

MODERN *Cuckold*

Her Pleasure, His Thrill: Navigating the Ultimate Trust Exercise

SWALLOWING SURRENDER

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL
POWER OF THE
BULL'S FINAL RELEASE

VISUAL VS. VERBAL

COMPARING LIVE ORAL
PERFORMANCE TO
DETAILED RECOUNTING

BRUSHING TEETH AFTER

THE HUMILIATING
RITUALS THAT FOLLOW

ORAL EDGING

HOW TO PROLONG
THE BULL'S PLEASURE
WHILE TESTING THE
CUCKOLD'S ENDURANCE

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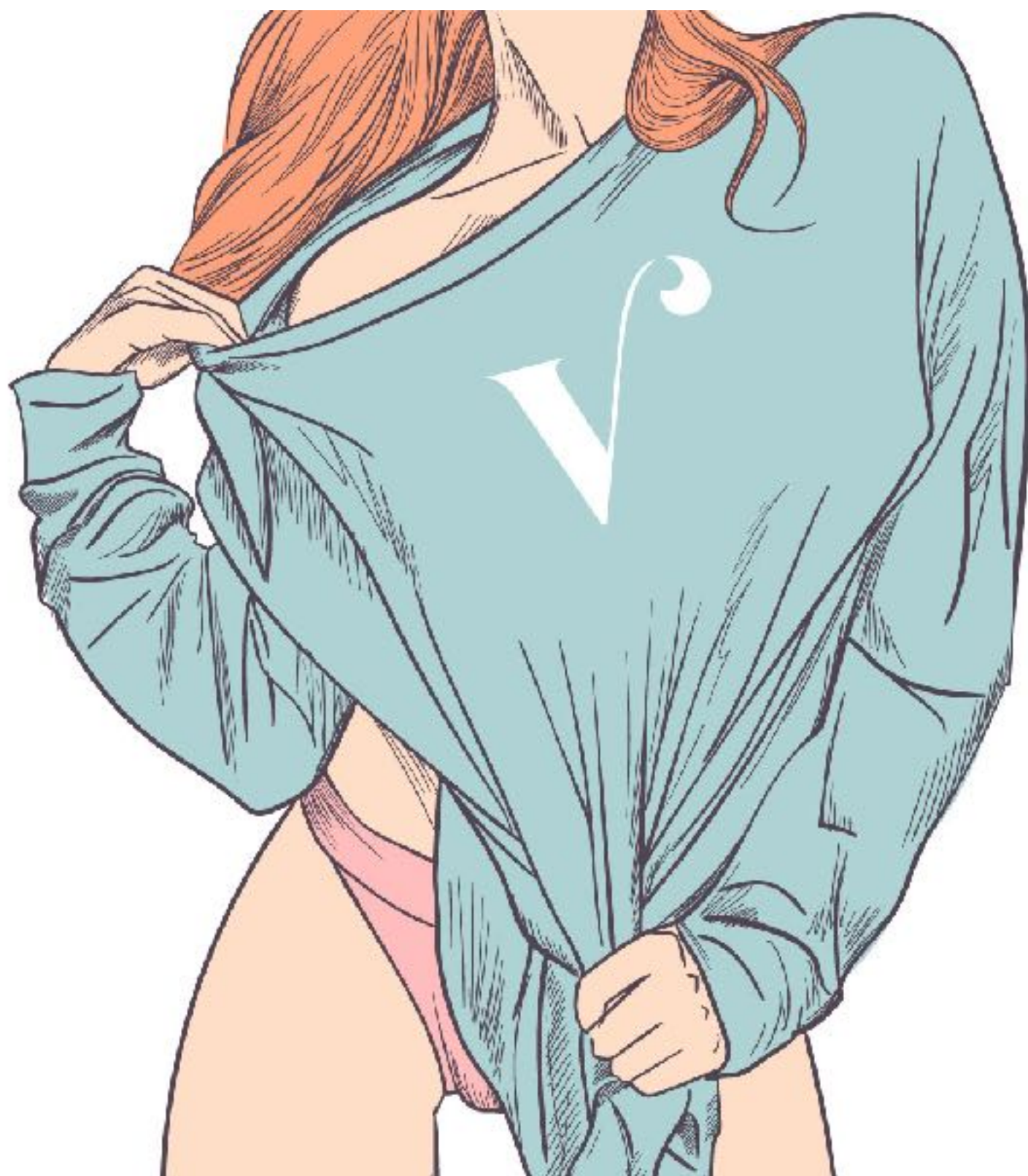
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This is FOR FUN. Don't take things too seriously. Learn to just enjoy things :)



Letters

To the Editor

A Response

Dear Lynn,

Allow me to introduce myself, I am Empress Elegance and I've been a sex educator for over 20 years. Your experience is not unusual to what other women have said about exploring hotwifing. Many women speak about the enjoyment of their bull's cock size, their confidence, and some even enjoy a sense of hierarchy with the husband being beneath them. Others enjoy, as you said, the experience of seeing how aroused their husband is watching them experience unbridled pleasure. I find that men, especially submissive men, like the emotional and mental aspects of cuckoldry because it helps them access a level of submission they can't otherwise via physical means. Most women can't easily overpower a man but she can "break" him in other ways which can be accessed via cucking or edging or hypnosis. Anyway, I just wanted you to know that you aren't alone in your feelings and your husband isn't unusual in his enjoyment either. However, you might seek out a sex therapist or a kink friendly therapist (look here for folks in your area: <https://www.kapprofessionals.org/>) if you and your husband desire someone to help you navigate these emerging feelings/concerns.

Sincerely,

Empress Elegance

Dear Lynn,

I read your letter last month and wow I feel like I could have written it myself! I also thought that size didn't matter! I mean, that's what we were all told as girls and I was pretty chaste (except for sucking cock) before I got married. I never knew hotwifing existed much less than my husband could enjoy seeing me be absolutely destroyed by another man! Like you, we were very cautious going into this and read all about ENM (Ethical Non-Monogamy) and did some roleplaying and took our time to explore before finally taking that final big leap. Oh and it was definitely BIG! Before my first bull, the biggest cock I had ever experienced was a nice respectable 6" and I loved it! I was terrified of anything bigger but to my surprise, that very first bull was 10" and thick! I thought he was going to split me open but he was slow and kept me calm while I settled into a little more every few minutes. Before I knew it, my pussy relaxed and began welcoming him in and then... well, I'm sure you can relate when I say, I began craving it! I found myself meeting his thrusts and begging for more. Honestly, I became a completely different woman! I didn't know I could feel that much passion! I completely understand what you said about craving your bull's big cock. I mean, I love my husband, don't get it twisted! But, ugh I crave the huge cock of a man I don't love. I can't help it! I think women's bodies are just made to be stretched and filled and ravaged and... Oh goodness! Sorry, I seem to have got caught up in the moment! Well anyway, I can relate! Here's wishing us both even bigger and better cocks!

-Hailey



Swallowing Surrender

The Psychological Power of the Bull's Final Release

In the intricate dance of cuckolding dynamics, few moments carry as much psychological weight as the final act of oral completion—when the wife swallows the bull's essence. This seemingly simple physical act transcends mere sexual behavior, becoming a powerful symbol of submission, transfer, and redefinition that reshapes the entire marital dynamic.

"Swallowing represents the ultimate acceptance of another man's dominance," explains Dr. Elena Martinez, a clinical sexologist who has specialized in alternative relationship structures for over fifteen years. "It's not just about the physical act but what it symbolizes—the wife's complete submission to the bull's authority, and by extension, the husband's acceptance of this hierarchy."

For the cuckold husband, witnessing this act—or learning of it afterward—creates a complex psychological response. The sight of his wife deliberately consuming another man's semen triggers what evolutionary psychologists call "sperm competition response," an ancient biological mechanism where men become aroused when perceiving potential reproductive competition. In the cuckolding context, this primal response is consciously harnessed for psychological pleasure rather than reproductive anxiety.

Sarah, a 38-year-old accountant who has been in a cuckolding marriage for seven years, describes the moment vividly: "When I swallow my bull's release while my husband watches, I can feel the shift in the



room's energy. It's not just about the physical sensation—it's about the psychological transfer. I'm literally taking another man's essence inside me, and Mark is watching this happen. His arousal isn't despite this act; it's because of it."

The psychological power of this moment lies in its permanence. Unlike other sexual acts that leave no physical evidence, swallowing creates an internalization that cannot be immediately witnessed or verified by the husband. This ambiguity forces him to rely on his wife's word and behavior afterward, creating a dynamic of trust mixed with uncertainty that many cuckolds find intensely arousing.

The act of swallowing triggers a unique neurochemical response in all participants. For the wife, the act activates the brain's reward centers, releasing dopamine and oxytocin that create feelings of bonding and pleasure. For the bull, it represents the

ultimate acceptance and validation of his masculinity.

For the cuckold husband, the experience triggers a complex cocktail of neurochemicals. "The husband experiences a surge of adrenaline from the perceived threat, mixed with dopamine from the arousal response, and often oxytocin from the emotional connection with his wife," explains neuroscientist Dr. Sarah Williams. "This combination creates what many describe as a euphoric state of submission—a psychological high that becomes increasingly addictive."

The moments following the act are equally significant psychologically. Whether the husband witnessed the act or learned about it later, his wife's behavior afterward carries powerful meaning.

"After I swallow, I'll often kiss Mark deeply," Sarah explains. "The question of whether he can taste anything becomes a psychological game between us. Sometimes I'll describe the taste in detail while we're being intimate later, watching his arousal build as I recount the experience. The uncertainty of whether there's any physical evidence left drives him wild."

This post-act ritual reinforces the psychological dynamics established during the encounter itself. The husband's desire for physical evidence of his wife's submission to another man, combined with his acceptance of her authority over what she shares and when, creates a continuous cycle of psychological tension and release that defines the cuckolding experience.

While cuckolding dynamics have existed throughout history, the specific emphasis



on swallowing as a psychological act has gained prominence in recent years. "We're seeing a shift from purely visual cuckolding to more nuanced psychological dynamics," says Dr. Martinez. "Swallowing represents this evolution—it's not just about what the husband sees but what he knows happened and how his wife integrates that experience into their relationship."

The act also challenges conventional ideas about contamination and purity, reframing what might traditionally be seen as "degrading" as instead "elevating" within the cuckolding context. "In cuckolding psychology, the wife's willingness to swallow is viewed as the ultimate form of devotion—not to her husband, but to the dynamic itself," explains Dr. Martinez. "She's demonstrating that her submission to the bull is so complete that she'll internalize him in the most intimate way possible."

Successful integration of this dynamic requires exceptional communication between partners. Couples who thrive with this element typically have explicit conversations about boundaries, expectations, and emotional responses.

"We had several conversations before I ever swallowed," Sarah recalls. "Mark needed to understand that this wasn't about replacing him or diminishing his importance. It was about enhancing our dynamic by adding this layer of psychological intensity. Once he understood that, he became not just accepting but eager for this element to be part of our encounters."

Swallowing in cuckolding contexts represents far more than a simple sexual act—it's a psychological tool that creates powerful dynamics of submission, trust, and redefined masculinity. For couples who



embrace this element, it becomes a central part of their erotic expression, one that continuously reinforces the unique power structures that make cuckolding psychologically fulfilling for all participants.

As our understanding of human sexuality continues to evolve, practices like swallowing within cuckolding dynamics remind us that the line between degradation and devotion, between humiliation and euphoria, is often a matter of context, communication, and psychological framing—proving once again that human desire is rarely as simple as it might appear.

E R O T I C
C R O S S W O R D
W I N N E R S

1st PRIZE

All purpose door frame testing kit (model not supplied)

Hugh Jardon, from Cockington, UK

2nd PRIZE

Mattress protection kit complete with 4 point tension cuffs

Andre de Cocu, from Condom, France

3rd PRIZE

Orthopedic back alignment kit

Hans Hanrei, from Titz, North Rhine-Westphalia, Germany

Hopefully the prizes will meet with you and/or your partner's approval. We have it on good authority that all have been 'Bull-Approved' and come with a full 12-month guarantee.

Maybe you can provide a product review or share your experiences for later issues? We'd love to hear from you.

Readers – you'll also be pleased to know that here at Modern Cuckold we've been able to secure some additional exercise equipment as prizes for later competitions and giveaways to help your fitness and um other goals....
Keep reading and let us know what you think.



HoneyBirdette

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A Promotion's Price

By Vivian White

"Lena? You home?" Daniel shrugged his coat off, hanging it up next to the door as he listened, hearing only the cold quiet of their home.

He pulled out his phone and checked his messages again.

Lena: *Please come straight home after work. We have something to discuss. Love you.*

Daniel had read too many erotic stories that started this way. The 'we need to talk' stories. A text like that, even in the best of times, was ominous. Had his life really become a cliché? Had he not noticed how dissatisfied his wife was? What sort of talk would this be? Divorce? Affair? Or maybe it was something more joyful. Pregnancy? They'd been considering kids for a while, but it was never the right time.

What was he about to walk in on?

Both possibilities, good and bad, warred within him all day. It made it almost impossible to work.

It made his stomach twist and his cock twitch.

I really have become a cliché. Turn on by the idea of my wife's possible infidelity and pushing me aside. Dictating what she would do. No discussion. Lena always was the more assertive in their relationship. Not that she was domineering, but Daniel knew he was less decisive and Lena was laser focused.

Daniel lingered in the entry hall. Maybe if he just stayed there, nothing would change. Everything would remain the same. Not great, strained for sure, but they would still be a solid couple. Whatever she wanted to talk to him about, it was obviously serious. Otherwise, she would have called. Instead, she was waiting for him to come home.

"Danny?" Lena's voice carried down the stairs. "You home? Come upstairs."

He hesitated. Maybe he could just go back out. Disappear for a little while. Whatever she was planning would be ruined. Right? Or would she go out anyway? Was she even going out?

Daniel knew he was driving himself crazy with all the 'what if' questions. He knew he had to face his wife. Face whatever truth and discussion was going to be had. Ignoring and running away was just childish. It wouldn't solve anything.

"Yeah," he finally called, voice coming out strained. Shuffling his way up the stairs and down the hall, Daniel tried his best to put on a brave face, but his pessimistic personality kept conjuring the worst scenarios, twisting up his insides so he felt like a knot rather than a person.

Walking into the bedroom, Daniel's anxiety peaked as he saw his wife standing in front of her vanity. Her bare breasts swayed as she leaned down, clipping the dark red garter strap to the sheer black stockings encasing her elegantly long legs.

Shit. Shit shit shit. My life's a porn. I'm getting cucked. Fuck. Is she leaving me? What is this? What can I do? Can I do anything? Fuck!

With a soft click, Lena fastened the strap and looked up, dark hair framing her face beautifully, like she was modeling for a magazine rather than standing in their bedroom. "Hey honey." Her lips were painted a ruby red, eyeshadow subtle, and lashes bold. "How was work?"

The way she asked, so calm and casual, made the twisting in Daniel's gut worse.

"It was... fine." He muttered, staring at the tight stocking clinging to her upper thigh. Besides the garter belt, the stockings were the only article of clothing his wife was wearing. Her ass was beautifully round and ripe, curving inward to reveal just a hint of her pussy mound, smooth and clean. Breasts swaying softly, nipples dark pink and hard, she turned to face her husband, confident and carefree.

Daniel couldn't help but glance down between his wife's legs, beyond the smooth plain of her stomach and along her curved hips. She was bare. Bald and beautiful. Usually she had a nicely trimmed patch of brunette hair framing her beautiful valley, but tonight it was smooth as silk.

Shaving like that meant something special. Something important. Lena had done it for their anniversary several times. For birthdays. When Daniel had gotten that promotion a few years

back. But as far as he knew, today was a regular day. Lena hadn't called about anything special. Their anniversary and his birthday weren't for another few months.

So why now?

"You okay, Danny? You look a little green." Her hazel eyes dove deep into her husband's worried gaze. It was impossible that she didn't know why he was anxious. Why he looked sick. But she was holding her poise, her command of the situation. If Danny wanted an explanation, it seemed he'd have to ask, because Lena wasn't going to just tell.

"I'm...I'm fine." He cleared his throat. "You look like you're getting ready to go out somewhere." For the first time he pulled his eyes away from Lena and looked to the bed where she had a red dress laid out, along with a sheer red thong and bra set that matched the lace garter belt around her waist.

Lena pursed her lips, shut her eyes for a moment as she took in a deep breath, and then returned her gaze to her husband. "Come sit." She motioned to the bed next to her clothes and sat, patting the mattress next to her.

Daniel's legs were limp. His insides were jelly. Somehow he managed the dozen steps it took to reach the bed and sat down heavily next to his wife. He could feel the heat of her bare skin, the glow from a recent shower. She smelled of ginseng. Strong, earthy.

Putting a gentle hand on Daniel's thigh, Lena took a steadying breath. "Richard invited me to the gala tonight. Celebrating the merger between Russel Brothers and Avery Unlimited."

"Th...that's great." His throat was tight, gripping his knees, trying to stop them from shaking.

"He's invited me as his date."

Daniel's stomach dropped. *Fuck*. It was just like the stories.

"Doing this ensures my promotion as Project Director." Her hand tightened on his thigh, eyes firm and serious. "You know I've been working towards this promotion for the last three years."

"I...I see." Daniel clenched his jaw, averting his gaze.

"If tonight goes well. Then the promotion is mine, free and clear."

"You're...sure?"

Lena nodded confidently, squeezing his thigh again for reassurance.

"So, you just have to go with him to the gala. Make an appearance. Smooth talk some execs. That's all?" His voice betrayed his hopefulness.

There was a pause. Lena removed her hand from Daniel's thigh and settled her hands in her lap over her smoothness. "Yes. And, it's bound to go late, so Richard has gotten us a room at the hotel where it's being held."

"Hotel."

Lena nodded.

"Us?"

She kept her gaze steady, face devoid of emotion. "Yes, honey. For both of us."

Daniel's heart was pounding, trying to escape his chest. His head throbbed with a migraine that came on like a plummeting meteor. The impact when it finally reached his eyes was so intense that his eyes watered and his mouth ran dry as his stomach clenched and acid boiled. "Uh... you mean separate rooms. Right?"

"No dear. Please don't make this difficult. Don't be deliberately dumb." Her words were soft, but they dug harshly into his bones.

"I'm not dumb." He growled, standing up and stepping away, scrubbing his hands through his hair, distressingly rough.

With demure elegance, Lena stood and returned to her vanity. "I didn't call you dumb, Daniel. Don't twist my words." She adjusted her garter belt, a hand span thick belt of intricate red lace, clinging to her toned stomach. "Be a dear and hand me my panties, please."

Daniel stopped his pacing, staring at his wife's back, over her shoulder meeting her gaze in the mirror. "What?"

"Daniel. I know this is hard. I'm not blind. And I'm not going to be callous towards your feelings on this. I won't feed you any platitudes. I'll only give you pure honesty. But I want us to be in this together. So..." She turned towards him,

"Please bring me my panties. You can help me put them on if you'd like."

A cold rush of electricity ran down Daniel's spine. His fingers twitched with the eager desire to slip the silky sheer panties onto his wife. Lingerie was a weakness for him, like many men. Putting it on and peeling it off of his wife was half the fun sometimes. But the idea that he might be putting those panties on for someone else's eyes was almost too much for his brain to handle.

"Daniel," Lena's voice was soft, understanding. "Help me get ready. Be in this with me." It was almost a plea.

Heart twisting, pounding, Daniel looked at the skimpy garment and felt all the hairs on his body stiffen. He mechanically picked them up and drifted towards Lena as she turned back to face her mirror. Stepping up behind her, Daniel stared at the elegance of his wife's shoulder blades and spine, the muscles subtle and leading a path down to her firm ass and hips. With a bone deep reluctance, Daniel crouched down, eyes level with his wife's behind, seeing the thigh gap giving him a perfect glimpse of her smooth slit. He could smell her. The light scent of her lingering arousal and the aroma of body lotion and body wash. He brought the panties to her feet, letting her carefully step into them. He pulled them up over her legs, thighs, the material stretching as he slid them up across her cheeks and let it snap against her waist.

"Thank you, Danny." She whispered. "My bra, please. I won't make you clasp it. I know you always struggle with it." It was said playfully, a tease about how his fingers always fumbled with her bra when they were trying to get intimate, leading her to do it herself or for it to simply be pulled down around her chest.

He handed the bra to his wife, watching as she slipped it on and quickly fastened it, the sheer cups holding her beautiful breasts comfortably, putting them on display subtly.

Making minor adjustments as she observed herself in the mirror, Lena gave a self satisfied nod and turned back to the bed and picked up the dress. She stepped into it, slipping it up over her hips and chest. It fit tightly, but not to the point of scandal. It was sexy, but elegant. Just a hair beyond conservative. She zipped it up on the side and turned back to the mirror again, her back to her husband.

"Danny, please don't look like that." She brushed back her hair, picking up a pair of red dangle earrings.

"Like what? Like my wife is dressing up for someone other than me?" Daniel sat back down on the bed heavily, head in his hands. All the scenarios he'd read about in stories and heard about from tragic stories about how people's marriages ended were swirling around in his head.

"Daniel. I saw your eyes linger on my ass and pussy. Do you think I asked you to dress me because I wanted to do it for someone else?" She carefully put her earrings in, watching her husband in the reflection.

He cast his gaze at her suspiciously.

"Danny. I said I wanted to do this together. Didn't you enjoy the view?" She smiled and winked.

Daniel blushed. He had. He'd seen every contour of her up close. Smelled how fresh she was. The subtle aroma of her pussy and her body wash. It had been a scintillating treat. A tease that had made his blood hot.

Instead of answering, he just huffed and looked back down at the floor.

"Please don't be gloomy, Danny." Lena adjusted her dress over her hips, then stepped into her closet, coming back a moment later with crimson three inch heels on. "You're acting like I'm leaving you. And you know I'd never do that." She came to stand in front of him, hand gently touching his chin so he tilted his head up to look at her. Their lips met softly, a meaningful, loving kiss with just a hint of tongue.

"I love you. Just you." She ran a thumb along his cheek, eyes locked.

"I... I know." Daniel's voice trembled. "I just... are you sure you have to do this?"

Lena sighed and straightened, hands folded in front of her. "Danny. We've always known that it would probably come to this. You know how Richard is. The entire office knows how he works. How things get done and how you move up in this company. It's an open secret. And one that you either agree to or stay where you're at

and eventually move on. But I've invested too much to walk away now."

Daniel groaned and fell back onto the bed.

"Danny. Honey. Please tell me you understand this."

Silence stretched thin between them. Tenuous. Ready to snap. But Lena stood patiently as her husband processed. Wrestled.

"What if I say no?" Daniel whispered, staring up at the ceiling.

"I'm going anyway," Lena said matter-of-factly.

Daniel cringed. He knew that would be her answer. Lena had been working late nights, long hours, pouring blood, sweat, and tears, time and attention, into this job for years. She deserved the promotion. But the open secret of Avery Unlimited, how to rise in the ranks, was to ingratiate yourself to Richard Avery. The CEO. The man above everyone. If he wanted something, he got it. Now he wanted Lena, which hadn't been a secret either. The man wasn't subtle. He didn't feel he needed to be.

In a way, it was refreshing and reassuring. Daniel knew exactly what Richard wanted and where he stood. If all the talk was true, the man wasn't looking to corrupt or ruin marriages. This was transactional. Simple. Give and get.

"Do you want this promotion more than me?" He looked up at his wife as she stood quietly watching him.

"Don't be stupid, Danny. If I actually believed that this would ruin us, I'd quit. I'd go somewhere else. I'd hate it, having to start from square one and working my way up the ladder again. But I'd do it. You're my husband. My best friend. My love. If you can honestly tell me that this will destroy us, that a little part of you isn't actually excited about this, then I'll cancel right now."

"Excited?" He pushed himself up on his elbows.

Lena sighed, shaking her head with a grin. "Daniel, you've had an erection since I told you I was going to the gala with Richard."

Daniel's eyes bulged, and he looked down at his crotch, seeing a sizable tent. He wasn't fully erect, but hard enough to be noticeable through

his slacks. "I..." was all he could stammer, cheeks reddening.

Lena sat down next to him and took his hand. "It's okay, Danny. We've talked about this sort of stuff, remember?"

"Talking about something and actually living it are two very different things." He continued staring down at his bulge as if his penis were betraying him.

She nodded. "True. But... this is our reality now. Right now. So... what'll it be, Danny?"

Daniel stayed quiet, lowering his head back to the bed and staring up at the ceiling fan. What was he supposed to do? He could tell her no, but... his heart wasn't actually in it. This wasn't a complete surprise. They'd discussed Richard on more than one occasion and how he managed his company and how things worked in the office. After her first year of working there, they'd both come to the conclusion that, barring some sort of miracle, Lena was going to have to get with the program just like everyone else.

"Will... will you come home after?" His throat was so dry.

Lena squeezed his hand reassuringly. "If things go the way I expect. I'll be home in the morning."

"The morning..." he whispered.

"Yes, Daniel. The morning." Her voice was soft, as if keeping it low would make the blow less lethal.

Silence settled again. Only their breathing was audible in the small bubble they found themselves in. Tense and unsure, but clear. Daniel knew what lay beyond them and this room. It was all going to change. Would it be good? Would it be worth it?

"Tell me how you're feeling, Danny." Lena threaded her fingers through his.

"Honestly?" he paused. "Sick, but turned on... and I don't know why."

Lean chuckled, bringing her husband's hand to her lips and softly kissing it, leaving a light imprint of her lipstick behind. "I know why, dear. I appreciate your honesty." She moved her other hand to her husband's bulge and gently cupped

it, squeezing lightly. "Keep that thought, and we can explore it tomorrow when I get home."

Daniel released her hand, letting his wife stand up, smooth her dress, and grab her purse.

"Will you text me?" He blurted, sitting up slowly.

"Do you really want me to?" She asked, checking the contents of her purse and slipping her phone inside.

"I..."

"What exactly would you want me to text, Danny?" She met his gaze, standing before him, ready and willing to walk out the door and into another man's arms.

"I..." he stammered again.

She waited.

"Just... that you're okay." He sighed weakly.

Turning back to her mirror one last time, she checked her lipstick and makeup and then returned her attention to him. "Every hour. At least until after the gala. I can't promise to be as consistent after the party." It was simple. Final. Honest.

"Okay." Daniel sat forward, pressing his palms to his eyes.

Lena's lips touched the top of his head. "I love you, Daniel. So much. Remember that tonight. I love *you*." There was pure sincerity in her voice. Her hand on his cheek, lingering for just a second, she finally took a step away.

Her heels clicked as she walked out of the room, down the stairs, and out the door.

It's just one night, Daniel thought. One night. She'll be back in the morning. Maybe nothing will happen. Maybe I'm overreacting.

Time slipped by. Daniel wandered around the house, lingering in places as if frozen in a memory. Reliving little moments. Moments that honestly had no real consequence. All memories of himself and Lena. The quiet moments that make up the majority of a life together. Of a marriage. Quick kisses. Hugs. Handing each other coffee. Toasting with champagne. Moments of quick intimacy. Fights. Yelling. Crying. Laughing.

The house was full. Full of memories. And soon... soon Lena would come home and bring with her something new. Would they be able to incorporate it into their lives? Would it change everything? Disrupt all the settled memories? Upend them? Ruin them?

He poured himself a drink, not paying attention to what it was, only caring that it would dull his senses. It burned in his throat. Made his head lighter.

An hour passed.

Daniel's phone buzzed. The first message.

He didn't look at it. He kept his phone close, gripped in one hand while his drink was held in his other. But he never looked at his screen.

Another hour. Another text.

Then another.

Just as promised. Lena texted every hour on the hour until eleven. Then the messages stopped. Or maybe they were just delayed.

Daniel wandered back to the bedroom and lay on the bed, staring at their wedding photo. Framed on the nightstand. Next to it, the clock glowed in the darkness. Ticking away towards the inevitable moment when his life would change forever. When his marriage would meet its biggest challenge.

He wanted to believe that they would survive. That he could handle this. That maybe he could even enjoy it. But as he lay and stared at the clock and the photo, all he could think was that Lena had chosen this. Willingly. It was empowering for her but also demeaning. How would his wife handle this transaction? And would she come home the same woman that left? Or would she come back and be someone new?

...

Daniel jumped when he heard the soft click of the front door opening, then clicking closed. At some point he'd gotten up again and wandered into the living room, slumping down in his recliner. A glass of whiskey was in his hand, though he didn't remember pouring it. He didn't

even remember if he'd been drinking it. His phone was on the arm of the chair, face down.

He hadn't been asleep exactly. More like floating between the state of unconsciousness and alertness.

The *click click click* of his wife's heels echoed through the house. Outside, the sun was rising. It was nearing six AM. Daniel thought back to the evening and couldn't reliably figure out if he'd slept at all. It didn't feel like it. He felt utterly wrung out and exhausted.

Had he been up all night? Sitting in vigil for his marriage? Wondering how things would look in the light of day when Lena came home? Would she come home the same confident woman that'd left. Or would she be doing a walk of shame?

He dipped his finger into the whiskey and pulled it out, letting the amber liquid drip back into the glass.

"Daniel?" It was his wife's voice. Clear, soft, worried.

It was an effort to turn his head, his neck feeling stiff as if he'd been sitting in the exact same position for hours. That's probably exactly what happened, but his brain still wasn't confessing how the whole of the night went. He looked over to where Lena was standing in the entryway. She still wore the red dress, though it had a few more wrinkles than when she left. Her hair was slightly tangled and pulled back into a ponytail.

"Did you sleep in your chair?" She took a step into the living room.

"I don't think I really slept." His voice was strained. Throat dry.

Lena sighed and bit her lip thoughtfully for a moment before speaking. "Danny..." She glanced at his phone. "You didn't text me back last night."

"I didn't read them." He looked back at his whisky, dipping his finger in again. Over and over in a slow mechanical motion, watching the small drop clinging and then falling back into the glass.

"I see." She came closer and put a hand on his shoulder, giving it a soft squeeze. "Are you going to?"

"Should I?" His voice was sharper than intended.

Lena reached over him and picked up the phone. He smelled sweat, perfume, her natural aroma combined with something else. Someone else. The grip on the glass tightened, and so did the bulge in his pants, his erection pressing against them sharply. His eyes drifted to his wife's chest as she leaned, seeing the soft slope of her breasts. Did he see the shadow of bruises? Bites? Maybe it was just the shadows playing tricks.

Phone in hand, Lena's fingers started moving. Nails gently tapping against the glass. Daniel watched her, waiting quietly. Finally, she nodded and took a deep breath. "Okay." She handed the phone back to him. "You have a choice to make. The party went well. I've got the promotion, plus a bonus." She moved to the couch and sat down, keeping her legs closed and hands folded across her lap.

"I saved all my texts into a file on your phone. It's under my name. If you want to read them, you can. If not, well, I suppose you can do whatever you want with the files." Her gaze was steady, calm. But Daniel could sense the storm behind that facade.

"So... what does that mean exactly? Did you..." He couldn't bring himself to say it. To admit he'd let his wife go out and spend the night with her boss. All for a promotion.

Though he could hardly have stopped her.

"I'm not going to say anything unless you look at the files. The choice is yours. I'm not going to force anything on you. Maybe this seems cruel, but I feel like it's either complete ignorance or full knowledge. No in between." She stood up. "I'm going to go take a shower. Decide what you want to do. I'll support you either way."

Lena approached, leaned in, and kissed him on the lips tenderly. "I love you. No matter what you choose. The answer to everything is that I love you." With one last touch, her fingers grazing his cheek and eyes looking deeply into his, she straightened and left the room.

He listened to her heels clicking down the hall until she entered their bedroom and softly closed the door behind her.

The phone felt like a bomb. Something volatile, ready to burn or explode and destroy him with the slightest movement. With smooth motions, practiced and routine, Daniel navigated the phone and found the folder that Lena had created. His thumb hovered over the folder, wondering if it was worth it to know the full truth of what happened last night.

Did she go through with it? Was it just a nice party and a few drinks? The texts she'd sent could have been the most mundane things. Letting him know she was having a good time. Pictures of her food as if she were posting to Instagram.

But if that was the case, then why would she gather them up? Hide them. Tell him it was all or nothing?

Was she playing a game? Teasing him? Tormenting him?

Was this cruelty or kindness?

Danny sat for several minutes, staring at the folder, his thumb hovering... wondering...

...

Lena sat on her bed quietly, waiting. It had been nearly twenty minutes since she'd left Daniel with the choice. With the evidence. Would he look at the texts? Should she have just deleted them? She knew that last night was a gamble, not for her promotion, but for her marriage.

It was selfish, but she'd worked so hard for this. So many years and hours. The idea that one night could ruin everything she'd tried so hard to achieve was infuriating. So her choice was easy. But was it worth her marriage? Worth Daniel's pride and ego? He had to know that what she did meant nothing more than a transaction. A very nice transaction to be sure, but nothing more than that. There was no romance.

Romance and love were reserved for him. Only him.

She listened intently, wondering if she'd be able to hear anything if Daniel chose to open the folder. What would his reaction be? She gripped her knees, shutting her eyes and thinking back to last night as she got ready. Feeling Daniel

slip on her panties had been one of the single most erotic moments of her life. Had he noticed how wet it made her? She'd been slick even before that moment, but the second those panties snapped around her waist, the feel of Daniel's breath on her skin, had her dripping the whole rest of the evening.

She'd wanted him to pull those panties down again. See just how wet she was. Touch her. Inspect her.

She still wanted it. Still wanted Danny to pull down her panties. But now, it was to witness the evidence of her actions last night. To know the full truth of what she'd done to achieve her goal.

However, the last thing she wanted was to *force* this reality on her husband. If he chose to delete the folder, to remain in the dark and left to only wonder, then that was his choice, and she would lead the rest of her life as if nothing had happened. Though that would be difficult considering what other duties her promotion came with. But if Daniel wanted to be kept blissfully ignorant, then she wouldn't begrudge him that decision. She'd never let him see or know what she did at work, the things necessary to obtain and keep her position.

The minutes ticked by.

She waited.

If Daniel was going to do anything, it would be right away. He wouldn't wait around with that folder on his phone. This was the moment that she would know how her marriage was going to go moving forward.

The bedroom door opened.

Lena stood up, trying not to appear nervous or eager. Just calm. The look on her husband's face was pale. She bit her lip as she analyzed him.

He'd looked at the texts. There was no doubt. If he'd decided to ignore it, then he wouldn't look so sickly aroused.

"Danny?" Her voice was a whisper.

"I...thought you were... gonna take a shower." His words came out shaky, trembling.

"I am." She hesitated, watching him. "Would you mind helping me unzip?" This was the moment

of truth. How would Daniel respond? What if he couldn't touch her? Didn't want to see her? Was he disgusted with her? She couldn't blame him if he was.

His footsteps were soft as he approached. A hand gripped her bare arm, tight but gentle at the same time. She felt his breath on her neck. Could feel the tension in his body as he stood behind her.

She pulled her hair out of its ponytail and lay it over her shoulder to give her husband better access to her zipper. "Did you read the texts?" It came out softly, a featherlight whisper.

Daniel sucked in a shuddering breath. When he spoke, she could feel the tremor, the emotion that was threatening to strangle him. "Y...yeah."

The metal teeth of the zipper parted slowly, Daniel's fingers fumbling, slick with sweat. It was a low, threatening hiss. Obscene and violent in the quiet of their room. The dress loosened, sagging forward enough to expose the gentle ridges of her spine and the absence of her bra.

Daniel touched her back where the straps of her bra should have been.

"Richard kept it." Lena whispered. It was the first real thing she'd said that was devoid of any subtlety. It was direct.

Her husband's breath was shallow. His hands fell away.

The dress slipped forward and down, pooling around her waist. She looked back at her husband over her shoulder, seeking out assurance. He stood like a statue, staring at her back, lifting his gaze to meet her eyes.

"Are we okay, Danny?" She asked earnestly, bringing her arms up to cover her breasts and turning to face him.

"I... don't know." There were unshed tears in his eyes.

"Talk to me." She didn't make any move to come closer. Daniel was fragile. A single wrong move might break him. She had to approach him like a wounded animal. Slow. Tender.

"I...I saw..."

She nodded. "I know what you saw, Danny. Tell me how you're feeling about it."

"Confused," he answered immediately. Then, more slowly, "I... I'm also aroused. Thrilled. Angry. Sick. But... I..." At his side, his fists clenched till they were white. "I need to know everything."

Lena took a careful step towards her husband and touched his cheek, her other arm still hiding her tits. "Okay... I'll tell you everything."

His jaw clenched, and he nodded.

Dropping her arm, Lena exposed her breasts. Her nipples were hard at the memories from last night. With the possibility of telling her husband how she had sealed the deal for her promotion. Stepping back, she took hold of her dress and began to shimmy it down around her hips, turning as she did so when it fell, he saw her bare ass in all its glory.

The air was chilly, cool against her skin, making her break out in goosebumps. She faced forward, away from her husband, letting him look at her backside. Aching as he stared at her body. The thong, tight between her cheeks. Stockings and garter straps still tightly digging into her skin.

Hooking her thumbs into the pantie's waistband, she bent forward enough so her ass pushed out towards her husband. "Richard was very generous about my promotion." She began as she peeled her panties down. The lace slipped out from between her cheeks, revealing how soaked they were and how messy with slick, pearlescent semen.

She heard Daniel's breath catch at the sight. The slick juices, the sticky cum dripping in strings still attached to her bare lips, and the moist fabric. There was a thick amount of cum, still fresh, in the gusset of her panties. "He gave me the bonus because of this morning, before I came home to you." She reached back and pulled one of her ass cheeks open to show the puffy pink of her pussy lips. The thick cream was still dripping from her tunnel.

"Fu...fuck..." He groaned and stumbled back, falling onto the bed.

Lena looked back at her husband, gauging his reaction. Could he handle more? His eyes were locked on her used pussy. On the cum of

another man seeping out from her folds and dripping into her soiled panties. She adjusted her stance, widening her legs, giving her husband the most intimate and lewd view of her cunt she could manage.

Daniel made a sound, somewhere between a whimper and a moan. It sounded like he'd been hit low in the gut.

The panties slipped down her thighs and pooled around her ankles. She carefully stepped out, leaving them on the floor, exposing the pool of cum staining what little material there was. Her pussy was exposed. Glistening. Used.

Reaching back with both hands, bending again, Lena opened her cheeks and let her husband see the lengths she would go to for her career. Her slit was puffy, pink, dripping with seed. Richard's cum was thick, even after the time since he'd cum inside her and she'd gotten home, it was still brewing and slick inside her folds.

"God..." Her husband's voice was raw.

She turned back, looking at her husband with a mixture of concern and determination. "Danny... tell me you're okay."

"I..." His eyes fell to the floor, glancing at her stained panties for a moment and then darting away.

"Daniel. I need you to tell me this is alright." She was more firm now. She didn't want to force his compliance. Far from it. But she needed to hear him either accept or deny what was right in front of him. This was their breaking point. Either he would fully accept and begin to understand, or he would rebel, deny, and though her heart would break, he would leave.

"How...Lena... I... this isn't easy..."

She reached down and picked up her panties, holding them up hanging from her finger to dangle in front of him. The lace was soaked through with juices and semen. The scent permeated the whole room. Sex. Sweat. Cum. "It's not easy, Daniel. I know. But you need to tell me that you can be okay with this." She swayed the soiled panties before him. "This is what Richard did. All night."

Daniel choked. "A...all night?" He looked back up at her, cheeks pale.

Lena sighed. "Yes Danny. He took one of those little blue pills. I slept maybe a few hours last night. The rest of the time..." She hadn't said it outright yet, but the line had already been crossed, so there was no sense in holding back. "The rest of the time after the gala, Richard fucked me."

Her husband sat frozen.

"You looked at the texts. Saw the pictures and the videos. Well, that was only a fraction of the evening. My promotion came at a high cost, Danny. One I paid willingly. But... I know that as hard a decision as it was for me, it's harder for you. Not only to accept the decision but to live with the consequences." She crumpled the messy panties up into her fist. "I'm sorry if it hurts you. But I never lied about this. You knew from the beginning."

He was nodding. She saw a tent in his pants, his cock pressing hard against his zipper.

"Do you still want to hear everything?" She asked, her voice finally softening with genuine concern for the man she knew she was breaking.

For a long minute, Danny sat. He had a blank stare directed at her pussy. Seeing but not seeing. Imagining and also voiding his brain of any thought at all. A tiny drip of cum glistened along her lips, trailed down the slope of her mons and fell between her thighs onto the carpet. It made his cock jump and ooze pre-cum so thick it stained his pants.

"Danny." She whispered, taking a step towards him, pussy lips rubbing and revealing more of the glistening evidence of her infidelity.

With a defeated croak, Danny closed his eyes and clenched his jaw. "Y...yes."

Lena nodded. "Okay."

...

After The Gala

The night had gone exactly as Lena had predicted. Richard stayed by her side, and she stayed by his. His hand would touch her lower back, but always a respectable distance from her ass. They circulated through the party,

talking with clients, board members, coworkers, making small talk and celebrating the merger and the profits and benefits that were going to roll out.

Lena was charming. She was knowledgeable. Everyone she met was impressed and many of them walked away wanting to do business. Some wanted to do more.

Alcohol ran freely, but Lena paced herself. She stuck to champagne and only drank three glasses during her time there. Richard, on the other hand, was drinking abundantly. The man could hold his liquor, that was for sure.

Throughout the night, Lena would periodically pull out her phone and send a brief text to her husband. Light, neutral messages: *'Having a good time'* *'Things are going well'*. Nothing of real substance, but she hoped that those messages would soothe her husband's frustrations and distress.

Several times during the night Lena considered leaving the party. Simply ducking out early and going home to her husband. Letting him enjoy the lingerie she'd purchased for tonight. Between sips of champagne and making small talk, she imagined Daniel between her thighs licking over the thin material of her panties. The ones he'd put on. It kept her pussy moist as she made the rounds, keeping her on edge.

She thought she understood the stress she had put Daniel under with her announcement, but Lena wasn't that arrogant. Daniel was going through something she'd probably never understand. And she'd have to make it up to him. It would have to be handled carefully. But it would have to wait until she got home. Tonight she had to stay focused.

It was almost eleven when Robert finally approached Lena, hand on her arm possessively. "I think it's time we go discuss the finer points of your promotion." His breath was thick with whisky and scotch. Face red from all the libations he'd indulged in.

"Of course." Lena agreed, then allowed Richard to lead her out of the ballroom and into the hall. Once on the elevator, Lena took her phone out and sent Daniel a text.

Heading up to Richard's suite. I love you XXX.

Somehow the text felt hollow. And she knew it didn't mean much considering what she was about to do. But it was all she could manage at the moment. The time for rebuilding and reassuring her husband would come later.

The clanging elevator ding made Lena shiver. The doors slid open directly into an enormous suite. The living room was furnished with a leather couch and chair. To the left was a large kitchen. To the right, the master bedroom.

Richard put his hand on her back, this time much lower than he had it during the party. It lingered just over the swell of her rump in the tight dress. He pressed and led her into the suite, heading to the wet bar that was set up in the bedroom.

"Ms. Pierce. It's no secret I've been impressed with your performance, especially in the last year. Much of the success of tonight's merger can be attributed to your hard work and flawless presentations." Robert poured himself a drink, swirling the amber liquor in the glass before taking a large swallow.

"Missus," Lena said, walking into the bedroom and sitting on the edge of the king-sized bed.

The man raised an eyebrow, the shadow of a grin crossing his lips. "Of course. Missus. Your husband is a very lucky man to have such a brilliant wife." He filled his glass again and came to stand in front of Lena.

Richard was a large man, in presence and in physique. You wouldn't call him fat, more husky, but without the teddy-bear like huggability. His suit fit well, but didn't do much to hide the width of his waist. He had a commanding air, earned through years of high end mergers and presentations and deals made that all turned into lucrative victories. He was a man who got what he wanted and rarely if ever was told 'no'.

"I've been excited to offer you this promotion for some time now. But I wasn't sure if you were fully committed." He reached down and unzipped his suit pants. "However, your appearance tonight has absolved me of those worries. I can see that you truly are committed to the company and committed to doing what it takes to ensure your place within the executive ranks."

Reaching into his pants, Richard pulled his cock out as casually as if he were pulling out a

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phone. It was lengthy, stout. Veins trailed along its shaft as it started to become engorged. Prickly hair surrounded the base, dark but with signs of silver streaking through, just like the hair on his head. He took a deep drink from his glass, giving himself a few slow strokes. A thick bead of pre-cum swelled from the tip.

“All that’s left for your promotion to be finalized is your...unique signature.” He continued slowly stroking his cock, watching her closely. “That’s a very lovely shade of lipstick you have. Did you know that sometimes, way back when, contracts were sealed with a kiss?”

Lena didn’t believe that statement for a second. It was a bullshit line. But the man thought he was clever. He was a good business executive, but the rumors of his charm were greatly exaggerated. And Richard probably knew that. But it hardly mattered. Charm or no, he would get what he wanted.

She let her eyes land on the man’s cock, pointing directly at her as he stroked it. The one eyed monster, meeting her gaze. A thick bead of pre-cum bubbled out and began to drip, glistening in the lights from the lamps on either side of the bed.

“Let’s celebrate tonight, Mrs. Pierce.” He held up his half empty glass, swirling the contents. “To the merger, and to your well deserved promotion.”

With a deep, calming breath, Lena leaned in and pressed her lips against the purple bulbous head of Richard’s penis. It tasted of sweat and musk, and salt. She firmly sealed her lips against the tip, rubbing back and forth enough that her lipstick began to rub off. Sure enough, when she pulled back, there was a large red circle along his head and a long, shiny string of pre-cum connecting his cock and her lips.

“Well done. Well done.” He muttered, finishing his drink and putting the glass aside. “Continue.” It was a firm command, given with expectation that it would be followed. He began to undo his bowtie and unbutton his shirt as Lena leaned back in, and this time more gently kissed his cock.

The man’s breaths were deep and powerful as he looked down at her, beginning to slide her lips along him, taking in his fat head and sucking on it with an attempt at sensual class. It was a noble effort, and he could already tell she

was going to make an excellent director in the department.

Her lips dragged along his shaft, warm and wet, hands coming up to cup the man’s hairy balls and massage them as she sucked and swirled her tongue. Richard shut his eyes, un-tucking his shirt and pulling it off, revealing his hairy stomach. He was husky but not fat, hairy, scratchy and dark. Placing a hand on her head, he helped guide her back and frother more firmly to satisfy his desire.

“Good. Good. I wanna know exactly how much you feel you deserve this promotion. You’ve worked hard. But I wanna know your full commitment.” He gazed down at her expectantly.

She could feel his unsaid instructions and began to slip her arms out of her dress, pulling it down to reveal her lacy sheer bra, holding her tits nice and high. Her dark nipples pressed firmly in the thin material, revealing her arousal.

“Beautiful. I’ve been wondering what those looked like. You’re torture to any man in the office, having to watch those beauties bounce.” Richard grumbled, fingers tangling in Lena’s hair.

Releasing her grip on Richard’s cock, she cupped her tits and bounced them, lifting so that Richard’s balls and shaft rested between them, her mouth on his head sucking and stroking. She rubbed them around him, letting him feel something that only her husband had experienced and every man and some women in the office had longed to feel. Her breasts swallowed him easily, mouth on his head bobbing skillfully.

For several minutes Lena swallowed the man’s cock, sucking and stroking him, eventually lifting up her breasts and slipping his cock under her bra and between her tits again, squeezing him tightly and bobbing up and down faster, becoming more sloppy by the minute. Spit dripped down Lena’s chin, onto her breasts and between them, making Richard’s cock slide all the more easily in and out.

“Ahhhhh, fuck.” He grunted, gripping her hair tighter and pushing her down further so her nose pressed against his pubic hair. “That’s right. All the way down. Every inch.”

Lena inhaled the man's scent, the sweat, the aroma of a man, of his cock and balls and hair. Arousing and foul at the same time. For a second Lena thought about her husband, about his well trimmed hair and the cleaner, sweet smell he had when she was swallowing his cock. She could do this. She could take what Richard was giving and wanted, and then return home, successful. She would make it up to Daniel. She'd have to.

Richard pressed himself into her, letting his cock push into her constricting throat as she sucked in all the air she could through her nose, inhaling his scent.

"Good girl...mmmm you're going to make a very good Director. Show me your commitment. Show me your skills. That's right. Swirl the tongue. Taste my pre-cum."

Lena rolled her eyes behind her eyelids, hollowing out her cheeks and squeezing her throat around his invading member. Pulling her bra up down, she fully exposed her breasts, pinching her nipples to get them even harder. The stimulation made her pussy leak into her panties that were already wet and sticky against her cunt, plastered like paint.

The soft sound of a snap made Lena's eyes snap open and look up, seeing Richard holding his phone and aiming it at her face, pressed against his crotch. Another picture. Another. His grin wide and satisfied as he photographed Lena's deep throating skills.

"Off," Richard finally muttered, gently pulling on Lena's hair so she'd let his cock pop out of her mouth. Slick spit dripped down her chin, and her breath came in quick gasps, chest bouncing as she settled back and looked up at Richard.

"Now. It's time to see that pussy." He grumbled, reaching down to stroke his cock, smearing the slick pre-cum and saliva all along its length, watching Lena and holding his phone, filming.

As loath as Lena was to simply follow orders from this man outside the office, she'd already committed herself. This was just the price she needed to pay in order to get what she'd worked so hard for and deserved.

Standing up, she shimmied her dress down around her hips, not making a great deal of effort to be sexy, but also trying to toe the line between uncaring and showy. Richard didn't

seem to care much about her attitude as long as he got to see and experience what it was he wanted. Sensuality wasn't on his mind. He was a conqueror. She was his conquest. No need to make things 'pretty'. Tonight was going to be raw and messy.

Lena let her dress fall around her feet and stood tall, her tits out, pushed up by the cups tucked under them, and her panties sticking tightly to her pussy, now completely see through thanks to her dripping folds.

"Wonderful. Beautiful. Your husband is a very lucky man. I'll need to send him a congratulatory gift basket as well as a thank you for lending you to me." He chuckled and his soft stomach and cock bounced.

Lena ignored the comment, sitting back down on the bed and scooting back. She lifted her legs, heels on the edge of the bed, and spread her thighs wide with her knees tented. The panties squeezed against her cunt, slipping between her labia, giving herself a front wedgie that further accented her moist arousal.

Richard came in close with his phone, getting a close up of her panties wedged between her lips. "Absolutely gorgeous. Be sure to keep yourself clean for me. I may need some private meetings with you from time to time. Now, touch yourself."

Lena grimaced internally. She knew the likelihood of this being a one time tryst was low. Once Richard had a taste of something, he always wanted more. She knew it wouldn't be often. Every now and then she knew she'd have to drop her skirt. Kneel. Crawl under his desk. Bend over the arm of his office couch. Who knows what else. But it wouldn't be so bad. His cock was heavy and nice. He wasn't a complete pig. And as perverted bosses went, he was probably the best she could hope for when it came to this sort of agreement.

Focusing on her task, Lena reached down and began to trace a finger between her smooth bulging lips and along the wedged panties pressed to her cunt.

"Ring finger Mrs. Pierce." Richard ordered with a smile.

She only hesitated for a second before switching fingers so that her wedding ring finger was sliding up and down along the juice gusset

straining between her labia. It ooze and squelched with juices, quickly sticking and coating her wedding ring, glistening in the light of the room.

Soft moans escaped Lena's lips as she leaned back, rubbing up and down slowly, allowing the camera to capture the juicy slickness of her pussy. Richard hadn't inspired much of that arousal. It was from Daniel, putting her panties on knowing she'd be showing them to another man. It was of thoughts about her husband fucking her. Of fucking him. Of coming back home to him and returning to his loving arms.

Yes, sucking Richard's sizable cock had turned her on. Sex generally did. But it was thoughts of her husband seeing her again after tonight. After being used by another man. It was a complex arousal that Lena was planning to unpack at a later date when she was safely back home so she could ensure her marriage hadn't crumbled because of her ambitious choice.

"Absolutely stunning. Your lips are so plump, so soft. They're going to look so good wrapped around me." Richard stood straight again, still aiming the camera at her. "Pull your panties aside. I want to see it all. We can send some of these to your husband as well, if you'd like. He should know you're being well taken care of and that you're working hard for your promotion."

Again, Lena didn't respond. She'd planned on texting Daniel. Probably even sending him a few photos of what she was doing. But now that Richard was the cameraman, her husband was going to get far more than she'd first imagined.

How would he react? Would it break him? Would it kill their marriage? Was she really willing to go through with this, knowing the consequences and struggles that were going to be waiting for her at home? She was firm in her decision, but that didn't mean she still wasn't worried. She'd probably be second guessing herself even after it was all over. But time only flowed one way, and she'd already come this far.

Lena couldn't deny the truth. This job had taken years. She'd worked and slaved. Now was the time of her success. Daniel and she could work things out. She'd happily go to counseling with him every day. Give him anything he wants in the bedroom. He'd talked a few times about some specific kinks she hadn't been willing to

entertain at the time, now she would dive in no matter the perversion. She was going to have this promotion and her marriage. Both. Nothing would stop her.

She reached down and slowly peeled and pulled the panties aside to expose her glistening pink cunt. Tracing a finger down the center, she came away with thick, glistening juices sticking to her finger and falling away in weblike strings.

"Wonderful. Is that all for me Mrs Pierce?" Richard rumbled a laugh in his chest as he zoomed in between her legs, capturing her sex in high definition.

"Yes, Mr. Avery." The first words she's uttered since they'd started, and Lena saw how Richard responded. His cock throbbed and pulsed, bouncing as he settled between her thighs and placed his cock against her mound, letting the underside of the shaft rub up and down over her juicy folds.

Lena let out a deep groan when she felt the heat of his skin, the thickness and firm strength of his shaft pressing between her lips. He settled himself, balls against her, and his cock extending close towards her bellybutton. The sawing motion pushed her labia apart, sandwiching his cock between them and coating it with sticky juices.

"I'm going to give you all of this, Mrs. Pierce. Every inch. I'm sure you're nervous, but don't worry, I'm a fair lover. I like my women to cum. And I always get what I want. I'm going to fuck you. I'm going to cum inside you. More than once. I'm going to take every hole. And when I'm done..." He paused, smiling down at her tapping his cock against her with wet slaps. "Well, that won't be for quite a while. But when I'm finished, we will discuss the full terms of your promotion."

He let his cock glide along her lips, up and down, smearing her juices more copiously along his shaft. His tip pressed to her clit, making her gasp, her legs shaking with the stimulation he was giving her. With practiced ease, he moved his cock back, down along her valley and nestled it into the warm embrace of her entrance. Then teasingly down lower, letting his slicked head circle her pink puckering asshole. He pushed and she gasped, worried that he'd try to fuck her asshole first, but he quickly moved his cock back up to the glistening entrance of her pussy.

"I'll make sure to get a good video for your husband. This is a sight all happily married men should get to witness when they have wives as stunning as you." He held the camera over the nexus between her legs, focusing on the purple bulbous tip rubbing and pressing against the small constricting hole. He moved it in circles, his slit stimulating her clit and coating it with his pre-cum. Moving down between her labia, letting them cling and oil up his tip.

"Beautiful. Fucking beautiful."

Richard was surprisingly patient. Slow. He nestled into her opening and pushed forward, letting Lena's pussy stretch around him. The spear of his head pierced her entrance. Sliding inside. She moaned as she watched herself opening for another man. Knowing his camera was picking up her voice. Filming her infidelity. Her lips spread, stretching around him and then closing tightly over the mushroom rim of his cockhead. It swallowed him, smooth and tender. Juicy.

"Ohhh yes...fuck that's beautiful. Tight. So tight. Open up for me, Lena. Relax." He continued pushing. Slow. Steady. Patient. Her lips expanded, gripping along his length as he moved with practiced skill.

An inch entered her. Then another. Another.

Lena fell back on the bed, panting, breasts jumping with every breath. Arms over her head, hair spread around her face. She felt every vein and inch of her boss entering her pussy. Her tunnel walls pulsed, squeezed, milking his shaft as he slid deeper and deeper inside.

"Fuck!" she moaned, biting her lip. Her hips writhed, ass rubbing against the sheets as Richard relentlessly sank his full length into her depths. His balls pressed against her ass, the hair itching and scratching her soft skin.

"Yesssss. You've got it all. Good girl." He reached down, thumb circling her clit, making her whimper while the fullness of his erection pulsed inside her. "Good. A perfect fit." the combined stimulation of his thumb rubbing her clit and his cock filling her as well as his hairy balls tickling her asshole gave Lena a mini orgasm, a taste of what was to come.

...

"Daniel. Are you okay?" Lena was directly in front of her husband now. His hands were on her hips, staring at her used pussy as she related the story of last night. Of that first penetration. The moment she'd betrayed him.

He'd been sitting quietly. Barely blinking. A long, slow dripping string of semen had fallen and oozed from her tightly closed lips, like melting glaze.

"I..." His voice was strained. Pain. Arousal. She could see the conflict on his face, plain as day. What exactly he was thinking, that was something she couldn't tell.

He threaded her fingers through his hair, nails gently scratching, trying to be comforting.

The tension in the room was thick. They could taste it. A bitter sort of sweetness. She could feel the same tension in her husband, the tightness in his scalp. Leaning closer, breasts swaying in front of him, she let her hands move down the back of his neck, along his shoulders and back. "Danny. Talk to me." It was a soft, light embrace, her breasts just barely touching his forehead as she kept him close.

"He...he..." Daniel's voice was shaking.

"Yes, Daniel. You saw the photos. The video. Richard was inside me. No condom." She moved a hand from his back to between her legs, his eyes watching. Two fingers against her lips, she peeled them open, exposing the dripping pink of her inner folds. White dripping from her opening.

Daniel sucked in a breath. "Fuck."

"Look." Lips against his ear, she let her tongue snake out and licked along the shell. "He came in me. A lot, multiple times."

His grip tightened on her hips, nails making impressions in her skin.

Lena dragged a finger between her lips, coming away with thick cream. She knew this game was dangerous. Dark. Everything was teetering on a knife's edge. Daniel was entranced by her for now, but that wouldn't last. His mind was at war with his libido. Finger dripping with her boss's semen, she reached down and began to unbutton and unzip her husband's pants.

His breathing was labored. The hand she still had on his back could feel how his muscles were coiling, tensing up. Skin becoming clammy. His nails dug deeper into her hips. Painfully. But it was a pain she could endure. For him. For their marriage.

Fishing out his cock, she gasped at how hard he was. So rigid and engorged. It was the sort of erection she knew was more painful than pleasurable. She traced her thumb along the tip, coming away with thick amounts of pre-cum. It made him tremble. Breaths palpitating.

“Lena...” It came out shuddering and broken.

“I love you.” She whispered, guiding one of her tits toward his mouth. “Touch me, Danny. I’m still yours. Always yours.”

“Mine,” he whispered, lips brushing her hardened nipple.

“Yours.” She confirmed, kissing along his jaw, hand beginning to stroke up and down the rigid length of his cock. Her husband’s skin broke out in goosebumps. Hair standing on end like spikes.

Low groans emanated from his chest, out of his throat, vibrating along his lips as he sucked her nipple, grazing it with his teeth. Lena groaned right along with him as they became intertwined. Daniel began to lie back and Lena followed, crawling up to straddle him, hand on his cock stroking rhythmically as he grabbed hold of her tits, massaging them and sucking. She pressed herself against him, letting him feel the heat of her skin.

“I’m always yours.” She whispered again, kissing his head, his face, as he worshiped her breasts.

“You...you gave yourself...” He was murmuring around her nipples.

“No, Danny. I let him have his treat. He had some fun, and I got a promotion. That’s all. It’s just business.”

“Fuck Lena...” His teeth nipped at her nipple and she endured the beautiful pain.

“Shhhh.” Her hand tightened on his cock, stroking faster. “Let me touch you. Show you how much I want you.”

His head fell back, panting. “Yes...fuck...fuck Lena, please.”

She straddled him more firmly, guiding his cock towards her pussy.

“W...wait...” He stared down at her pussy, glistening with arousal and another man’s spend.

Their eyes met. “Do you want me to clean up first?” She asked seriously, pussy lingering just an inch over his penis.

“I don’t...I...”

“Shhh.” She pressed her forehead to his. “It’s okay. I understand. If you want me to clean up first, or take a shower, I will. I know this is... um...kinky...but we don’t... I know I’m pushing. This is a lot to take in all at once.”

Daniel pulled her down, kissing her lips hard. “I love you.” He whispered, everything about him telling Lena that he was close to shattering.

“Then reclaim me.” She smiled, lowering herself so her lips rubbed up and down along his tip.

“O...okay...” His breath came out in a shudder.

With tender slowness, Lena pressed down, lips spreading. His cock stretched and slipped inside with ease. It wasn’t as wide as Richard’s, but the familiarity of it sent shivers of pleasure down Lena’s spine. She let out a groan from deep in her belly at feeling her husband inside again.

Daniel groaned just as deeply, his hands finding their way to her hips again, guiding her down. The feeling of his wife’s used pussy engulfing his cock was both tantalizing and tormenting.

...

Richard gripped Lena’s hips, thrusting steadily with burning focus, staring down at her as her tits bounced and her knees bent. His cock stretched her, rubbing against her walls and sinking deeply with each entry.

His grunts filled the room along with the slapping skin of his thighs against her ass. Her pussy squelched around him, wet and warm, swallowing him over and over.

"So tight." He breathed, thick hands moving along her waist, up to her chest and to her tits, grabbing hold as he rammed in a bit harder.

"Fuck!" Lena whimpered, feeling her boss's intensity. He was in so deep. Deeper than she was used to. Stretching wider. Feeling his invasion without being able to fully adjust. He didn't relent, didn't give her a chance to acclimate, further heightening her stimulation.

"That's right. Squeeze. Feel me inside you. This is what your promotion costs. Show me you're willing to earn it." Richard pounded harder, making Lena bounce on the bed, her free tits jumping while he held them in his possessive grip.

"Yes...yes... oh, fuck it feels fucking good." She moaned. It was partially a performance. She knew how to sell her clients and influence her managers. But it was also true. Richard's cock was thick, hard, and felt amazing inside her burning cunt. The man knew what he had and how to use it. Years of experience and confidence.

He leaned over her further, looming. With a firm grip he pushed her legs open wider, allowing himself to get a tiny bit deeper, his balls slapping her firm ass. Hands on either side of her, the man pounded harder, watching Lena's face twist in pleasure. Watching her stomach tighten, muscles spasming in pleasure and need.

"Mmm, you're gonna be a brilliant director." He grinned, "You take me so well. So fucking well."

Richard had stamina. His cock slammed in over, and over, her lips stretching around him. He never faltered. Never slowed. Lena was used to Daniel's more sporadic motions. Fast and then slowing so he wouldn't blow his load too soon. Richard was a machine. He pumped and pumped, steady and never ending, like one of those oil pumps you see out in the fields. Continuing in a mesmerizing motion. Sweat gathering across his chest and brow, looking down at her firmly and with a focus that came from years and years of concentration.

Lena stared down at his thick cock sliding in and out. Sawing into her with ease. Her cream glistened and coated his shaft. In and out. Up and down. It was hypnotic, and with every plunge she let loose a whimper. She felt and

saw her lips, bald and slick, clinging tightly to his veined shaft. Her walls stretched and pushed her closer and closer to orgasm. Her anus spasmed with every slap of his heavy balls against it.

She squeezed him, biting her lip and gripping the sheets of the bed, focusing on not letting her pleasure overrun her mind. But the constant thrust and pulse of Richard's body and cock, nailing her into the bed over and over and making the expensive mattress creak, drove out all reason and drowned her in pleasure.

They quickly descended into the primal rhythm of fucking. Richard took her, and she let him. Legs open, his hips thrusting, ass flexing, cock sinking in with steady delight. *Squelch squelch swelp schlep*. Her cunt sucked him in and gripped him tight, refusing to let him go easily. His balls became slick with her dripping juices and her asshole was lubed for later use by her own arousal.

"Ohhh, ohhh fuck. Fuck!" she moaned, tits bouncing freely now as he grabbed hold of her hips, holding her down and ramming a bit harder to make Lena gasp.

But a man like Richard wanted more. He continued for another minute, drilling into her and then roughly flipped her over, large hand on her back, pressing her into the bed while he pulled her ass up. Kneeling behind her, he put a foot up, angled himself and slid back into her moist pussy. A new angle. A deep penetration that made her groan and her back arch, pressing her face into the sheets as she felt the head of his cock rubbing against her insides.

"God fuck!" She whimpered, biting the sheets, sucking her lip at the powerful waves of pleasure being forced upon her as he thrust.

Richard's free hand slapped her ass hard, making it jiggle. Palming her cheek, he pulled it open and pressed his thumb against her anus. "So tight. So pink. I'll have this soon enough, too." He grunted, thrusting deep, balls swinging and slapping her clit while he massages her anal ring.

Tits rubbing against the sheets, Lena accepted the punishing rhythm and stimulation of Richard's cock, rubbing and making her scream to another orgasm.

"Fuuuuck!" she cried out, fisting the comforter as she came, juices gushing onto the bed. Richard felt it, the rush of heat and spasming walls, causing him to pick up the pace, fucking her harder through the rushing orgasm.

"That's it. Cum. Cum on my cock!" The man was losing the control he'd had. The poise he'd held while talking to her, using the promotion as the gateway to sink his cock inside her. All those pretenses were vanishing as his lust broke through, overpowering his reason. Richard began to power fuck her, ramming again and again, deep and powerful.

Lena succumbed to his power. Letting loose. Screaming as an orgasm rushed through her. Richard didn't let up, fucking her through it and directly into another one.

She allowed herself to lose herself in the pleasure. There wasn't any sense in not enjoying what she had to do in order to gain the promotion she deserved.

...

"He took what he wanted, Danny. He used my pussy like his own personal fuck toy." Lena moaned, hands on her breasts, tweaking her nipples as she bounced on her husband's throbbing cock. His hands were squeezing her hips so tight that she had no doubt that in the morning she'd have bruises.

"Oh, fuck!" he grunted, laying back, looking up at her, guiding her as she rode him. He had been entranced by her wife in this position more times than he could count, but this morning it was different. She was different. Touched by another man.

"That's right, baby. Your wife got fucked so she could move up the corporate ladder." She shut her eyes, letting loose just like she did with Richard. "I'm such a fucking slut. A wicked wife. A fucking whore."

"Shit! Fucking...fucking cunt..." Danny groaned, teeth clenched as he thrust his hips up to meet her bouncing ass.

"That's right, honey. I'm a cunt. A slick, wet cunt. He fucked me over and over. Came in me again and again. How does that make you feel? Knowing you're inside my cunt still freshly slick

with my boss's jizz. Huh? Does it make you feel like a man? Reclaiming your wife after she was used like a cheap whore?" Lena's inhibitions were all but gone. Her tongue loose, thrashing and lashing out horrible words meant to strike her husband in all the right places. The places that would make him rage and take back control. Strategic strikes, wanting to push him, but not too far. Just to the edge. Let him get a look at the abyss, but not fall into it.

Lena prided herself on being an independent and powerful woman. But that didn't mean that she didn't want to let go. To be used.

Richard had forced her barriers down. With Daniel, she was lowering them willingly and letting it all flood out.

She was making the decisions. Allowing Richard to have her. And now, happily giving herself back to her husband. Something deeply seeded inside was growing. It was a whole new level of erotic to have Daniel inside her after Richard had taken her so much and so deep. Feeling Danny inside, Richard's cum overflowing around every thrust, and her skin tingling and chest burning, was a new sort of pleasure she knew could be very addicting.

"Fucking shit, Lena!" Daniel groaned louder, gripping hold of her even tighter and beginning to fuck her with rapid abandon.

The air in the bedroom crackled with taboo tension. Painful. Thrilling. Electric. Daniel held his wife tight, bruising her hips, thrusting upward with desperate, violent energy. Each plunge into her dripping pussy, the pussy that was still slick with her boss's cum, sent shuddering jolts through both of them. A cocktail of rage, humiliation, and terrifying arousal.

"Ohhh fuck!" She screamed.

"Shit, oh fucking god!" Daniel's voice was raw, unraveling, each word punctuated by a slap of skin. This wasn't lovemaking. This was a reclamation. Marking territory.

Lena met his intensity with her own primal need that was surprising even to her. "Yes! Danny! Baby! That's it! Take me back! Take my fucking slutty cunt back." She threw her head back, sweat flying and tits bouncing. Her muscles were taut. "Take your wife back! Show me how much of a man you are! Show me you love me."

The words were gas on the fire. Daniel roared. A guttural, painful sound that was pulled up from the depths of his chest and his loins. Lena yelped when he rolled them over, pinning her to the bed, spearing his cock into her repeatedly. Rapidly. Balls spanking her ass. Driving into her with powerful abandon. The bed groaned beneath them, protesting the violent action. Headboard thumping, putting a divot into the wall.

"Tell me!" Daniel demanded, his eyes wild. "Everything."

Lena was lost in ecstasy. Fear and excitement mixing into a dangerous cocktail threatening to make her dissolve. "You saw the pictures." She whispered between deep gasps when her husband rammed himself rough and deep into her cunt.

"Tell me. Say the words." He commanded again.

Her words tumbled out as Danny continued his assault. "He made me cum! Made me! Fucking pulled my orgasm from me with his fat cock. He flipped me over. He pushed me down. Pushed my legs over my head. I was a fucking pretzel. Exposed. He wanted my ass. Said it was too perfect not to fuck."

Daniel's thrusts faltered for just a second, a pained and angry expression crossing his face.

"You...let him..." Daniel couldn't finish.

"He *took* it, Danny. He took your wife's puckering needy asshole. Coated himself in my dripping cream. Pushed his thumb into my asshole. I squealed like a pig, Danny. A whore pig. He loosened me up for a minute before putting that big dick into my ass. All executives know how to take it in all their holes. He wanted to know I was the perfect choice for the position."

Daniel groaned. It was a sound of pure erotic anguish. His cock throbbed so hard it was painful. Buried deep in his wife and knowing that he was taking another man's leftovers.

"I wasn't sure I could take him." Lena confessed, reaching up and grabbing her husband's face, eyes drilling into him. "He's so much bigger than you, Danny. Fatter. Thicker. It was so big in my ass. Stretching me open like you can't."

She paused, gathering what few thoughts she could as Daniel kept fucking her. He was slowing down. Breath raspy. He was wearing down. "He was gentle. But only for a minute. Tip first. Spread my hole. Got inside. Let me squeeze. Adjust. He told me if I could handle him balls deep in my ass, then I'd be able to handle anything." She chuckled bitterly, licking her lips.

Daniel had his eyes closed. His face a mask of pain, of emotion. Arousal. Sweat and heat. He was listening to his wife confess letting herself be violated by her pervert of a boss so she could get the promotion she rightfully deserved. A heavy price. Something that, even as they were fucking, connecting, was a looming hammer threatening to shatter them. Threatening to shatter their marriage and everything they had planned.

Lena leaned up and licked her husband's ear. "It hurt. God, did it hurt when he put it all in. Every inch. Can you imagine it? That fat cock from the pictures? In my asshole? Something you rarely get? He played with my clit, moving in and out. My ass squeezed him and puckered so tight. So fucking tight. Hot. He made me cum over and over, fucking my asshole. I squirted Danny. All over his hairy, fat chest. You've never done that to me."

Danny's eyes snapped open, and their gazes locked. No judgement. Just deep, aching arousal and need.

"He humiliated your wife, Danny. Fucked my butt and made me spray cum everywhere and laughed at me as he took me. Came in me. Came in my fucking ass. I was so utterly humiliated and I fucking loved it. His balls slapped my clit and pussy lips. Sweaty and hairy and rough."

Her admission hung in the air. It was raw. Honest. A painful truth that could change everything or shatter them.

Danny leaned in and kissed her. Pressed their sweaty, wet lips and bit down, making her moan with desperate love. His hips picked up their pace again. Wet, thick slaps filling the room. His balls aching, dying to spray their load. His cock pulsing, throbbing, becoming so engorged he felt like it might burst.

There was anger. Frustration. The sense of betrayal. But deep, deep down, there was love.

It was burning. Brilliantly. It was a fascinating and frightful combination that Daniel and Lena's endorphin filled brains couldn't fully grasp.

"I cleaned him. I sucked his cock clean, and he filmed it. Sucking and licking his cum covered, ass slicked cock. I degraded myself. But not for him..." She was panting, gripping hard to Danny's arms, feeling her own orgasm about to flood her soul.

"I did it for *me*. For *us*. I rode him and let him watch my tits. Suck them. Spray my tunnel with another load of cum. I loved his fucking cock, Danny. I love it. He's going to fuck me more. It's part of the deal. Part of my job. I'm going to dress up for him. Be eye candy. Give him blowjobs when we seal deals. Let him spray his thick creamy cum inside me when he needs stress relief. But fuck...fuck...FUCK!" She arched, legs over his shoulders now as he was ramming and letting himself loose.

"I did it for us! For me! I fucking love you! Ohhhh god!" she came. Her pussy spasmed and gushed, fluids and juices spraying around her husband's pistoning cock.

Daniel groaned, his whole body going rigid as his heart beat too fast. His cock let loose. His cum spraying, coating his wife's pussy walls. Washing away the remnants of another man and reclaiming every inch. Painting her. Marking her.

They coiled. Tight. Muscles straining. Sweat dripping. Cumming together and for a singular moment vanishing from the world. Their consciousness was gone. Just emptiness. Bliss!

It was impossible to tell how long they lay there. Danny on top of Lena. Breathing slowly. Catching their breath. Bodies slowing down. Lena unconsciously traced her fingers along Danny's spine. "He made me tell him that he was better than you," the words were soft, tender. They drifted to Danny's ear as he lay against her chest. Hearing his wife's heartbeat.

"I told him he was bigger. That he fucked me better. That I wanted his cum in every hole and that it tasted divine." Her fingers tangled into his sweaty hair. "It was a lie. I told him what he wanted to hear. What he needed. I said what was necessary so I could get what I deserved. He was different. Bigger for sure. But not better, Danny. Not better than this."

They lay together, sticky and sweaty and exhausted. Breaths slowing. Lulling themselves into sleep, falling into troubled dreams. The day slipped by with them in bed, putting off the inevitable confrontation that would make or break the tentative peace that they'd made through brutal fucking.

...

Lena let the aroma of the fresh coffee sweep away the lingering shadows of sleep from her mind. Everything was sore, pleasingly sore. The soft cotton of her robe rubbed against the soreness of her ass, her hips, tits. It sent shivers through her, comforting and also terrifying. Those sore feelings were reminders of what she'd done for her position and how she and Danny had dealt with it when she came home. It was also a reminder that they still had a lot to deal with.

"Morning."

The sound of Daniel's voice made Lena's heart beat faster. It always did. The love for her husband was genuine, ingrained in her system. Since the first time they'd met, hearing him always excited her. But this morning, that rush was tinged with nerves. Fear. It made her stomach clench.

Last night had been fueled by passion and need. Jealousy. A deep desire to scrub clean but also wallow in the dirt Lena had coated herself in, in order to obtain her promotion. She didn't regret her decision. Not really. But if it tarnished her marriage, if it ruined her husband's love for her, then she wasn't sure if it was ultimately worth it.

A paradox.

She turned, taking a slow deep breath, and picked up the second mug of coffee she'd poured in preparation to take to Daniel. Handing it over, she leaned up and kissed his scruffy cheek. "Good morning, honey."

They stood quietly, sipping and silently processing.

"I'm...sorry," Daniel whispered, his voice strained. "I'm sorry I was so rough last night. I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Lena shook her head with a smile. "You're apologizing? Honey, I think considering what I did, what I put you through, fucking me roughly is the least I could allow." Her voice was light, hand reaching up and touching his cheek. "Don't be sorry. We both needed it. And you didn't do anything that won't heal."

He shifted uncomfortably, avoiding eye contact.

"Talk to me, Danny. Tell me how you're feeling. Really feeling. No secrets."

He slumped against the counter, nursing his coffee. "I...I don't know. Part of me is humiliated. Furious. You left me the other night. Gave me no say in...in what you did. You sent me pictures. The things you said... they broke me." His voice got softer with each word. Fragile.

She traced the angle of his jaw, watching how his face went through the emotions. Anger. Despair. Fury. Utter betrayal. He was struggling, and she was the cause. Part of her had been prepared for this. Knowing that her choice would bring strife. But she was ready to put in the work. To do whatever it took, just like she'd done whatever it took to get her promotion.

When his eyes met hers, there was a mixture of love, hurt, confusion, and something that was undefinable.

"I'm also so fucking turned on." When he said it, his voice cracked, and he looked... defeated. Ashamed maybe?

Lena glanced down and saw a tent in his boxers. It was hard not to smile.

"Everything you did. What you said. What I saw. Fuck...fuck Lena, you were so... so fucking beautiful. Sexy. Gorgeous with his cock in you. Argh!" He put down his coffee, some of it sloshing over the rim onto his hand. He gripped the counter and let out a frustrated groan. "Fuck what's wrong with me? Am I really turning into one of those pathetic cucks?"

Lena rubbed a hand over his back, along his shoulders, massaging his neck. "You're a man who likes seeing his wife get fucked. Nothing new about that." She said simply.

He looked over his shoulder at her. "How are you so calm about this?"

She sighed. "I'm not. I'm just better at hiding it than you." She leaned in and pressed herself against his back, letting her robe open so her bare breasts were rubbing against him. "I'm torn apart too, Danny. Richard isn't a man I'd ever willingly choose to have sex with. Even as good as he was, you're what matters. Sex is just... it's just stuff. A thing. Love is more than that. Much more. And what we do, even what we did last night, as twisted and kinky as it was, was immersed in love. You wanted to take me back. I wanted you to reclaim me. And you did it. We came back together."

Lena reached around, put her coffee on the counter and then reached into her husband's boxers, taking hold of his erect cock. "Fuck you're hard." She whispered against his back, pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade.

"What...what does this say about me?" He groaned, feeling his wife's soft hand starting to stroke him. "About us?"

"It says that we are complicated. That our marriage is strong and we can handle the strain. The exploration. We can either let this break us, or grow." Her hand moved up and down under his boxers, thumb rubbing around his tip, smearing the pre-cum along his head.

"Did you... did you really enjoy it? Was it all fake or..." His breathing was becoming shallow.

"Of course I enjoyed it, Danny." Her teeth nipped against his skin. "It's sex. And Richard was large and good at it. He's experienced. Knows what he's doing. So yes, honey. I enjoyed the sex. Not the man. But the sex. There wasn't any intimacy in what he did to me and what I did to him. It was just him fucking me. A transaction. A business agreement."

She squeezed him hard, pre-cum oozing out thick and sticky. A thick stain appeared on his boxers.

"Is it making you hard? Knowing I let a man so beneath me, fuck me so I could get a promotion?"

Daniel hesitated, eyes closed, breathing heavily as she continued to stroke him. "Y...yes..."

She bit his earlobe. "Did you really like seeing my pussy penetrated by that thick cock? Stretched? Opened? Filled?"

His groan was a mixture of whimper and desire. "Y...yes..."

Lena stroked him faster, feeling him start to get close. "What do you think that makes you Danny?" Her lips sucked his ear, licked the shell, breath hot on his skin. "Do you think it makes you a cuck? Are you worried that you're one of those men that sit back and watches better men fuck their wives?"

Daniel gasped, his load shooting in his boxers all over Lena's hand as she pumped him through his orgasm.

She scratched her nails along his back, feeling his tense muscles and the goosebumps all over his skin. "Mmmm. How did that make you feel, baby? Hm? Does it make you feel good to think of yourself as a cuck?"

He was panting, staring down at the sticky spot on his boxers. "I...don't... I don't know."

His muscles uncoiled. Skin cooling. She kissed his shoulder and pulled her hand out, slick and gooey with her husband's cum. Meeting his nervous gaze, she seductively licked the cream off her fingers, lapping it up and swallowing it with a sweet smile. Picking up her coffee, she dangled a finger that still had just a small drop of semen and let it fall into her coffee before she took a drink, eyes never leaving her husband's.

"How does this make you feel?" he asked, the clarity that comes after an orgasm beginning to settle over Daniel as he picked up his own coffee and followed Lena to the kitchen table, sitting down as if it were just another Sunday morning..

She sighed, holding her mug close. "I...haven't fully processed either." She admitted. "I know we are being kinky right now Danny, but that's probably because of our heightened sense of fear. I made my choice the other night. I don't regret it. I've worked hard and... as messed up as it is, having sex with Richard is a small price to pay for this new position. In the long term, it's going to open a lot of opportunities for me. For us. A few years and I'll be able to move up to a different, more senior position, probably at a larger company. Maybe even a full partner somewhere."

Danny cringed. "A few years?"

"Yes, Danny." She met his gaze, unwavering.

"And... during that time... will you be...?"

She sighed and nodded. "If need be. I wasn't lying about what Richard said. He made it very clear that I'll be... well, not quite free use, but I should be 'available'." The coffee stung her tongue as she sipped, looking away from her husband as she considered the things Richard had talked about with her.

After that initial fuck session, satisfied and waiting for him to recover, they had discussed details about the position and what would be expected of her. Professionally and extra.

"There's a strict dress code." He'd told her, laying back as he had her licking his cock clean. Her tongue bathing his balls in saliva and sucking them, stroking his limp cock trying to get it back to full mast. Her ass up behind her wiggling and dripping with his cum.

"I expect fine lingerie every day. You'll never know when I want to inspect. So be prepared. If you're worried about how this will affect our work, rest assured, I put the company first. This relationship is just a bonus, for both of us, and we will make sure it doesn't interfere with anything. Lick lower, below my balls...aahhhh yes, right there, tongue a little deeper, get the edge of my asshole."

The casual discussion of business and sex made Lena drip, her pussy still full with Richard's load, dripping down her legs as she was kneeling between his legs, lifting his balls and lapping between his sweaty cheeks and tasting the bitterness of his ass and taint. The hair of his balls scratched at her cheeks and face, making her flinch and cringe, but it didn't make her stop.

This was raw perversion. She wasn't a prude. She'd done plenty of kinky things with her husband. Even eating his ass. But this was different. An extra level of taboo. Kink. Of pure desire. A transaction. Pure and simple. No emotions. No worries. Just give and take.

Richard watched her licking and sucking, and stroking him. "Good. Good. Mmmmm you're going to be a perfect asset. I know you can do the work. And you've done a brilliant job so far of showing me you can handle the extra work." He chuckled, stretching out a hand and gripping her hair, just letting it rest and guide her motions.

Lena did very little talking when it came to the discussion of using her body and allowing Richard access whenever he'd like. Business was her key priority. If it required her body, and she was given orgasms, then she could handle the load.

"Is your husband going to have a problem with this arrangement?" He asked seriously.

Lena's lips were slick and swollen when she pulled away to answer. "I will deal with my husband. He's a good man. He can and will see reason."

"Good. I won't do anything to jeopardize your relationship as long as he doesn't insert himself into our business. I'll even be glad to send him some treats just like we are doing tonight. I like to keep my managers happy. Let me know what your husband enjoys and we can make sure he isn't forgotten or left out."

"That is very thoughtful of you." Lena muttered, her lips sucking on his root. It continued like that for hours. Sucking and licking and fucking and discussing her new position. And the irony of her talking about a new position, while she was being twisted into a new position, wasn't lost on her.

Now she was home and looking back at her husband. The images, texts, and videos had clearly had an effect. A powerful effect. Possibly even scarring.

But the dust was settling. Emotions were calming. The wounds she'd inflicted were coming into clarity. Still open. Not yet infected, but if they weren't treated soon, it might become serious.

Now was the time to talk this through. Come to a decision. Figure out their way forward. Heal the wounds. Prevent infection.

The weight of the future was settling on Lena's shoulders as she leaned forward, elbows on the table. "It's part of the package. Continued access. Some late nights. Early mornings. Trips."

"Separate rooms?" Daniel asked hopefully, though he knew the answer.

"No, Danny." She shook her head, a smile on her lips. "I'm sure we are going to be sharing

rooms. Maybe we will be separated if someone else comes on the trip with us."

Danny sighed. "You're not the only one?"

"We knew that already, Danny. He fucks most of the women in the office. It may sound strange, but he really does respect boundaries. There are a few women whom he propositioned and who turned him down. He didn't hold it against them, but it was also clear that their positions were not likely to change if they were looking to move up. Those who have ambition and drive are the ones who know what it takes at the company. And if they give him what he wants, they often get what they want. It's all pretty straightforward."

"And that's okay with you? This man just having his way with anyone he wants? You? Others? Basically giving his pervert a harem? Whatever happened to feminism?" Daniel gripped his mug tighter.

Lena let out an exhausted sigh. "Feminism doesn't mean women don't have sex to get ahead, Danny. It just means that we have the choice to use it. Women do still move up without kneeling for Richard. It's just harder. Takes longer. And you're not far off regarding the whole harem thing." She paused, swirling her coffee thoughtfully before she finally spoke. "There might even be times I'm not... alone with him."

Daniel stiffened, jaw tightening.

"I don't mean with other men...though I suppose that's a possibility. But more likely other women. He's alluded to the idea that he enjoys more than one at a time." This was the thing that made her blush. As kinky as Lena had been and as far as she was willing to go for her career, she hadn't ever been with another woman and hadn't ever considered it until the discussion with Richard last night while he was balls deep in her asshole.

Telling her about how he liked his ass licked while he was fucking a nice tight pussy or asshole. How two mouths were better than one. Comments about how she was going to learn so many things under his careful tutelage.

She bit her lip, thinking about it. The idea that she'd be servicing Richard with other women from the office. Who knows what he'd have her do. Lena was imaginative, but Richard had a

great deal of experience and no doubt had ideas that even she hadn't considered.

They sat silently. Everything weighing down on them. So much to deal with and no handbook to reference. Carefully, Lena reached over and took her husband's hand. He let her thread her fingers through his. "I'm in this, Danny. And we can do it, as long as we are in it together. We can handle anything. We just have to find the proper way to deal with it. Last night was one way. But if it was too much, or not enough, then we should talk about it. We can make this work for us rather than against us."

Daniel's mind raced, considering everything. "What if I said that none of this was okay? That maybe I can get past it this one time, but... doing it again... what if I said no?"

Lena sighed deeply, squeezing his hand. "Danny. If you can look at me, and very clearly and honestly tell me that our marriage would be over if I continued with this arrangement at work..." She paused, the idea of abandoning everything she'd worked for settling in her chest like a tumor. "If you were serious, then I'd quit. I'd start over somewhere. It would probably set me back a few years. Our finances would no doubt take a hit. But you're more important than any job, Danny. Always have been. Always will be. If I didn't think we could handle this, then I wouldn't have gone through with it. But I believe you're stronger than jealousy. Humiliation can be fuel rather than poison."

The sincerity in her voice was clear. Daniel felt it. The love and the attempt at reassurance from his wife was pure. But his feelings were still complicated. The situation was messy. Part of him was angry that his wife was practically taking away the choice for him to say no. Sure, she was willing to walk away from the promotion and the job, but there was no undoing what had already been done.

Lena had already slept with Richard. Stayed with him overnight. Come home with his seed inside both her holes. What did it matter if it kept happening? As long as Lena came home to him.

"Don't quit." He muttered, leaning back in his seat. "You've earned the promotion. With your hard work and...well, with your body too. But I need to still be part of this."

She squeezed his hand firmly. "Danny. I'm not leaving you out. I won't ever exclude you from anything."

He felt like that was a contradiction after what she'd just told him. But he didn't say anything, just squeezed her hand back. "I know. I just... don't leave me in the dark."

She nodded. "So. Do you want me to send you things? Like before? Videos? Pictures?"

Danny felt his cock stirring just thinking about the images on his phone. The prospect of more. "Yeah." His voice was raspy with barely contained desire. "And... What we did last night... we have to... after, immediately if we can, after being with him. We need to reconnect."

Lena chuckled. "Oh? You think you can handle more nights like we had last night?"

He glared playfully. "Of course. Maybe even more. You were pretty naughty. Might have to teach you a lesson, though." A mischievous smile spread across his face.

"Oohhh?" She leaned in. "And how exactly do you think you're going to teach this successful woman anything?"

There was a pause. The tension in the room was thick. Daniel stared at his wife, love and devotion, but also a growing, challenging desire. Something evolutionary. Primal. A deep longing.

Danny gripped Lena's hand and pulled her to him, pushing his chair out so she could tumble into his lap. He bent her over his lap, whipped her robe up over her backside as she yelped in surprise. Her ass was perfect. Luscious. Firm. And completely exposed.

"You have a lot to learn." He growled and landed a hard hand against her cheek. *SMACK!*

Lena groaned. "Danny..." she gasped.

Another slap. Her ass jiggling. His wife looked up at him, bent over and trembling. After last night and her night with Richard, quietly being in charge and allowing things to happen, this sudden dominance from her husband was refreshing and surprising. It wasn't that Danny never took charge in the bedroom. He could be very firm and in command when he wanted to be. But after the steps Lena had just taken in

her career and life, she'd been afraid that Danny might be too ashamed and humiliated to assert his authority. Something she'd been longing for since she got home after being taken by another man. But what if her actions had neutered him? Taken away his manhood like so many other men when their wives or women cheated?

Even for her, what they were entering into was uncharted territory. Something strange and dangerous. But it was exhilarating. Thrilling. It made her feel alive. It was dangerous. Taboo. It made her adrenaline pump hard through every single inch of her body.

Another open handed spank turned her ass pink.

"Ohhhhh," Lena groaned.

"God, you were so terrible." Daniel muttered, eyeing her ass, knowing another man had watched it slap against his thighs. Watched as his cock fucking her pussy, her ass.

He reached between her legs and ran his fingers over her slick pussy slit. She was dripping. He smeared her juices up between her cheeks and circled her asshole, making her hiss with arousal. "Tell me you're mine." He whispered.

"Mmmm Danny...of course I'm yours..." The look she gave him was lethal. "But when I'm in the office, Richard owns my cunt."

This sent a jolt through Daniel's veins. Made his heart pound like he was sprinting. He met his wife's challenging gaze, fingers rubbing around her asshole. "So you're gonna be his slut?"

She nodded. "Yes, Danny. I'm going to be one of Richard's sluts. Anything, so I can get ahead."

He jammed his fingers into her hungry cunt. Lena arched, gasped, legs spreading as he started to finger her fast and hard. "Fucking cunt. Fucking cheating cunt."

Their previous serious conversation crumbled. Now the tension in the room wasn't from truth and honesty, but from raw passion. He thrust his fingers in fast, rubbing her g-spot roughly, her walls tightening around his fingers. Lips clung and pulled, gripping him. He slapped her ass as he fingered her, listening to her wails and

whimpers as she allowed herself to be 'punished' for what she'd done.

"You're not going to treat me like some pathetic cuck." He slammed his hand down again, a bright red spot on her ass cheek blossoming. "I'm your fucking husband. You're going to come home to me. Give me everything you gave him." He sank his fingers in deep, all the way to his knuckle.

"Oohhh fuck, honey. Yes. Yes, I'll give it all to you, I promise." Her body was shaking as she hung over his lap, her tits bouncing and swaying, her legs shaking as an orgasm was forced upon her.

Daniel's eyes watered from overwhelming emotions. Love. Hate. Anger. Arousal. Desire. Repulsion. It was a storm inside him that was threatening so many unknown outcomes.

Fingers buried inside his wife's convulsing cunt, Daniel continued thrusting as her orgasm overcame her, making her tremble bent over his lap. Her cries were a beautiful melody of pleasure and pain, and desire. Music and agony. It was ecstasy. Her walls clenched, milking his fingers just like she'd milked Richard's cock.

That very thought sent another wave of twisted, possessive fury and jealousy flowing through him. He pulled his fingers out, dripping with juices. Her gasp was sharp and satisfying. "Get on your knees." He grunted.

Lena slipped off Daniel's lap, legs weak from her orgasm and pussy throbbing with a need for more. Her robe slipped off, exposing her completely. Kneeling, she looked up at him with fear, excitement, and defiance. "Are you going to make me a good girl, Danny?" Her voice was raspy from her earlier cries. It was clear she was craving this: the unbridled passion and reckless actions of a cucked husband wanting to reclaim his place.

Danny stood up, pushing his boxers down, letting his cock bounce free. It was still sticky and slick with his earlier orgasm. Lena stared at it. The familiar member of the man she loved. Not nearly as thick as Richard, but perfect. Perfect because it was his.

"Open," he croaked, staring down at his wife's flushed face, heaving breasts, and slick pussy between her knees.

She didn't hesitate. Lena opened her mouth, lips shiny, and let her tongue lull out in anticipation.

Danny didn't hesitate either. He grabbed his wife's hair and held her still, then gripped his cock and guided it past her lips and into her mouth. He didn't stop. He shoved every inch into her throat, making her cough and choke around it before finally adjusting.

There was nothing gentle about his movements. This wasn't love. It was raw claim. Holding her head steady and still, Danny began thrusting. Fucking her mouth with little to no reserve. His balls slapped his chin, saliva quickly beginning to bubble and drip from her lips and all over her face.

Gwak. gwak. Gluck. Glug gluglugl. Gak. guck.

She was breathing hard through her nose, snot starting to drip. Her face was slick with spit. But she didn't resist. Her husband needed this, and so did she. Lena had allowed herself to be used by another man. Now she was going to let the man that she wanted use her just as hard, if not more. Whatever they needed to get them back to some sort of stability.

Lena continued gagging, hands gripping her husband's thighs as it was becoming harder and harder to breathe through the sticky snot clogging her nose.

"Fuck! Uh, fuck. Did you let him...let him do this? Fuck...fuck your mouth, you little whore?" Danny was on the verge of snarling. "Did he make you fucking choke?"

Lena couldn't answer. Her throat was full. His pubic hair pressing against her nose, sticky and slick with her spit and snot.

"Answer me, you fucking whore!" He pulled her off his messy cock long enough to answer.

"Ye...yes.." she panted. "Yes. I choked on his cock in the shower in the morning. I swallowed his cum."

Danny roared in that poisonous cocktail of arousal and anger. He shoved his cock back into her mouth and fucked it faster. Harder. She squealed around him. Tearing up and crying and choking as he assaulted her throat.

Richard had been rough, but more in a dominant, sensual way. Danny was desperate to take every part of his wife back. This was brutal and dirty. He was going to mark her in a completely different way than Richard had.

And Lena loved it.

Her pussy was dripping all over the floor, juices mixing with her spit and snot that was splashing to the floor. She was getting pale from lack of oxygen. Her eyes were beginning to roll up. Shaking and trembling, nipples rock hard, she was on the verge of collapse when Danny finally ripped his cock out of her mouth and let her fall back onto the floor, gasping for life giving air.

It wasn't a moment before Daniel was pushing her legs open and sheathing himself inside her slick tunnel.

"Ohhhhhh, fuck!" She gasped, looking down with blurry eyes and seeing her husband inside her. Thick, frothy cream oozed out around their union, dripping down her ass as he began frantically pounding. She shook, breasts bouncing, moaning as she was filled over and over, brutally and deliciously. Danny's balls slapped against her ass, thick wet slaps that made her even wetter.

"Yes baby. Yes! Please. Fucking god, yes!" she screamed, clawing at his arms. "Fuck me, honey. Fuck me!"

He leaned in, kissing her, biting her lip as he continued pounding frantically. Her ass bounced off the floor, arms wrapping around him, hands in his hair gripping so tight she was sure she pulled some hair free.

They fucked hard and fast. Ruthless and passionate. Reclaiming each other. Taking each other. Submitting.

"You're mine." Danny grunted.

"Yours," Lena answered breathlessly, licking his jaw.

"Fuck!" Her husband groaned, hammering his cock hard into her burning tunnel.

"Fuck my cheating cunt, baby. Fuck me. Make me yours. Take me back. Every time I come home after satisfying Richard, take me back. Make me your wife again!"

They cried out together. Thrusting and humping. Skin slapping and juices flying, dripping and puddling all over the floor.

He watched her face twist as he fucked her. Pleasure and pain. Desire. Want. Lust. He watched her beautiful tits flop, nipples hard and swollen, begging for attention. His mouth captured one, sucking and biting, making her moan.

“Did he fuck you like this?” His rhythm never faltered, only became more aggressive. “Did he make you feel like this?”

“So good! So good!” She cried. “He fucked me like a whore! His whore! Ohhh fuck honey yes I’m cumming! I’m fucking cumming for you. Yes, baby! Yes, he made me feel so fucking good! So fucking fuck! God, yes, but...but never like this...never so fucking everything! Everything! You’re everything!” She squealed and screamed, her orgasm rushing through her and causing her pussy to spray, gushing around his spasming cock.

“Fuck!” he cried out, feeling her clamping around him, milking him. There was no resisting the suction and squeezing muscles of her pussy. He came. Gushing inside her, bursting like a hose, spraying his seed. “Cum! Cum on my cock!”

His cum mingled with the memory of Richard’s jism. Danny could almost picture it. Richard’s cum still slick inside his wife, now being washed away by his own like last night. Pulsing inside her. Gushing. Spraying. Mixing and oozing out around her gripping lips.

They collapsed, Danny on top of her, head resting in the crook of her neck as he panted, trying to catch his breath. The storm of their need had passed, leaving them exhausted and silent. Cum and juices dripped down between Lena’s cheeks, pooling on the floor, adding to the mess. Her fingers slowly began to trace along his spine, her breasts pressed to his chest, feeling each other’s rushing heart.

The air was thick with the smell of sweat and sex. Raw and primal.

With an effort, Daniel pushed himself up, their skin peeling apart from their sweat and sticky fluids, trembling. He looked at his wife. The woman he loved. The woman he’d just claimed. The woman who had allowed herself to be

taken so that she could climb the corporate ladder.

Her face was flushed. Lips swollen. Nipples peaked. But her eyes were soft with that post-orgasmic glow. She touched his cheek, looking into his eyes, waiting for him to process.

He trembled, brow dripping with sweat.

She leaned up and gave him the softest kiss he’d ever felt, a stark contrast to the ferocity they’d just endured. It was a kiss of genuine care, consideration, and the hope of forgiveness and a way forward.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” she answered, voice thick with hope. “More than you know.”

They got up slowly, careful not to slip on the mess they’d made. Lena’s legs were like noodles, her arms around him, head on his shoulder. Their hearts beat in a steady rhythm. Together. Reassuring. Tender.

“Is this going to be our new normal?” She asked with an exhausted smile.

Daniel kept hold of his wife and chuckled. “If it is, I’m gonna have to start working out more.”

Lena snickered. “Not a bad idea.”

Daniel let out a strained sigh.

Lena pulled back and looked up into her husband’s face. “This new job comes with challenges, Danny. Professional and otherwise. Long nights. Long hours. And yes... sometimes those long nights and hours are going to involve me fucking Richard. But if it means doing it without you...” She paused. “Well, I *can’t* do this without you.”

He kissed her hair. “I’m not going anywhere.” He whispered.

“Good,” she pressed herself tighter against him. “And just so you know, next month is the annual shareholders’ conference. Richard mentioned that I’d be required to come.”

Danny hesitated. “Required to come? Or... cum?”

Lena smiled and patted her husband’s chest with a sigh. “Yes.”



