go shopping. She’s got a credit card with almost no limit.”

I alternated between pride and uncertainty.

Savanna looked at me with level eyes and a tiny smile spread on her lips. “All right.”

I gulped, wondering if I had won or lost that round of battle. Was it a battle? Was I in position? Or lost? I couldn’t decide what to feel and just stood there trembling.

Hudson slid his arm around Savanna’s waist. “Let’s go upstairs.” To me, he said, “I’m sure you’d rather stay down here, knowing you don’t like Savanna all that much.”

I stood straight and proud, despite my lack of inner strength. He had offered a position I greedily grabbed for. “That’s right. I’ll be down here.” I thrust my chin in the air and heaved my tits from side to side.

Savanna giggled.

Chaz lifted his eyebrows and grinned.

Hudson kissed my lips with a quick peck and I welcomed it until I remembered that Savanna’s tongue had been in his mouth just a minute before.

I swallowed noisily as they passed.

Hudson said, “Don’t worry, we’ll shut the door so you don’t have to hear—”

I said, “You don’t have to shut the door.” I didn’t want them thinking I was weak or cared.

They climbed the steps, heading towards my bedroom and my bed. Our bed, but... it was mine.

I fumed. *She’s going to wrinkle the cover. She’s going to toss my little Betty Boop pillow. She’s going to kick my pink fuzzy bunny slippers. She’s—* Laughter drifted down from upstairs. All three of them.

What are they laughing about? Are they laughing at me? I stomped to the bottom of the stairs, ready to march up there... But it had gone quiet. It stayed quiet for a long time.

I paced.

I went to the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of wine. I set it aside unopened and just stood there, straining to hear any little thing above me. I went out to the base of the stairs and listened.

Did they all die or something?

Silence.

I went back to the kitchen and opened the wine. I took down a glass and poured.

There was a thump.

I looked up and wondered what it was.

Silence.

I took the wine into the living room and hit the switch for the electric starter on the gas fireplace. It hissed and whumped to life, giving me what I had formerly thought of as a comforting way to ruminate on life.

Something drifted downstairs – a moan?

I set down the untouched glass and went to the bottom of the stairs. Faintly, Savanna's moans came and went.

Is that sex? What are they doing? Is he... Is he! Is he licking her? I frowned so hard it hurt. There was no way I was going to allow my future husband to stick his tongue in that woman's pussy.

I stomped up the stairs and heard another, louder moan at the top. I froze. To the left, around the corner, was the short hall that led to the master bedroom over the kitchen.

Slowly, I peeked around the corner and down the hall to my open bedroom door.

Immediately, I saw Chaz sitting in the chair. He was all leaned back and naked, his dick... His little dick was in the air and he was playing with it.

No wonder Savanna likes my fiancé. His dick is huge compared to...

I stepped out more and leaned. There was no danger of Chaz seeing me unless he craned his neck around. Rather, he was very focused on the bed. When I had seen him, I had only noticed feet and legs. With another step, I saw my Hudson between Savanna's legs.

I froze and couldn't breathe. I was afraid to. Not wanting to see, but drawn inexorably to the horror of the sight – like a rubber-necker at a car

wreck, I stared wide-eyed at my future husband's butt flexing and pumping as he fucked Chaz's wife.

Savanna moaned suddenly. "...feels so good..."

Hudson mumbled something.

She said, "It's so much bigger than my husband's."

Chaz groaned and lifted his hips higher, stroking his little erection frantically.

I couldn't move. Energy coursed up and down my heavy limbs. Blood pounded painlessly in my head, providing me with heightened senses. Sounds were crisp and clear. A wave of euphoria filtered through my head like a strong drink of wine. My chest swelled with air and vitality. For a brief couple of seconds, I vibrated on the edge of power and balance.

I felt vastly alive.

Then my head began to swim. I swallowed in a spasm that I thought could be heard throughout the entire condo.

I stepped backwards gingerly and quietly descended the stairs.

I had seen enough.

Anger replaced the sense of vitality and I sat and grabbed up my glass of wine. I didn't need to see any more. I didn't need to hear it. I didn't want to witness it.

It disgusted me.

I drank a heavy swallow and relished the melting flow of warmth that descended my inner being. Nope, my glass of wine was more than enough for me; I didn't need to see my fiancé having sex with that woman.

Savanna moaned loudly and said something encouraging.

What was that? I frowned at not being able to hear it. Suddenly, my limbs shook with the need to hear – and see – it again. *What are they doing? What are they saying? If I don't get up there, I might miss whatever it is that makes her so special.*

I got to my feet and hurried to the stairs.

Savanna's moans were louder.

Chaz was saying something, urging her on.

I rushed up the stairs, almost dizzy with need. I slammed into the wall, off balance, and froze.

The noises continued.

I hurried again, reaching the top and panting hoarsely for breath. I peeked around slowly.

Chaz was standing to their side, masturbating happily.

My Hudson was leaned up, driving his hips as hard as he could into Savanna. Her legs were spread wide on my bed, taking every harsh thrust my future husband gave her. He was groaning loudly, but strained with effort. I had never heard him make those sounds with me. It was as if every push was his utmost effort and he struggled to do more.

Savanna moaned, muffled, “Fuck me! Yes!”

I trembled violently, and a hot rush raced up from my pussy to my chest. I couldn't tear my attention away from Hudson's vigorous fucking of Savanna. His back and leg muscles strained with the exertion and he was shaking from the effort. Savanna's legs flailed and her thigh muscles flexed – as small as they were – with each thrust she met of his. Her hips writhed under Hudson's and I saw the beautiful symmetry of their movements.

When Hudson fucked me, I just laid there. Savanna was in constant motion and it looked perfect.

I could not look away. Tension flooded my shoulder and chest. My heart pounded faster and more powerfully as I soaked in the sight.

Chaz mumbled feverishly, “Fuck her harder, Hudson. Harder.”

Savanna gasped with effort, “Yes, f-fuck... my pussy...” I could see her head moving violently to the thrusts. Her eyes appeared and disappeared over and over to the side of my fiance's shoulder. His thrusts were driving the air out of her. She clawed at his arm and then arched her back. “Oh yes! Fill me... with your beautiful cock!”

I gasped with pride.

He was making her cum.

My hand reached down my pants and began rubbing at my clit. It was tense and hot and needed immediate attention. I trembled, spinning my fingers as fast as I could around my aching clit.

I marveled at his power as he drove his thick cock into the skinny woman. My eyes widened as far as they would go as Savanna thrashed about under him and wailed through an orgasm.

Chaz was in a frenzy. “Fuck my wife... fuck my wife... fuck my wife...” He stood on his tiptoes and let loose a long stream of cum onto their moving bodies.

I almost came.

Hudson panted breathlessly, “Dammit, Chaz...”

I swooned. I loved seeing that. Even if I was amazed at how much cum came out of that little cock in just one squirt, I was more impressed seeing it spray onto my Hudson and Savanna.

I really liked that.

I wanted to finish right there. Instead, I edged, not wanting to cum and possibly make noise. My body thrilled to the fantastic feeling of edging while watching my future husband energetically fuck his friend's wife.

Hudson groaned heavily, "I'm going to..." He didn't finish. Instead, he drove her so hard that her head slid with each shove higher and higher up the pillows and to the headboard.

Her eyes were glazed, but I saw them focus.

She saw me.

I jerked back, too late.

Savanna said to Hudson as he was finishing inside her, "Is my pussy good?"

My fiancé panted breathlessly, "Best I've ever felt."

"Better than Kirsten's?"

I froze. *Bitch.*

My fiancé laughed derisively. "Oh yeah. Way better." He grunted heavily, depositing another late squirt into the woman.

I crumpled inside. Up, down, up down, I didn't know if I could continue standing with all the emotional loops I was going through.

Her voice changed, losing some of the bitchy arrogance and becoming pleading. "Please tell me we can keep fucking."

Hudson was quieter, weary. "As long as Chaz wants it, definitely."

His friend laughed. "Fuck yeah, bro. All the time. I can't keep her satisfied with this little thing."

Savanna purred, "I'm going to need a lot of your cock."

Hudson murmured, "You'll get it."

I sank down the stairs, barely keeping my feet. My pussy ached ferociously, needing to cum, but I didn't want to find relief right now after hearing that.

The ache teased me to the memory of their conversation the rest of the night.

CHAPTER 6

I still hadn't cum the next morning and tried to remember as much detail of Hudson's kiss before he left for work.

"Show her what I like," he had said.

I wanted to please him.

If I had to buy her lingerie and it made him happy with me, then I was going to do just that. I needed him to value me and be pleased.

It wasn't his fault that he fucked Savanna. It was mine. Or Chaz's. Or hers. But Hudson was just an innocent player here who maneuvered between me, Chaz, and Savanna.

I had to do my part.

Savanna was intentionally sweet to me when she arrived. "How are you this morning?"

Something in me recognized her attempt as having nothing to do with her interest in me, but rather that of my future husband's. Still I appreciated her effort. "Fine..."

"Did you sleep okay?"

"Yes," I lied.

"So you're going to take me lingerie shopping?"

With relief, I said, "Yes." It would prove to my fiancé that I was a part of his team. I was worthy of being his wife. "Let's go." I wriggled, then stopped when I realized my wriggle always made her sneer. I had to remember that I was out with a woman I didn't like – not my fiancé.

No, I hadn't slept well, but it had been an interesting experience. As Hudson slept quietly next to me, I had smelled her perfume on my pillow the entire night. Visions of them fucking hard right where I was lying tormented my pussy endlessly. I rubbed my clit, edging and not daring to finish lest I wake Hudson. But their smell on my pillow drove me nuts.

I could still imagine I smelled it.

She made small talk about Chaz and his issue with his small dick. I didn't mind talking about that as I actually enjoyed her husband being involved with my man. It was a shame that Chaz didn't have a bigger dick because I would've loved to see Hudson suck it.

We walked through the mall and I almost stopped at the cookie kiosk, but my errand took precedence.

We entered the sexy sanctity of warm lights and lace. Savanna immediately drifted away from me, moving among the displays and touching the satins and laces. She turned at the back of the store. “So what does he like? Teddies? Tights? Bodysuits?”

Before she could go on, I said, “Over here.”

“These?” She looked at the displays curiously. “Like this?”

“No, not the Guccis. Not the loose ones, anyway. He likes the tighter fits. The bras and panties,” I pointed, “like these.”

Her eyebrows went up. “Black? White? Or only the deep red?” She lifted some red panties.

“Not that red. Too light.” She didn’t know what he liked and that satisfied me. I looked on the other side of the display. “He likes this color.” I held up some deep red panties all lacy and sexy. My pussy began to ache. Hudson loved these, though I had never had the courage to try them. They were for skinny people who had patriarchal issues. However, at this moment, I yearned to see Savanna wear these for him. I wanted her body to display these delightful little laces to my future husband.

I hoped he got excited seeing them on her.

Savanna stood by me, her arm rubbing mine as she held up the panties to look at them. “These will make him hard for me?”

I gulped and nodded. I pressed forward, surreptitiously pushing my clit against the wooden edge of the display. I couldn’t help myself.

She put them down.

“What are you doing? He likes those.”

“Those are way too big for me.” She pondered over the tags. “These.”

The floor help was a chunky girl in between my thicc size and Savanna’s bone-thin wispieness. She gave me a brief look, and Savanna a longer look of envy and disdain. “Are you two finding what you need?”

I said, “We know exactly what we’re looking for.” I thought of wriggling, but didn’t.

The help’s nametag said Jet. She made a bored face and lifted her eyebrows. “The plus sizes are over—”

I said, “We’re shopping for her.” At once, I felt defensive of Savanna; Jet couldn’t fat shame her. I made a face at the help.

She looked Savanna up and down and scowled.

Inside, I thrilled to the arrogant girl’s disappointment. *Curvy girl thought she could fat shame me? Ha!* I sneered at her.

Savanna deliberately ignored both of us, though I knew she was listening. She was holding up size 2 panties. “These twos might be a little big...”

I knew she was saying it for Jet’s displeasure and I smiled at our dual take-down of the rude help.

Jet kept trying. “Those are probably too small. You look more like a four.”

Savanna barked a sharp laugh. “Someone needs strong glasses. No, definitely a two.” She turned her head to me. “I don’t want them falling off in front of your fiancé.”

Jet blinked.

I blushed, flushed with a cold sweat, and found myself pressing harder against the wooden edge of the display. I glanced at Jet and then away, shamed and excited all at the same time. Yes, I think I wanted them to just fall off in front of Hudson – that would be... sexy. But he liked seeing lingerie on a woman and I wanted her to get the right fit.

Savanna rubbed in the shame and thrill. “As long as these make your fiancé hard, I’ll let you buy them for me.”

I stifled a moan and looked down, nodding. My face felt like it was on fire. So did my pussy. My back, however, was clammy and cold.

Jet walked quietly away.

And that was how I bought the lingerie for her, blushing and pushing my credit card across the counter top. I felt like I was withering under Jet’s eyes, which only seemed to be focused on me. One of her eyebrows was lifted higher than the other and I thought I detected a little accusation there – as if I hadn’t been fat, I wouldn’t have been buying sex-clothing for another woman to please my man.

It was very patriarchal.

Just the idea that the stilted and antique structure might hold any sway over me made me want to dye my hair in streaks of blue and purple.

Savanna departed from my condo after dropping me off. I had time to consider the spinning sensation of the vortex in which I was caught.

It was my man, and my house. My invitation to Chaz shouldn’t have included his wife in pleasing my future husband, but that was something that could no longer be recalled and changed.

Just the image of her mouth greedily sucking my fiancé made me wet and achy.

The churning inside of me was not something that made me feel ill, though it did suck me into a sewage of self-recrimination. No, I twisted and turned as surely to reality as the world spun and days passed. There was no stopping the world to let me off. There was no street corner for me to scream my obstinance over something that wouldn't change, though holding a sign and delivering abuse to clueless people sounded like a good prescription.

I'm in pain, you see? Hello? I'm a victim here! Victimhood was a virtue supreme in society. Surely I could come back out on top again with some screaming and violence?

However, the one person who could put a stop to all this was Hudson and I had mere hours in which I could affect the return of my supremacy.

"Hudson, honey..." I practiced. I paced. I pouted.

When he came in a few hours later, I found I wasn't prepared; he got in the first words.

"How did the shopping go?"

I pulled my fingers apart from twisting them endlessly, futilely, together. I still felt the ache in my pussy and the pleading pleasure the edge of the display had promised me. But it hadn't delivered. I dropped my eyes. "Fine."

My fiancé, for all his focus on Savanna, was not insensitive. "Uh oh, 'fine' is not a good word for women."

I automatically ejaculated, "That's sexist."

He ignored the weaponized label and plunged on. "Did you two fight or something?"

"No."

He pulled me to the couch and sat me down with him. "Tell me what's the matter."

I still couldn't look at him. I was staring at my knees although my head was turned towards him. "Do you ever regret anything?" *Where did that come from?*

He sat back and gave it a little thought. "Maybe only the things I haven't tried that turn out so good – like Savanna."

Look out below, ship going down! Now I began to feel ill. The heartfelt conversation I had wanted to have with him had immediately turned to her. I said, "I regret all this Chaz and Savanna stuff." I said it with as much

petulance and pout as I could muster. It was specifically designed to tug on familiar heartstrings with him I had successfully used before.

He made a regretful face. “I don’t.” Simple.

Now I looked at him, hoping my cute eyes would appeal. “Hudson... honey... Can we go back to just you and us?”

“As in you and me and Savanna?”

“No, I said that wrong; I meant you and me – us.”

He lifted an eyebrow at me. “You’ve always been about breaking up the hated patriarchal system. Now that I’m doing it, you don’t like it?”

“Well... no... I mean...”

He gripped my knee, leaving his hot hand to impart some warmth on a part of me I didn’t know was so cold underneath my dress. “Listen, Kirsten. I can tell you’re not real happy with Savanna.”

I felt the first stirrings of hope in days.

He went on. “But I promised to help Chaz. You urged me to try new things and you know I like trying. Chaz can’t satisfy Savanna like I can. He needs me, Kirsten.”

My lower lip began to twitch. “But...”

“And besides, I really like doing her. Her pussy is incredible—”

“It’s just a hole.”

“Be fair, now. Pussies come in all shapes and sizes—”

“Is mine gross or something?”

He looked shocked and angry. “Yours? Of course not. But hers is... just a better fit. It feels tighter and smoother. And she’s so comfortable to hold onto. I love the feel of her under me.”

I shot up and stomped to the kitchen. I couldn’t listen to any more. On the counter was the receipt for the lingerie. I grabbed it and crumpled it, then tore it into little pieces. I threw it away.

Hot in my head, I was also hot between my thighs. I ranted to myself, cursing the decision to urge Hudson to let Chaz blow him.

Damn-fuck-it!

I heaved alone; he hadn’t come after me.

But another part of me wriggled around to face my fury. *I hope he fucks her good and makes her scream. I hope he pounds her so hard she cums like she never has before.* My pussy throbbed and tingled to images of Savanna’s writhing body under my Hudson.

I lifted my dress and pressed my fingers against my clit as hard as I could. I wanted to press away the ache and pleasure. I wanted to smother the desire with my fingers and force it into submission. I ground my fingers around and grunted with the effort. Tension torqued inside of me.

“Excited, huh?” Hudson’s voice startled me.

I squawked at being found out and dropped my dress. My blush was as red as the ribbons tying my hair into cute ponytails on either side of my head. But my couture was no longer the pinnacle of my fiance’s pursuits. No longer could looking and acting cute for him satisfy his lust for adventure. I gasped, “Do you still want to marry me?”

He looked amused. “Of course...”

“But you’ll be fucking her—”

“For as long as they need me. Hopefully, that’s a very long time.”

My pussy almost gnawed itself to death with satisfaction over his words. I moaned pathetically.

He grinned. “Exciting, huh? Want to stroke me for a bit before they get here?”

I jumped at the chance. “Yes!” Anything to retain some amount of involvement with my man. Perhaps I could win him back with my sexual prowess. If I wasn’t much of a fellatio artist, I could at least put my fingers all over his sex. It was a form of ownership and I was very ready to assert it.

Upstairs, I felt more in control than I had since this started.

Immediately, I asked Hudson to toy with me while I stroked him. I handed him the vibrator and he took it without hesitation.

Score 1.

I gripped his cock once we were undressed and on the bed. I oiled it and stroked. The touch of the vibrator to my pussy almost rattled my brains out of my head. I trembled with excitement and long-withheld relief.

Score 2.

He said, “Don’t stroke too fast or hard; I want to save it for Savanna.”

I wanted to whimper, but I held it back. However, an idea occurred to me. I began stroking him much faster. “Are you thinking about her pussy?” If I could make him cum, he might turn them away tonight.

He closed his eyes and smiled. “Mmm, yes.” His cock swelled and throbbed in my hand.

Score 3.

“Does it feel good on your cock?” I frantically pulled up on his shaft, hoping to make him explode.

His hips moved with little thrusts. “Yes. It’s the best pussy I’ve ever felt.”

A deep cramp clenched my innards, making me squirm against the heat in my pussy. The vibrator sent shivers all up my body. I fisted his cock with desperation. “Fuck her, Hudson.”

He gasped, cock twitching. “Yeah? Pound her pussy? If she was here right now?”

The cramp tightened inside me and I convulsed. “Yes. Pound it and make her cum. Make her...” My cramp broadened and deepened as if it had no limits. I panted desperately as it swelled inside me. “Make her cum... make her cum...” I arched my back as my clit pulsed with heat. Fire erupted inside me, spreading rapidly from my pussy in a violent wave of release. “Make her cum!” *Score, score, score, fucking score...* Sharp waves lifted me up and threw me down. I crashed down each time with the release of explosive tingles and euphoria.

After a moment, I collapsed back away from the vibrator on my pussy. I let go of his erection. He hadn’t cum; I had.

He sighed ruefully as I put my arm over my eyes, “Ah, I can’t wait for her to get here...”

CHAPTER 7

I had tried to reclaim my position as leader in the relationship and failed.

Nothing I tried worked. No amount of cute, curvy wriggling, or pouty petulance mattered.

Hudson welcomed them inside, still naked and hard from my attempt to make him finish.

Chaz gripped my fiancé's dick and gave it a few strokes. I had no problem with that. I might have clapped and cheered if this was all the visit entailed. But then Savanna swept into his arms as if she was his real wife. One arm encircled his neck. The other hand gripped the shaft I had tried so hard to sabotage.

They kissed.

Her back and forth movement on his erection was accompanied by a sultry look at me. Her lips were still parted after the kiss and her expression dared me to try stopping her masturbation of my future husband.

I couldn't; I knew it would fail.

Chaz said to me, "Hey, you don't have to stay if you don't want to." Maybe he held some sympathy for me.

I opened my mouth to assert my dominance by taking him up on his offer, but nothing came out. I knew if I left, I would wonder what they were doing and saying. I had to witness it – them fucking – so that I knew what went on. What was said.

It was vital.

Hudson said, "Are you wearing the lingerie under all that?"

Savanna's eyes were on him now, sparkling and vibrant. "Mm hmm. Want to see?"

"Yes."

"Good, because I can't wait to get on your cock again."

I was rent by doom and desire and delight. I was proud of Hudson. I was disgusted with myself.

But...

I threw everything into one last gamble at trying to insert my ample dominance into the mix. Everything had failed with Hudson, but I hadn't tried Savanna. Could I sabotage it all with her?

In a sudden rush of adrenaline fueled by desperation, I grabbed her arm and said, “Maybe we could have a little girl talk in the kitchen?” I feared she would yank her arm out of my hand and deny me: it would be the ultimate rejection and shame.

Savanna, however, looked at me as if the puppy had spoken a full sentence. There was surprise in her eyes – and a little bit of indulgence. She smiled in a very sure and superior way.

Well, I had to try.

She said, “Sure, why not?” With a look at my husband, and then down to his mostly hard erection, she added, “Why don’t you boys go upstairs? I’ll follow in a minute.”

Not if I could help it.

I pulled her into the kitchen and said in a harsh whisper, “Hudson is mine; we’re going to be married.”

Her eyebrows came up a little in mockery. “So?”

I ground my teeth together. I really hated her, despite the momentary surge of camaraderie I had felt in the lingerie store. “He thinks your pussy is gross.” It was spiteful and I knew it.

She laughed out loud, bright and clear. Her eyes were wet with mirth, but it slowly receded and her laughter calmed until she regarded me with curiosity – at first – and then with matching spite. “Listen, Kirsten, dear,” acid dripped from her lips, “I am going to have him and there’s nothing you can do to stop me. So you’re going to be married? So what? How would you like it if I made sure it was me who he made love to on your wedding night? How would you like that?”

“You wouldn’t dare.” Tears flooded my eyes though, as I knew that my last little gambit with her had failed. It was a useless struggle. I was an ant in a giant’s fist, attempting to push against the crushing squeeze of strength far beyond mine. “But you’re already married...” I couldn’t stop the tears from leaking. They ran hotly down my cheeks.

In the pits of my despair and agony, my fiancé came to my rescue.

Hudson came into the kitchen. “Hey, hey, what’s going on?” He grabbed me protectively into a comforting embrace.

I said bitterly, “She wants to do you on our wedding night.” I delivered it as the final crushing verdict of her unsuitability for my future husband.

Unfortunately, he said, “Sounds kinky.”

I gasped, “B-but, you’re mine.”

His hand soothed my shoulder and hair. “Shh, I’m just helping friends —”

Savanna said, “She’s being a bitch.”

Hudson’s finger came up directly, pointing at her with warning. “Hey, don’t hurt her; I love her.”

Hope as bright and wonderful as I had ever felt welled inside of me. The man I hoped would turn into a wonderful serving beta-type was exerting his patriarchal male dominance in a stunning reversal of Savanna’s fortunes.

I almost jiggled.

She rolled her eyes and released her tension. “Sure, fine. Can we go fuck now?”

His arm slipped away from me. “Yeah, let’s go.”

Just like that, his protection and comfort melted away and the disaster returned.

No, wait. It had been going my way... What? I followed them out, scurrying after them and trying to find words that would make sense.

They climbed the stairs.

Savanna looked over her shoulder at me. Her look wasn’t hateful or victorious, just...

Just pitying.

There was no cookie that would make this all better. I had always said that on Facebook, that nothing in life was so bad that a cookie or good tub of ice cream couldn’t handle.

But this...

I trembled following them. My shoulders shook and quivered until the mounds of my breasts vibrated like Jello in an earthquake. Each step up was an effort. It was like I was hauling a bookcase up the stairs on my own.

Chaz waited in the bedroom, sprawled in the chair and masturbating his little dick lazily. There was something so natural about it and yet so alien. This was my bedroom. Our bedroom. And this friend of my fiance’s was jerking himself in it? It felt good, but also jarring.

I wanted to stop him from his filthy little act, but I wanted to encourage him so that maybe he and Hudson could go at each other’s dicks.

Unfortunately, I stood there silent and shaken in the doorway.

Chaz got up and stood a foot away from me, watching everything.

Savanna modeled the lingerie. Hudson sat in the chair, naked, while she danced for him. The only music was the panting from our four mouths, but

she moved with a grace and poise there was no way my thick limbs could match. I could wriggle, not writhe.

Through it all, Hudson's cock throbbed. It leaked.

For her.

Seeing that made me all wet again - although the accompanying ache was a warning not to indulge, lest the release be painful. I stood in the doorway, openly watching this time.

Chaz was grinning.

My pussy was aching.

Savanna smoothly danced closer until she merged with my fiancé. Her arms went around his neck and she straddled him.

His hands gripped her hips and guided her to his cock.

At least she was still wearing the lingerie.

They kissed and my pussy convulsed.

Watching their tongues move against each other and their mouths slide together made me wet. It looked beautiful.

Rape her mouth, Hudson! I panted with more force as tension swelled inside of me. My eyes were large – soaking in the sight of him devouring her body with his mouth and hands. *Yes!*

He lifted her and flung her down onto the bed – in my spot. He gripped the panties in his fist.

She gasped, “Careful, those are new—”

Hudson's growl was rampant with lust and need. “I don't care.” He ripped the lace from her with a savage yank. “Kirsten will buy you more.”

I almost collapsed. My knees wouldn't hold me and my pussy gnawed ferociously at my will. *Yes, I will. Lots more. Oh yes.*

Just seeing my fiancé stand there looking at Savanna with his dick pointing straight out was everything I wanted to see. It was perfect.

No...

No, not perfect. Perfect would be when he forced his desperate erection deep into her pussy. Yes, that would be perfect.

He hauled on her leg and moved her closer to him. She was half hanging off the bed on my side. He crouched over her and gripped his hard-on.

Chaz grunted with appreciation. “Yeah... fuck her, Hudson.”

Savanna spared a look to me with a seductive smile of triumph. It was three to one and she knew it. She knew that I knew it and there wasn't

anything I could do to stop it. She was claiming my man right in front of me.

Bitch... I hope he destroys your pussy. I hope he fucks you until you shatter. I was panting.

Hudson pushed his cock into her too fast for me to follow. One instant he was hovering over her, the next he was fucking her. His hips moved, driving his cock in and out of her pussy with a long slide.

I sighed with relief for him and collapsed against the doorframe.

He moved over her, groaning his appreciation, and fucking the sexy woman right where I slept each night. It was the perfect spot and I wanted to thank them for picking it; I would very much enjoy the aroma of their fucking later on.

Chaz was panting louder than me. He said, “Do you like fucking her? Does she feel good?”

Hudson groaned feverishly, never stopping his frantic fucking. “Yes, yes.”

His friend’s voice quivered. “Sh-she’s fertile... tonight.”

Hudson stopped and looked back at him, then at me. “Oh? Should I pull out—”

Chaz was insistent, immediate. “No. No, don’t pull out. We think... it would be hot... if you impregnated her.”

“You want her to get knocked up?”

Savanna stroked his cheek until he looked at her. She said, “We want you to father my baby.”

The cramp inside me heaved over, churning until I had to hold my breath or be forced to scream.

Hudson gasped quietly, looking down at her intently.

Chaz said, “Could you do that for her? For us?”

My loving fiancé didn’t even look at me. He said to Savanna, “Sure.” He maneuvered slowly to sit on the bed, pulling her up with him until she was straddling his lap. Her hips moved on him and he kissed her. Then he began biting her, delivering lustful nibbles to her ear, neck, and shoulders.

Savanna groaned, quivering, and moved her hips more forcefully – slinging her pussy on my future husband’s cock.

I opened my mouth to protest, despite my amazingly powerful lust, but nothing came out. I needed to protest the planned birth of their child – this

insane scheme that would forever bind my Hudson and Chaz's Savanna together.

But...

I couldn't...

CHAPTER 8

Hudson lifted her slightly and settled her to the bed. He positioned himself over her with his feet spread out.

Chaz groaned with eager pleasure. “That looks so hot.”

Savanna whispered something I couldn’t hear.

Hudson grunted and hummed with need. He stuffed his cock back into her, penetrating easily. His length slid in wetly and smoothly.

Chaz got down, watching the penetration.

I started to look away, overcome with shame and modesty.

Me? Modest?

But I felt as if Chaz and I shouldn’t be there watching like lurid tourists; Hudson and Savanna should be afforded the privacy they deserved.

Except, I wanted to be here – drawn by their moans and gasps as surely as a dog to meat.

Hudson didn’t treat her so tenderly, this time. He fucked her frantically, shaking with effort and need. It was raw and violent, causing her body to shake to his thrusts.

Chaz was delirious, his voice filled with awe. “Oh yeah, man... Fuck her hard!” His eyes were glued to my Hudson’s pistoning shaft. It was moving so fast it was blurry. His ballsack jerked and slapped against Savanna’s ass with force and finality.

Hudson pulled out and roughly shoved her over and pulled her up. Reinserting, he took her from behind, gripping her hair and pulling back on her head. Her eyes opened and closed - sliding shut with slow surrender. She ground her teeth together and tried to focus when her eyes opened. No one was on that side of the bed for her to really see; I could only see one side of her face. Hudson’s grip in her hair kept her head straight.

She grunted as his hips slapped against the backs of her thin thighs.

They looked so perfect together – like art. Their bodies matched. Their moves were music in motion. Hudson’s muscles twitched and flexed as his butt drove forward and clenched with each deep shove.

I pushed my hand against my clit through the fabric of my dress. But that wasn’t good enough. With a quick look to confirm no one was paying attention to me, I lifted the hem and gained access to my panties. I stuffed my fingers down them and gratefully began massaging the area around my

clit. Wonderfully tense sensations spread rapidly around my throbbing button.

Chaz was panting harder than both Hudson and Savanna combined. He stroked himself madly from just behind my fiancé's pumping hips.

Hudson groaned, "Oh... yeah..."

Chaz gasped with urgency, "Do it."

Savanna said, "Fill me—" But she was interrupted.

Hudson threw her over with immediate desperation. Her legs flopped open for balance. He gripped them carelessly and pushed them up, exposing her gaping pussy. Her eyes flashed with excitement and she spared a very brief half-second to look at me. The thrill in her eyes spared no effort to comprehend what I was doing in their presence.

Thankfully.

But her attention immediately returned to my fiancé.

Hudson slammed back into her and positioned himself high up over her body. He began dropping down, forcing his hard cock into her pussy, deep and hard. His balls slapped and ballooned with each downward drive. Her whole body shook to his effort. She cried out with each drop as his body impacted hers.

Their fuck was brutal and harsh. He was mating her and I couldn't – wouldn't – stop them.

In an instant, all his muscles tensed and stood out.

I knew he was about to blow.

Chaz must have sensed it, too. "Fuck yeah, fill her!"

Hudson let out a mighty groan of relief and release. His butt clenched over and over and his grunts matched the flexing. He was arched back, his hips pressed forward, and his cock mashed as deep as it would go in Savanna's pussy.

Her mouth opened in a silent gasp as he jerked above her. She felt it. Her eyes focused and looked over to me as he emptied himself into her. The smoky look returned to her eyes, and then triumph. She gripped his butt and pulled, staring at me as my man's sperm blew into her and blasted her womb.

I was almost hyperventilating. My fingers flew in a vicious circle around my aching clit. My entire body jiggled – not from attempting to look cute, but because I was quivering with the tension of an immense and impending orgasm. I twirled my fingers faster.

Hudson pulled out and Chaz immediately dove into Savanna's pussy, licking and sucking.

I was struck dumb with awe.

But Savanna tensed up. "No, Chaz."

"Huh?" He pulled back, my Hudson's sperm smeared all over his mouth.

"Don't suck it out. I want to be pregnant."

His shoulders drooped. "Oh... right..."

My fiancé came to his rescue. "Hey, buddy."

"Hmm?"

"You can clean me off." He pointed to his engorged erection.

Chaz's eyes lit up and he scooted towards Hudson. "Oh, right!"

I watched breathlessly as Hudson leaned his head back and thrust his hips forward. Chaz's mouth sucked in my fiancé and began cleaning him.

In a rush, I realized it was all so right. So perfect. Of course my Hudson deserved Savanna. It was a beautiful thing and Chaz was showing his appreciation.

Yes. It's perfect! I panted suddenly, harshly, as a huge wave of tension twisted me up high.

Hudson wasn't aware, but he said the right thing at the right time.

"Hurry up; I want to fuck her again."

My vision went blank. I think my eyes rolled up in my head. An explosive burst of heat and fire swept up from my pussy and overwhelmed me. Lights blasted my vision behind my eyelids and I heard myself groaning so loudly that at first I didn't think it was me. I convulsed wildly against the doorframe, and I stuffed as much of my fingers as I could up my dripping wet pussy. Circular waves twisted me in circles inside and dropped me after each pulsing swell.

How I kept my feet, I do not know. But after the pulses began to subside and the tingles took over, I slumped heavily and slid down to the floor. Great breaths heaved my chest.

Hudson, whether he had noticed my orgasm or not, had gone back to fucking Savanna. Slower, this time. Longer, deeper strokes. Their mouths a mesh of passion.

In a spare second between kisses, Savanna gasped, "I love you, Hudson."

I growled suddenly, my pussy yanking over hard. Another orgasm twisted tightly inside, delivering a painful secondary finish that was burning hot and excruciatingly decisive. I bit my lip until I tasted blood.

I don't know if he answered her; I was making too much noise. Like some beast in heat, I made noises I had never made.

I hoped he responded to her.

I hoped he kept fucking her.

I hoped he planted his baby deep into her.

I would buy her all the lingerie she needed to fuck my Hudson. My soon-to-be husband.

Until he put a baby in her and for long after, too.

Maybe I was patriarchal after all.

Thank you for reading Flipped! I hope you enjoyed this cuckquean fetish.

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