

CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

**Giving My
Husband
to the Bride**

LARAN MITHRAS

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By

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Sharing is caring

My husband and friend an incredible pairing

CHAPTER 1

I shook my husband by his suit coat. "We have to do something!"

Danny looked at me as if I was insane. "Like what? Hire a hitman to take out her husband?"

"Be serious!"

He spread his arms in the reception hall of the hotel. "They're going to be here any minute. They're already married as of an hour ago. There's nothing to be done."

I wanted to cry. This is all my fault.

"Kalyn, stop it." My husband wasn't very convincing.

"But I stole you from my best friend."

"You did not."

"I did so. Poor Lisa Ann."

He rolled his eyes. "It was a mix-up. A misunderstanding," he said wearily. We had been over this many times before.

I stamped my foot. It wasn't very impressive in heels, but I had to do something and stamping felt powerful. "You were supposed to be her date."

"And she got the day screwed up."

"I should have turned you down." He had invited me, her roommate, out in her place. Lisa had gone out with Todd, believing the date with Danny was the next Tuesday. "You would be her husband now. Not this... this... Caine creep."

"He's a creep just because he smokes pot?"

"Lisa doesn't like it. I wonder if she smelled it on him. I sure did."

My husband finally began coming around to my line of thinking. "Yeah, or the beer stink on him when he came in. Whew. I think he bathed in it."

"See? He's not right for her. She doesn't know this side of him."

He looked at me quizzically. "She never mentioned weed or drink?"

"No, never. She said he was clean, like she liked it."

Danny was making shushing motions and looking to a group of guys to the side of the hall. He whispered, "Did you hear that?"

"What?"

"Keep your voice down." He unbuttoned his jacket. "One of them just said he was tired of loaning his Corvette to Caine."

My eyes bugged out. "Oh that tops it... I bet he's not a banker, either."

A little old woman, dressed in pink, pierced us with her gaze. "Are you talking about that Caine fellow?" Her eyes blazed with fury.

My husband, bless his heart, said, "Who, us?" He held his hand dramatically over his chest.

The old woman growled, "I don't like him. Not one bit."

I leaned towards her ear and hissed, "Neither do we."

She shook her finger. "I told her not to go through with it. I told her."

I covered my mouth. "Oh... you're Grandma Annie." Lisa's mom had named her after the grandmother. Sort of. Thus the Lisa Ann name.

Annie shook her head, her lips firm. "Nothing good is going to come of this." Her eyes got big. "And I agree: the guy's a creep."

I laughed, embarrassed. "What are we going to do?"

Her eyebrows shot up as fast as her hands and she walked away as she said, "Get it annulled. Divorce. Put an end to the madness..."

My husband smiled. "I like that old woman."

Annie turned back. "I heard that." Then her face broke into a bright smile. It quickly vanished, though, as she returned to her mutterings.

I gripped his arm, clinging. "We have to do something."

He tried explaining to me. "We can't do anything; it's too late. It's her fault if she didn't see this coming."

"It's mine." I looked at my table. "I don't want to sit away from you."

He smooched my cheek. "It's just for a couple hours. You're the maid of honor."

I turned into him and gave him a full hug. "Why do you have to be so sexy?"

He sounded scandalized. "Not here..."

People were moving past us, filling the hall, but I was clinging to my rock in the storm. "You shouldn't have been mine."

His chuckle rumbled in my ear. "I love you, Kalyn. We got married. End of story."

I pulled him out of the center of the hall – away from Caine's bloodshot and bleary friends. I didn't have much time left before the bride and groom arrived. The bride and the drunk. The bride and the stoner. The bride and the scammer.

At the maids of honor side of the long table, I said, "I have to do something. Something..." I was gripping his sleeve at his bicep and shaking it. "Something..."

He sighed and kissed me again. "You look lovely."

He should've been saying that to my friend. If I hadn't stepped in when she got the dates wrong... I had made out like a bandit, scoring a wonderful man with enthusiasm, motivation, and a great job as an electrician working for DNN

Electrical. It was the busiest service and repair company in town.

For a simple mistake, my friend blew her chance. Danny kept asking me out and Lisa Ann lost out.

But he had been her date in the beginning.

I felt like a thief.

A scummy, no-good thief.

Lisa had shrugged it off and said, "You two were meant to be together..."

But it was a mistake.



The belch tore through the hall in staccato echoes of primal power.

Laughter erupted from the side where the creeps were hanging out – where Caine was with his friends. He was red-faced and his buddies were slapping his back.

One of them crowed, "Dude, like now you got your own bitch to make you sammiches."

The groom bobbed his head. "Yep."

I scowled and shared looks with the other maids. What a classless piece of shit.

On my other side, Lisa Ann sat as still as a statue, her eyes large with realization – and humiliation. She turned her head to me, pleading to understand what was happening.

I wanted to cry, right there. I wiped my eyes, carefully.

People were talking. It wasn't good.

Lisa whispered, tense and short, "How did this nightmare happen?"

I saw the sheen of sweat on her skin. I gripped her lace-covered forearm. "It's my fault..."

She turned her head to me as if the act was an effort. "Don't start with that again."

"But it is. I'm so sorry."

She bent her head over and pulled on my neck. We met foreheads. "Please don't do that. Don't think it. Danny's a great guy and... I wish things had been different. But he loves you and you love him. You're married and I'm so happy for you. Do you understand me, Kalyn? I'm happy for you."

"What are we going to do?"

Lisa pulled her head back, her eyes crossing to look at me. "We? Nothing. I'm going to sit here... and be a good wife..." Her face was melting in anguish.

"Grandma Annie says you should get it annulled. I agree. So does Danny."

Her eyes flashed over to the smaller table where sat her mom. "Mom paid over eight grand for this wedding. It was all she had."

"You can be out of this marriage—"

She turned back to me, eyes pleading, but intent. "I can't do that to her."

"What are you going to do with Caine?"

"He has a job—"

"We overheard he doesn't own the Corvette."

Lisa blinked. "Well, that doesn't matter—"

"Of course it does. He lied about his car? He probably lied about his job, too."

Lisa was a pale woman with which to begin. Always had been. She turned absolutely white and swayed in her seat.

I grabbed her to keep her from falling over. "Are you okay?"

Her mother appeared on the other side, sitting on the edge of Caine's vacant chair. "Lisa Ann, honey, are you okay?"

I used the opportunity to leave the table. I had to talk to my husband.



I danced with one of the groomsmen. I didn't like him. He tried leering at me like it was some great look of lust and promise, but I abruptly left him before the music was over.

I grabbed my husband's arm. "Do it."

"Are you sure?"

"A hundred bucks. Make it special."

It was the dollar dance and Caine and Lisa were taking dancers.

No way was I dancing with Caine.

He got very few takers.

But he was eyeballing the velvet bag that hung from Lisa's arm containing all the cash for which she had danced.

My husband got up and approached her when she became available. One of the Caine-creeps was sniffing and shuffling up to her with a dollar bill. Danny pushed him out of the way.

I clapped my hands quietly and bounced in the chair. Way to go, dear. Be the man I know you are.

My husband held up the hundred and snapped it apart taut in his fingers, showing Lisa what he was offering.

Her eyes went large and a faltering smile graced her face.

But Danny wasn't done with his display. He folded the hundred and stood close to Lisa, looking down into her eyes as he stuffed it into her bodice. His fingers pushed the bill down, sliding along the swelling skin of her left breast.

It was a saucy move that left me blushing. I was pleased, though, that he was showing her his playful and sexy side.

A little bit of happiness on an otherwise hopeless day?

They danced together. Danny is not a good dancer. No twirls or swings or dips. He moved side to side and turned her – a simple close dance usually seen when people are talking.

That was okay with me; his dancing skills weren't the point.

Better than Caine, anyway. All he did was thrust his crotch forward and grind against the women.

It was the end of the dance that took my breath away. I didn't know what they were saying to each other, but when the music stopped, Danny bent his head down and kissed Lisa full on the lips.

It was not a peck.

CHAPTER 2

Three things happened.

My blush deepened to beet red. The shock of humiliation drove my breath away. I began seeing spots.

The second thing that happened – and it all happened so fast – was the flare of fire in my pussy. An ache so deep and severe made me squirm on my seat.

I felt like everyone looked at me in that instant. I swooned, close to passing out. My pussy became hot and wet.

The third thing that happened was Caine trying to squeeze the boob of a bridesmaid as they finished dancing. He was so intent on the boob that he wasn't seeing Danny kiss Lisa. But Corey's sharp rejection as Caine pawed at her drew all eyes.

Thankfully away from me.

A man was up and making his way with determined purpose to Corey's aid. Her husband.

I launched from my chair as Lisa was turning to see the altercation developing.

People were beginning to move.

This was not going to be pretty.

I grabbed Lisa's arm as shouts began filling the hall.

Caine swung.

Caine-creeps converged, mouths open in circles of anticipation and bloodshot eyes wild with intent to hurt.

Danny and I dragged Lisa out the door. We didn't have to pull hard; she began

running with us when we got to the door.

My husband waited outside the restroom as we went in.

As she cried over the sink and wiped her eyes, I made up my mind.

I had gotten her into this. I had screwed it up. I wasn't going to abandon her now.

I swallowed hard, but escorted her out of the restroom.

Danny was waiting, hands on hips and jacket spread. He looked like Superman. His eyes met mine briefly and then settled on Lisa.

Her arm trembled in my grip as she looked up at him.

That fire inside me flared and burned. I said, "Don't go back in there."

There were still shouts and noise coming from down the convention hall.

I said, "Come up to our room."

Danny didn't flinch. Instead, he held out his hand to her. "Yeah, come on. Get away for a bit."

She put her hand in his and my heart melted with pride and pleasure. My husband was comforting to her and she trusted him. The two most important people in my life came together in that moment in a tight triangle of friendship that would survive and surpass this wedding spectacle.



Danny opened the door to our hotel room and went in first.

I held Lisa in a tight hug from the side. I wanted her to understand we were there for her.

She sat on one of the two beds and clasped her hands in her lap.

My husband sat down next to her. I sat opposite on the other bed.

She muttered, "How did this happen?"

Danny said, "He tricked you."

"He seemed so nice..."

I said the only thing I had courage to say, "An act."

My husband grunted. "Heard his friends say you were going to be making him sammiches."

She coughed. "I would've made him sandwiches. But... I smelled the beer and weed on him. He promised he didn't do those things."

"I was talking to Gary, one of his friends. Told me Caine's big dream is to open a pot farm. Free weed forever."

Lisa coughed and shook her head. "I can't believe this..."

He hooked her chin and turned her head towards him. They met eyes and searched each other.

I liked this. I hated this. I knew this had to be. I wanted him to console her – to be a man when she most needed it right now. But I could see his tender attraction to her and it stabbed deep into my conscience that these two should have been the ones getting married today.

I wanted him to help her. I wanted it set right. And my pussy was gnawing at my insides in heated approval. But my heart was torn. I knew Danny and I loved

each other. I knew it and felt it. Yet, I had interrupted something between them and I knew my love was going to have to suffer the shameful consequences.

I think he saw it in me.

A glance was all it took.

Then he was gently cradling her neck and pulling her in for a kiss.

My best friend sent a lightning-fast look my way, uncertainty in her eyes. But she wasn't resisting him and after seeing my hopeful look, she let him kiss her.

No.

She didn't let him.

No.

They kissed each other, tongues moving with purpose and passion.

Lisa sat in her wedding dress being kissed by my husband and the sight and sounds sent pulses of perfection through my pussy.

He lowered her back until they were reclining. The kiss went on, tearing at my heart and tormenting my clit.

It needed rubbing, badly. The tension was fantastic and I couldn't keep still.

But I wasn't going to add to my shame by openly masturbating while my husband kissed my best friend. While he kissed someone else's bride.

No. Never.

My hand twitched and my thighs clamped – trying to squeeze some relief but only intensifying the agony.

I saw my husband's hips move. He was turned on.

The growth of heat in me caused a grudging gasp of excitement. My heart pounded with the danger and the desire.

I wanted him to be turned on.

It was only right: they belonged together.

Naked, sweating, loving...

I realized my hand was pressed between my thighs and out of my control. But pressed against the dress wasn't relieving the stress. I panted like an animal and moved my hand up under my dress. I massaged my panties and that wasn't good enough, either. I slid my fingers in and found that hot button, excited, engorged, and empowered by what I was witnessing.

I rubbed furtively.

My husband broke the kiss and caught me.

I blushed so hard I thought my blood would burst out my eyeballs. The heat crawled all the way up my scalp and I felt my pores open up and emit sweat.

He gave me a look that recognized my predicament.

Then he dismissed me.

Just like that.

The shame intensified and so did the unbearable, damnable heat in my pussy.

His hand moved over her until he gently brushed across the material over her crotch.

Lisa moaned.

I guess that was all the invitation he needed. His hand slid up her leg, bunching up the lace until he was underneath it all.

Her legs twitched open.

The material moved over her pussy.

I was going to pass out.

My heart was hammering so hard, I couldn't hear them. My fingers pressed and nudged and mangled my clit, to no avail. The fire was getting worse.

My husband said something, but I couldn't hear it. All I knew was his dress slacks were showing his erection.

They both stood and she saw me.

Instead of scorn, an interested light formed in her eyes. One of surprise.

My hand moved on its own as we looked at each other – I just couldn't help it.

No, not scorn on her face. Not superiority. This was... happiness.

He was undressing her. "Kalyn."

I blinked. "Wh—what?"

"Help me with this. I don't understand wedding dresses."

I scrambled to my feet, grateful to be doing something other than masturbating like a shameful little girl in front of my best friend. "Here, see that? You have to unhook that first. The zipper is underneath." I was doing it anyway, but talking to sound as if I was unbothered.

I was very bothered.

This was hot.

It was wrong.

No, it was right.

My pussy was winning the argument with my heart.

Or my heart was surrendering because it knew I was at fault for all of this.

I needed them to be together for this to be set right. I didn't want to share him with her, I had to. No, I wanted to.

Yes. Oh god, yes.

Danny looked at me several times, licking his lips. He also looked at Lisa.

I could sense his lust. I knew he was making his decision.

I wanted it to be her.

He settled her down onto the bed and yanked down her panties.

I stumbled backwards and sat hard down on the other bed. My hand immediately drove back up my dress and under my panties. I was panting with need.

He was talking to her. "Has Caine ever done this?" His face mashed into her exposed pussy.

She and I groaned at the same time.

I drove fingers into my pussy as his head moved. I couldn't see his tongue, but I knew what he was doing.

By the sounds coming from Lisa, he wasn't holding back.

Good, do her right...

My husband licked her to an orgasm.

It was beautiful and pride swelled in my heart. He was so sexy and that it was with my best friend was so right. My love for them both burst at the edges of my chest.

Her legs trembled and moved, drawing up and relaxing until she went limp.

"Okay, okay... wow."

Danny was up and undressing. Fumbling fast at his shirt, he whipped it off. He dropped his slacks and boxers, revealing his cock.

Lisa lifted her head and looked. Then her eyes went wide. "I... I don't think..." She shifted her gaze to me. "I shouldn't..."

I was up in a flash. I sat next to her on the bed. "Shh."

"But... he's your husband and..." Her eyes went back to him. "He's so... big..."

I patted her shoulder. "Please, Lisa. Please. Let him do this. Let us do this for you."

She sat up as he sat next to her. "Can... I...?"

My husband grinned, then got up on his knees. "Return the favor? Sure." He leaned back and her head covered his cock. He closed his eyes as her head moved a little forward. He let out a sigh.

Her head began moving back and forth.

He opened his eyes and used one hand to stroke her hair. The other hand supported him behind. "I always thought you were beautiful, Lisa."

My heart trembled so hard in my chest I thought it would tear loose.

He looked into my eyes and said, "Come over here and watch your friend suck me."

A jolt of electricity shot down my pussy and tingled my clit. The tension twisted so tight I gasped. His simple command had brought me almost to finish and I wasn't even touching myself.

I crawled around her to the other side of the bed.

She swiveled a little, aiming her eyes at me, but just looked. Her lips in their ruby-red lipstick were stretched around my husband's erection, sliding back and forth.

It looked so sexy. It also sent a certainty up my insides: my husband should have a mouth on his cock every single day – even if it wasn't my mouth.

Lisa's mouth, however, was the perfect answer, wasn't it? She looks so beautiful and innocent sucking him.

Her hand came up and stroked the length she couldn't get into her mouth. Her wedding ring shined proudly as it slid along my husband's skin.

My hand wouldn't stop. I reached up my dress again.

He pulled her head off with both hands and bent over. His lips came to her open mouth and they kissed while she maintained a grip on his dick.

Tears of gratitude formed in my eyes: it was such a beautiful sight.

In a fast move, he twisted her over and laid her head back in my lap – right on top of my hand. He used his knee to spread her legs. Jacking his cock, he looked over her pussy.

The tension in me twisted tighter as his eyes traveled over her nakedness and drank it in. My hand moved, rubbing furious circles around my clit. My friend knew what I was doing.

She looked up at me, sort of upside down and said, "Kalyn?"

I gasped. I couldn't speak.

Her voice was small, quavering, and hopeful. "Is this all right?"

I moved my other hand to her face and stroked. But I still couldn't speak; I could only whisper hoarsely. "It's okay; it's okay." I smoothed the skin on her cheek as I might a child.

My heart was beating so fast that my neck vibrated with the force.

My husband leaned down and rubbed his cock over her clit. "Fuck your husband; I'm going to give you what you need." He pushed.

CHAPTER 3

I groaned low and tremulously as my husband tried to force his cock into Lisa's pussy.

My former roommate. My best friend. Bride to another man. And she was spreading her legs wider to help my husband get his cock inside her. She said, "G-go slow. You're way b-bigger than Caine."

Heat flared hotter and whiter in my pussy. My best friend was accepting and coaching my husband to fuck her.

I loved it, and in a rush lost the sense of shame and humiliation that had been plaguing me. I stumbled over my attempts to speak and muttered, finally getting out, "Do it. Force it into her."

Sweat was on my husband's brow as he pushed. He kept adjusting and pushing until Lisa groaned suddenly. The large head of his shaft had pushed in. I could no longer see it.

Lisa whimpered, "It's so thick..."

I said harshly, "Give it to her. Give her what she's been missing. Give... it all to her."

Danny grunted, adjusted again, and pushed. His shaft slid in, slow but sure, until it disappeared completely.

Lisa's head came off my lap and her body was as tense as my pussy. "Oh... fuck!" She grunted and dropped her head back onto my lap. "Ungh... so full."

I smoothed her brow. "Shh, you did it. You did it."

"H-how do you handle this?"

I giggled. "Big, isn't he?"

My husband began moving in and out, driving his cock smoothly into my friend's pussy.

Lisa groaned loudly several times, then began panting. I knew what was coming.

I had heard her once, fucking some guy in our apartment. It was hard to miss. She had apologized to me later and promised not to do it again while I was there.

She was a talker. A loud one.

The ache became unbearable inside me. Whenever it blew, it was going to be huge.

Lisa writhed around, moving underneath him. "Yes, that's so good. So full. Fuck."

He was supporting himself on his fists at her sides. I was looking down his body, enrapt at the sight of his thick cock pistoning in and out of her pussy. His thrusts pushed her against me and I could feel the force of my husband fucking her. It was amazing.

She begged him, "Do me, yes. Give it to me."

I stifled a smile. Mouthy lover.

Danny didn't stifle his. "Ah... your pussy is so tight..."

"Fuck me harder. I've always wanted to cheat with you."

I groaned loudly, my fingers twirling furiously around my clit. It was a little difficult under her head, but she had moved it more to the side.

My husband slowed his thrusting and pushed deep, holding it there. He bent down and kissed her. When he stopped, he said, "I've always wanted to fuck you..."

I groaned so loud it was almost a scream. The tension twisted past breaking. "Yes, do it. Fuck her. Give her your cock!" The fire spread so rapidly and the wave broke so suddenly that I was grunting and tossing underneath Lisa's head. My orgasm exploded inside in a burst of white-hot release.

I guess my contortions and sounds drove my husband on. He fucked her hard, slapping his hips down onto her beautiful body – his cock plunging deep into my friend's tight pussy. "Ungh... okay, okay. Going to pull out—"

Lisa tensed. "No! Don't you dare." She moved off my lap to reach for him.

He panted, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, fuck me. I want your cum in me when I confront Caine."

I twisted over in a violent aftershock and bit the covers.

My husband said, "All right..." He gripped her hips and slid her closer to the edge of the bed. Our heads were close together now.

He used the flare of her hips to pull as he pushed his cock. His muscles bunched out as he slammed her body to his, ramming his cock all the way into her pussy.

She went delirious. "Oh yes! Fuck me. Fuck my married pussy! Do it. Make me a cheating whore. I love it. I want your cock. I want your cum. Fuck me fuckmefuckme. Fill me."

He was fucking her so hard, her head was bouncing on the bed. Her hair and veil were a mess.

Danny pulled with his hands, pushed with his hips, and went still.

I moved my head a little and kissed my friend. Her hot breath filled my mouth and her moan did, too. I felt my husband jerking against her with his ejaculations. Her mouth moved against mine as he sent spurt after spurt into her pussy.

Knowing my husband's cum was flooding her was the most beautiful feeling I had ever experienced.

Our tongues moved against each other as I shared my own intimacy with my friend. My husband's pants and little pushes came through the kiss very well and the connection was complete.

He pulled out of her, cum coating his cock. He flopped down onto the other side

of me, behind my back.

I pulled away from Lisa and rolled over. I trailed a finger along his hairy chest. "So, how was she?"

His chest was heaving and he struggled for air. "Fucking fantastic."

She hummed happily behind me.

I looked back. Her legs were up, bent at the knee, and she was holding them with her arms. She giggled. "Keeping his cum inside me."

I twisted back around and kissed my husband. "I think she should stay and you make another deposit."

He gave me a wry look. "You want her to get pregnant?"

My best friend said the words that sealed the deal for me. "I'd rather have your baby than Caine's."

I sat up, breathing fast again. "Then it's settled."

She said, "Huh?"

"You're staying with us tonight. I'll make sure Danny consummates your marriage again. And after that, he'll fuck you as often as possible until you're pregnant."

Danny's disappointment was obvious. "Only until then?"

I laughed and had a major orgasmic aftershock at the same time. My words came out quiet. "No... I... think Lisa is a part of us now. I want you to make love to her like you make love to me. I want you to be the real husband for her."

My friend said, "But Caine—"

Danny said, "You're getting that annulled."

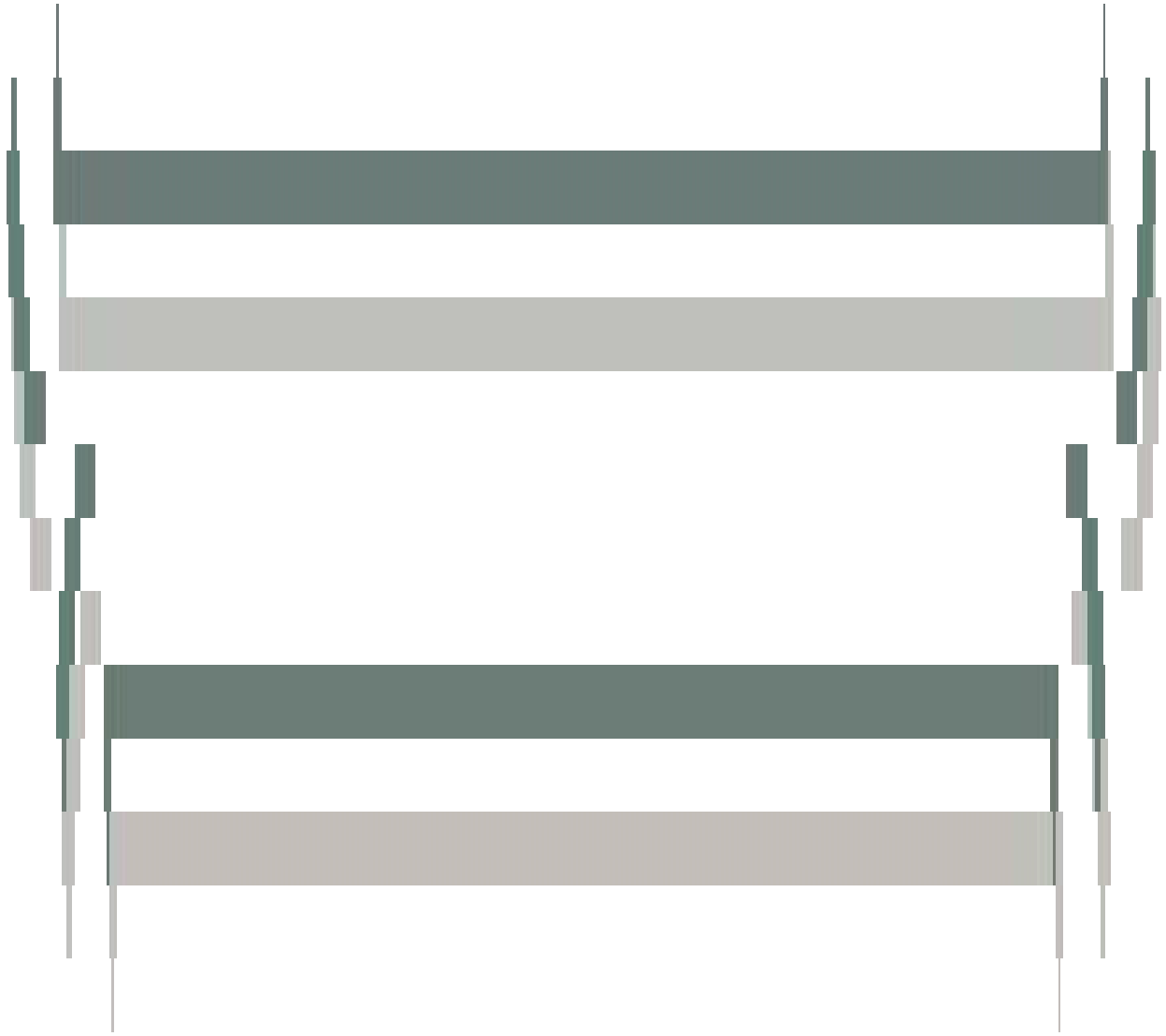
"But the money my mother—"

I added, "We're paying her back. Right away. You can pay us later."

She whispered with awe, "Are you sure about all of this?"

I knew it. Deep in my heart, and deeper in my pussy. "Maybe this is the way it should have always been." A smile crept over my face. "Besides, I think my husband has enough cock for both of us."

It was love that made the perfect relationship. Always love.



Thank you for reading Giving My Husband to the Bride. I hope you enjoyed the story. All reviews are very greatly appreciated.

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