

GOING DOWN

A CUCKOLD STORY

GOING UP ▲ GOING DOWN



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MANUS DARE

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Prologue

The hotel check-in has a couple of people in line ahead of us, and my stomach flutters while I mentally run through the list of everything I brought to make sure our anniversary weekend at the swanky Oregon hotel is perfect: sexy dress — check; new skimpy bikini to drive my husband wild — check; special fertility lubrication that the doctor recommended we use — check.

Trent must have sensed my brain was running a mile a minute because he moves his luggage to his other hand and slides his palm into mine, giving me a gentle squeeze.

He leans over and murmurs in my ear, “Relax, Becky.”

I can’t stop my giggle when his breath tickles the sensitive hairs. “Yes, honey. I’ll relax. I promise.”

He’s right, I need to stop worrying and enjoy our time together. I’m trying to not pin all my hopes on this weekend, but this is an important trip for us. We’ve been trying for a baby, and our anniversary this year is during my fertile time of the month... almost

like it's fate. The dream is that we have a wonderful weekend and then find out in a few weeks that I'm pregnant.

Once we get to the counter, it doesn't take us long to get the keycards to our hotel room. It was a long drive, and I wouldn't mind stretching out for a while before we start our evening fun, whatever it is. We don't have a set plan this weekend, and the only goal is to rest up and enjoy each other.

And make a baby.

We're halfway to the elevator when Trent abruptly pauses. "Shit, I forgot the bag of snacks."

I stop pulling my wheeled suitcase and stand it upright. We always bring our own munchies to avoid the hotel minibar, but do we really need them right now? I really don't want to go back to the car.

"Why don't we get them later, after we settle in?"

Trent sighs. "No, I'd rather get them now. Go ahead to the room. I'll be just a minute."

Love for Trent spreads through me since he's going without me and I know we're both tired from the trip. "Okay, honey. I'll see you up there."

He gives me a quick kiss on the cheek and I watch him for a moment as he walks away. Dang, I really married a cutie, and he's so damn thoughtful.

Gripping the handle of the suitcase, I continue on to the elevator. If I'm lucky, I can get a couple of minutes on the bed before Trent gets

back.

Chapter 1

I hit the button on the elevator. The numbers tick down until the one lights up above the door. I'm still watching the numbers when the silver doors slide open.

I grip the handle of my suitcase and roll it into the opening, suddenly realizing that the elevator is not empty.

I look up and stop.

"Oh my God! Kurt?"

I am stunned by a face from my past. A hazy memory of wild nights, bodies moving, and Kurt's face, smiling above me as my body explodes again and again. I feel a hot tremor I remember distinctly. It was the night I met him in a dirty bar down the street from the college we both attended.

Kurt had been my first real crush, my first love, and my first genuine disappointment.

The door to the elevator bumps into my suitcase once, twice, the elevator bell ringing in an insistent, almost angry manner.

"Um, Becky?"

Oh my God! He remembers me!

"Yes," I murmur as the bell dings again.

"Are you going to get in the elevator?"

"Uh, sure," I say, my heart racing and I pull the suitcase into the elevator.

I wait for Kurt to exit, but he continues to smile down at me, his face just as perfect and beautiful as I remember. He is wearing a tailored suit that fits his tall, broad body perfectly.

I've had a lot of time to dream about his body and face after our time together. I'm embarrassed to say that it had become an obsession of mine for weeks afterwards.

"Um, aren't you getting off?" I ask as the elevator doors shut and we ascend.

"What and miss talking to you again?" He grins.

My heart skips a beat, but I quickly force that feeling down into my stomach. I'm not in college anymore. I am married, with a wonderful husband. It has been seven years. I'm not that naïve young girl anymore.

"You should have thought of that years ago," I say, but can't keep the smile off my face. I switch hands on my bag so Kurt can see my wedding ring.

Kurt looks down at my ring, and I see his blue eyes narrow. Then, he looks at me with a sad, contrite smile on his lips.

"I am sorry," Kurt says and I almost believe it. Hell, I want to believe it. "I wasn't... I wasn't a very good person back then. You know my father was sick and..."

Kurt shakes his head as if shaking off the bad memories.

"Listen," he says. "You don't want to hear that. Just know that I'm sorry."

The elevator bell rings and the doors open. Suddenly, I wish the hotel had more floors.

Kurt steps forward and holds the door open as I squeeze past him. He is just as tall and broad as I remember. Age has made his jawline even more firm and masculine, his eyes softer.

"Well, I guess this is goodbye," I say, looking back at Kurt still smiling from the elevator.

"Maybe," he grins. "You never know."

With that he steps into the elevator, the door shuts, and he is gone.

Chapter 2

I enter my room, let the suitcase fall to the floor, and lay down on the bed. My body is still humming from memories of seven years ago. The guilt rises right after, forcing the heat to a dull throb. I realize the irony of meeting my ex-boyfriend on my anniversary vacation.

I slide my hand up my body and finger my nipple through my shirt. An unexpectedly large shot of lust shoots through my chest and down between my legs. The excitement that has been building ever since we left for vacation combined with my feelings about Kurt in a confusing stew of emotions.

Jesus! It was seven years ago! Still, I remember how exciting it was to be with a man as handsome and strong as Kurt Brock. He far outstripped any of my experiences in high school and, for the longest time, was the measure of the man I thought I wanted. Tall, broad, and with muscles that were hard, yet covered by a soft layer of warm flesh.

After we broke up, I spent many months lusting after men like Kurt, only to find that men like Kurt only want one thing. They want to

fuck as many women as possible.

I was just a toy.

My father was sick...

The sadness in his voice echoes in my ears, but I shake it off. I wouldn't let a chance meeting with Kurt Brock ruin my anniversary.

Like magic, Trent enters the room a moment later, dispelling whatever spell Kurt cast on me. I sit up on the bed and smile as my husband comes into the room and drops the bags onto the couch in the small living area. He looks at me and gives me a weary smile.

"Come here, you," I say and hold out my arms to my husband.

He smiles gratefully and sinks into my arms. At once I am filled with a sense of warmth, a safe feeling I always feel when Trent is with me.

Meeting my husband had pulled me out of a self-destructive episode of one-night stands and lusting after men who didn't care. A period that had started with Kurt.

With Trent in my arms, his cozy smell surrounding me, I am saved again, just like when we got married.

Thoughts of Kurt fall away as I work the buttons open on Trent's shirt.

"Hey," he says. "I thought you'd be too tired."

"I was." I pull him towards me. "But I'm not now."

I kiss him, pushing my tongue past his lips in a move that is uncharacteristic of me in the last couple of years. Trent and I had fallen into that familiar intimacy couples get when they've been together for a long time. Sex was fun, but it was soft and warm, not rough and hot.

Right now, I need it to be rough and hot.

"Woah!" Trent laughs as I push him to the bed. "Ok, I guess you aren't tired!"

"Nope!" I giggle and peel off my shirt. Then, I unhook my bra and let my round breasts free.

Trent reaches up, gently cupping my breasts. I push his hands hard into my chest, the electricity shooting through them like a live wire, down my belly and straight between my legs. I grind my pussy against Trent's pubic bone, teasing the sensations into a pulsing fire.

"Hold on," Trent grunts. He moves under me, trying to find a better position.

While he is pushing down his pants, I roll over, slide off my pants and panties. Trent is stroking his cock, watching me as I undress. I grin, roll over on top of him, and position myself over his cock.

"I want you so bad, baby!" I whimper as I rub my burning clit against the tip of his cock.

An image of Kurt flashes through my brain. I can't remember how big he was, but I remember how it feels to be full, completely full of

hard, throbbing flesh. I want that feeling now and I lower myself onto Trent's cock, bite my bottom lip, and moan.

It isn't the all-encompassing feeling of fullness my excited mind remembers, but it was enough. His cock pushes upward and I tighten my pussy around it, making Trent hiss with pain and pleasure. I rock back and forth on him, working my swollen clit against him while shoving his cock deeper into my pussy.

Trent grips my hips, his own body rising to meet mine. The bed makes satisfying rocking noises as we work out our lust, our moans filling the room.

"I'm going to cum soon, baby!" Trent moans. "Fuck!"

"Not yet!" I cry and I grind my hips into him. His cock throbs wetly in my cunt and I know he is close. I push my clit hard into his pubic bone, trying to reach my bliss before my husband's will gives out.

It is too late. His cock pulses inside me and I feel the first splash of cum hit the walls of my pussy. I hammer down on top of him, hear him grunt in pain, but I need my release. Just when I think I will not hit it, I see a hot, hard image of Kurt Brock staring into my eyes as he drills me with his huge cock. I scream, my orgasm spilling out of my pussy and all over Trent's cock. My body quivers, the image of Kurt that was branded on my brain seven years ago fading slowly until all that is left is me, Trent, and the hotel room surrounding us.

I collapse on top of Trent, burying his face in my breasts. I can't look at him, such is the guilt I feel for remembering Kurt Brock while my husband's cock is inside me.

I feel Trent's seed dripping down my leg and I come back to my senses. I roll off of him, leaving his poor cock twitching as I raise my feet up over my head and hope that not too much of his cum has escaped. Closing my eyes, I hope his seed will find a home in my womb.

"Wow!" Trent laughs and turns over, smiling at me. "That was pretty hot!"

"Yeah," I say, distracted by my guilt and the worry that I might waste this moment to get pregnant.

We have been trying so hard over the last year to get pregnant, but nothing seems to work. Trent's sperm count is lower than normal, but all the doctors agreed it could still happen. The only other option is expensive, painful IVF treatments, something that neither Trent nor I want to contemplate. This trip, while celebrating our anniversary, is also the last chance to get pregnant before we explore other options.

"What got into you?" Trent says, stroking the round curve of my ass while I hold my legs aloft.

"What do you mean?" I chuckle innocently. "Can't I just be excited by my husband?"

"I guess I am a stud," he says, and I laugh.

"Yeah, that's why I did all the work." I immediately feel bad, although Trent takes the comment as good-natured ribbing.

"Next time." He kisses my cheek. "All you'll have to do is lay there."

I laugh again as he rolls out of bed. He didn't even have time to take his shirt all the way off. He unbuttons it and lays it on the couch.

"We should think about some place to eat," he says casually, and I am struck by how normal it is. Here I am, my ass in the air and my husband naked, talking about dinner. I feel frustrated, but I can't blame Trent. After all, we are an old married couple now with a job to do. After sex cuddles are few and far between, never mind hoping for another go. Trent's cock is already soft.

"Can't we just order room service?" I ask.

"Sure," he says, "But they have a nice restaurant downstairs. Maybe we could rest a bit and go get a drink or two?"

A drink or two sounds nice. I slowly let my legs fall to the side, the feeling of Trent's seed still sticky on my leg. Was this the time that did it? Maybe a drink or two would get Trent back in the mood and we could try again.

"Ok, honey," I say and Trent's smile tells me dinner was more important than he is letting on. Trent is like that, romantic in ways that still surprise me, even after seven years.

"Great!" He claps his hands together. "I'm going to take a shower. Want to join me?"

I think about it, but the drive, meeting Kurt in the elevator, and impromptu sex have exhausted me. Besides, when I look at Trent's cock, I know it will be a good two or three hours before he can go again.

Probably better if I just take a nap.

"No, you go ahead, honey," I said. "I think I'll just rest."

Trent walks over, bends down, and gives me a tender kiss.

"I love you, Becky," he says.

"I love you, too, baby," I say and give him another kiss.

"So much."

Chapter 3

The nap did wonders for my guilt and nerves. I wake up in the darkened hotel room, snuggling deep in the covers. Trent sat next to me, reading from his Kindle, the light glowing softly on his face.

"Hi." I roll over. "How long was I asleep?"

"About an hour." Trent puts down his e-reader and lays down next to me, running a hand over the curve of my hip. "You feeling better?"

"Much!" I smile. "Thanks for letting me sleep."

"Hey, after sex like that, you needed it, right?" Trent chuckles and I give him a playful punch in the side. "What?"

"You act like it was all you!" I laugh. "You just laid there."

"Hey! I said you can just lay there next time!" He grins and gives me a kiss. "Listen, if you don't feel like going out, we don't have to. We can get room service."

I think about it for a moment. The exhaustion I felt before my nap is gone and I realize I am famished. Plus, I can use a drink.

"It's fine," I say. "Let's go down to the restaurant. It's supposed to be really good."

"Good," Trent smiles and I can tell he is pleased which makes my chest feel warm. It is the first night of our anniversary vacation and it has certainly started off with a bang.

I don't think of Kurt while I am in the shower. I relegate the memories to a file in my brain I reserve for wonderful mistakes from the past. You know the kind? The memories that hurt, but you wouldn't change a minute of them? That was the mistake Kurt was and, without him, I may not have found Trent.

I decide to dress up for dinner. I bought a strapless red dress just for an occasion like this one and I slide it on in front of a full-length mirror on the back of the shower door.

It is a tight little thing that fits snug to my heavy, round breasts and round hips. The hem is short, riding up to the middle of my thigh with a bit of see-through red lace that makes the dress seem even shorter. It is much sexier than I normally wear, but it's my anniversary and I want Trent to be proud of being seen with me on his arm. It is not a feminist thought, but I can be a girly-girl when I want to. I keep in shape, why not flaunt it a bit?

The dress definitely has the desired effect on my husband. When I come out of the bathroom, his mouth actually drops open. He says nothing for a few moments, just staring at me until I get embarrassed.

"What?" I ask petulantly. "You act like I've never dressed up before."

"No!" Trent says quickly. "It's not that. It's just... you look amazing!"

"Aw!" I turn around for my husband, giving him a look at my backside. "You think so?"

I am teasing him and Trent can tell. He steps forward and grabs my hips, pulls me against him, and gives me a powerful hug.

"Maybe we *should* stay in," he murmurs, pulls back my dark hair and kisses my neck. "I see something I want to eat."

I giggle as his lips tickle my sensitive skin and slap his hands.

"Come on." I turn in his arms and give him a slow, lingering kiss. "You're gonna have to get me drunk if you want any of this."

Trent laughs and gives me another kiss, then lets me go. I gather up a small purse and shawl in case the restaurant is cold and Trent and I head out the door.

The dress seems to turn on a switch in my husband. He holds open the door to the elevator and the restaurant for me. Not that he isn't normally solicitous, but when he pulls out my chair for me, I arch an eyebrow at him.

"What?" he says, mimicking my tone from a few moments earlier. "You act like I've never pulled a chair out for you!"

"Hmm," I snort as he sits across from me. The waiter, a tall lad with sandy hair, sits our menus in front of us. "I think maybe once in the

last seven years?"

"Stop!" Trent scoffs and looks up at the waiter.

The boy is distracted by something and I realize it is me! I am leaning forward with my elbows on the table and inadvertently giving him a generous view of my décolletage.

Trent coughs and the boy's eyes shoot up to mine. His cheeks redden in a very cute way.

"Oh... oh!" he says. I can sit up, but I decide to stay leaning over to see what happens. The kid finally musters up enough professionalism to splutter, "Can I get you anything to drink?"

"I'll take a scotch and soda," Trent chuckled and the boy peels his eyes away from my chest.

I don't know what's gotten into me. Maybe it's the dress, or maybe it's the aftereffects of sex that afternoon. Whatever it is, I slide my hand over the boy's arm. A soft, subtle gesture that immediately draws the young man's attention back to me. He has the presence of mind not to drop his eyes to my breasts, but it is a close thing.

"I'll take a sparkling rose," I purr. "If that's not too much trouble?"

"Um... no. No, that's no trouble!"

The boy practically runs to the back of the restaurant.

"Wow! You really messed with him!" Trent says with a mixture of admiration and sarcasm.

"Aw, sweetie!" I giggle and reach out to take his hand. "You're cute when you're jealous!"

"I'm not jealous," he says. "Just never seen you this way. Sober that is."

He isn't wrong. I was more flirty when I was drinking. Still, the excitement of flustering the boy had another type of intoxicating emotion. It was good to feel sexy.

I look around the restaurant. The clientele is older and I see more than one man trying not to look in my direction, much to the consternation of their wives. I feel a heat creep to my cheeks when I notice a younger man pass through the crowd. He is tall, with dark hair and a noticeable confident walk. From what I can see, he is definitely sexy, but from this distance I can't see him very well.

I am still checking out the guy when I hear a familiar voice speak from behind me.

"Becky? Long time, no see."

I turn and find myself looking at Kurt Brock. He is dressed in a finely cut gray suit with a crisp white shirt, open at the neck. His blond hair is artfully tousled as if he has just walked off a movie set with a wind machine. He grins that damned, handsome grin down at me and my husband.

"Oh, uh... Kurt? Hi!"

I don't know why I play along with Kurt's act, but it seems like the thing to do in front of Trent. I don't know how my husband will react to me having a conversation with an ex-boyfriend right before I

ripped off his clothes and fucked him. I'm not sure how I feel about that.

And now, here is Kurt Brock, standing above us. I notice he keeps his eyes carefully off my breasts. This is a guy with infinitely more experience than the young waiter.

"Honey?" Trent asks. "Who's this?"

"Oh!" I say, realizing that I was caught by Kurt's blue eyes and forgot all about Trent. "I'm sorry, honey! Trent, this is Kurt Brock. He's an... an... "

"An old friend." Kurt held out his hand. Trent hesitates, then shakes Kurt's hand.

"Hello," he says and raises an eyebrow at me. I force a smile onto my face. "An old friend, huh?"

"Um... yeah."

Trent knew a little of my past, just not specifics. He knew I had been mistreated by some fuckboys, but he certainly didn't know about Kurt. "From college."

That seems to get Trent's attention and I can see the gears working in his mind. Kurt is handsome, beyond handsome. The wives who are glaring at their husbands for eyeing me are now glued to Kurt, wondering if he is a model or an actor. He is that beautiful.

But, Kurt isn't any of those things. He is just fabulously handsome and, the last I heard, fabulously rich.

My husband is smart enough to see a hidden mystery behind Kurt's presence at our table.

"Why don't you join us?" My husband says and I gasp. What the hell was he doing?

"Oh, I couldn't," Kurt says. "I don't want to intrude."

"Yes, honey!" I squeeze Trent's hand. "I'm sure Kurt has other things to do."

"Oh?" Trent says. "Are you here with someone?"

Kurt's frowns dramatically.

"Sadly, I am alone on this trip," Kurt sighs. "Business and all that."

"Well, that's fine then," Trent says. By this time, the young waiter was back at our table with the drinks. "Can you get us an extra chair?"

I watch in shock as the waiter sets down our drinks and then gets another chair. I take a long drink of wine, looking pointedly at my husband. Trent grins and I realize he is teasing me in much the way I was teasing him about sex a few minutes ago.

His smile says it all.

Payback's a bitch!

Chapter 4

Kurt takes a seat next to me and, in response, I slide my chair closer to Trent. This seems to please my husband, and he places a warm hand on my leg. I look at him and see nothing but a teasing expression.

"So," Trent says. "Business you said? What kind of business?"

"Oh, advertising," Kurt says humbly. I knew enough to know that, after his father passed, he had taken over Brock advertising with accounts up and down the coast from Washington to California. "Family business."

"Oh," Trent says and glances at me, but I avoid looking at him and drink my wine.

"And you?" Kurt looks straight at me.

I splutter as I set my glass down and realize my hand is shaking. I slip it below the table and grip Trent's hand in what I hope is a loving gesture. "Our anniversary."

"Really?" Kurt says. "Congratulations! How long has it been?"

"Seven years," Trent answers.

"Seven?" I see Kurt doing the math. There wasn't much time between our relationship and my marriage to Trent. I had never thought much about that before, but it suddenly seems significant. "Feeling the seven-year itch?"

Trent laughs, but I could tell he is just playing along. He takes another drink of his scotch.

"Not at all," he says. "Right, honey?"

"No," I say and try a convincing smile. "Not one itch. We just thought it was a nice way to celebrate."

Kurt looks around at the restaurant and nods.

"It is a beautiful place," he says. "The Oregon coast has needed a good hotel for a while. I hope it leads to more business."

He winks at us.

"New business means more advertising."

Trent and I skip a beat, then we both laugh. Kurt raised a hand to the waiter who came over.

"Can you be so kind as to bring us a bottle of your best champagne?" he asks, then looks at us. "On me, of course."

"Oh, you don't have to do that," Trent protests, but Kurt waves him off.

"Nonsense." Kurt smiled at me. "It's the least I can do for an... old friend."

The words hang in the air as the waiter scurries away to ask what champagne he should bring. Kurt looks at us, a bemused expression on his face. Just like that, with a bottle of champagne, he has taken over the table.

The drinks flow and the champagne is exquisite. My blood, already warm from sex that afternoon and our current run in with Kurt, thrums hotly through my body. The more we drink, the more relaxing our conversation gets until finally Trent surprises both of us.

"All right." Trent sets down his knife and fork, takes a large drink of champagne and stares across the table at Kurt. "So, friends? Just what kind of friends are we talking about?"

Trent and Kurt glare at each other for a long moment. I can suddenly feel the tension around the table as Trent tries to take back control of the situation.

Suddenly, Kurt laughs. In one smooth stroke, he cuts through the tension. I can't help but chuckle along with him.

"Well," Kurt says. "I'm not sure friends cover everything, do you, Becky?"

I stop chuckling. Trent looks at me with an inquisitive expression on his face. Oh shit! What the hell am I supposed to say?

"Becky?" Trent prompts. "Anything you want to say here?"

"Nope," I say truthfully. "Nothing at all."

"Oh, come on, Becky! It was ages ago. I'm sure your husband isn't worried about a guy you used to sleep with in college?"

I cough into my napkin as Trent stares bemusedly at me.

"Sleep with?" Trent asks. "So, you two slept together?"

"If you could call that," Kurt chuckles.

I look at my ex-boyfriend across the table. His face is flush with drink, but he still has his wits about him. He knows exactly what he is doing, stirring up all this drama from my past in front of my husband. I need to put a stop to it.

"I think Kurt is over-selling our relationship," I say and force a smile onto my face. I pat my husband's hand. "We fucked a couple times. It was fun. Honestly, I was drunk most of the time and don't really remember."

Trent's mouth falls open. Kurt's eyes narrow and I'm afraid he might push the point. Instead, he throws back his head and laughs.

"That's the Becky I remember!" he says. "I'm sorry, Trent, I was just messing with you. Seriously, we dated a bit but that was it."

He takes a sip of his champagne and eyes me over the lip of the glass.

"And like Becky said, we were drunk most of the time."

Kurt had fired the first shot, but I felt like I had responded gamely.

Trent recovers from the shock and does his best to gain back some of the conversation, but it feels like, in this small battle of wills, my husband has lost.

And Trent seems to know it. It is not long after that exchange that Trent makes our excuses. It is getting late and we have a big day tomorrow, even though I am pretty sure there are no such plans, other than hanging out at the beautiful, outdoor pool I have yet to see in anything but the brochures. Still, my blood is singing with alcohol and innuendo and I certainly don't want Kurt to push any more of my husband's buttons. All I want to do is get back to the room and get Trent's clothes off.

"We should get together again before you leave," Kurt shakes Trent's hand, then presses me into a hug. His lips linger in my ear and he whispers. "I miss you."

My body shivers as I step back. My husband slides a possessive arm around my waist.

"Sure," Trent says in a neutral tone. I look at him and see a tight smile on his face.

Maybe I won't be getting lucky tonight.

Once again, my husband surprises me. He doesn't wait until we get to the room. As soon as the doors shut, he throws me up against the wall of the elevator and gives me a hard kiss. I gasp in surprise,

but soon enough, my gasps turn to moans of pleasure as I accept his tongue.

"So, you fucked him, did you?" Trent growls.

"What?" In my haze of lust, I'm not sure I heard the question.

"Kurt," he grunts and slides his hand between my legs, lifting the hem of my dress and thrusting his fingers against my pussy. He rubs the outside of my panties and I know he can tell I am wet. "You fucked him."

There is no reason to lie, Trent already knows the answer. But, drinking at that table is different then answering my husband, his fingers working insistently at my pussy. I moan, the pleasure of his touch overriding my fear of the truth.

"Yes," I pant heavily against Trent's shoulder. "I fucked him. Many times."

"Was he good?" Trent asks.

The question brings a shot of electricity straight to my pussy. I arch my back against his hand, bearing down on his fingers as I near the edge.

The bell of the elevator dings before I can answer the question or have an orgasm. Trent pulls back and stands next to me. I pull down the hem of my skirt as the door opens.

An older couple is waiting for the doors to open. The woman looks at me, a critical eyebrow raises at the state of my hair and dress.

The older man looks at me as well, but his gaze is anything but critical.

Trent smiles and nods at the couple, grips my hand, and pulls me out of the elevator. The elderly man turns his head to look at me, but his wife quickly grabs his arm and drags him into the elevator.

I laugh, drunk on alcohol and lust. I wink at the couple and give the man a cute finger wave as the doors shut. Then, Trent has the door open and pulls me into the dark room.

"Was he good?" Trent asks again. He drags me in front of the bed, pulling my dress over my shoulders revealing my black lace bra. I moan as he cups my ample breasts, but I still don't answer him. "Tell me, Becks! Was he good?"

He continues to undress me, pushing the dress over my hips, then shoving me forward onto the bed in my heels and lingerie. He gives my ass a playful smack and I look back over my shoulder, pouting.

"Ow!" I say. "Why? Why do you want to know?"

"Because I do," Trent says with a look of hunger in his eyes I don't recognize. He slaps my ass again, harder this time. I moan, wiggling helplessly.

Trent smacks me a few more times, then sets a warm, comforting hand on my ass and rubs some of the pain away. My pussy is throbbing as much as my ass and all I really want is my husband to fuck me.

"Was he good?" Trent asks again and this time I can't hold back.

"Yes," I spot him over my shoulder. "Is that what you want to hear?"

"Yes," Trent growls. "I want you to admit it!"

My husband rips my panties over my ass and pushes himself against me. I can feel his cock through his pants, hard and full of lust. He is turned on by the thought of me with Kurt and his excitement feeds my own.

"He was so good!" I whimper and grind my ass against Trent's crotch. My husband groans and pulls down his pants. I can't see his cock, but I can feel his desire. "He had such a big cock!"

Trent slaps my ass, I presume for being such a bad girl, then grips my fleshy cheeks in his hand and, finally, slams his cock home inside my pussy.

It feels so good to have him inside of me after the buildup, but my orgasm, my true orgasm, is still playing hide and seek as my husband pounds me roughly from behind. I hump against him, meeting each thrust with my welcoming body, eager to reach my bliss before he comes.

It isn't to be. After only a few moments of eager pumping, I feel him tense. He grits his teeth and I try to hump my ass backward to push me over the edge, but the angle is wrong. I try to finish myself off with my fingers, but it is too late.

"Fuck!" Trent yells and thrusts deep inside me. I furiously finger my clit, but the orgasm remains elusive. Trent falls over my body, panting as the last tremors of lust pulse inside of my pussy. Then, his cock slips out and my orgasm drifts away like a cloud of smoke.

"That was so good!" Trent grunts and stands up. I crawl up on the bed and dutifully lift my legs. My body is still hot, but my orgasm is gone, lying in wait for more stimulation.

"Yeah," I smile. Even though I am disappointed at the brevity and my lack of climax, I am still excited by Trent's hunger. "I've never seen you like that before."

"Yeah," he sighs, resting his head on his arm and staring up at the ceiling. "I don't know what got into me."

"Oh, really?" I laugh and let my legs fall. I roll over and tickle his chest with my fingertips. "Are you sure?"

"What are you trying to say?"

"Oh, nothing," I grin. "I've just never seen you that jealous before."

"I wasn't jealous," he protests and I giggle at his seriousness. "Ok, so maybe I was a little jealous."

"Well, you don't have to worry," I say. "I'm your wife. You're the one I want."

"Yeah?" Trent rolls over and looks into my eyes. "You sure you wouldn't want someone like Kurt?"

I lean forward and lightly brush my lips against my husband's mouth.

"Honey, If I had wanted Kurt, I would have been with Kurt." It is a lie, but a reassuring one.

"Good," Trent says. "That's what I wanted to hear."

Trent rolls over after that, and it wasn't long before he was asleep. I lay beside him, thinking. Could I have had Kurt back in college, if I had wanted? I knew he had slept with other women, but maybe, if I had stayed, I could have changed him.

I shake my head. That is a trap thousands of women have fallen into over the years. It isn't something I wanted then, or now. My husband is enough for me.

That thought is on my mind as I lay back on the bed next to Trent and probe my pussy with my fingers. I am wet and sticky, but despite the mess, I feel the tremors of heat that have been hiding. I try to think of Trent's excitement, his rough pounding of my body, the beautiful sound he made when he came. But the memory isn't what's on my mind.

Instead, a white-hot vision of Kurt pierces my brain. Kurt in college, his hard body on top of me. And his cock. Fuck that cock! I am remembering details now, the thickness and length of it. I even remember the first time I was with Trent, thinking that his cock was so much smaller than Kurt's, and how I didn't know if we would ever work out.

How had I forgotten that?

All the memories pulse in my mind as I frig my clit, working my cunt into a frothy mess. Trent moves next to me and I shove the fleshy part of my other hand in my mouth to keep from crying out. Kurt's cock, thick and beautiful, moves in front of my closed eyes, the sounds of his growl penetrating my memories. My orgasm is even more powerful for having to hold back my scream and avoid waking up my husband. I cum hard to the memory of Kurt's body and the

sensations linger long after my body stops squirming on the bed. I fall asleep, my legs spread lewdly, Trent's lust and my spent juices dripping onto the sheets.

Chapter 5

We don't talk about what happened the next day. I think we are both scared by the excitement that Kurt was bringing to our lives. I certainly feel more than a little shame from masturbating to memories of my old boyfriend, but I try chalking it up to too much drink and too much lust.

So, we are taking it easy that afternoon. Because the Oregon coast is cold most of the year, the hotel has built a beautiful pool. It has a lazy river, a long ribbon of water that weaves in and out of two islands where people can sit and bask in the sun.

The sides of the river have faux volcanic rock to give it a natural look. However, it is the cove I like best. The river winds back into a private nook where the water is heated. Broad palms are positioned around the pool and there is a waterfall which fills the small space with the sound of trickling water.

It is a wonderful, dark space which, I suspect, was built for couples to canoodle away from the crowd. When I first discover it, I make Trent come with me and spend a good portion of the afternoon

swimming along the river and snuggling in the cove when other couples aren't using it.

Trent is tired from the night before and wants to take a nap. I can't sleep so I tell him to head up and I'll meet him later, for dinner. The other people left and the uniformed hotel staff arrive and fire up tiki torches, the flames reflecting off the water.

I sit back in the warm pool and nurse my margarita. I'm not drunk, I'm not ready to be drunk again, but my mind is pleasantly warm. Any worries I have about my behavior the night before are washed away by the warm water.

"Well, now." A voice says above me. "Shouldn't you be enjoying your anniversary?"

I look up and see Kurt. He has on a pair of red trunks, his hard body glistening, and his blond hair slick against his head.

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

"Taking a swim," he grins and slides into the water. "Looking for company."

I chuckle and take a drink from my margarita, trying not to look at the wavering firelight reflecting off Kurt's muscular chest.

"I wouldn't think you'd have any trouble finding company."

"Oh, it's all about finding the right company." He leans back against the side of the pool, showing off his large upper body to good advantage. "Where's Trent?"

I feel that familiar heat between my thighs. I try to rub my legs together to curb it.

"I think he celebrated a bit too much yesterday," I say. "That being said, he's probably awake now. I'm supposed to go meet him for dinner."

I turn to pull myself out of the pool, but Kurt grips my arm.

"Wait," he said. "Stay and talk to me awhile."

I slide reluctantly into the pool. Kurt drops my arm, but he doesn't go back to his side of the pool. Instead, he leans against the wall and his long arm stretches out behind me.

"Kurt, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," he grins. "Nothing you don't want me to do."

Before I can respond Kurt grips my chin, tilts my face upward, and kisses me.

He tastes like whiskey and clove. His powerful tongue splits my lips and enters my mouth. To my shame, I don't immediately pull away. The memories of him take hold of my body and I kiss him back, swabbing his tasty mouth with my tongue. It is only when I feel his hands slipping down and cupping my buttocks under the water that I stop him.

"Wait."

I plant my hands on his hard, wet chest. Even as he breaks the kiss, I feel a jolt of heat between my legs. He is so strong! Was he this strong seven years ago? I mentally shake off the thought.

"We can't do this," I gasp. "Trent is my husband."

"I know," Trent murmurs. Instead of trying to kiss me again, he grips my left hand in his wrist. He kisses along my arm, then my fingers, finally licking my wedding ring. "I'm not asking you to leave him. I'm just asking you to enjoy yourself."

He gives me a wicked look.

"After all, it's your anniversary. You should enjoy yourself!"

"Oh you bast--"

My words are cut off when Kurt lifts me easily out of the water and plants my ass on the side of the pool. I moan as he pushes my legs apart and slides hard fingers over the tiny triangle of fabric over my pussy. God! I am practically naked! Why is it alright to wear such a thin bathing suit? It makes it so much easier on Kurt and so much harder on me.

"I missed you." Kurt bends forward and runs his mouth and nose over my stomach. I hiss as his tongue slips into my belly button. "And I know you've missed me."

"No," I protest weakly. "I didn't. Not like that."

"Sure you did," Kurt chuckles. "I'll bet you've been thinking of me fucking you since you saw me in the elevator."

"No," I lie. Kurt's head dips lower and he licks at the fabric. His tongue is so close to my pussy. An electric jolt shoots through my limbs and I jerk against his face, my body betraying me.

Kurt rises between my legs and reaches down to pull at my bikini. I screw my ass backward, trying to stop him.

"If you don't want me, just say it," he says. "Say it and I'll leave you here. It's your choice."

I groan as the turmoil of lust and shame boil my brain. I do want him, there is no question. My body is singing with a desire I have not felt in so long. But there is Trent, no doubt in our room in the hotel wondering where I am. Logic and lust battle inside of me as Kurt reaches down and pulls on the strings of my bikini.

I look at Kurt, begging him with my eyes to stop, but he just grins, a primal hunger in his blue eyes. He waits as my body wars with indecision.

Then, I lift my ass and let him take off my bikini bottoms in silent submission.

"That's my girl!" Kurt chuckles and holds up the small piece of fabric, sniffing the wet fabric. "I can smell you. You do want this."

"Please," I beg. "Stop teasing me."

"As you wish," Kurt grumbles and sinks his face between my legs.

He is true to his word. The teasing is over as his tongue splits my swollen furrow, working deep into my pussy. He licks up my sensitive slit and hits my already engorged clit, rocking my body with waves

of intense heat. I moan, planting my hands on the cement and humping my hips upward to receive even more of the exquisite pleasure. Kurt responds to my cries and sinks his fingers deep into my sopping cunt, stabbing inward and upward until he hits a cluster of nerve endings that push my body up and over the crescendo of orgasm.

"Fuck!" I cry. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

Kurt lifts his wet face from my clit and pumps his fingers into my pussy, working my body mercilessly through my bliss. The pressure bursts and I feel a blast of hot juices squirt from my pussy and drip into the water. My reaction shocks me, then my hips shake a moment later as a fresh spray of fluid squirts from my pussy.

"Oh, fuck!" I gasp. I fall forward, wrapping my arms around Kurt's thick neck, gasping with release. "Oh, shit!"

"That's it," Kurt murmurs. "You missed me, didn't you?"

"Yes," I sob, the tremendous orgasm touches me emotionally and I can't stop the tears from my eyes or my pussy. "I missed you."

"Good," he says. "Maybe you should tell your husband how much you missed me?"

"What?" I say. In my excitement, I forgot all about Trent. "What are you talking about?"

Kurt is looking away from me, towards the entrance to the small cove.

I look up and my stomach falls as I see my husband standing there,
a stricken look on his face.

Chapter 6

"Trent? Oh my God, Trent!"

I try to cover up, but Kurt's fingers are still in my pussy. Trent stands there, a mixture of pain and lust on his face.

"Kurt, let me go!"

"I'm not keeping you here," he grins. "Besides, look at him. He likes it."

Kurt slides his fingers out of my pussy, making me gasp. Then, he bends forward and kisses my neck. I look at Trent over his shoulder. My husband isn't moving, or saying anything. What the hell is wrong with him? Why is he not defending himself? I look down and see the reason even as the questions flit through my mind. He is in his trunks, no doubt to join me for a swim before dinner. I can plainly see the tent in his trunks. Kurt is right.

My husband is enjoying this.

I don't know how to feel. Kurt's insistent kisses are making the heat flow back into my pussy as his firm hands rise to massage my breasts. I keep my eyes on my husband the whole time, the idea of his watching my bigger, better built ex makes the electricity in my body that much more powerful.

"Trent," Kurt says, breaking me from my reverie. "Do you want to see me fuck your wife? Do you want me to give her what she's been missing?"

Trent says nothing, but I see his fist clench as he watches Kurt touching the body that, for the last seven years, has only been his to touch. I had taken the vows of love and honor, but those vows are thrown away as Kurt removes my bikini.

"Tell him to come closer," Kurt murmurs.

"I don't--"

"Just do it!" Kurt pants heavily in my ear. The presence of my husband is turning him on too.

"Come here, Trent," I say. "Please."

Trent hesitates, then steps up to the side of the pool.

"Take off his trunks," Kurt's voice is low and hypnotic.

I moan, but nod.

"Come here, honey," I say and Trent scuffles closer. I reach up and pull at his trunks as Kurt dips his head and sucks on my hard nipple.

I yelp as his mouth pulls in my nipple, sending more excitement to my pussy. I look up at Trent who is trembling as I pull down his trunks. I laugh when my husband's cock springs forward.

"Oh my God!" I cry. "You do like it!"

"I told you," Kurt says. "Now stroke him. Give hubby a little treat!"

I reach up and stroke my husband's cock. Trent groans and I realize he is dripping with lust. Pearly tears of pre-cum are spilling from the head of his cock. My husband's eyes widen as he watches Kurt rise from the water.

My ex has taken off his trunks and his thick, long cock breaks the surface of the pool. My God! He is bigger than I remember! His cock is twice the length of my poor husband and has much more girth.

Had I really ever taken that big a cock?

Trent moans, and I know he is thinking the same thing. I stroke him faster as Kurt lifts the fat head of his cock. He swabs my hot cunt with the spongy tip and I groan, my hand clenching reflexively on my husband's cock. Trent cries out in pain.

"Let him go," Kurt hisses in my ear. "You don't want him to cum too soon."

I let go of Trent's cock and he staggers back, his poor cock twitching and crying tears of pre-cum. I know he is close, so close, and Kurt hasn't even started yet.

"Sit down," Kurt commands. I think he is talking to me, but then realize he is addressing my husband. "Sit down and watch me fuck

your wife the way she needs to be fucked."

"No," Trent shakes his head. "I won't."

I can see my husband's emotions warring inside of him. He's come this far, what does putting his legs in the water mean? It means that Kurt has power over him.

"Tell him to sit down," Kurt growls in my ear. "Tell him, or I'm leaving."

I can't describe the feeling of Kurt taking control, not just of me, but my husband too. It is primal, electric, a truly powerful man taking what he wants. Still, I feel an enormous amount of pity for Trent. He hasn't asked for this, but he wants it just the same. Wants it, but hates it at the same time.

"Please, Trent," I whine. "Please sit down."

To my surprise, my husband moves to the edge of the pool and sits down.

"Put your feet in the water," Kurt growls.

Trent hesitates, looks at me, then slides his legs over the side of the pool and into the water.

Kurt grabs my panties that are in a ball by the side of the pool.

"Here," he orders, handing them to me. "Put these in his mouth. I don't want to hear him crying when he sees what I do to you."

"Kurt, I don't--" I start, but Kurt grips me by the throat and pulls me into the water. He gives me a savage kiss. I whimper deep in my throat, my body singing with need for this powerful man.

"Just fucking do it!" he growls and I turn to my husband.

Trent looks at me with wide, wet eyes, but his cock is throbbing. My God! How can he want this? A wave of anger passes through me. Why can't he fight for me? Why can't he be a real man? The wave carries my hand to Trent's mouth and, with a savage push, I shove my panties between his lips.

"What a loser!" Kurt chuckles and I groan. Trent isn't a loser. Weaker than Kurt, maybe, but not a loser.

Still, when Kurt says the words, Trent's cock twitches violently between his legs. More pre-cum drools out of the tip and down his thin shaft. I reach out instinctively to give my husband relief, but Kurt stops me.

"No," he grunts. He takes me by the shoulders and bends me over into Trent's lap. I plant my hands on Trent's legs and Kurt maneuvers himself behind me. "I get to cum first."

I whimper, but neither Trent nor I fight the powerful man. Kurt grunts in triumph and rubs the fat head of his cock up my slit. I moan in my husband's face and he lets out an answering whimper. There is no going back now.

The first thrust of Kurt's cock makes me cry out in pain. He feels like he is tearing me open with his great, fleshy cudgel. It has been too long since I've had such an enormous cock, too long since I'd felt a real man.

"Stop!" I cry. "It's too big!"

Kurt slows his thrust and bends over me, hissing loudly so that my husband can hear.

"You used to take this cock all the time," he says. "You used to beg for it."

He slowly inches his meat into my cunt. I feel the answering need from my body override the tension and I take a deep breath, willing my pussy to relax. Steadily, my lips open and for him and I fall forward against Trent's chest, sobbing as Kurt buried his sword deep inside my cunt.

"Beg me to fuck you," Kurt growls. "Look into your husband's eyes and beg me to fuck you."

I whine. Kurt grips my head in one hand and forces me to look into Trent's eyes. My husband is crying, but the sadness has been replaced by desperation. Whether it is a desperate need to see this, or a desperate need to run, I can not say. I am past the point of caring either way.

"Please!" I beg, watching Trent's eyes widen. "Please fuck me, Kurt! Fuck me!"

"As you wish," Kurt grunts, grips my hips, and slams his cock home.

"Oh, fuck!" I scream into Trent's face. "Oh, fuck!"

Kurt pounds into me hard and fast, his thick cock stretching my pussy wide open. I fall forward, my arms on my husband's shoulders and my face pressing into his chest. Each thrust enters through my

body and rocks Trent back and forth. He can feel Kurt's power as the powerful man lays waste to my pussy, stretching me to my limit and making it his own.

"You like that cock?" Kurt grunts.

"Yes!" I cry into Trent's chest. "Oh God! I love it!"

Kurt bends forward and pulls my head up by the hair.

"Who's better, me or your husband?"

I whimper with shame as Kurt continues to pound me. I can't answer that question, not here, not with Trent looking at me with horror and lust. Even as I fight the urge to answer Kurt honestly, the pulsing heat in my loins explodes and I scream in orgasm, my body shaking. Kurt lets go of my hair and I jerk in Trent's lap as my husband's cock twitches in sympathy.

Kurt grips my hair again and holds my head up so I can look at my husband.

"Tell him who's better," Kurt commands. "Tell him."

"Kurt's better," I moan. "He's better than you."

Trent groans in pain and shut his eyes as Kurt fucks me again. We can never go back now. Our marriage has been irrevocably changed tonight.

Kurt pounds into me with hard, steady thrusts. I grip Trent's thighs as my ex takes me savagely in front of him. My shame doesn't stop

the lust from building again, and I push back against Kurt, meeting each thrust with my ass until I am at the edge of another explosive orgasm.

"I'm going to cum inside you," Kurt grunts. "I'm going to fill that pussy up with my cum!"

"You can't," I whimper. "Please! I'll get pregnant."

Kurt pulls me up to a standing position, turns my head, and kisses me.

"That makes me want to cum inside you even more!"

I whimper again, feeling the heat in my cunt throb. He lets me fall back into Trent's lap and fucks me hard.

"I'm going to give you a present you won't forget!" Kurt grunts, hammering into my pussy. "I'm going to fuck my baby into your wife, Trent. I'm going to give her what you can't!"

Trent shakes his head, but it is too late. His cock is still hard and I know that some part of him is getting off on this.

My body is responding too. As if it senses a strong seed about to enter its defenseless inner sanctum, it reacts with the most powerful orgasm yet. I scream again, my whole body shaking uncontrollably.

Kurt growls and slams his cock home. His cock grows hot and swollen inside of me, then explodes. His hot cum fills me up, the burning liquid warming my belly.

Kurt holds himself inside me, even as his cum seeps out around his pulsating shaft and drips into the water.

Finally, he pulls out of me. I feel the immense loss of his cock, his cum pouring out of my cunt. I pant in my husband's lap, moaning softly as my inner body throbs in bliss.

"Looks like Trent needs a little help," Kurt says. He is leaning against the side of the pool, watching us. "I think it's time for him to cum now.*

I look up at Trent. My bikini is still shoved in his mouth, the red strings hanging over his chin. He could have easily removed the ball, but he didn't. In fact, he could have left long ago, but he had stayed.

"Do you want that?" I take his stiff, dripping cock in my hands. "Do you want to cum?"

Trent groans and shuts his eyes, tears leaking out onto his cheeks. I feel a crazy mixture of pity and disgust for my husband. How can he just sit there? How can he enjoy it?

I know the emotions are just a mask to protect me from my betrayal, but I lean into them.

"Look at me," I command and Trent's eyes snap open. I give him a cruel smile. "I want you to cum, Trent. Show me how much you love me."

The words coming out of my mouth are horrible, but they have the desired effect on Trent. His ass jumps off the pavement, fucking my

hand with unabashed need. Pre-cum bubbles out of the tip and I know he is close.

"That's it, honey! Cum for me!"

Trent mumbles a muffled cry and his hips jerk. A thin stream of cum spurts from the end of his cock, lands in the pool, and quickly dissipates in the warm water. I am struck by the thought that Kurt got to fuck my pussy and cum in my unprotected womb while my poor husband only gets to fuck my hand and squirt his cum into the swirling waters of the pool. I wonder if Trent is thinking the same as he spurts out the last few drops of his seed into the water. His ass twitches on the pavement for a few moments, then he finally comes to a rest on the concrete. The disgust and pity I feel drifts away with my husband's orgasm. All I feel is shame for what I have done and the awful words I have spoken.

Kurt lifts his body out of the pool and wraps a towel around his waist.

"I guess my work here is done," he grins down at us. "Happy anniversary."

And with that, he leaves us by the side of the pool, exhausted. I lay my head in my husband's lap, my body still throbbing with spent lust. I know our marriage could be over, that I may have just ruined our lives, but I am too tired to think about it.

Chapter 7

I look at my phone as the text comes in, skim it, and look up at Trent.

Trent looks at me, our packed bags waiting at his feet.

"So?" he asks.

"It's time," I say. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Trent thinks for a long moment and my heart catches in my chest. He is really going to decide, for better or worse, just like our wedding vows.

Kurt left us alone the rest of the trip, knowing we would need time to adjust to what happened. The three days have been relaxing, just being with each other and even making love. We talk little about what had happened with Kurt, but it hangs between us, with every touch and every word.

"Yes," Trent says and I search his face for any hint of regret. There is none.

"Ok," I say and stand up, grab my bag, and wheel it to the door.

We walk side by side to the elevator. The doors open.

Kurt Brock stands inside.

"Going down?" Kurt says with a smug smile.

I look at Trent, and he looks back at me. Then, we both turn to Kurt and nod.

Kurt grins and holds the door as Trent and I enter the elevator. Kurt hits the button for the first floor, the doors shut, and all three of us wait as we go down, together.

The End



I hope you enjoyed the book! If you haven't read Lacey Cross's book in the Going Up/Going Down Series, flip the page for more details.

Want more of my twisted brand of cheating and cuckold erotica?

Check out my website at:

<https://manusdare.com/>

Going Up Going Down Collab

Do you want to see what happens if Becky meets someone other than Kurt in the elevator? Check out Lacey Cross's version of what happens with Becky and Trent.





Gripping the handle of the suitcase, I continue on to the elevator. If I'm lucky, I can get a couple of minutes on the bed before Trent gets back.

I hit the button on the elevator and the floor numbers tick down until the 1 lights up above the door. I'm still watching the numbers when the silver door opens.

I roll my suitcase into the opening, but suddenly realize the elevator isn't empty. I look up and freeze while my brain blips out.

My lips part as I take in what is possibly the sexiest man I've ever encountered... one who looks exactly like the type of man that my younger self would have jumped into bed with and regretted. His clothes are fairly generic — blue jeans, a black t-shirt, and a leather jacket draped over his arm — but his bulging biceps and tattoos peeking out from under his shirt sleeves have my body singing.

His piercing blue eyes bore into mine and heat floods my face. My mind still isn't working properly. What am I doing here?

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