

MANUS DARE



STUFFED

BY HER HUSBAND'S

BOSS

Stuffed by her Husband's Boss

Manus Dare

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STUFFED BY HER HUSBAND'S BOSS

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I pulled another pie from the oven as my husband's nephew, Ralphie, ran behind me, nearly tripping me and spoiling the whole thing.

"Damn it, Ralphie!" I cried and immediately regretted it as my sister-in-law threw me a dirty look from the dining room like it was my fault her kids couldn't behave themselves.

My house was full of people but the one person who wasn't there was my husband. I still couldn't believe Harry's boss, Carl Winters, had called him into work on a holiday! So now, as usual, everything depended on me.

"Is there anything I can help with?"

Harry's mother, Martha asked.

Martha was a kindly old woman, but I knew her help in the kitchen would come with a set of reasons that I was doing things wrong. That list usually led to the subject of children and the fact that I had yet to provide her with a grandson.

I managed a smile and shook my head.

"No, that's okay," I said. "I've got just about everything I need. Hopefully, Harry will be home soon."

That hope was crushed a half hour later when my phone rang.

"Hey," I said, forcing a cheerful tone. "Where are you?"

"I'm sorry," Harry said, dismally. "Carl's making me stay."

"What?" I moved from the kitchen into the pantry for some semblance of privacy. "Didn't you tell him it's Thanksgiving? Our house is full of your family!"

"I did. He said if I wanted to keep my job, I needed to get it done then I can come home."

"Oh, for fuck's sake!"

"Aunt Gwen said 'fuck'! I" heard Ralphie cry from outside the door.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

"Is he there?"

"Who?" Harry asked.

Fucking Carl, that's who!" I yelled.

"No."

"Wait. You're in there on a holiday working and your boss isn't? Where the hell is he?"

"Home, I guess," Harry said. I could practically see him shrug through the phone.

"Damn it, Harry!"

"I'm really sorry, honey," Harry said. "I'll be home as soon as I can."

I bit back my frustration with my husband. Harry didn't like conflict which, under most circumstances, benefited me. I usually got what I wanted, when I wanted. But today, his spinelessness was turning into a real problem.

I guess I would have to take care of this myself; I thought. Just like everything else.

"All right," I said. "It's not your fault."

I hung up with Harry and slid my phone back into my pocket. I took a few more deep breaths, then opened the pantry door.

Martha was waiting for me.

"Was that Harry? Is he going to be home soon?"

My sister-in-law, Pam, Ralphie's mom, came up behind her mother, a look of distaste on her face.

"Gwen, we really need to talk about your language," she said.

I'd had enough of Harry's family for one morning. I brushed past Martha and then paused and looked Pam in the eye.

"Fuck off, Pam!" I said.

I left my in laws in the kitchen, their mouths open. I dodged Ralphie and Katie, Harry's niece, and stomped up the stairs, opened my bedroom door, and slammed it behind me.

I sat down on the bed and tried to control my breathing. God damn it! Why did Harry's boss have to be such a dick? He already made my husband work weekends, but Thanksgiving?

To make matters worse, Carl Winters had a disturbing habit of flirting with me right in front of my husband. Not that I hated it. Carl was a tall, good looking man with a chiseled jaw and salt and pepper hair. He was an older, powerful man who never lacked for his share of female attention. It was flattering to be noticed, but he

seemed to delight in embarrassing Harry by constantly flirting with me.

The thought of Carl's flirting gave me an idea. Somebody was going to have to save Thanksgiving, and I knew my husband would not do it.

I walked to the closet and rifled through my dresses. After a few minutes, I found my sexy red dress, the one I had worn on our fifth anniversary. I laid it on the bed and looked at it, wondering what I should do.

Finally, Finally, I made a decision.

I stripped off my sweater and jeans, picked up the dress, and slid it over my curvy body.

I looked at myself in the full-length mirror behind the closet door. I shook out my shoulder-length blonde hair and smoothed the dress out over my curves.

I'd filled out a little since my fifth anniversary. Not enough to make the dress too small, but enough that it emphasized my heavy breasts and round bottom.

I smiled at myself in the mirror. I looked pretty good.

But, did I look good enough to change Carl Winters mind?

There was a soft knock at the door and I heard my mother-in-law's voice.

"Gwen? Are you okay in there? Do you need any help?"

I bit back a retort, went into the closet, and grabbed my red heels. I slid them on, walked to the door, and opened it.

Martha stood there and blinked, looking me up and down in my slinky red dress and high heels.

"Gwen? Why are you dressed up?"

"I need to go out," I said and pushed past my mother-in-law and stalked down the steps.

As I passed my sister-in-law Pam, I stopped.

"The turkey still has two hours," I said. "And the pies are done. Think you can manage mashed potatoes?"

"Um, sure. I guess." Pam said, not at all happy to be relegated to potato duty.

"Good," I said. "I'll be back soon."

I turned and stumbled into Ralphie who had snuck up behind me. I bent down and gripped him by the shoulders.

"Ralphie?"

"Yes, Aunt Gwen?"

"Do you think you can stay the fuck out of everyone's way while I'm gone?"

Ralphie's mouth dropped open and he nodded silently as I pushed him gently into his mother's arms and stormed out the door, leaving my husband's shocked family behind me.

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CARL WINTERS LIVED in the stereotypical palatial home like every other entrepreneur who made a killing in tech. But, while his home was stereotypical, Carl Winters was another thing entirely. Yes, he had money, and yes, he did like to control his employees, but that's where the similarities ended.

First, Carl was older than most tech guys. He got his start in venture capital, but made the move into apps, hence my husband working on Thanksgiving to test the company's newest dating app. Carl dated, a lot if the rumors were to be believed, but, he kept his affairs pretty quiet for a business that thrived on rumors.

That's what made his obvious attraction so frustrating, but exciting as well. If I could leverage that attraction to get my husband home for the holidays, it was worth it.

I walked up the front sidewalk, that cut through an enormous sculpted and freshly cut lawn. There was a large two-car garage attached to the house, with a shiny silver Mercedes parked in front of it.

The door was a neo-modern white with frosted windows along one side. I rang the doorbell and listened to it echo throughout the vast house.

Would he be home on Thanksgiving? I asked myself as I peered through the window. It was empty inside. *He's probably at a party or something.*

I turned around to leave when I heard the front door open.

"Well, well," Carl Winters' deep voice said behind me. "What have we here?"

I turned around and felt a sharp thrill run through my nerves. Carl was standing on his porch in tight jeans and a white dress shirt opened at the collar. His skin was a healthy tan underneath the crisp white fabric, and his smile was enough to make any woman's heart speed up.

His intense, gray eyes scanned me up and down and I felt almost naked. Still, I shook off the feelings running through my body, and smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Winters", I said. "My name is—"

"Oh, I know who you are, Gwen," Winters said with a sly smile. "You're Harry's wife."

"Yes," I said. Of course he knew who I was, but I was trying to keep this professional. "It's actually Harry I wanted to talk about."

"Oh, really?" Winters said. "Is he okay? He should bet at work today."

"He is," I said and climbed the steps until I was standing in front of the older man.

Despite his age and the salt and pepper gray in his hair, he was extremely good looking. He had broad shoulders and was tall enough that he had to look down to see me.

The intense gaze he used in business had a disconcerting effect on me now that I was standing just a foot away from him. I struggled to collect my thoughts and summon the courage to speak.

"It's Thanksgiving," I said. "We have a house full of Harry's family, but no Harry."

"Oh!" Carl nodded. "I see. Please, won't you come in?"

He stepped aside, and I had to brush past him to get inside the house. As I did, I caught a whiff of his expensive cologne and a musky, manly odor. The smell reminded me how sexy my husband's boss was, and I had to fight the growing heat in my belly.

Carl led me to a large living room with a marble fireplace. He gestured to a white couch, and I sat down.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No, Mr. Winters," I said, although now that I was here, I could have used one. "I really can't stay. I just need to talk to you about Harry."

"Call me, Carl," Winters said.

"I'm sorry?"

Winters could have taken a seat in an armchair across from me, but he sat down beside me. I was forced to turn towards him, noticing the short distance between us on the couch.

"Call me Carl," he said. "You are a guest in my house, after all."

"Okay, Carl," I said. I felt a flush of heat rushing to my cheeks and I was forced to turn away from Winters' intense gaze. I sat there for a few moments, trying to collect my thoughts when Carl interrupted me.

"So, you wanted to talk about Harry?"

"Oh! Yes!" I said. "Listen, we have an entire house full of guests and I really need Harry to be there. It's Thanksgiving."

"So you said." Carl laid an arm across the back of the couch. I was very aware of his fingertips inches from my shoulder.

"It's really important that Harry be at home today."

"I see," Carl said. "You know, I've never given much weight to holidays. They always seem superfluous to me. I mean, if your life is that good, shouldn't you be thankful every day?"

"Well, yes! I agree, to be honest," I wasn't one for holidays. "But, not everybody sees it that way."

"True," Carl said. "So, let's say I let Harry go home, which will postpone the launch of our new app. Now let's say that delay means a loss of money. Lots of money. And, since I don't hold to all these sacred beliefs about holidays, what's in it for me? What do I get for my generosity?"

The words were loaded with innuendo. I knew that Harry's older boss found me attractive, but other than using my obvious charms, I hadn't really thought this through.

I leaned forward, letting him catch a view of the tops of my round breasts and the deep cleft between them. His eyes narrowed and I knew he liked what he saw.

"I was hoping you'd let Harry have the day off, Carl." My voice lowered, turning into a purr that usually had my husband eating out of the palm of my hand.

That didn't work for Carl Winters. He let his eyes linger on my chest for a moment longer than was comfortable, then raised his gaze to my face, his smile handsome and mischievous.

"Oh, I think you can do better than that, Gwen," Carl said. "Don't you?"

"What do you mean?"

Carl leaned forward, his fingertips brushing the skin of my shoulder. His musky, male scent was stronger now, and it made my mind reel.

"I think you know exactly what I mean," he said, then dipped his head, and kissed me.

I was shocked into senselessness by the force of his kiss. His powerful hand locked behind my neck and held me in place as his tongue probed my mouth.

Our tongues battled for a moment, his musky scent filled my nostrils. I pressed against his chest, my fingers exploring the rigid muscle and the supple flesh covering them. Finally, I came to my senses, pushed against him, and dislodged his lips.

"What are you doing?" I cried.

"What?" He asked, innocently. "You're telling me you got all dressed up in that sexy dress to come over here and what? Bat your eyelashes and make me change my mind?"

"You, bastard! I certainly didn't come over for that!"

"For what?"

"You know what!" I sat back on the couch and crossed my arms. "I can't believe you just kissed me."

"Why not?" He slid a little closer, but didn't touch me. My body shivered, but not in fear. "You know, I've been attracted to you for a long time."

"I know!" I spat. "You never let me forget it. Especially when Harry is around!"

"Well, I just don't think Harry knows how to treat you," he said.

"Harry is wonderful! He's kind and... and..."

"And?*

"Just forget it!" I yelled. "I'm leaving!"

"Wait," His hand shot out and caught me by the wrist.

"What?"

"Listen," he said. "You want your husband home for the holidays? I get that. But as you can see I'm all alone. All I want is a little company."

"Company?"

"Yes." He smiled and stood up, placing his arms on my shoulders. "I've wanted you for so long!"

He looked at me, the charming smile still on his face, but his gray eyes were filled with hunger. My need built inside my belly and spread like a fire to my chest.

Why did he have to be so charming?

"I have to get home," I said. "Harry's family is there."

"I know." he slid his hands down my shoulders and over my arms. "All I'm asking is for a little attention. Don't tell me you haven't thought about it."

"No!" I lied. "I would never cheat on Harry!"

"Hmm, thinking about it isn't cheating, is it?"

"Well, no," I said. "I guess not."

"So, you have been thinking about it!"

"No, I—"

He kissed me again. I moaned, pushing against him, but my resistance was weaker. This time it allowed him to slide his hands down my sides and cup the round cheeks of my ass. I yelped as he pulled me closer and I felt something large rubbing against my stomach.

It can't be! It's... it's huge!

Carl took advantage of my hesitation and pushed me back onto the couch. He stood above me and slowly unbuttoned his jeans.

"What are you doing?"

"Just giving you something more... tangible to think about."

He pushed his jeans down over his hips and the biggest, fattest cock I'd ever seen flopped out of his underwear.

"Oh my God!"

"Well, I guess that confirms my suspicions," Winters chuckled.

"Wuh... what suspicions?" I asked, unable to tear my eyes away from the massive python slowly coming to attention in front of me.

"That Harry has a small cock," my husband's boss laughed. "I swear, how did a guy like Harry end up with a gorgeous creature like you?"

I moaned as his cock bobbed inches from my face. I admit, it felt good to hear those words coming from a man as rich and powerful as Carl Winters. Still, it didn't make the shame I felt go away.

"I love Harry," I said. "He's good to me."

"I can be good to you," Winters murmured.

He bumped my leg out of the way with his foot and stepped forward. The spongy flesh of his cock grazed my lip. I tried to lean back but his hand flashed out and caught a handful of my blonde hair, holding me in place.

"I know you want to touch it," Winters said. "If you didn't, you would have left already."

"I can't," I whimpered. "I can't cheat on Harry."

"But you're doing this for Harry, right?" Winters chuckled. "I mean, that's why you really came over here."

"Yes," I murmured. "Yes, I'm doing this for Harry."

"Good girl," he said and a flush of heat crept up my neck and to my cheeks. "Now be a good little wife and show me how much you really want your husband home for the holidays."

He held my head in place and rubbed the fat head of his cock over my lips. I whined, but didn't pull away as he gently teased my mouth open.

Finally, unable to stop myself, I raised my hand to his meaty shaft and stroked it, the head bulging against my lips.

Without thinking, my tongue flicked out and slid up the slit of his head, and tasted a tangy drop pre-cum. This gentle action had an effect on the older man and I felt him shiver. He wanted me, maybe more than I wanted him. Maybe, I could get away with just giving him a blowjob.

So, I lifted his heavy shaft and kissed the round globes of his balls. His musky scent filled my senses as I ran my tongue over the

glistening skin of his shaft, then swirled it around the head.

"Oh, God!" Winters groaned. "You really love your husband!"

I closed my eyes, a tear of humiliation trickling down my cheek. Still, it was too late to stop now. I opened my mouth and shoved the head of his cock between my lips.

Fuck, he was big! Bigger than Harry, bigger than any man I'd ever taken before. I did my best to take as much of his shaft into my mouth, but before I knew it he reached the back of my throat.

Winters groaned and gripped my head in both hands holding me, choking, on his throbbing cock. I held him inside for as long as I could, but I ran out of breath and pushed his hard thighs until he let me go.

"Fuck!" I gasped when Winters withdrew, drool and pre-cum running down my chin. Finally, the head of his cock popped from my mouth. "Fuck!"

"Not used to that, are you?" Winters growled. "Not used to having a real cock in your mouth?"

"Stop!" I moaned, but my hands were already gripping his girthy shaft and guiding him back to my mouth. "Harry has a nice cock."

"But not like mine."

"No," I whined. "Why does your cock have to be so big?"

My admission drove Winters crazy. This time he placed a hand on the top of my head, the other hand pinched my chin, and opened my mouth. Then, he drove his cock deep inside. I whimpered submissively as he fucked my face, mercilessly pounding my open mouth like it was a sex toy. No one had ever treated me like that before.

His hot flesh throbbed against my tongue and hammered the back of my throat had an effect on my body. Winters' powerful thrusts, his domination over me, made the burning sensation between my thighs burst into a raging fire. My pussy dripped. I was getting my face fucked by a man who wasn't my husband and it was turning me on.

Winters could see the effect he was having on me. He pulled out of my mouth, slapping the wet length of his cock against my cheek and chin.

"You like sucking that cock?" he asked. "You getting turned on?"

"No!" I lied. "It's just... so big!"

"Wait until I put it inside you!"

I whimpered. I realized as he lifted his shaft and pushed my face into his heavy balls a blowjob would not be enough. He was going to take my pussy.

My mind went blank as I buried my face in his sweaty balls. Life seemed far away. Harry, his family, Thanksgiving. All of my worries melted away as I gave in to Carl Winters' body.

My brain was wonderfully, mercifully gone.

Winters pulled out of my mouth, a cruel grin on his face and he pushed me back into the cushions. I moaned helplessly as his hands pulled my dress down over my shoulders, over my hips, and onto the floor.

He pulled my body forward, and unlocked my bra, freeing my heavy breasts.

"You're too good for Harry", he growled then sucked a fat nipple into his mouth.

I moaned with shameless abandon as my husband's boss squeezed and sucked on my breasts, sending even more shivers of pleasure through my body, directly to my pussy. By the time his confident hands pulled off my panties, they were soaked.

"Just doing this for your husband, huh?" Winters chuckled, holding my wet panties up to his nose. "You must really love him a lot if you're getting this turned on by me."

"Please, stop teasing me. I can't take it!"

"Fine, then tell me what you want."

He slid his cock up the wet furrow of my cunt. My hips bucked upward as he bumped my swollen clit, my legs opening involuntarily.

"I want it!" Winters continued teasing my clit with the head of his cock. "I want you!"

"What about poor Harry?" He chuckled, as he shoved the girthy head of his cock into my pussy.

"God!" I moaned as I felt my pussy stretch open. "I don't care! Just please, go slow. I've never had a cock this big!"

"Oh, really?" He pulled his shaft out a fraction of an inch, then thrust it back in. "So you want my cock, do you?"

"Yes!" I screamed. Just the tip wasn't enough. As I felt him stretch me open, I wanted more, needed more, and I would do anything to get it.

"That's a good girl," Winters cooed. "Nice and slow. I want you to remember every inch of this cock when you're eating turkey with your husband."

"I" whimpered in anguish, but it didn't stop the overwhelming pleasure as he stretched me open to the point of breaking. Yet, even when I didn't think I could take it, my body took him. Juices dripped out of my cunt and onto the couch. I had never been so turned on before, and I wanted nothing more than my husband's boss.

He plowed deep into me, stretching me open, the head of his cock punching inside me. That wasn't enough for my husband's boss, however. He lifted my legs, hooking my knees with his elbows, and shoved my thighs backward until they smashed against my heavy breasts. This position left me open and helpless as he stabbed into me again and again with this enormous cock, pounding so deep it felt like he was inside my belly.

I'd never been dominated like this before, never been fucked like this before, and now all I wanted was his cock. I would have done anything to have him keep hammering that throbbing shaft inside of me. So, when I heard his growl, I responded the only way I could.

"Who's better? Me or your husband?"

"You are!"

"Are you going to think about my cock when you're with your husband tonight?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Now tell me," he slowed his savage pounding, and bent down, his face inches from mine. "Tell me why you really came?"

"Because," I moaned, the truth now clear as my body quivered on his fleshy pole. "Because I wanted you to fuck me!"

"Oh, poor fucking Harry!" he laughed. "He doesn't know what kind of slut he married, does he?"

"No!" I screamed as he thrust deep inside of me again. "No!"

"That's because you're not his slut, are you?" Winters growled.

"You're my slut!"

"Yes, Carl!"

"Call me Mr. Winters!"

"Yes, Mr Winters! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The moment I screamed his name, the pleasure that had been building up inside me boiled over. I cried, thrashing on the couch until he let my legs go. I wrapped my thighs around his hard body and pulled him inside of me.

"Fuck!" Winters cried, his self-control abandoning him. I felt him against me, and I had a rush of panic as I realized he was going to come inside me.

Oh God! I thought. I could get pregnant!

A moment later, his cock swelled, then exploded inside of me. An aftershock of my orgasm quivered through me when I felt hot blasts of cum splash inside my body and fill up my pussy. Winters stayed buried deep inside of me releasing so much cum that it overflowed my cunt and dripped out around his thick cock. Any worries I had were washed away by the burning flood of his lust.

Finally, he stopped thrusting inside of me, and looked down at me, smiling tenderly. He brushed the sweaty hair back from my face, then gave me a gentle kiss.

"Thank you," he said. "I've wanted that for so long."

"You're welcome," I murmured. "Mr Winters."

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AN HOUR LATER, WASHED and dressed, I walked into my house. Pam immediately met me at the door.

"Oh my God, Gwen! Where have you been? The turkey is almost done!"

"It's all right," I said, happily. "I'm here now."

I walked through the living room and into the kitchen, ignoring the stares of my husband's family. When I stepped into the kitchen I

saw Harry bent over the open oven door, sticking a meat thermometer into the turkey.

"Hey," I said. "You're home."

Harry stood up, grinning.

"Yeah, it's the craziest thing!" Harry said. "Carl called me half an hour ago and told me to go home because my family missed me."

"Wow!" I gave my husband a lingering kiss. "That's so nice!"

"Yeah, I know. I didn't think he had it in him."

Harry ran his tongue over his lips and I wondered if he could taste his boss. I knew Winters had called him; I had been there in fact, on my knees with my lips wrapped around his beautiful cock while he talked to Harry. The shameful thrill made me throat my husband's boss until he filled my mouth with another load of hot, salty cum.

If Harry noticed any difference in my taste, he said nothing.

"Where have you been?" he asked, looking down at my dress.

"Oh, I just needed a break," I shrugged. Winters' cum was in my mouth and was dripping down my inner thigh. "This holiday can be pretty overwhelming."

"I understand," he said. "My family can be a lot."

"Yes, yes they can," I squeezed his shoulder. "But, you're here now! That makes everything better!"

I felt a flash of guilt as I remembered Winters' cock inside my mouth and pussy, but instead of making me sad, I felt a twinge of lust.

"I wish Pam and the kids weren't staying," Harry said, a teasing smile on his face. "You know how much that dress turns me on."

"That's why I wore it, handsome," I lied. "Now, go get everybody gathered up. It's time to eat."

"I can't wait," Harry said. "It smells so good!"

I shooed Harry out of the kitchen, then bent down over the oven. The turkey was ready and, as I hefted it out, I heard Carl Winters' voice in my head.

I want you to remember this when you're eating turkey with your husband.

I moaned, the sticky wetness an all too potent reminder of my husband's boss. And, with everyone at the table, my husband carving the turkey, all I could think about was Carl Winter's cock deep in my body.

The memory was burned into my brain and not even turkey with all the trimmings would ever make me forget being stuffed by my husband's boss.

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