

MANUS DARE

A woman with long dark hair and blue eyes is wearing a white lace bra and white underwear. She is leaning against a wooden wall. Behind her is a shirtless man with a muscular build, wearing dark shorts. In the foreground, there is a large, roasted turkey on a platter, garnished with grapes and herbs.

STUFFED

BY HER BEST FRIEND'S

HUSBAND

Stuffed by Her Husband's Best Friend

Manus Dare

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STUFFED BY HER HUSBAND'S BEST FRIEND

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Written by Manus Dare.

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Now, this is Thanksgiving! I thought as I sipped my coffee and looked out at the crashing surf.

My best friend Libby had invited Rob and I to stay at their house in Hawaii for Thanksgiving. How could we say no? It was a gorgeous place, close to the ocean, and the warm sun was so unlike the rainy November days in Portland.

I finished my coffee on the beach, then made my way up the weathered walkway to the house. Outside it was quiet, Libby had sent her kids to stay with her grandparents in Maine, so we could have an honest-to-goodness grown-up weekend in paradise.

The only thing that marred the beauty of the place was Libby's husband, Mike. Libby had always been a strong and independent woman, a real go-getter despite her family's money. She graduated at the top of her class in law school and was on her way to becoming a partner when she met Mike.

Mike wasn't at all anything like Libby, as far as I could tell. He was good looking, sure, in a rough way, but he didn't work. Instead, he seemed content to live off of Libby's inheritance and spend his days fixing motorcycles and surfing.

Not only was he lazy, he was also demanding. Within a year after being married, Libby had her first child. Not long after that, Mike knocked her up a second and third time, putting paid to any thoughts of Libby going back to the partnership. Instead, my once strong, independent friend had become a housewife and mother.

Not that she didn't seem happy. If anything, Libby seemed to relish the comfort of domesticity. So much so, that she had planned this entire Thanksgiving weekend, including cooking dinner. That morning, she had rushed me out of the kitchen when I tried to help, so I walked down onto the beach, leaving Rob sleeping in the guest house.

During my walk, I mused about the changes in my best friend from college. We had always talked about having children, but I was the one who wanted to quit school and start a family. Libby was always the one who wanted to be a professional. It was ironic that I could not get pregnant and was still working as an office assistant while career-minded Libby had become a housewife.

I had to admit when I saw her beautiful kids running around the day before they left for their grandparents; I felt a little jealous. Rob and I had been trying for months to get pregnant and nothing seemed to work.

I wondered if Rob was still sleeping, and I thought about walking over to the guest house to see if he was awake. Instead, I decided to check on Libby to see if she needed any help in the kitchen.

If only I had gone to see Rob, everything might have turned out differently.

I heard the noise as soon as I walked in the door. Libby wasn't in the kitchen, but I could hear her voice echoing down the hallway. At first, I thought she might be in pain and I hurried to the master bedroom.

When I got to the door, however, I knew it wasn't pain I was hearing.

"Oh, God! Yes! Just like that!"

Unable to stop myself, I peeked into the door through the doorway, at once regretting my decision. Libby was lying on the bed, her legs spread lewdly to the sides as her hard-bodied, tattooed husband pounded into her gaping pussy.

"That's right, you little slut!" Mike hissed down at his wife and the mother of his children as he fucked her hard. "You've wanted this cock ever since your friend got here, didn't you?"

"You know I did!"

"So why did you tell me no?"

"It's not right?! It's not right to do it when they're staying with us!"

"Bullshit! You just don't want your pretty little friend to see how big a slut you really are!"

"Oh, God!"

My eyes were transfixed on Mike's hard, glistening ass as it drove deep between my friend's thighs. I couldn't see his cock, but I could see his enormous balls slapping wetly against Libby's upturned ass. I'd never seen anything so hot before. Yet, the words he was using burned into my brain. Libby had never been a slut, even in our younger days, and she certainly wouldn't want to be called one.

Yet here she was screaming in pleasure as her husband fucked her savagely on their marital bed.

"You're uptight little friend needs a good fucking!" Mike grunted. For a moment, I didn't know what he was talking about, then suddenly it dawned upon me. He was talking about me!

"No!" Libby cried. "No! She's happy!"

"With that loser? She needs a real man, with a real cock!"

Libby couldn't protest because Mike's violent thrusts took her breath away. My body was responding to his pounding as well, the heat building between my thighs as I witnessed the lewd display.

I should have run away, but I couldn't move as Libby screams filled my ears. I knew she was coming on Mike's cock. A moment later, Mike growled and slammed his ass down hard, pinning my poor friend to the mattress. His buttocks flexed hard, and I knew he was filling her up with his seed.

Finally, he pulled out, and I gasped in shock. His dripping, sticky cock was the biggest thing I'd ever seen in my life.

I covered up my mouth to stop the sound, but it was too late. Mike's head came up, and he turned to the bedroom door, his blue eyes latching onto mine. My heart stopped as he looked at me, gave me a smug grin, and winked.

I stumbled away from the door, my body trembling. What I had just witnessed was the most horrible, most exciting thing I'd ever seen in my life. So much more raw and powerful than any porn I had seen on the internet. My body was virtually bursting with need.

There was a sudden need to find Rob. I needed my loving, sweet husband to fill me up and make me forget what I had just seen. I almost ran to the guest house, slamming open the door.

Rob what's in his boxers in the small kitchenette.

"What's up?" He asked as he raised his coffee to his lips.

I didn't answer. I ran into his arms, plucking the cup from his hand, and set it on the counter. Then, I gave him a full mouth, deep kiss.

"Wow! What did I do to deserve that?" he asked.

"Nothing!" I chuckled. "I just love you."

It wasn't a complete lie. I loved him, but, at that moment, I needed to get fucked.

Rob didn't protest as I pulled him into the bedroom and pushed him to the bed. I knelt down, my pussy throbbing between my thighs, and ripped off his boxers. He wasn't hard, but he came awake quickly enough when I began stroking him.

Fuck! I thought. *So much smaller than Mike!*

I shook off the thoughts. *Don't think about him, not now.* I ripped off my shirt and bra revealing my heavy tits to my husband. He couldn't resist, grabbing my fleshy orbs in his hands and squeezing eagerly. I moaned, rolling to the side to push my shorts and panties down over my round bottom. I couldn't wait anymore! I pushed Rob to his back, straddled his hips, and sank down onto his cock.

I sighed as his cock slid into me, but I didn't give him time to relax. I rode him hard and fast, the image of Mike's ass rising and falling between Libby's thighs burned into my brain. I couldn't shake the images and stopped trying. Instead, I closed my eyes and ground my pussy into Rob's pelvic bone.

I wasn't even aware he was close until I felt him groan underneath me. He gripped my hips, trying to stop my furious grinding. I felt the sticky warmth of his cum as it dripped around his cock and out my lips, but still I kept humping, trying in vain to achieve my orgasm.

"Alyssa!" Rob groaned. "Alyssa, stop!"

Rob's voice slowly penetrated my ears/ I opened my eyes and looked down at my husband's pained expression.

"Oh my God!" I cried. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, it's just," he said, through gritted teeth. "It just...kind of hurts."

"Oh!" I cried and rolled off of him. "I'm sorry... I didn't mean to..."

"It's OK," he smiled. "I like seeing you so excited. I just couldn't hold back."

"Aww!" I said. "That's sweet."

"I'm sorry if you didn't, you know..."

"No!" I said even though my body was still throbbing with me.
"It's fine!"

Rob seemed mollified and laid back onto the bed, sighing in contentment. I lifted my legs above my head in an attempt to guide Rob's seed to my womb.

I took deep breaths, trying to tamp down the heat still burning between my legs. I wished Rob could have finished me off. Maybe, if he had completed the job, I wouldn't be thinking of Libby and her bastard husband Mike.



I KEPT MY DISTANCE for the rest of the morning, still in shock by all that had happened. But, it was Thanksgiving after all, and Libby had prepared a veritable feast for us.

So, Rob put on dress pants and a crisp white dress shirt while I slid my body into a dress.

"You look beautiful," Rob said as he came up behind me as I looked at myself in the mirror.

I was nearly thirty, but my curves were still round and firm in all the right places, with long dark hair that hung to my shoulders.

As I smoothed the dress down over my hips, I felt an echo of the thrill I'd had earlier, but I squashed that feeling quickly.

"You ready?" I turned to Rob and smiled.

"Oh yeah," Rob said. "I'm starving."

He grinned and took a playful bite of my nip at my bare shoulder.

"Ow!" I chuckled. "Not now! I just got all dressed up!"

"Later," Rob said with a mock growl. "For dessert."



I LAUGHED AT MY HUSBAND'S excitement. Our little tryst that morning must have sparked something inside of him. Maybe this Thanksgiving weekend Rob and I might get lucky and finally make a baby. I rubbed my stomach and smiled at my reflection in the mirror.

I was ready to face my sister and her husband.

The house smelled amazing. As we walked into the dining room I was shocked by the feast laid out before us. It had all the regular Thanksgiving favorites like turkey and stuffing, along with some Hawaiian editions, like purple sweet potatoes.

"Welcome!" Libby said happily and pointed to our chairs.

We took our places in front of the wonderful smelling food as Mike came in carrying glasses with an orange drink inside.

"It's not traditional," Libby explained as he said the drinks in front of us. "But Mike thought Mai Tais might be fun."

"Oh, wow!" Rob said, picking up his drink, and giving it a sip. "Wow, that's good!"

"Hey, I used to be a bartender," Mike shrugged and his thick biceps pulled at the tight t-shirt. He looked like a bartender.

The bastard couldn't even be bothered to dress up.

Still, the Mai Tai was good, although a little heavy on the rum.

I glanced over at Libby as she sipped a glass of juice.

"You're not drinking?" I asked.

"Oh no," she said with a secretive smile.

She reached over and grabbed Mike's large hand. He looked down at her and grinned, then turned his head towards me and winked.

"Libby's knocked up again," he chuckled.

"What?" I said. "Really?"

"That's great!" Rob said and reached out to shake Mike's hand. "Congratulations!"

"Thank you!" Libby blushed. "We weren't planning on it but..."

"Hey, what can we say," Mike grinned smugly. "My swimmers are always on target."

"Oh, Mike!" Libby slapped his thick shoulder in mock irritation. "Stop it!"

I watched the happy couple, feeling an empty pit open in my stomach. It didn't seem fair that someone like Mike could father a child while poor Rob and I couldn't get the job done. I resolved that, if I didn't get pregnant this weekend, we would go see the fertility expert. I really wanted to start our family.

"That's great!" I said. "You guys are going to have a full house!"

"I love it," Mike said and kissed Libby on the lips. "Libby runs a tight ship. Plus, she's gorgeous when she's pregnant."

"Oh, Mike!" Libby simpered and French kissed her husband. I had to stop myself from choking on my Mai Tai.

Rob looked over at me as I watched my friend and her husband canoodling like school children. He reached over, placed a warm hand on mine, then raised his glass to me.

"Happy Thanksgiving," he said.

Libby finally unlocked her lips from Mike and turned to us.

"Sorry!" Libby giggled. "Come on. Let's eat!"

For the next hour and a half, we tucked into the feast Libby had prepared for us. I did my best to avoid Mike's knowing smirk and flashing blue eyes as I stuffed myself with turkey, potatoes, and a healthy slice of pumpkin pie.

Soon enough, we were all growing groggy with rum and good food. When I looked across the table at Libby, I could tell she could barely stay awake. Now that I knew she was pregnant, I felt even more guilty for letting her do all the work.

"Libby? Why don't I clear the table and you can go get some rest?"

"Oh no! You don't have to do that!"

"Don't be silly! You made all this food there's no reason you should have to clean up as well."

"I can help," Rob said, although he looked almost as tired as my friend.

"You can help me put dishes away later," I said, patting his arm. "Please, Libby?"

Libby looked at Mike and he actually smiled tenderly at his wife.

"Does sound like a good idea, honey. I'm sure Alyssa can put the food away. We can always do dishes later."

Libby looked at me and smiled gratefully.

"Thank you, Alyssa, I really appreciate it."

"No problem!" I said brightly. "It's the least I can do."

Mike and Libby got up from the table and I watched his broad figure as he led Libby to the bedroom. I hoped the bastard actually let her rest.

Rob stood up and grabbed our plates, carrying them to the kitchen. I grabbed the others and followed him.

"Why don't you go get some rest too?" I said. "Leave this mess to me."

"Are you sure?" Rob looked nearly as tired as I felt.

"Yes." I gave him a sly smile. "You can make it up to me later."

"Deal!" Rob said with the crooked again, gave me a kiss, and headed off towards the guest house.

I shook off my lethargy and got busy grabbing the food from the table. On my third trip, I bent over the table to pick up the turkey, and felt a presence behind me. Hands slid up my hips and gripped my wrist.

"I thought you were tired," I laughed and turned around, expecting to see Rob behind me.

I was shocked when I found myself staring at Mike's broad, hard chest underneath his tight t-shirt. Large arms gripped my waist and nudged up against the table.

"Mike? What are you doing?"

I planted my hands against his chest and pushed. It felt like I was pushing against stone covered in warm, pliable skin. It took my mind a moment to register that my hands were exploring the thick muscles of his chest before I dropped my arms to my sides.

"Just thought you might need some help," Mike grinned.

"I'm fine," I said, but my heart was racing and I could feel my palms sweat. I wasn't tired anymore.

"You didn't look fine earlier," Mike murmured. "When you were watching me and Libby."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" I lied. "I didn't see anything."

"Are you sure about that?"

Mike slid closer, and his crotch grazed my belly. I tried to back away, but I was stuck between the table and Mike's muscular body.

"Yes, I'm sure," I said. "Now please let me go."

Mike paused for a moment, loomed over me, and showed me just how powerful he was. I felt a thrill of fear and excitement flash through my body. My God! Was he really going to do this while his

pregnant wife, my best friend, was asleep just down the hall? And what about my husband waiting for me in the guest house?

The worst part was, my body was reacting to his presence. Images from that morning burned through my brain. Libby's foot flopping wildly in the air as Mike pounded her. His gleaming, perfect ass pumping up and down between my friend's thighs. The thick trickle of cum dribbling onto the sheets, proof that he had just filled Libby up to overflowing with his seed.

"I'm not keeping you here," he said. "I just wanted to help."

"I don't need your help! I snapped. "Now, go look after your pregnant wife!"

"Oh, I think you need more help than you realize." Mike leaned forward and his lips grazed my ear. "I can give you what you need!"

"You...you're crazy!"

"Oh, really?" He grinned. This close, I could smell the woody scent of his cologne and underneath it a musky, male odor. The smell brought back even more images of Mike fucking Libby. "Just tell me one thing, and I'll back off."

"What?" I asked, fighting to keep a tremor from my voice. God! I was so excited and scared!

"You enjoyed watching us, didn't you?" Mike murmured. "Just admit it, and I'll let you go."

"I didn't!" I lied. "I can't believe how you treated Libby! It was so..."

"Hot?"

"Disgusting. Disgusting and cruel!"

"I understand," Mike said. "Everyone from Libby's past thinks she is so strong and confident. But, she isn't like that. That's why it never worked out with any of her other boyfriends. She didn't want to be in charge."

Mike slid his hands over my breasts then upward and I moaned as his long fingers gripped my neck.

"She wanted me to own her. So I did." His hot breath caressed my cheek. "I think you want the same thing."

"No," I whined. "No. I love Rob."

"Of course you do," Mike chuckled. "Because Rob lets you do whatever you want and expects nothing. How boring."

"He's not boring," I whimpered. "He's nice."

"Just another word for boring," Mike said. He leaned forward his lips once again touching my earlobe." Now tell me the truth. You enjoyed watching me fuck your friend like a little slut, didn't you?"

"Yes!" The word felt like it was forced out of my mouth. "Yes, I did!"

"Good girl," Mike growled, his deep voice sending a tremor of lust through my body. "Good girl."

And then he kissed me.

I gasped in shock as his hot lips covered mine. My gasp made it possible for him to slide his tongue into my mouth. Instead of biting down on it, my lips opened, sucking him in.

I whined and pushed my hands against his hard chest. He swallowed my weak complaints, pushing me up onto the table with his strong arms.

This can't be happening! I'm married! He was married to my best friend!

What was happening?

My mind was filled with conflicting thoughts and emotions as his rough hands explored my body. He gripped my tits and squeezed them to the point of pain, making me yelp.

"Might want to keep your voice down," Mike whispered in my ear. "You don't want to wake your friend up to you?"

"Oh, God!" I moaned as Mike chuckled and pushed me down onto the table right next to the turkey.

"I can't do this!" I cried. "I can't do this to Libby!"

"Don't worry about her," Mike growled. "You should be worried about your husband. What would he say if he could see you now?"

"Stop! Please!"

"Not yet," Mike grinned and, to my surprise, he lowered himself to his knees.

I twisted on the table as Mike's hands ripped off my panties. Then, he hiked up my dress over my hips bearing my pussy. I

groaned, my head moving from side to side. I was suddenly just another dessert to be devoured and that's precisely what Mike did.

He pushed his head between my thighs and I yelped as I felt the electric touch of his tongue slithered up the swollen furrow of my cunt. I hadn't realized just how turned on I was by my best friend's muscular husband. When the tip of Mike's tongue bumped against my swollen clit, I cried out as my pussy throbbed and my thighs closed on Mike's ears. I lowered my hand to his head to push him away, but when his tongue split my pussy lips and tasted the tender inner flesh, I gripped his hair and pulled him forward.

There was no doubt, I wanted this. Whether it was seeing Mike and Libby fuck, or the disappointing sex with my husband, the lust in my body have been building all morning long and Mike had just the spark to ignite it.

"Fuck!" I moaned. "Stop! You have to stop or I'll... I'll..."

"You'll what?" Mike lifted his face from my pussy, a cruel smile on his face. His cheeks and chin were dripping with my juices. "What are you going to do, slut?"

I groaned in anguish. I couldn't fight the intense feelings burning between my legs. My hips humped off the table, searching for the heat of his mouth.

"What are you going to do, slut?" Mike asked again.

"I'm going to come! If you keep doing that I'm going to come!"

"And do you want to come, slut?"

The lewd name burned into my brain, calling to some submissive creature lurking inside of me. My ass twisted in a puddle of my own juices trying desperately to find my bliss. But Mike was more experienced than that, and he kept me squirming on the edge of the table.

"Yes!" I cried. "Yes, I want to come!"

"Good girl!" Mike laughed and dove back into my pussy.

This time he dug a rough finger into my cunt and fucked me with it while attacking my clit with his ravenous mouth. His tongue swirled, his teeth nipped, and his finger stabbed the roof of my cunt, hitting a spongy area just inside the entrance. Every time the tip of his finger hit that spot, jolts of electricity burst through my limbs. I

dug my head into his hair and fucked my body into his face, both of us working together until finally a powerful wave of pleasure crashed over me.

I screamed, not caring if Libby heard, or if Rob walked into the room. My whole being was centered on the ecstasy that Mike was giving me.

Finally, Mike raised up between my legs. I moaned, in a daze from the powerful orgasm as he pulled my dress and bra down over my heavy tits, leaving my nicest dress a wrinkled mess around my waist.

"You like that didn't you, slut?" Mike asked.

I moaned, unable to get my mouth to make words. Instead, I nodded up at the powerful man. He grinned and nodded back at me, knowing I would submit to him all along.

He pulled off his tight t-shirt, and I moaned at the rock hard body underneath.

Christ! Why does he have to be so much hotter than Rob?

Then, he pushed down his pants. His huge cock sprang from his pants and slapped against my belly.

"Oh, God!" I whimpered. "It's so big!"

"Rob isn't that big?"

"No!" Tears of shame and frustration stung my eyes. "No! He's not even close!"

Mike grunted out a laugh.

"I knew it," he said. "That must be why he can't knock you up!"

"No!" I didn't want to admit it. The size of somebody's cock had nothing to do with their ability to get a woman pregnant. Yet, as I looked down at the throbbing member that had impregnated my best friend, I wondered.

Was the reason we couldn't have children Rob's fault?

While I tried to shake off the thoughts, Mike lifted his heavy cock and swabbed my pussy with the fat head.

"Wait! You need to wear a condom!"

"I have three kids already," Mike growled. "Do you think I ever wear a fucking condom?"

Oh, shit! This had just gone to a whole new level. I put my hand down over my pussy, inadvertently touching the long thumping rod between my legs. I couldn't do this! It was bad enough that I let him eat me, but this?

I expected Mike to force my hand away and plunge his thick cock inside of me. It's not like I was running anymore. That masochistic, submissive creature deep inside wanted to be fucked by this powerful alpha male.

But, Mike didn't immediately thrust inside of me. Instead, he rubbed his spongy head up and down my pussy, probing with just the tip to let me feel his girth, then pulling out. He worked the head of his cock over my clit, then teased my lips, only to bump the fat head into my clit again.

I moaned in anguish, my hips twitching, my legs spreading wide open for him. I wanted him inside me!

Rob, forgive me! I cried out silently.

"Tell me what you want," Mike growled, pushing his cock in an inch or two, stretching the entrance to my pussy, then pulling out. "Tell me what you want, slut!"

I shook my head back and forth, trying in vain to deny what I wanted. I could smell turkey and pumpkin pie, all the comforting scents of thanksgiving. And yet all I could feel was the overwhelming need to get stuffed.

"I want you!" I cried. "I want you!"

"And what do you want? Tell me what you want."

I whined submissively on the table, opened my eyes, and locked onto Mike's cruel gaze.

"I want your cock!" I cried. "I want your cock inside me!"

Mike's mouth curled up into a smile.

"I knew it!"

Then, with a savage thrust, he plunged that beautiful cock deep inside me.

He was so big it felt like he was tearing me in half as he plowed deep within me. His powerful hands grabbed my hips and pulled me over the edge of the table so his cock could stab deep inside. He

was embedded inside my belly, his throbbing flesh filling me with pulsating heat.

I screamed in anguish, no longer caring who heard me. The intense pain flared white hot, then suddenly broke like a wave upon the beach. Intense pleasure washed over me.

"Fuck you're so tight!" Mike grunted. "Rob must have a tiny fucking cock!"

"Please!" I moaned. "Please don't talk about Rob!"

"Why not?" Mike growled. "You know I'm better than he is!"

"No!"

"I guess I need to prove it!" Mike grunted.

Then, all thoughts of Rob, of Libby, of Thanksgiving dinner, everything was gone as Mike violently thrust his cock inside of me. His shaft penetrated all the way to my womb, pulling back before he could hit my cervix as if the primal animal inside of him instinctively knew the limits of my body. He continued to growl, that deep sound penetrating my brain as his cock stabbed deep into my helpless flesh.

He hammered me mercilessly into the dining room table. The dishes and glasses shook, and the table creaked under my body. The pleasure I felt before when he had eaten my pussy was nothing compared to the intense ecstasy of that cock taking me, owning me.

The orgasm too was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. My entire mind went blank, and I lost long seconds as I was lifted by the force of my lust, every nerve in my body exploding at once. My arms thrashed about knocking aside turkey and stuffing. I didn't care. All I wanted was that beautiful feeling of being lifted out of my body and then crashed down onto the tabletop.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!"

"Now, who's better? Me or your husband?" Mike murmured.

I rolled my head back and forth in silent protest, but I couldn't fight it any longer.

"You!" I cried. "It's you!"

"That's right! Now it's my turn," Mike growled and thrust mercilessly into my gaping pussy. "I'm going to give you something to be thankful for, bitch!"

The lewd words reverberated through my brain, but I could no longer understand them. All I could do was focus on Mike's thick cock as he pounded deep inside me, working my body towards yet another overwhelming orgasm.

Just as I was about to reach another peak, Mike bent over me and hissed in my ear.

"I'm going to knock you up, slut! I'm going to give you what your husband can't!"

"Oh, fuck!" I cried. His promise ripped through my brain and my body responded. My eyes rolled up into my head and I came again, every thought wiped from my broken mind.

A second later, Mike tensed, but I was so caught up on a wave of my pleasure, I didn't notice. I was still coming, my body twitching uncontrollably on the table, when Mike growled and stabbed all the way to the hilt inside me.

I felt his cock bulging inside me, then I was filled with a liquid, sticky lust. I could feel the heat of his cum filling me, my whole belly warmed by his load. As I imagined his virile seed penetrating my womb and attacking my defenses eggs, came again..

Finally, my orgasm subsided leaving me a sticky, wet mess on the table. Mike chuckled in my ear as I came back to the real world.

"Fuck! That was good! So good!"

I smiled wearily as the shame overcame the pleasure. I tried to block out my betrayal, focusing instead on Mike's beautiful, hard body on top of me.

"Happy thanksgiving, slut!" Mike said, but with a gentle tone in his voice that made me feel warm and soft

When Mike kissed me, I couldn't help but kiss him back gratefully.



"OH, THERE'S MY BABY!"

Libby cried as we entered their house. I raised the little three-month-old bundle in my arms.

"Say hi to Rob!" I said and turned to my husband. Rob gave me a grin full of pride.

"Oh my God! He looks just like you!" Libby said to Rob.

I almost laughed. Little Robert had dark hair like Rob, but his eyes were an intense, cold blue.

"Come in, come in!"

We walked into the house. Once again it was decorated for Thanksgiving. I smiled as Libby plucked Little Rob from my hands and held him up. Her own baby, now six months old, was lying in a crib inside the dining room.

"I just think it's so great that baby Sara and little Rob will be able to play together!"

"It sure is!" I said smiling as Libby reveled in her happy domesticity.

Rob went to get the bags and take them to the guest house. I left Libby with the two kids and walked down the hall to the bathroom. I had just finished my business and washed my hands when there was a soft knock at the door.

"Who is it!" I called.

Another knock. I chuckled, opened the door, and stood face to face with Mike.

"Hello," he said, stepping into the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

He turned me towards the bathroom mirror and pushed me up against the sink. I wiggled against him half-heartedly.

"So, it looks like little Rob has his father's eyes!"

"I looked up and saw the reflection of my baby's eyes in Mike's face. He grinned, that smug, charming grin, and lifted the hem of my dress up over my ass.

"Libby's just outside!" I hissed.

"I know," Mike said. But she's obsessed with the babies right now. And Rob's putting your stuff away. So, we have some time."

"Time for what?" I moaned as Mike confidently pulled my panties down over my ass.

"Time to give you something to be thankful for, slut. Don't you think we should give little Rob a brother or sister?"

I groaned as I felt the fat cock I'd been dreaming of for over a year, forced its way into my pussy. "Yes! Yes, please, Daddy!"

"Ooh, Daddy?" Mike said, grinning. "I like that. I'm your baby daddy."

"Yes, Daddy!" I pouted into the mirror. "You're the only daddy here. I'm yours."

"God! You are such a filthy, little slut!"

"I'm your slut, Daddy!" I moaned, then gasped as Mike's thick cock entered my unprotected pussy. "Only your slut!"

"Fuck yeah!" Mike gripped my hips and began fucking me hard against the bathroom sink. Any doubts I had had about letting him fuck me again were quickly burned away by that beautiful cock I remembered.

This was going to be a great Thanksgiving!

The End





Thank you for reading!

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