

Anne was so lost in the pleasure that she didn't even want to go home. She didn't care that she was kneeling in someone's piss on the restroom floor.

*Why should I?* she thought.

*He won't be home at this time anyway. It'll still be dark when he gets back.*

"He never comes this early. I need more... please."

"Don't be such a slut," Alex said. "I see your wimpy hubby doesn't even come to lunch. So men like us have to take care of you."

She tried to get up and press her ass to the glory hole again, but Alex stopped her, catching her by the shoulders.

"Whoa. Not so fast. I want you to look down and accept who you are."

She looked down. It was water everywhere, smelling piss.

"The floor's dirty." Her voice was wrecked. "Alex, I need to—"

"Say it."

"I'm kneeling," she said.

"Say it"

She shut her eyes. "I'm kneeling in piss."

“Again. Louder. Look at me while you say it.”

She opened her eyes. “I’m kneeling in piss.”

“Whose piss, Anny?”

“I don’t know. It doesn’t matter. Please... give me that cock again.”

“Then say what you are.”

Her cunt clenched. She hated that she was aroused by this whole humiliating scene.

“Say it.”

“I’m a slut. I’m Nathan’s wife and I’m a slut and I’m kneeling in piss.” Anne moaned hard as she came from the unbearable humiliation.

Alex lifted her chin with his shoe. “Then say who fucks you better.”

She looked up at him. His eyes were cold and cruel.

“You guys,” she said.

“What about your husband?”

“He doesn’t even come close.” Anne hated herself for saying it.

*But it’s true, isn’t it?*

“Do you want him anymore?”

That was a line Anne would never cross. She gathered the last scrap of pride she had left.

“Yes.”

“What did you say?”

“I said yes.”

“So you choose that husband who can’t even fuck you right over us?”

“Can’t I have both? I just want sex from you guys.”

“It doesn’t work like that. You have to choose between him or us.”

“But... but I want him.”

“Not for long, Anny.”

“But I want this again, Alex. Please. You know I want this.”

“Okay. You were a good cock sucker today. So I’m going to give you this again tomorrow, if you suck that cock clean and good.”

Anne wasn't in any state to refuse. She already knew she would want it again tomorrow. The lust had fogged her mind completely; everything felt too good.

"Mmmh... yeah. I can do it."

"Crawl to it then."

The thought alone tipped her into another orgasm. Her mind wasn't clear when she started crawling toward the cock in the glory hole, the same thick, veined cock she had seen in her dreams. It was still covered in cum, and every inch of the dirty floor smeared piss across her hands and knees as she crawled.

That's look like the same cock that fucks me in dreams. And It fucked me really few minutes ago

The memory slammed into her. She could still feel the blunt head of that forcing her tight asshole wide, the long, relentless strokes into her. She had come so hard around it her legs had simply folded. The recollection alone made her empty ass clench.

"Don't you dare touch that cock with your filthy hands. Just use your little cock sucking mouth" Alex said.

She reached the hole. The cock twitched, dropping a string of cum. Anne couldn't let that go into waste. Anne leaned in and dragged her tongue from tip to root in one slow, greedy swipe, gathering the warm cum. Her cunt spasmed hard enough to make her gasp from arousal.

*I need this to concentrate on Nathan and our life.*

Anne knew she is telling these lies to ease up her guilty. But this pleasure was so unreal that Anne knew she can't ever look back.

Behind her, Alex's hands closed over her hanging breasts. He squeezed without mercy. his fingers sank deep into the soft flesh, thumbs scraping roughly across her stiff nipples.

“That’s the cock that wrecked your tight little ass,” he murmured against her ear, voice low and filthy. “I watched every inch disappear inside you. Watched you take it like the greedy slut you are. Remember how full you felt? How your hole just... gave up?”

Anne whimpered around the head as she sucked it in. Yes. She remembered. The way her ring had fluttered and finally surrendered. She took more of the shaft, tasting old cum mixed with the faint musk of her own ass still clinging to it. It felt really degrading but also arousing. juices slid down her inner thigh with the heat building up in her cunt.

Alex groped harder, pulling her tits outward, crushing them together, pinching and twisting her nipples until sharp sparks shot straight to her clit. She moaned around the cock, the vibration made the man on the other side push forward, the head nudging the back of her throat. making spit and leftover cum to spill from the corners of her mouth and dripped onto the dirty tiles.

She worked the shaft with long, wet strokes of her tongue, remembering how that same thickness had dragged against every nerve inside her ass. Her hole clenched helplessly around nothing, still greedy for that pleasure.

Alex yanked her nipples and growled against her neck.

“Suck it clean, Every drop. So it can go right back in that greedy ass tomorrow.” His fingers twisted harder. “You want that, don’t you? Want him to stretch you open again while I play with these tits? Want to feel him claim what’s already his?”

Anne wanted to say yes, but all that came out was a broken, muffled moan. She pushed her mouth all the way down until her lips kissed the base of the cock, throat working around the thick head, eyes watering. The taste of cum and the pleasure from the nonstop orgasms flooded every sense. Alex’s rough hands never stopped mauling her breasts. He was squeezing, lifting, spreading, pinching, keeping her right on the edge while she cleaned every last trace from the cock that had already ruined her once and would ruin her again.

“Please... ahh... tell me who you are,” she gasped through the heavy climax still rolling through her. The man on the other side of the wall didn’t answer.

cock disappeared and her butt plug came up with a hand. Alex grabbed it and pushed it back into Kneeling Anne's ass, making her moan harder.

"Get dressed, slut. Unlike you, we have to think about things other than sex," Alex said.

She wanted to get up and see who was in the next stall. Her body wanted to turn around and look at him.

"Don't even try to look at him. You'll get to know his cock first, then him," Alex said, like he knew. Anne obeyed.

She heard the bathroom door open. The stranger was leaving.

Anne cleaned herself at the sink and got her clothes on with shaking hands.

"Anny."

She looked at Alex.

"Get in the car. Go home. And don't forget how much you enjoyed today."

The driver's seat was cold. She sat there for a minute, just holding the wheel.

Then she started crying.

It came fast. Her forehead went down to the steering wheel and she sobbed. Her mouth still tasted like cum.

What did I do?

I cheated on him. I cheated on him in a toilet.

*You're the one who called him Anny.*

*You called him. You drove across town. You took your clothes off. Nobody made you do any of that.*

*Nathan finishes in two minutes. You just got fucked far better by a stranger in a bathroom. That's fair if he doesn't satisfy you. You deserve some pleasure after doing everything for him. You have every right to have what you want. It's all his fault. So be harsh on him next time. So he'll know better how to treat you.*

She drove home, then went straight upstairs to the bathroom.

She stripped. She got in the shower and scrubbed until it hurt. Scrubbed her hands. Her nails. Brushed her teeth until the taste of cum was gone. She was a bit hesitant to do it though, because the taste reminded her of the pleasure she'd experienced.

The plug came out slow. A drool of cum followed it. She couldn't watch it go down the drain. She didn't have time to think. She quickly got some onto her finger and put it in her mouth, knowing she'd have to brush her teeth again, but the heat throbbing between her thighs demanded it.

She put her fingers in her mouth and tasted him again as an orgasm tore through her aroused body.

When she got out, she put on a long shirt and shorts to prepare some dinner.

Nathan came home at seven p.m.

"Babe?"

"I'm in the kitchen." On any other day she would have welcomed him at the door.

He smiled when he saw the plate of food waiting for him.

"Did you cook? I was thinking about taking you out. I called you."

"I was in the shower."

He leaned in to kiss her. She dodged. "I'm all sweaty. Don't you see?"

"Never bothered me." Nathan leaned in again.

"But it bothers me," Anne said harshly.

The grudge about him not satisfying her was acting on her.

"You okay?"

She wasn't okay. She had another man's taste in her mouth and she wanted to scream at him for being too gentle.

"Eat before it gets cold."

He ate, while Anne thought about the stranger's cock. About how it had stretched her past what she thought she could take. About how Nathan had never done that. Would never do that.

"How was your day?" he asked.

She didn't answer. She was thinking about the restroom. About the stranger's cock. Wondering who he was.

"Anne?"

"Fine."

"You do anything?"

*I knelt in piss. I got fucked by a stranger. I came and came and I didn't even see his face.*

"Nothing special, but I went for a drive."

"Anywhere good?"

"No, just drove for fresh air. Can we not do the questions? I'm tired. I made food. Can you just eat it?"

He stopped talking. Hurt moved across his face. He put his fork down and decided to be patient with her anyway.

She hated him for it.

*Whimpering always.*

But he tried again, coming up behind her at the sink and putting his arms around her waist.

"I missed you today."

His hands rested on her stomach.

She wanted to push him away. She wanted to tell him exactly what she'd done. She wanted to see his face when he found out his wife had been on her knees in a bathroom getting fucked by a stranger. She was getting aroused by that feeling. She remembered the dream where she got fucked by that cock while he sat right beside her.

But something snapped. Some deep feeling. Maybe love.

So she stood there and let him hold her.

In bed, he tried to cuddle.

"Can I?"

She didn't say yes. She just closed her eyes and let him in. She felt bad for snapping at him before.

After all, he was the man she loved.

He fell asleep and then Anne felt too hot in that position. She freed herself from his hands. She didn't like the warmth of him now.

*You could have fucked me hard. You could have held me down and smacked my ass. But you didn't. So I went somewhere else.*

In the dark, she thought about the stranger. About the fact that she'd never see his face. She thought about the glory hole and some part of her wondered if she could go back tomorrow. If she could go back every day.

*You did this, she thought. You and that careful little dick.*

She fell asleep blaming him. She knew she would see those filthy dreams again today.

It began in their bedroom. The wall beside the bed had a hole in it. Anne eagerly put her ass against it. Nathan was in bed reading on his phone. He didn't look up when she backed up to the hole.

She knew what was coming. She wanted it anyway.

"I'm your slut today," she said.

The cock pushed through. She took it in her ass and started moving, grinding back against it.

Nathan finally glanced up from his phone.

"Anne, you look happy. But you don't seem happy with me," he said.

She looked at him.

"I am," she said. "I'm happier than you've ever made me."

"Hmm. That makes me happy too."

Mark knew how to gaslight Anne into thinking Nathan would be happy for her at his last act. Mark knew Nathan would be devastated. But Mark needed to change Anne's mind before the last act. So he chose to get it done with dreams.

"Does it?" She ground back harder, faster. "Does it make you happy knowing your wife gets fucked by a stranger through a hole in your wall? Does it turn you on?"

He didn't answer. He just smiled and went back to his phone.

She was so angry she came. Right there in front of him while he pretended not to care.

"Look at me," she said.

He looked up.

"I don't know his name. I don't know his face. But I know what he feels like inside me, and it's so much better than anything you've ever done."

"Anne..." he started.

"Don't. Don't say my name like you have any right to it. You had your chance. Every night you had your chance and you were too small and too careful and too weak. So I gave it to someone else. Someone who knows how to fuck me like the slut I am."

The cock inside her pulsed.

Nathan put his phone down. He looked hurt.

"I love you," he said.

"You love the idea of me. You don't love me. If you loved me, you'd fuck me like this. You'd hold me down and actually take what's yours."

"I'm trying... But you look satisfied with him."

"You're not trying hard enough."

The stranger fucked her harder, like he was hearing her defend him, like he was proving her point.

Nathan reached over and tried to touch her, to comfort her, and she pulled away.

"Don't touch me. I don't want your gentle hands. I want his hands. I want his cock. I want everything you're not."

She came again, and Nathan watched her come for a stranger while she insulted him, and he didn't stop her. He just lay there and accepted it.

She woke up gasping with an orgasm.

Nathan was asleep beside her. She lay there for a moment blaming Nathan.

*Do you see? Why can't you just fuck my brains out. This is your fault, Nathan.*

It was 4:47 AM. She was soaked. Nathan was asleep. She couldn't sleep after that.

She pretended to be asleep when Nathan left.

By nine, she couldn't sit still.

in few moments, She was on sofa calling Alex. He picked up.

"Anny. I'm at work."

"I need to cum."

"You came yesterday. Isn't that enough?"

"It's never enough."

"I'll make you come in two minutes, which your husband failed to do even if he had an hour," he said.

"Don't waste it begging pretty."

"Tell me what to do."

"Go to the fridge. And find a cucumber."

She found cucumbers.

"The big one?"

"What do you think you need."

She chose a thick and long one that resembled that cock in the gloryhole.

"Lube it with your mouth, slut. Put me on speaker. And kneel down."

She put the phone on the tile and knelt. The cucumber was cold when she pushed it in her mouth. She gagged. She pulled her lips over her teeth and took more.

"Deeper," his voice said from the phone. "I want to hear your wet mouth."

She bobbed her head. Spit gathered fast. She drooled on purpose because he'd said. Her cunt throbbed painfully. She did it until it got to her mouth's temperature.

"Good. Now put it in your pussy. And you talk about Nathan. Say what a disappointment he is. Say everything you won't say to his face."

She lowered her drenched pajamas and gave her pussy what it needed.

"I can't talk about him like that."

"Then you won't cum."

"Anne."

"Okay, okay... I need this."

"He's useless. He isn't worth half of that cock I had yesterday. And he always whimpers."

"More."

"His cock is so small and he doesn't know how to use it." She was fucking herself with it now, faster, trying to make up the difference. "I went to a gloryhole. A man whose name I don't even know fucked me in the ass and it felt so much better. I swallowed your cum. I tasted it. I felt so much better than I've ever been." Now Anne was speaking, words flowing into her mind.

"Keep going."

"I want to be used like a slut."

She was fucking herself like an obsessed one now. She couldn't even recognize herself anymore.

"I'm your slut. I'm Nathan's wife but I'm your slut. I'm a whore who has to fuck a cucumber on her husband's kitchen floor because he can't do it. Because he's too gentle and I need someone who will actually take what they want from me."

She came right after that.

Waves of orgasm hit her so hard, but she didn't stop. She kept fucking herself through it, babbling "I need it, I need real cock" until the clench turned painful.

She lay there with it still inside her.

"Pick up the phone," Alex said.

She picked it up with slick hands.

"That's how you cum now. Not from him. From doing what I tell you. Remember it."

"Alex..."

"I'm going back to work."

He hung up.

She pulled the cucumber out and lay on the kitchen floor until the lust cleared her mind. Then she stood and washed it. then put it back exactly where it had been.

*He might eat that. On Sunday. In a salad. And he fucking deserves it for keeping me on edge.*

But the morning fuck session wasn't enough. Her body demanded pleasure like yesterday. By evening, she couldn't sit still. Her cunt pulsed just from climbing the stairs. She called Alex again with trembling hands.

He answered.

"No."

"I didn't even talk yet."

"But I know. You want to cum again."

"Yes. Please. I'll do what I did this morning. You can stay on the phone, you don't have to say anything, just..."

"It's boring, Anny."

"What?"

"It's boring. If you need to cum, I'll come to your house and finish the job. That's the offer."

Her stomach dropped.

"You can't come here."

"I can."

"Nathan will be home soon. An hour. Maybe less."

"Your loss, then."

"Alex, I'm serious. If he comes home and finds you—"

"Then he can learn some things. Like how to fuck his wife good."

He hung up.

She called back. He didn't answer. Called again. Nothing.

She stood at the window and looked at the empty driveway. Fought the thought that just came into her head.

At 5:35, she called Nathan.

He answered happy. "Hey, babe. I was just about to leave."

*No. He can't.*

"I need your help."

"Okay." He shifted into fix-it mode. "What?"

"I lent one of my purses to Megan. I want it now. Can you bring it?"

"Where's Megan?"

"Hartley Road. Past the bridge. Do you remember?"

"Yeah, Anne, but that's an hour round trip. Maybe more."

"I know. I need it though. Please?"

He sighed. Not angry. Just tired, already redirecting his car.

"Alright. I'll get it. Don't worry."

Tell him you're lying. Tell him to turn around.

"I love you."

She heard herself say it back. "Love you too." But it was mostly out of pleasure.

The call ended. She stood in her bedroom with her hand over her mouth. Then she called Alex.

"Please come over."

"Oh yeah. But you have to put on a blindfold for it. Because I want to give you a surprise gift."

"What?"

"Yeah, just put on some cloth as a blindfold and sit on your sofa naked before I come. You can't ever remove it until I leave. Okay, do you agree?"

Out of thrill she agreed immediately. She was really excited for what's coming.

"Yeah, pls come quickly."

She called Megan right back.

"Hey Megan. I need a huge favor. I'm planning a little surprise for Nathan tonight. But he tried to come home early today. So I'm sending him to your place to bring back a purse. I know you don't have it. Just give him one of yours. He'll never know. I have many purses."

"Yeah, sure."

"Thank you so much." Anne ended the call quickly. She had to do as Alex said. She unlocked the front door and then found a black cloth piece. She used it to cover her eyes. She couldn't see anything. she stripped naked and lay on the sofa, being careful not to drip her juices from her throbbing cunt onto it.

A few minutes went by and she heard the door opening.