

REVENGE CUCKOLDING

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Written by Alex Skylar.

Eva stared blankly at the computer screen and blinked. She was furious.

Today was her day off. Her boyfriend Paul had left for work a few hours ago, and once he was gone, she had sat down at his computer to look for a better job. She was frustrated with the drama at her current job, so she wanted to send out her resume to a few places to see if she could find something better.

Her resume had been in the documents folder on his computer, but when she opened it, the file wasn't there. She started to click around, looking through other folders to see if he had moved it, but she kept coming up empty. It didn't seem to be anywhere.

She had clicked on a folder that was simply named Files. She hoped it had accidentally sorted into there somehow, but when she clicked on it, she found something entirely different. There were a few dozen videos and about a hundred picture files. She clicked on one of the pictures, and that was when she froze.

The image that filled the screen was a picture of a naked woman climbing onto a naked black man. The guy had the biggest cock she had ever seen, at least twice as big as her boyfriend. There was a second man in the picture, a skinny white guy. The second guy was also naked, but he held a tiny little dick in his right hand like he was stroking himself.

There was a caption printed over the picture that read, "His big cock feels so much better than yours!"

She clicked the arrow to take her to the next picture. This one showed an attractive woman staring at the camera, dressed in some lacy black lingerie. The caption seemed to quote her thoughts as she looked at her husband.

"Of course I fucked him. You know he's so much bigger than you. Does it turn you on that I crave other men?"

The third picture just showed a glimpse of a nude man and a woman wrapped in a sensuous embrace. The caption said, "Your wife cheats on you with other men and you love it."

She closed the picture and clicked on one of the videos instead. The scene opened with a couple sitting on a couch, being

interviewed by someone off camera. They were both attractive individuals, with the wife was dressed in a tight slinky dress.

The interviewer was asking the husband about his biggest fantasy. He said that he had always wanted to watch his wife fuck another man in front of him. After discussing the fantasy a little more, a black man came into the room and introduced himself. He sat down on the couch next to them and the wife immediately started to make out with the new guy. A few minutes later she was naked, on her knees, sucking the stranger's massive shaft. After a few more minutes, she was screaming loudly as she rode him right in front of her husband.

As she fucked the new guy, she began belittling her husband, telling how worthless he was and how she could barely feel him when they had sex. The husband didn't get angry though. He had pulled his smaller tool out and was playing with it furiously.

When the stranger finally blew his load deep inside the wife, she climbed off and ordered her husband lick the cum out of her. When the husband got down on his knees and obeyed her command, Eva couldn't believe what she was seeing. He was as hard as a rock while he was cleaning another man's seed out of his wife with his tongue. It was almost like he enjoyed the humiliation.

She clicked through a few more videos and pictures but they all seemed to show the same basic idea: a woman fucking another man in front of her husband or cheating on her husband, usually with a well-hung black guy. It seemed so weird and foreign to her, but on some deeper level, it was incredibly erotic. She realized that the idea was actually turning her on.

An unusual thought popped into her head. Before she had started dating Paul, she had hung out a few times with a guy named Jon. Jon was a fitness instructor, well-built and attractive. He was also black. Eva was a petite blonde with a fit body and a medium sized rack. Her hair fell in long curls around her pretty face, and she rarely had a problem getting male attention.

Jon had definitely been interested in here, and he made no attempt to hide it. She had thought about dating him, but he seemed like a player, and she didn't want to get too attached to

someone like that. The idea of just sleeping with him had intrigued her, but she knew she had a tendency to get too attached to guys.

Now she had a loving boyfriend who apparently had a fantasy about her sleeping with other men. Her boyfriend Paul was also blonde and white, a very average guy with an average sized cock. Maybe this would give her the perfect opportunity to take that romp with Jon that she had craving, while satisfying her boyfriend's secret fantasy as well. She loved Paul and the sex was great, but he was a few inches shorter than she would have liked. Plus now she wouldn't have to worry about getting attached to Jon because it would be purely about the sex.

Eva and Paul had been together for two years, so it had been at least that long since she had talked to Jon. She wondered what he was up to since the last time. Maybe he had a girlfriend, or maybe he had even gotten married. She decided she should at least see if he was available before she started planning anything more elaborate.

She grabbed her phone and pulled up her contacts, scrolling through until she came to Jon's name. She pulled up her messages and started to type.

"Hey, how are you? I haven't talked to you in forever!"

She sent the text and stared at her phone. Before she could start to wonder how long it would take him to respond, his reply came through.

"I'm good, beautiful. What's new with you?"

"Not much," she replied. "Any new ladies in your life?"

"Nah, I'm enjoying the single life. How about you? Are you still with that Paul guy?"

Eva felt a flurry of butterflies in her stomach. Jon provided the perfect combination of what she needed. The thought of sleeping with him, of letting him take her in front of her boyfriend, was both thrilling and exciting.

For a moment she wondered if she should talk to Paul first to make sure this was something that he would really want to do in real life and not just a wild fantasy.

Then Eva remembered that her boyfriend had been stockpiling a vault full of porn on his computer. That thought made her angry, furious even. She felt like he had cheated on her. She imagined him beating himself off while he watched these women cheat on their husbands. Why hadn't he just asked her to fuck someone so he could fantasize about her instead of random women?

Now that the idea of fucking Jon had gotten in her head, that was all she could think about. It made her feel absolutely giddy. There was only one way to get rid of that thought, and that was to sleep with him. As for her boyfriend, there were two possible ways he could react. Either he would love it and would get turned on, or he would be upset about and she would have revenge for his secret indiscretions. If it upset him that she would be into the same fantasy as him, then he deserved to be angry.

Once she had justified it to herself, all that was left was to get Jon onboard with her idea.

"Yeah, we're still together," she replied. "Things are good, but..."

"But what?"

"Well, let's just say that he doesn't offer as much sexually as I had hoped," she said.

"Yeah, that's tough. Too bad you didn't give me a chance. I have plenty to offer you."

Eva blushed. She wanted so bad to see what he had.

"I bet. I really wish I had spent a night with you at least once before I started with him. We could have had a lot of fun naked together."

"Hey, don't tease me like that girl. You know I had a thing for you. Still do. If you ever need some discrete company, you can just let me know."

For a moment, Eva considered it. Maybe she could just get her revenge by not letting him watch and telling him after she had already done it, but the truth was she wanted to see the expression on his face when another man put his hands on her and slipped his cock deep inside her.

"Can I ask you about something weird?" she texted him.

"Sure, go for it."

"I was going through Paul's computer today and I found a bunch of porn. It wasn't normal porn, though. It was pictures and videos of guys watching their girl get down with another guy. Have you ever heard anything like that?"

"Haha, yeah, I know about that stuff. These guys get off on watching their wives with other dudes. It's called cuckolding," he told her.

"How do you know about it?" she asked, a little surprised that he had heard of something that she never even knew existed.

"I had a couple invite me out one night. The husband want to watch his wife with a black man. We all had a great time."

Eva was shocked.

"Wait, so you did it??"

"Of course," he answered. "She was smoking hot, there was no way I could turn her down."

"Did you get nervous with him watching?"

"Nah, not at all. He was pretty cool. He just sat and watched and jerked himself off."

Eva bit her lip. If Jon was experienced, then maybe he really would be the perfect candidate.

"Maybe we should all go out this weekend," she suggested. "I'm kind of curious now about how much you have to offer."

"You know I'm down," Jon told her. "You don't have to wait until this weekend to see it though. I'll send you a pic of what I got if you send me one of you."

Eva pushed the heel of her hand into her mouth and bit down lightly, trying to contain her excitement. She felt so naughty starting without Paul, but it made it even more exciting.

"Send me one now and I'll go put on something nice and send you a few," she wrote back.

A few minutes went by without a reply. Then a picture popped up and Eva felt her heart leap. It was a close up picture of just his cock. His hand was wrapped around the base, but it barely covered a third of his length. Her boyfriend had a little more than a handful, but it would take three hands to cover Jon's massive shaft.

Eva jumped out of her chair and ran into her bedroom. She pulled open her drawer and rifled through a few outfits. At the very bottom was a lingerie set that she had bought for Valentine's Day, but never got around to wearing. It was brand new, and Paul had never seen it on her. She decided that would be the perfect choice for a photo shoot for Jon.

She hopped in the shower to clean herself off. It had been awhile since she had shaved and she wanted to look as perfect as possible for Jon, so she pulled out her razor. She did her hair and makeup, and then slipped into her outfit.

The top was a deep red corset that lifted her boobs up and together. For the bottom, she slipped on some boy shorts and attached some sexy black stockings to the garter hooks on the corset.

Eva checked herself out in the mirror and loved what she saw. She tossed her hair and pulled it over one shoulder, throwing a seductive look at her reflection. It may have been two years since she had really flirted with someone, but she still knew how to make herself look good.

She opened the camera on her phone and started to snap a few pictures. Her breasts protruded from the top of the corset like large orbs, framed by the flowing curls of her hair draped over them. She snapped a few pictures from different angles, taking some direct shots as well as a few reflected in the mirror.

When she flipped through the photos, she wasn't satisfied though. The pictures were great, but it was much too innocent in response to what he had sent. She chose one, sent it to him, then added, "There's more coming."

She put the phone down and removed her corset. When she picked it up again, she laced her arm across her bosom to make sure she didn't show him too much. A few more shots gave her the perfect image, with just a hint of one nipple showing behind her splayed fingers.

She sent him that picture, picked out a few more flattering ones to send, then waited for a response. It took him less than a minute.

"Damn, you are hot. Show me more," he demanded.

Eva smiled at her phone. Her stomach churned with excitement at the idea of revealing herself to him, but she didn't want to give him too much. It would add to the sexual tension to make him wait for it.

"Go out with us and help me make him look like a fool, and I will show you everything."

"Deal," he replied.

They made plans for the upcoming Saturday. Once everything was in place, she put down her phone and returned to the computer. If she wanted to carry out this fantasy the right way, she would have to do a lot of research. She opened the hidden folder on Paul's computer and clicked on another video.

Paul came home a few hours later. He walked through the door and found Eva sitting on the couch. She had a glass of wine in her hand and a very angry expression on her face.

"Hey, honey, what's up?" he asked with a worried note in his voice.

"I went on your computer today," she said briefly. "Would you like to explain the stash of porn that you had hidden on your hard drive?"

Paul's eyes darted side to side, trying not to make eye contact with her. She could see the guilt in his face though.

"I, uh," he stuttered, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Eva rolled her eyes, frustrated that he couldn't just admit the truth. She stood up and moved directly in front of him, folding her arms across her chest and giving him a stern look.

"You are in a lot of trouble with me right now," she said as she approached him. "If you want to avoid making me even angrier, I suggest you start telling me the truth right now. Does it turn you on to think of me with another man? Is that your fantasy?"

Paul looked down, ashamed and defeated. He sighed deeply, sat down on the couch, then started talking with his eyes glued to the ground.

“Yeah, it does turn me on. Sometimes I imagine you with other men, seeing the reaction on your face as they take you.”

“Who do you imagine me with?” she asked, a hint of anger still in her voice.

“Different people. Sometimes I will fantasize about you fucking one of the neighbors while I’m at work or inviting your ex over, and other times I just imagine you with random people I see.”

Eva stood firm in front of him, casting her eyes down, but she was intrigued by his thoughts. They lived in an apartment complex and there were lots of attractive guys around, so it would be easy to find someone to keep her company during the day.

She had spent the entire afternoon watching his videos, and she had noticed a few patterns. Most of the bulls in his videos were black men, so he had an obvious predisposition towards interracial sex when it came to this fantasy. The second thing he noticed was that most of the women were often dominant and cruel to their husbands while they were being shared. Often times they would humiliate their husband in the process. If she was going to play this right, she had to be dominant and take control of the situation.

“It hurts me that you kept this a secret from me,” she started. “I don't want to leave you, but I feel like there is only one way to make things right. You don't really have a choice in this matter.”

Paul looked up at her for the first time since he had admitted his fetish. His face was riddled with fear and uncertainty, and for a moment she felt guilty for making him worry.

“Whatever you want, babe,” he said. “I would do anything to keep you in my life. I don't want to lose you.”

“Good,” she said. Her guilt quickly faded and an evil smile crossed her face. “I have a friend named Jon. I have always wanted to sleep with him, but I’ve always turned him down. This weekend, for your punishment, we are going to go out to a club with Jon, and I am going to do whatever I feel like doing. You will have no say, even if I decide I want to fuck him. You will watch whatever happens, but you won't be able to stop it.”

As Paul realized what she was saying, Eva could see the fear and confusion in his eyes fade away. They were quickly replaced with excitement. He started to smile.

"Wait, so you made plans with him already?" he asked with a hint of hesitation. "Have you slept with him before?"

"We've never slept together, but he has tried several times to get me in bed. Now he gets to enjoy having me, and I get to enjoy having a man with a real cock!"

Paul's face turned beet red with embarrassment. Eva was trying out different parts of the fantasy, and she didn't know what he would like and what would be too much. A lot of his videos had featured the wife mocking her husband's size, so she decided to run with it. She hoped that his embarrassment would turn into arousal.

"How do you know how big he is?" Paul asked.

She kneeled down in front of him and ran her hand over his crotch. If the fantasy was turning him on, he should be as hard as a rock. Her hand brushed lightly over his jeans and she felt a firm erection underneath. She leaned in seductively and whispered in his ear as she ran her fingers over the bulge.

"When I texted him earlier to make plans, he sent me a picture of his cock. It's at least twice as long as yours. I already figured he would be big, since most black men are."

Paul took in a deep breath when she said that her mystery man was black. His cock grew harder below her fingers. She was on the right track, so she continued.

"I had to send him a few in return, of course. I picked out some lingerie that I had never worn before and took some pictures for him. Does it turn you on that your girlfriend sent pictures of herself to another man? A man she is dying to feel inside her?"

Paul nodded, avoiding eye contact again. His breathing was long and deep, betraying his arousal. He hadn't been prepared for this, but he still seemed to be into the idea so far.

"Too bad your little dick could never compare to a real man like him. After he's done with me, I probably won't even be able to feel you anymore."

Eva stood up, removing her hand before he became too excited.

"We will go out Saturday night. Jon and I are in charge, so you will do whatever we say. My first command is that you are not allowed to touch yourself unless I say so. Oh, and you won't get to fuck me until after he's done. That means no sex and no playing until this weekend. I want you to think about what he is going to do to me until your balls ache for release. Do you understand?"

Paul gulped hard and nodded again. Eva no longer felt guilty now that she knew how much it turned him on.

"I hope you enjoy the reality as much as you enjoy the fantasy," she said as she headed towards the kitchen. "Otherwise, you will be in for a night of suffering and humiliation. Either way, I know I'll have a great time!"

She giggled to herself as Paul watched her disappear into the other room.

The rest of the week ticked by incredibly slowly. Paul tried a few times to entice her to play with him, but she remained firm in her denial. She wanted to make him wait.

Jon texted her here and there. She told him about her conversation with Paul, and how excited she was to have some fun with him. He tried to get a few more pictures out of her, but she decided to make him wait as well.

Saturday finally arrived, and Eva wasted no time getting herself ready. She took a long bath and made sure to remove every single unwanted hair. Her body was soft and smooth, and all she could think about was how Jon would react when he first saw her naked.

Her drawer didn't have much in the way of sexy underwear, but she had a few pieces that she was saving for special occasions. She picked out a black bra and some black lace panties to start the night. Next she went to her closet and picked out a tight little black dress with a plunging neckline and a zipper running down the front. That would make it easier to get undressed later.

She did her hair and makeup, then finished everything off by picking out a sexy pair of black heels. When she was finished, she stopped in front of the mirror to admire her handiwork. Her hair cascaded down around her face in little blonde curls, standing out against the black fabric of her dress. It occurred to her that, while Jon would be turned on seeing her dolled up like this, Paul would be that much more frustrated knowing it was for another man. It made her feel powerful.

Paul confirmed her suspicions when he saw her coming downstairs.

"You're going to wear that for him?" he asked, his voice going up in pitch. His face showed a mixture of nervousness and excitement, almost like he didn't know what to make of the situation. He wanted this fantasy, but it filled him with both excitement and jealousy.

"Of course," she said. She ran her hand down his cheek and gave him a light peck on the lips. "Don't you want me to look good for my lover?"

Paul flinched at the last word, just like she had hoped. Her hand drifted over his crotch and squeezed gently. Then she turned away and walked into the kitchen for a glass of wine.

She poured two glasses, one for her and one for him. When she looked at Paul, she could see the inner turmoil in his face. Her guilt returned.

"We don't have to do this if you don't want to," she said, offering him a way out. "Just say the word and I will cancel tonight."

"No!" he said suddenly. "It's not that. I just want to make sure we are okay. I'm fine with you doing whatever you want, and I love how naughty you are getting. I just don't want you to be mad at me and dump me because I let you go through with it."

Eva took a sip of her wine, then set the glass down on the counter. She turned towards Paul and her playful smile returned.

"We will be just fine. I'm upset that you didn't tell me about this sooner, but that's it. I might tease you a little more throughout the night because of that, but I think that will make you enjoy the whole experience more. I want you to be happy, and honestly, I

think tonight will be a lot of fun for both of us. If it turns you on to watch me fuck another man, then I will do it. Jon is an attractive guy, and that will make it fun for me too. But that's it, just a night of fun sex. I love you, I want you, and I enjoy sex with you. Whatever happens tonight will be our little secret. So are you okay with that?"

Paul sighed and nodded reluctantly. Eva slipped her arms around his neck and looked deep into his eyes.

"Good," she said, whispering seductively into his ear, "because I don't think I could resist a cock like his. If you had said no, I would have had to fuck him behind your back."

She kissed him on the cheek, squeezed his bulge one last time, and returned to her glass of wine.

A short while later, there was a knock at the door. Eva looked at Paul and gave him a quick wink.

"It's time," she said. "Now go answer the door."

She saw him swallow hard, the exact response she wanted. Her boyfriend would have to greet the man who was going to fuck her, and she could see his angst. She followed him into the living room and waited while he went to the door.

As the door swung open, Eva felt a surge of excitement. She had been out with Jon a few times, but she had never really seen him dressed up for a night out. He had chosen a finely tailored suit that made him look incredibly hot. His hair was short and trimmed his face smooth as ice. She looked at him and had the thought that if she had ever seen him in that suit, she would have already slept with him.

His appearance had the opposite effect on Paul. Her boyfriend suddenly realized what it meant to be a cuckold when he saw the impressive man who would own his wife's body for the evening. He realized instantly that he was way out of his league.

Jon offered a hand while introducing himself and Paul shook it hesitantly. He felt the strength of his grip, and imagined those hands, that strength, holding his wife.

"Come on in," he said. His voice cracked slightly, and he hoped that Jon hadn't noticed.

Jon walked in and Eva came over to meet him. She had the urge to kiss him, but she was new to this and wanted to start slow. She resigned herself to giving him a hug. Jon had to lean down slightly, as was at least a foot taller than her.

"Shall we get going?" Eva asked. She was even more excited for this evening now that she had seen Jon, and she had already started to imagine how she would undress him later. If they didn't leave now, she wasn't sure if they would ever make it out the door.

They made their way through the apartment complex to the garage. Eva asked Paul to drive and climbed into the passenger seat, while Jon slipped into the back seat.

They made their way to Rise, a busy nightclub in the center of town. Eva turned around and made small talk with Jon. She was too nervous to ride in back with him, so instead she used it as an opportunity to work on teasing her boyfriend.

"Jon looks so good tonight, honey. I love that suit on him. I wish you could look that good in a suit."

She saw the pain on Paul's face and giggled. The more she played this game, the more she discovered that she enjoyed it.

They pulled into downtown and found a parking space in one of the lots just off of the main strip. A short walk brought them to the nightlife area where several bars, clubs, and strip clubs all shared the same block. They headed towards Rise. Luckily they lived in a small town, so there was never a wait to get in.

The club was dimly lit, with a DJ playing dance music and spinning lights that chased around the walls. There was a small dance floor in the center of the room, surrounded by a row of tables on each side that faced the middle. Right now there were only a few people out on the floor, but the music was thumping and it was still early.

"Jon and I are going to go get a drink," Eva said. "Pick a table and save it for us."

There were plenty of open tables and no need to save one, but Paul didn't argue. Eva took Jon's hand and made her way to the bar while her boyfriend took a seat and waited.

Once they were alone, Eva looked at Jon and gave him a seductive smile.

"So your man is okay with all of this?" Jon asked while they waited for the bartender. "He really wants to see me fuck you?"

"Yeah. I don't really understand it, but he got turned on when I told him that I sent you some pictures."

"You told him that?" he replied with a shocked look on his face.

"I did. I even told him that you had sent me a picture and that you were a lot bigger than him. That really made him hard. If I get to fuck a hot guy and it turns him on, then I guess that's a win-win situation for me!"

"So then you're telling me he would get turned on if I put my arm around you like this?"

Jon slipped his arm around her waist and rested his hand on her hip. Eva felt her whole body come to life as she felt another man's hand on her body for the first time in over two years. She felt the strength in his grip, and silently hoped that Paul was watching them.

"Uh huh," she said, biting her lip and looking up at him.

Across the room, Paul saw Jon put his arm around her and felt his cock twitch. He had always fantasized about this, but the reality turned him on much more than he had ever expected. Jon was a large man with broad powerful shoulders and a toned body, and it drove him crazy to imagine his petite little girlfriend being taken by a hulking beast of a man.

They returned with three drinks and set them on the table. Jon took a seat and Eva sat down right next to him, just inches away. As they sipped their drinks and tried to talk over the thump of the bass, she placed her hand on Jon's thigh and started to rub his soft slacks. She couldn't believe she was here, just a few feet from her boyfriend, stroking another man's leg. She could feel herself already starting to get wet at the idea of what was going to happen later that evening.

Jon took a break from his conversation with her boyfriend and looked over at her. She had never noticed how piercing his eyes

were. Why had she turned him down so many years ago? She couldn't even remember now.

"Let's dance," Jon said.

Eva nodded excitedly. Jon stood and took her by the hand, leading her out onto the dance floor without even acknowledging her boyfriend. It seemed she wasn't the only one who was going to put him in his place tonight.

Paul watched them from his seat, but they were oblivious to his gaze. There were probably at least a dozen other people on the dance floor, but none of them looked as connected as his girlfriend and her potential lover. Eva moved with the music with Jon facing her, a foot or two away, but her eyes followed him intently. Her face was alight with excitement.

They danced through several songs. The longer they continued, the closer they got, until Eva turned and backed herself up against him. Her arms were up in the air, and Jon pulled his hands in around hers, holding them as her body slithered and swayed against his. Eva looked over her shoulder with that same broad smile that showed how much she was enjoying this.

Thankfully there was no one in the club that they knew. If they did see someone, Paul didn't know how he would explain his girlfriend's flirtatious attitude towards the man she was with.

As the song switched to a slower, heavier beat, Eva began to grind her hips back against Jon. When their bodies connected, she felt him for the first time. He wasn't fully hard, but his cock was still big enough that she could feel it pressed against her ass. The pictures hadn't lied; Jon was definitely well equipped.

She let her body fall back against his as they gyrated to the slower beat. His strong hands gripped her hips, giving her just enough freedom to move with the music. Her head tilted back until it was resting on Jon's shoulder, and when she turned her head, she was looking into his eyes just a few inches away. Her eyes flitted down to his lips, and she followed her instinct. She drew on of her hands up and around the back of his head, then pulled him down until his lips found hers. Her body melted at the touch of his kiss.

Paul watched in helpless agony as his girlfriend kissed another man in the middle of a busy dance floor. He wanted to stop her, to tell her she was his and she shouldn't be kissing another man, but his angst fueled his arousal in ways he had never experienced before. It was one thing to give her pleasure, but it was whole different game to see what she looked like when she was experiencing that pleasure. She looked absolutely stunning leaned back against his large frame.

For Eva, the kiss was just as incredible. His hands seemed to dominate her just by gripping her small body, and his lips were soft and sensual. She never wanted to stop kissing him, but she knew that she would have to if she really wanted more.

When she let go of him, her eyes went to her boyfriend. His face wore an expression of complete shock, with mixtures of dread and arousal at the same time. She smiled at him, then turned her body to face her partner. They continued to dance, but she fought the urge to kiss him again. That could wait.

After a few more songs, Eva pulled Jon off of the dance floor and back to the table. She sat down, breathless and agitated, and leaned in close to her boyfriend.

"Why don't you ever dance with me like that?" she asked, feeding his feelings of inferiority. "Now go get us some drinks."

As Paul left the table to satisfy her request, she turned back to Jon. Her hand started to stroke his thigh again, but this time she moved higher up his leg. Her fingers lightly traced over the bulge of his crotch as she leaned in close to him.

"I can't wait to feel this inside me later," she whispered, giving him a soft, short kiss.

Jon responded by putting his hand on her thigh as well. She let her legs part slightly, and his fingers lightly danced across the inside of her thigh, inches from her pussy. She wanted so bad for him to touch her there, surrounded by strangers, but it wouldn't be good to draw that much attention. She let him explore her mid-thigh and stopped him before he could go any further up.

Paul returned with the drinks, and the three of them watched the crowd. It had grown steadily busier, and now there was a lot

more people on the dance floor.

Eva had a naughty idea. She stood up and excused herself, heading to the women's room. Ten minutes later she returned to their table. She leaned down close to her boyfriend and took his hand, then pressed her panties into his palm. Without a word, she just smiled at him and pulled Jon back onto the dance floor. Paul was shocked by his girlfriend's wanton sexual behavior, but deep down inside he loved it. He shoved her panties into his pocket as his cock raged for release.

This time she wasted no time and slipped her arms around Jon, pulling him close to her. She danced with her arms around his shoulders, occasionally kissing him or turning around to grind her body against his. Her dress was short enough that any time she moved in just the right way, Paul would catch a glimpse of her clean shaven mound just under the hem of her dress. He was sure that he wasn't the only one watching as she embraced Jon. Her small white body and honey blonde hair was quite a sensual contrast to Jon's large black form.

They didn't stay on the dance floor for long. Eva stood up on her toes and whispered something in his ear, and he nodded in response. They made their way back to the table and Eva picked up her purse.

"Let's get out of here," she yelled to Paul over the music. "I want to go to a strip club."

Paul gave her a confused look. His girlfriend had never expressed an interest in other women before, and it surprised him that she suddenly wanted to go watch them dance naked, but it wasn't his place to ask. He stood up and followed her and her would-be lover out the door.

They walked out onto the main street, where there were at least three different strip clubs within eyesight. Eva had never been to a strip club before. She had always been fascinated with the female form, and she found she was sometimes aroused by particularly sexy women, but she had never thought of pursuing the interest until tonight. Something about releasing her sexual inhibitions and following her instincts had opened up her mind to the

idea. She wasn't ready to take a woman home, as that would be too much excitement for one night, but she would definitely enjoy looking at them. There was the added bonus that the dancers might get her boyfriend even more aroused on a night when he wouldn't be getting laid. She wanted to fuel his frustration as much as possible.

"That one," she said, pointing to the nicest of the three. It had a clean appearance out front, compared to the seedy look of the other two.

"You lead the way," Jon said as he followed her across the street with Paul tailing behind them.

They gave the bouncer their IDs and paid the cover, then entered the club. The lights were dim, with led laser dots dancing across the walls just like the club. There was a pretty big main stage with a large pole in the center, and a room off to the side filled with couches for private dances.

There were about twenty people milling around the tables throughout the room, with half of them belonging to what looked like a bachelor party. There was another half dozen guys sitting along the edge of the stage, many of them with their girlfriends or wives next to them. Eva found it interesting that she wasn't the only girl that wanted to go watch women dancing naked, although she was probably the only one there to bring two guys with her.

They took a seat at an empty table and one of the waitresses showed up right away to take their order. They all ordered a beer, and then Eva suggested a shot. She needed to loosen up a little more and that would be the perfect way to do it.

They all moved their chairs to one side of the table so they could watch the stage, with Eva sitting between the two boys. A few girls came by the table and chatted them up, but Eva wasn't even sure if she wanted a private dance. If she did decide to try one, she wanted to see the girls on stage in action before she chose which one she would want to get up close and personal.

They watched the girls as they sipped their drinks. When the shot came, she threw it back and savored the warm fire as it moved

through her belly. She was definitely getting tipsy already. Thankfully the boys were pacing themselves a little better.

The first two girls on the stage didn't really do much for her. They were cute, but not the kind of girls who would stoke her curiosity. The third girl was just the type she wanted though.

The DJ announced her name as Erica. She was a brunette with a very innocent look. She had a tight muscular body and small boobs. Not flat-chested, but just big enough to fill your hand. Her outfit was a schoolgirl skirt with a red thong underneath, and a matching red lace bra on top. Her moves were sexy and sultry without being too over the top. She was the kind of girl that Eva could imagine slithering under the sheets with her to explore her curiosity.

She danced around the stage, playing to the couples and men seated at the edge. She broke her skirt away and tossed it aside, then moved on to her bra. She unfastened the clasp in front and slowly peeled it back to expose herself to the audience. The final touch was bending over and sliding her panties down to expose her tight little slit with a small tuft of hair right above her clitoris.

Eva looked over at her boyfriend, who looked equally smitten by her. That was what she was hoping for. She really wanted him to tease him, and she knew just the way to do it.

After Erica had finished two songs, she gathered her clothes and replaced them before collecting the bills that had been dropped for her. Once she was off the stage, she made her way around to various tables to introduce herself and offer private dances. Eva enjoyed her drink and waited patiently for her to get to their table.

"Hey guys," Erica said when she finally got to them. "Can I hang out with you for a bit?"

"Absolutely!" Eva piped up, rolling her chair aside so that there was a space between her and Paul. "Pull up a chair over here!"

Erica pulled a seat from one of the other tables and slipped in between them.

"My name is Erica," she said as she dropped into the chair. She looked even sexier up close.

"I'm Eva. This is my boyfriend Paul, and this is my friend Jon. Jon has always wanted to have his way with me, so I'm going to let him fuck the shit out of me tonight."

She had blurted it out suddenly in hopes of embarrassing Paul, but she had caught Erica a little off guard. The dancer paused for a moment, weighing her reaction before she said anything. As her mind processed the information, a smile of approval crossed her face. Eva felt relieved.

"Oh, wow, that's sexy," Erica said. "How did you guys come to that arrangement?"

"Well, earlier this week I found out that Paul wanted to watch me with another man, and I've been craving a big cock for a while now. So I guess we both win in this situation.

"That's awesome," she said, giggling a little.

Eva had wanted to embarrass Paul, and she had succeeded. Now he was sitting inches away from a beautiful half naked woman, and she was well aware of how small and insufficient his cock was. Paul realized it too, as his face turned bright red. Jon sat to the side, quietly chuckling as he watched it unfold.

"Have any of you been here before?" Erica continued.

"I haven't," Eva replied. "This is my first time in any strip club."

"Oh, how exciting! A virgin!" Erica exclaimed as she clapped her hands together. "You have to let me give you a private dance then. I love breaking in newbies!"

"Can I bring one of them with me?"

"Absolutely," Erica said.

Eva stood up and turned to Jon, pulling him up out of his chair. Paul knew she would pick him. The three of them headed into the private dance room, and Paul was just grateful that they chose a couch that was visible from his seat. At least he would get to watch his girlfriend's first lap dance from a distance.

Eva and Jon sat down together on one of the couches. Erica stood in front of them and smiled.

"The only rule is that I can touch you, but you aren't allowed to touch me. That shouldn't be too hard though. You have a good

looking guy to touch instead," she said with a wink. "Let's get rid of this first."

She peeled off her skirt and tossed it aside, just as the previous song ended and a new one came on. Erica dropped to her knees in front of Eva.

"Ladies first," she said, running her hands up Eva's bare thighs.

Erica gently pushed her knees apart so she could move between them. As she did so, she saw Eva's bare pussy just under the edge of her skirt and giggled.

"Looks like you're ready for later," she quipped as she let out a slight chuckle. Eva giggled too and blushed.

Erica crawled up onto the couch towards her, with her hair trailing over Eva's body as she crept. As they came face to face, the dancer straddled her body and smiled at her beautiful customer. She slowly unlatched her bra and peeled it back, just as she had done on stage, but this time her attention was all on Eva. She dropped the bra aside and started to grind down against her lap.

There was an obvious energy between the two of them. Eva couldn't tell if Erica was acting the part, but the innocent brunette was making her tingle with excitement. She felt herself getting wet as she watched her hips gyrating on her. When the dancer leaned in close, just an inch or two from her face, she had to fight the urge to kiss her. She had never kissed a woman before, but now she wanted to.

Erica turned around and sat down in her lap, leaning back so that her hair splayed all over Eva's shoulder. As she rotated her hips, she slowly peeled off her panties until she was left wearing just a pair of high heels. Erica looked over her shoulder, giving Eva a longing look, then remembered the other person on the couch.

Jon had been watching the two girls intently, but now Erica looked over at him. She stayed in Eva's lap and continued to tease her, but she reached over and ran one of her hands up Jon's leg until she felt his cock. When she felt the size of it, she gasped.

"Oh my, he is big," she said as he grew harder under her hand.

Erica rolled over so that she was now straddling him. She gyrated her hips again as she ran her fingers down across his muscular chest. She looked over at Eva and smiled, biting her lip.

"You two are going to have so much fun later," she said, reaching over and squeezing Eva's breast.

Erica stood up again and dropped back into the space between them, draping one of her legs over each of them. Eva looked down along her soft smooth body and felt that tingle again. Someday she would definitely need to try being with a woman.

The song came to an end, and Erica sat up to get dressed.

"I hope you enjoyed that," she said as she slipped into her bra and panties.

Eva nodded and stood up, looking over at her boyfriend watching them from his chair. She turned back to Erica with an excited look on her face.

"Will you do one more thing for me?" she asked.

Back at the table, Paul had watched the dance intently. Erica was extremely sexy, and he loved seeing her writhing against his girlfriend in such a sensual way. He saw the women talking after and wondered what they could be discussing. Eva clapped her hands excitedly again, then made her way back to their table with Jon.

"She wants to give you a private dance too," she said as she took her seat. "Hurry, get over there."

"Oh, okay," he said, excited that he wasn't getting completely left out for the evening. He jumped up and headed over to the couch.

Erica was waiting for him with her skirt still off. She had already put her bra and panties back on.

"Hey," she said. "Have a seat."

Once again she dropped to her knees when the music started. She pushed his knees apart and slid into position between them, something that seemed to be her signature start. She ran her hands up along his thigh and brushed them over his cock.

"Do I turn you on?" She purred seductively. There was a devilish hint behind her smile, but Paul just assumed it was from her knowledge of the situation.

"Absolutely," he replied, his voice wobbling a little.

"Good," she said as she slid up and peeled away her bra. "I want to feel you get hard for me."

Paul nodded and swallowed hard. She was absolutely stunning and he could already feel himself getting harder. Erica got up and sat down in his lap, grinding herself down until his erection started to push back against her. It didn't take her long to get him fully hard. She leaned back against him and looked over her shoulder, slipping her panties off.

"If she gets to fuck him, maybe she'll let you fuck me. Would you like that?" she whispered in his ear.

Paul nodded, imaging this sexy woman riding him while his girlfriend took a black man's cock.

The devilish glint in her eye returned. She turned over again, straddling him with her naked body and moving her head right next to his so she could whisper in his ear.

"That's too bad, because I only fuck big cocks like his. I would never fuck anyone with a dick as small as yours. I would love to fuck his, though. Your little dick is never going to feel the same inside your girlfriend after she feels him."

Paul felt his dick straining, growing harder than he had ever experienced. He had just been cuckolded by a complete stranger, and his balls were throbbing.

The song ended and Erica stood up. She gave Eva a thumbs up. Eva smiled, and Paul realized that the idea had been all hers. He thanked Erica and returned to the table.

Once they had finished their drinks, Eva was ready to leave. They left the club and headed to the car. Eva walked next to Jon, and when he took her hand, they walked down the road like a couple in love.

Paul climbed in the driver's seat and Jon got in the back, but this time Eva slid into the back seat with him. Paul started to object, then realized there would be no point. He turned on the car and started to drive home.

As soon as they started to move, Eva slid over and started to kiss Jon. Their previous kisses had been quick and filled with the

distraction of a busy dance floor. This was the first time that she felt like she was really feeling him, just the two of them. She savored his lips against hers, feeling his hand on her neck. He was a great kisser.

Paul tried to focus on the road, but he could hear his girlfriend's lips smacking as they made out in the back seat. Occasionally he would glance in the rear view mirror, hoping for a glimpse of their intimate moment.

Eva slid her hand to Jon's cock, feeling him through his slacks. She rubbed softly and felt him grow harder with every second. Her curiosity intensified. She wanted to see it, not just feel it.

She stopped kissing him and turned her attention to his lap. Her hands unlatched his belt, then lowered his zipper. She slipped her hand down into his boxers, and that was when she felt it.

Jon's cock was thick and full, bigger than any cock she had ever felt. She pulled it free from his pants and stared wide-eyed at it while her hand started to absently stroke it. Without hesitation, Eva lowered her head and took the tip between her lips so she could feel the warm throbbing flesh pressed against her tongue. It had been a long time since she had been this excited and turned on.

As she started to suck his cock, her hands cupped his balls and stroked the portion of the shaft that she couldn't fit in her mouth. Her blonde curls danced across his lap with the motion of her head. She was salivating so much that his cock glistened with her spit. Jon moaned above her and she knew he was enjoying her mouth.

Jon's hand moved around her body and down between her thighs, which she willingly parted for him. His hand found her vulva easily, making her thankful that she had removed her panties. He softly rubbed her clitoris as she pleased him. After a few teasing motions, he slipped one of his fingers into her dripping wet pussy and she moaned through a mouthful of cock.

Eva lifted her head and looked out the front of the car. They would be home soon, and she was glad. She really couldn't wait to experience his cock inside her. Even if Paul tried to say no, she

wanted Jon and she was fairly sure she would ignore him if he did try to stop her. She was past the point of no return.

Eva turned back to him and kissed him again as her hand worked his length.

"Get on my cock," he whispered to her. He wanted her right then and there in the car with Paul driving, but there wouldn't be enough time. She had a better plan.

"Not yet," she whispered to him, her lips inches from his. "Wait until we get back to the apartment. I want you to fuck me in our bed."

Paul couldn't hear much of what was going on, but he heard those words. Behind him, Jon chuckled softly and nodded. A minute later they pulled into the apartment garage.

They got out of the car, and Eva straightened her dress while Jon put himself away. She took his hand and led him through the complex. It was late, and Paul found himself hoping again that they didn't pass anyone they knew who might question why his girlfriend was holding another man's hand.

As soon as they got into the apartment, Eva was all over Jon. She peeled off his jacket as she kissed him frantically. It took all of her self restraint to pause for just a moment and turn to Paul.

"I want you to sit out here and watch us through the door. If you are good I might let you watch later."

Paul froze, taking it in. He nodded, once again knowing that there was no point in arguing. He only had one question for her.

"Condoms?" he asked.

Eva laughed out loud. It was a very honest laugh too, not just a part of her game.

"I want to feel every inch of his cock inside me. He is going to touch me in places that you could never reach, and I want to feel all of it. So no, no condoms."

She took Jon's hand and pulled him into the bedroom. They stopped just inside the door, with Eva turning toward her lover. Her fingers moved to the buttons of his shirt, jumping furiously from one to the next. She wanted to see his skin, his muscles, all of his body.

She ripped his shirt open and found exactly what she had been craving.

Eva ran her hands over those muscles, in awe of the stark contrast between her pale white fingers and his deep chocolate skin. Even his build was better than her boyfriend's. She kissed his chest softly, then tilted her chin up and lifted herself up to kiss him.

"Lay down on the bed," she whispered to him.

Jon kicked his shoes off and sat down. In the other room, Paul stroked himself as he watched his girlfriend step up to her lover through the frame of the door. She stood in front of him, her breasts at his eye level, and slowly lowered the zipper of her dress while she watched Jon's face. She slowly pulled the fabric away from her body, exposing herself to another man while her boyfriend watched helplessly from the other room. Now she stood before him in just her bra.

Jon's hands ran up her thighs and cupped her bare ass as she unclasped the clip between her breasts. Eva removed her bra and stepped closer to him. Jon's lips were inches from one of her nipples. He leaned forward and ran his tongue in a soft circle around her areola before taking it into his mouth. His tongue felt incredible on her sensitive skin. She sighed and cupped his head in her hands.

Eva took a step back and dropped to her knees like she was going to worship his cock. She once again unfastened his belt and unzipped his pants. Jon lifted himself up and slid them off, and Eva wasted no time in swallowing his length again. She sucked him hungrily, but not for very long. He had teased her enough and she wanted him inside her. She needed him.

"Fuck me," she pleaded as she popped his cock from her mouth and got up.

Jon stood and scooped her up in his arms, her legs wrapping around his torso. Paul could see his cock bouncing with every step just below the spread cheeks of her ass. They started to kiss, but Jon quickly threw her on the bed. She landed with her pussy spread open and aimed right towards her boyfriend in the other room. She looked down across her body at him, and when their eyes met, she smiled and bit her lip.

Jon crawled up onto the bed between her legs, and her attention returned to him. He towered over her, his body ready to mount hers. Paul was in the perfect position to see his long black cock pressing against the pink lips of her pussy, the tip disappearing between her folds. Then Jon's hips moved downward and his length disappeared inside Paul's girlfriend.

Eva let out a loud cry as she felt herself split in half. Jon was easily the longest and thickest cock she had ever felt inside her. He entered her quickly, then slowly worked her pussy to loosen it up. Her muscles began to relax and she felt the pleasure sear through her body like a burning fire. He was deep inside her, touching her in new places just as she had predicted. The feeling was incredible.

Jon's lips were on hers, kissing her as he made love to her. She had done it, she had cheated on her boyfriend. She felt so naughty and so alive. His strong hands gripped her body, holding her tight with every thrust. He was owning her, claiming her body.

"You feel so good inside me," she whispered to her lover.

His ragged breath was warm against her neck. It felt like he was enveloping her in his body, moving together as one being. It wasn't just his size that made him amazing, but the fact that he was also a better lover than her boyfriend. He knew exactly how to please a woman.

Jon rolled her over so that Eva was on top of him, and she took control. She sat up, mounting him like a wild stallion. Her hips pressed against his, and her head rolled back until her back was arched, thrusting her full breasts outward. They bounced and swayed with every motion of their lovemaking.

Being on top drove Jon's cock a little deeper and she cried out again. Someone next door pounded on the wall, and Paul realized that the neighbors had no idea they were listening to his girlfriend cheating on him. At least they didn't until Eva's desire took control.

"Oh my god, Jon," she cried aloud as she bucked back and forth, "you're so much bigger and better than my boyfriend."

Paul fought back his orgasm, but Eva had no desire to stop hers. It had been growing inside her since the moment Jon had

entered her, and now it was coming to a head. She laid down on his chest and he started to thrust upward into her, their bodies slamming together. Her face was buried in his chest to muffle her growing scream. A warm wetness flooded from her pussy and over Jon's lap as she climaxed on his cock.

Eva rolled off of him, panting wildly. Her brain was lost in a hazy fog. For the next few minutes she was motionless as she waited for her senses to return. Then she turned her attention to her boyfriend.

"Paul, come in here," she called out.

He obeyed, walking quickly from the living room into the bedroom.

"I want you to lick my pussy," she commanded. "Taste me after a real man has fucked me."

Paul swallowed hard and climbed on the bed between her legs. He could smell the sweat and sex from a stranger fucking his girlfriend and it made his cock strain. He wished he could fuck her like that.

He licked hesitantly at first, then started to run his tongue over her slit with broad smooth strokes. Thankfully he hadn't cum inside her, so she still tasted mostly like herself.

Jon wasn't done with her though. It was his turn to take control of Paul.

"Get off the bed and kneel by the edge," he told Paul, before turning to Eva. "Lay on your stomach facing your boyfriend. I want him to see your face."

Paul and Eva obeyed. Eva's body stretched out along the bed with her face toward Paul, a few inches away from him. Jon straddled her legs and laid his long cock between her thighs. He moved forward until the tip of his cock pushed against the outer lips of her pussy.

Paul couldn't see his cock, but he could clearly see the expression on his girl's face. When Jon pushed his length into her pussy again, she inhaled sharply with her mouth forming a circular shape. She looked ready to scream, but no sound escaped her.

Jon gripped her ass cheeks and started to pump his cock into her tight little opening. Eva responded by crying out again. She took her boyfriend's hand in hers and squeezed tightly as her lover forced himself deeper.

"Oh my god, he feels so good, baby," she told him as she looked into his eyes. "So much better than you."

Paul pulled out his cock and stroked himself furiously as he knelt in front of her and watched the pleasure on her face. She looked so beautiful with her face filled with lust.

"I want his cum inside me," she told Paul.

"But babe, are you sure..." he started to say before she cut him off.

"Shut the fuck up," she snapped. "I told you what I want. I want his seed in me, and I want your little pathetic dick to squirt all over the floor. You don't deserve to cum in my pussy any more."

Behind her, Jon started to pound her even harder, fueled by her naughty words.

"Oh my god, baby, I feel him getting harder. He's going to fill me up soon!"

The thought of another man filling his girlfriend was too much. Paul's cock started to squirt all over the bedroom floor, wasting his seed. The image of her boyfriend humiliating himself was so arousing that Eva climaxed. Her pussy tightened around Jon's cock just as she felt it erupt deep inside her womb, driving her even higher. She had never experienced anything like it.

They all remained motionless for a few minutes. Jon finally slipped out of her and started to dress, but Eva couldn't move. Her body was frozen and still twitching. She was vaguely aware of Paul kissing her, but her mind was still in a haze.

"Get down there and clean her pussy with your tongue," she heard someone say.

She felt Paul spreading her legs, and she felt his tongue on her pussy, gentle and loving. As the fog cleared, she realized that Jon was gone already. Her boyfriend was licking her pussy as Jon's seed bubbled out of her.

A few minutes later, he was over her. His cock was hard again, even though he had never stayed hard after an orgasm before. He pushed down into her. Eva opened her eyes and looked up at her boyfriend.

"I can barely feel you after having him," she whispered with a devilish smile.

It had been less than a minute since he had gotten on top of her, but Paul clutched her body and added another load to her pussy.

They fell asleep shortly after.

Paul woke her in the morning with a hard cock and they made love again. For the next week, he was insatiable. They would end up having sex at least twice a day, and Eva loved how horny he was for her.

Most of the time she was able to get off with Paul, but she couldn't help thinking about how good it had felt to be stretched by a bigger man. She fought the urge, but the desire was undeniable.

A few weeks later, she found herself home alone again while Paul was at work. Her phone beeped and she found a text from Jon waiting for her.

"I miss that tight little pussy. I need to feel you again."

Eva stared at her phone and bit her lip. She didn't even have to consider it. She knew exactly what she wanted to do.

"I need you, too," she replied. "Come fuck me right now."

"I'll be over in thirty minutes."

She was beaming with excitement, but she had one more thing to do before she went to get ready. It was only fair to include her boyfriend in the fun. She pulled up his name and started to type.

"Hope you are having a good day at work! Jon is coming over to keep me company and take care of me again. I can't wait to feel that big cock again. I'll make sure to send you some pictures!"

She sent the text and waited for a minutes. Luckily Paul was quick to reply.

"Oh my god, that is so hot! Try to get a video too!" he replied.

Eva felt her heart leap. That was just the response she was hoping for. She knew in that moment that this was going to be the start of a great relationship.

Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

[Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor](#)

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

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The Night Before the Wedding

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

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