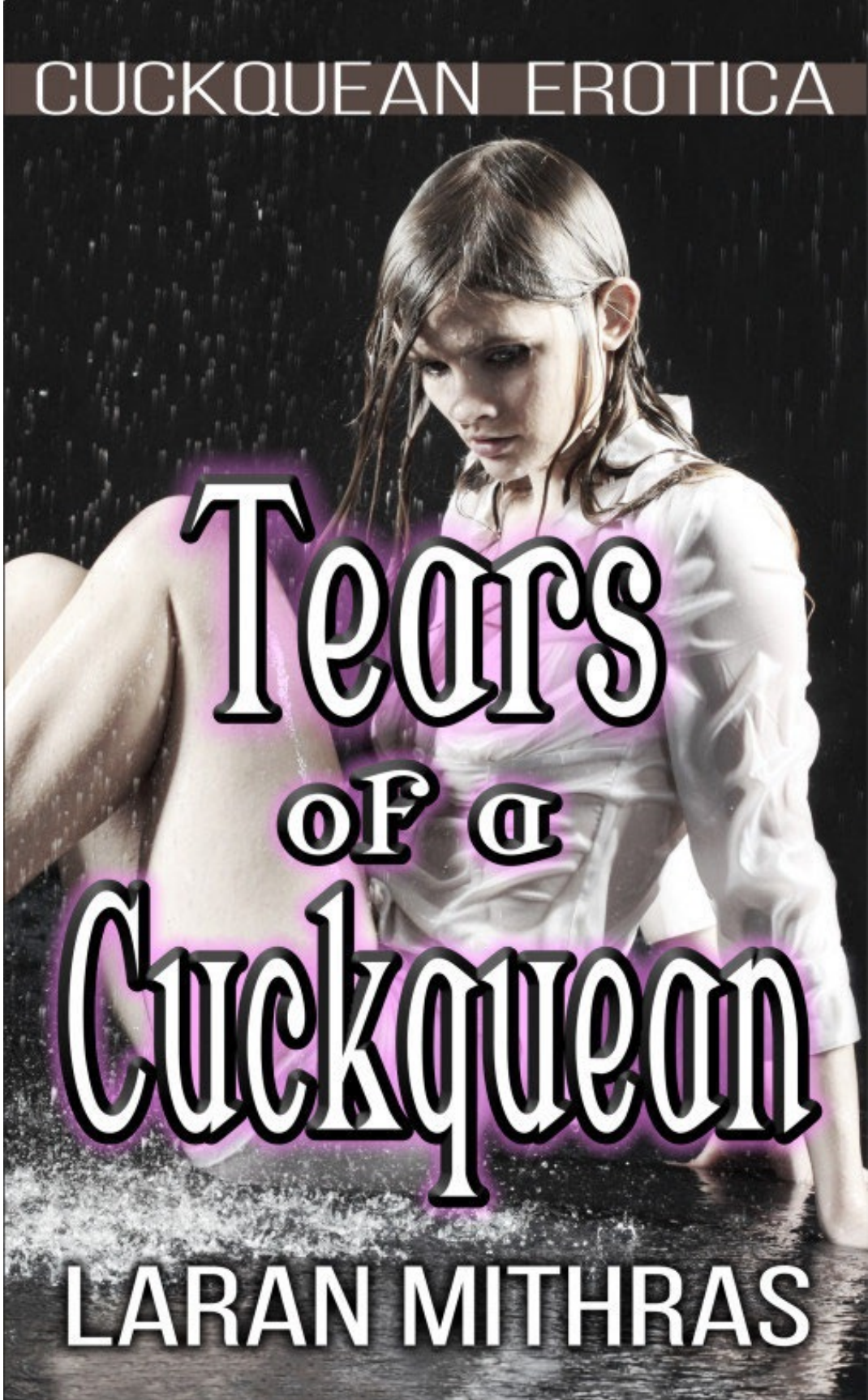


CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white button-down shirt and a pink bra, is sitting in the rain. She is looking down and to the left. The background is dark with rain falling. The title text is overlaid on the image.

Tears
of a
Cuckquean

LARAN MITHRAS

CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white button-down shirt and a pink bra, is sitting in the rain. She is looking down and to the left. The background is dark with rain falling. The title text is overlaid on the image.

Tears
of a
Cuckquean

LARAN MITHRAS

Tears of a Cuckquean

By

Laran Mithras

Model Photo by www.Shutterstock.com

Tears of a Cuckquean is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2017 - All Rights Reserved

Why does the pain bring so much pleasure?

CHAPTER 1

I had it all, last year.

"Gail, keep sucking," Cameron said. He scrolled the mouse wheel.

Yes, sir...

Yep, I had been up top. A high-paying job, a sports car, pricey clothing...

Now I had nothing. All gone.

I lost the job, the car got repossessed, and I couldn't afford to replace the clothing that wore out.

Pricey doesn't mean better.

I sucked my husband's dick, licking with determination. His free hand stroked my hair.

I would not have been down here last year doing this. How had things shifted so fast? How had I come to the point where just him stroking my hair was a gift? Being allowed to suck him while he scrolled through my Facebook friends list was the most wonderful thing to me now – and so humiliating.

I had fallen far.

Never would I have done something like this when I was on top.

The top was a heady power trip. Then it came crashing down. Out of work, I had nothing to contribute. I didn't cook or clean. I didn't do laundry.

There had been arguments. My husband wanted me to help around the house that his income now had to support alone.

I realized my place in life was slipping.

Instead of looking up to me, he began looking down with disappointment.

He stopped scrolling and clicked into someone's profile.

I looked up to see who it was.

He frowned at me. "Don't stop now, she's a pretty one."

I jumped as if startled and returned to sucking his shaft with more gusto.

There wasn't much else I was good for.

But I had seen who it was he was looking at. Karianne. I had never thought she was better-looking than me, but in my position now, I realized she had what I didn't.

She had a job, a car, and a happy outlook on life. Her outrageously beautiful brunette hair was almost a living force on its own.

My hair, dirty blonde, had none of her vivacious life. Even in black-framed glasses, Karianne exuded a sexiness that I could feel through the screen.

My husband's hand stroked my head again. "Yeah, that's good." He clicked into her photo albums and began bringing up pictures. "She's single? Hmm."

I tried to suck him harder and faster to get him to finish. Then he might lose interest in Kari's pictures.

I probably deserved all I was doing. I had been a very demanding wife to Cameron. I controlled most of the purse-strings. I told him what to wear. I schooled him on how to act. He was handsome enough, but he needed that polish only I could give him.

I gave him sex when it suited me – when it excited me to do so.

Now it was the other way around and I so deserved it. The woman I once was had been ripped and stripped from me, leaving me begging for recognition of my feminine nature.

How foolish I had been.

Cameron humped his hips up at me a little. His eyes were glued to Kari's close-up. "Yeah, nice, beautiful lips. So sexy..."

I wanted to please him. Maybe if I blew him really good, he would remember me instead of imagining Kari's mouth on his cock.

My heart was torn, jealous and angry that Kari had what my husband wanted. At the same time, my pussy was sopping – begging for that thick fulfillment that only my husband could give.

He patted my head. "Go just a little bit slower. I don't imagine she would be a fast sucker."

I groaned in loss and lust.

I wasn't good enough anymore and Kari was. Of course, Cameron deserved better. He deserved a real woman. A sexy woman.

Tears watered my eyes as I sucked slower, licking with more... Kari-ness.

This little routine had started last year when I had bitched to him about looking at porn. Why did he have to look at naked women? He had me and I gave him sex when I deemed it right for me.

But I hadn't realized my slippage had slid so far. He had responded by telling me to suck his dick.

I am sure it had been a flippant comment in the vein of "Fuck off," but his posture hadn't changed and he was gripping his shaft with no intention of stopping what he was doing.

I had fallen to my knees, a little perturbed, and shown him I could suck a dick. It was a last gasp effort to proving to him I was a woman. It was my first gasp into a life that sent me spinning into territory I did not know existed.

The shame of it had shaken me and shattered who I thought I was. I sucked like a whore because even a whore was better than me.

Every time I did it, my pussy ached with an intensity so violent that I would run to the bathroom and jill off.

I hated myself for it, yet I was addicted.

He tapped on the keyboard.

I was alarmed; he was in my account. "What are you doing?"

He gave me a dry look. "Talking to her. Go back to sucking."

"But—"

"Just suck."

I sobbed once and sucked. My pussy was twisting in on itself almost with pain. I wanted to drop my hand down right there.

Touch. Tease my clit. Spread around that driving tension of desire.

I heard him in Messenger. A few chimes came and went. He chuckled and typed.

I sucked.

His free hand was no longer on my head and I felt the loss. All his attention was on Kari.

Rightfully so, and I hated it. But my pussy loved it.

He was typing. Then he gasped.

I looked up, keeping my mouth on his erection.

Kari had attached a racy picture.

I pulled off and squinted at the screen.

Me: My husband wants to know if you have any sexy pictures. Do you? I think it's hot.

He had typed as if it were me talking.

He had the picture expanded, looking at it.

Kari was sitting on the floor, legs out. She was wearing panties and a bra and nothing else. The flash of her phone in the mirror gave the picture a cute look.

But oh so sexy.

Cameron frowned at me. "Don't stop. I want you to suck me off to this." He scooted down the chair and leaned way back. "Put your mouth back on me."

And I did because it was all I was good for.

My only consolation was that it was me sucking him and not her. Even if he was imagining her.

His hand touched my hair again and I trembled with need. Then he dropped a bomb on my pussy. He said, "Suck me, Kari."

I moaned on his hard shaft as my pussy became so hot and wet that I couldn't keep my hand away. I worked at my clit with a ferocity born of anger, jealousy, and inadequacy.

Both hands grabbed my head and held it steady. He pumped his cock up into my mouth while staring at her selfie. His whisper was filled with excitement. "Ohh... fuck she's sexy."

Explosions of ecstasy rocked my body. I sucked him harder, pulling with everything I had. His cock was mine, still, and I wanted to show him my best.

That I still had it.

He called out with climactic relief as his cum shot into my mouth.

Our mutual orgasm was validation of my womanhood. I had helped him cum.

It wasn't much, but it was what I had.

CHAPTER 2

I scanned the Messenger conversation in horror.

Yes, he had pretended to be me.

Me: My husband really likes your picture. Do you want one of him?

Kari: Wow, can I? I'd love one.

Me: He's going to send you a friend invite.

Kari: Cool!

Me: You want to come by Saturday? I think a get-together would be fun. Popcorn, movie.

Kari: Yes!! That sounds great.

I seethed with anger and admiration – mad that my husband had masqueraded as me and at the same time proud of his simple plan.

Devious.

Direct.

His aim and goal made my pussy ache.

He was going to bring her into our home? Flirt with her right in front of me?

I stomped around the house.

This is my house! How dare he!

And the worst part of it, Kari thought I had invited her. I couldn't go message her about the truth. How much shame and embarrassment could I bear?

I had five days.

He made his connection to her Sunday night.

By Monday night, they were hot on Messenger.

My nipples were hard, my clit demanded attention, and my face hurt from frowning.

But I deserved the torture for all I had put him through. How I had withheld sex just to be mean. How I had belittled him over household chores and how I was excused because I made more money.

Oh, I deserved it and I knew it.

That he maintained that he loved me and stuck by me through it all was the double stab in the back of my guilt.

He did love me.

But it was different now. He was on top. He called the shots. He was reversing the balance of how I had manipulated our marriage.

Yes, I deserved it.

I was useless as a woman, only good for getting him off. I had no other claim other than my wedding ring. I paid my penance. If I paid it off and proved I was a capable wife, then he would return to loving me, right?

It was the only way.

Despite all my foolish games I had played with him, I loved him. He was mine. I had just been too arrogant in my stupidity to know how badly I was treating him.

Now I knew.

"Gail!" He yelled from the living room.

I hurried to him.

He was at his computer, only in a t-shirt. His cock was erect. He said, "I'm trying

to talk to Kari. I can't type and jack at the same time. Get some oil and jack me or suck me off. Your choice. Please?" It wasn't delivered in a mean tone. He might have been talking about cleaning lint out of the dryer. That he asked politely made it all the worse.

How could I deny him?

I got oil. I knelt next to him and stroked his excited erection. By using my hand, my head was free to watch.

He had a long message history even after just one day. A few pictures had been attached.

I asked, "What's that selfie you gave her?"

He glanced at me with one eye and clicked open the picture for me. He was in the bathroom, towel around his waist and phone up in the mirror. The towel was a little loose. Suggestive. A bare hint of his dark public hair.

I coughed. "You sent her that?"

"Yeah."

"Did she like it?"

"She said it was hot."

I fumed, secretly turned on. I very desperately wanted to play with my clit. It was only Monday night and he was already well into seducing my friend.

Our relationship was shifting again and I was powerless to stop it.

I stroked him, wanting him to be pleased. Wanting him to be excited for her and angry at myself for wanting it. I wanted him to love me. I also wanted him to be so turned on for my friend that my stroking caused him to cum.

My pussy twinged with so many tormenting tickles that I was grinding my teeth together to avoid cumming without even touching myself.

Torn one way and twisted the other, I found myself so turned on I couldn't think

straight except to deliver to him the release he needed.

I was going to be a good wife.

CHAPTER 3

Thursday night expanded on my nightmare. But I had embraced my nightmare and was deeply entwined in the exquisite pain.

He was naked, erect, and pointed to the bed.

My heart leapt with a joy so high that I almost passed out.

Then he handed me his tablet. The entire screen was a close-up of Karianne's face. "Lay on the bed and hold this over your face." He was stroking his erection.

My voice fell with my hopes. "Hold... this...?"

"Over your face. I want to see her when I'm in you."

I sobbed, but more from the tormenting twist in my pussy than because I was sad.

I was sad, yes.

But I was more turned on.

I got on the bed, slow, uncertain.

He was jacking faster. "Hurry up."

My skin flushed with heat and shame as I held the pad over my face.

He breathed, "Oh, fuck yeah. That's good."

Then he mounted me, sliding his cock into my pussy for the first time in months. I whimpered with need and relief. My pussy was still useful.

He pushed in deep and sighed as if feeling the best thing ever. "Oh... Kari..."

I came, trying not to howl, trying not to buck him off as my pussy erupted and sent explosive bursts of heat and flame up my insides. I twisted and jerked as his cock pounded me, panting with delirium as my fires spread.

But the heat on my face was not the erotic sort. I was burning with shame and humiliation.

I deserved it all.

Saturday found me a wreck. He had lectured me the night before demanding that I play the part of her friend.

He didn't want me ruining what was developing.

I was wet all night.

He was inviting a friend of mine over with the likely intentions of seducing her; I could feel it.

When Karianne arrived, he had me answer the door.

To my shame, I greeted her with genuine joy. I was happy to see her. I was even happier she was here to see my husband.

And the nightmare shift in our relationship slid perfectly into a new and perfect position. But I was still scared. What would Kari think of me?

Cameron had a horror movie ready to go. He had Kari sit between us on the sofa.

I didn't want her between us.

At the same time, I wanted to take her aside and tell her how to act around my husband to please him. After all, he was my husband.

My pussy gnawed at me as if a beast trying to chew its way out. I sat through the movie, eating no more than three handfuls of popcorn.

Kari started out straight, but ended up leaning against my husband and hugging his arm. She was practically wearing him.

It angered me. He was my husband.

It turned me on. She was sexy and my husband deserved that.

It made me jealous that she had what I didn't.

When his arm slipped around her, my nipples hardened and I clenched my jaw painfully.

When his hand started stroking her, my heart felt like it was vibrating to pieces. At the same time, my pussy began aching so horribly that I couldn't sit still.

There was only one thing to do.

I got up with a ragged sigh. "I think I'm going to turn in early." I knew what was happening and I couldn't bear to watch it. Not only that, but my pussy needed attention right now. I couldn't stay or I'd have my hand down my shorts in less than a minute.

I couldn't bear that kind of shame in front of my friend.

Kari, still wrapped in my husband's arms, said, "Are you okay, Gail?" The concern was there in her voice.

I rubbed my forehead with the anxiety of knowing I couldn't stand still for very long without trying to rub my thighs together. "I'm really sorry. Don't get up on my account."

Cameron was giving me a knowing look. That little smirky smile told me he knew what my pussy was doing to me.

I fled the living room.

I was frantic – mad with lust and need. I tore off my shorts in the bathroom and sat on the edge of the tub.

My fingers slid down over my clit, sending electric arcs of pleasure spiraling up my insides. I rubbed and circled, trying to relieve the building pressure.

My husband was out there, right now, with a sexy friend in his arms.

My clenched jaw hurt from hating it and my pussy was wet from loving it.

I jilled. I panted and hated. I moaned quietly and wanted.

There was a lot I wanted: my life back; my control; my job; my Corvette. Right now, though, I wanted my husband to be satisfied.

If not with me, then with her.

I rose on shaking knees and hovered there, hand still working my clit, and made the decision to see.

CHAPTER 4

I stumbled out of the bathroom, still jilling. I... just couldn't... stop. The ache in my pussy was a force that I couldn't just ignore. But no matter how hard and fast I diddled my clit, the need only intensified.

Even as I walked toward the darkened doorway, I was trying to stuff fingers up my pussy.

Not much time had passed since I'd gone into the bathroom. Maybe fifteen minutes?

I stood in the dark bedroom and looked out to the living room.

My husband was naked, lying back on the couch with the top of his head towards me. Kari, also naked, was straddling his knees. Her head of wild hair was moving up and down.

I stifled a gasp and worked my fingers harder.

I heard Cameron sighing. His hand was stroking her hair, just like he did to me. His hips undulated slightly as she sucked his cock.

I wanted to pull her hair and get her off him. I wanted to ask her if she liked his taste. I wanted to instruct her on how he liked to be sucked.

I pushed fingers up my pussy again and bit down on my fist. I moved a little forward to the end of the hall.

Cameron said, "That's enough. I need you."

My chest seized as Kari moved up his body, her hair just blocking her eyes from seeing me.

I was lucky.

She moved up my husband and moved her hips around, then went still. A small

movement backwards.

I knew she was settling back on him, his cock pressing into her pussy.

I opened my mouth, breathing silently, but barely. My inhaled and exhaled were constricted and I was getting dizzy. I pressed my fingers up as far as I could get them, clamping on my digits and imagining cock.

I watched Kari move as if she were a cat stretching from a nap. Her hips began moving in a sinuous back and forth motion. She was resting her weight on her hands, clawing at my husband's chest.

Cameron's hands came up and gently gripped her waist.

I pulled my fingers out and began diddling fast – desperate.

How I wanted him to be mine.

How I wanted him to enjoy her.

How I ached to cum.

She rode my husband, sighing with pleasure - pleasure that should've been mine alone!

I rubbed furiously at my clit in an aggravated attempt to tear the sensitive and demanding nub from my body. No amount of pressure or speed was working. I was getting hotter no matter what I did.

My pussy started clamping on the emptiness.

Kari was moving with passion.

My husband groaned, "So good..."

I gasped. I couldn't help it. At his words, an electric jolt shot up my body – so powerful I couldn't contain it. My heart tripped and bumped.

Kari swung her head, flinging her hair back. Her mouth was open in a delirious ecstasy and her eyes were unfocused.

She was drunk on cock. My husband's cock.

Her eyes focused, though, and she froze, turning a slight shade of pink.

She was beautiful. I had to admit it. I had to admire it. I had to acknowledge it. And my husband was fucking her. It was his right. It was proper.

There was nothing I could say.

My friend slowly started moving again, overwhelmed by the feelings in her pussy. But she was still staring at me.

Cameron moved and craned his head and neck around, looking at me almost upside down. He made a satisfied chuckle and said to Kari, "She loves this. Makes her wet." He raised his voice. "You might as well come help me with her, Gail. No need to hide."

If I thought Kari had turned pink, I knew I just turned red.

Shame beat inside me like a living thing, but I gladly moved over to the couch.

My friend reached up and ran a hand down my arm – even as she kept riding my husband's cock.

I convulsed as my pussy clamped so violently that I almost doubled over.

Cameron said, "Up, Kari. Let me give my wife a little something."

Sunshine burst through the clouds around my heart. Tiny bubbles of tingles burst through my skin and left me buoyant. I felt my lips widen and my teeth displayed in pure pleasure.

Kari lifted and I saw her pussy slide off his cock.

It was beautiful. Not just her trimmed pussy, but the act of disengagement.

Cameron sat up and motioned to me. "Clean me off. Suck all of it off."

With a strangled whimper of joy, I dropped down and devoured his erection. It was slick with his oozings and her wetness. It was the most satisfying taste I could not ever have imagined. I slurped and sucked, licking and cleaning.

Cameron was chuckling. "Okay, okay." He beckoned me closer. His hand caught the back of my head and pulled me in for a kiss.

It was the most sensuous act he had given me in months. His tongue explored my mouth as I remembered how hot his kisses could be. Had I so easily forgotten?

My heart hammered madly in my chest, causing the most severe pains of discomfort. If I were older, I might have thought I was having a heart attack.

He released me, eyes sparkling with love.

I wanted to cry. He does still love me. Tingles raced from my head down my back and further on to my feet. My pussy pulsed back its own sensations of pleasure.

It was as if I was wrapped in a cocoon of safety.

He closed his eyes and motioned with his chin. "All right, let me finish her. You can get some time in on her pussy after."

My smile split so wide I thought my face would break.

I was included. I was valued. I was real.

I was someone.

I was Cameron's wife.

He motioned to my friend and moved over her as she settled back on the couch. Her luscious legs came open and welcomed my husband.

His cock was a staff pointing surely at her mark. He moved over her and gently rested himself down onto her.

She moaned with a breathy relief as his cock sank into her sexy body and disappeared.

I realized with a start that he had chosen well. Her body was perfect and sexy. Curvy in all the right places – and so beautiful that it made my heart hurt.

I wanted to kiss her, but I waited patiently: my husband had assured me I would get my chance.

I watched his butt move and clench forcefully as he drove his cock deep into Kari's pussy.

Squatting down, I began relieving the building pressure behind my clit.

Kari turned her head to me, watching me with joy and cheer. She reached a hand out and wiggled her fingers.

I gripped her hand and we shared a connection of happiness. My other hand continued to try wrecking that amazingly intense feeling of lust so hot in my pussy.

Cameron whispered, "You're so beautiful, Kari..."

I nodded, tears in my eyes, as I agreed with my husband. I knew right then, I didn't want Kari to be gone tomorrow. I wanted her back.

Again and again.

My husband's passion became mine as his body tensed and he arched his head up.

I came, grunting with the enormity of the climax. Tumbling over and over, I rejoiced at the turn of life that had brought me here. Aches gave way to pleasure and rapture.

Kari looked up at Cameron in wonder as he released his passion deep inside her. Closing her eyes slowly, she relaxed to his thrusting, jerking motions. My husband filled her and her look became serene with bliss.

I had never seen anyone look so angelic.

I had never been so happy for my husband.

He pulled out a few minutes later, leaving a lake of lust behind. He wiped his forehead and nodded to me.

I eagerly took his place and began devouring my friend's pussy. His juices in her were hot and tasted like him. I licked her inflamed nub and cleaned her outside as best I could. All the while, my pussy sent spasms of satisfaction rampaging through my body.

I licked more eagerly as the tears began running down my cheeks. I felt the wet. I felt the heat. I sobbed with them as I tongued Kari's pussy. My friend groaned with excitement.

Yes, I cried.

But these weren't tears of anger anymore, these were tears of happiness.

Thank you for reading Tears of a Cuckquean. All reviews are greatly appreciated.

For other cuckquean books by Laran Mithras, check out these titles:

Phone Sex With The Neighbors – a young couple gets involved with their older neighbors

The Babysitter's Desire – husband and wife and babysitter

Bourbon, Babysitter, and Blackmail – babysitter wants a crack at the husband, blackmails wife into agreeing

Watching Will – she shares her husband with her best friend

Ache to See Him with Her – her sexy cousin and husband are quite a pair!

Giving My Husband to the Bride – a mistake leads to a cuckquean marriage

Thanksgiving Theft and Thanks – Violet watches her husband fall for a black woman

The Brat Next Door – fertile eighteen year old girl is taken by the older neighbors